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Painted for Scribner's Magazine by N. C. Wyeth.

PIONEERS - THE OPENING OF THE PRAIRIES.

In 1802 Jefferson predicted that the Mississippi valley "will ere long yield more than half of our inhabitants." Two decades later the West contained one-fourth of the inhabitants of the Union. By 1825 the area of settlement had reached the Mississippi, by 1850 the Missouri, and by 1890 had joined the older settlements of the Pacific coast.

[The sixth of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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NO. 1

MY REMEMBRANCES

THE MELANCHOLY TALE OF "ME"

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"THE BLESSED"



IT is on the very first page of my remembrance that I see myself held up in my nurse's arms to look into a pair of gray eyes which twinkle like the sun. There is a blaze of light and a great many people about. Some are in beautiful clothes and some are rough people in shirt-sleeves. I am on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre in London in 1862. The eyes that twinkle are those of my father. He is made up for his part of "Lord Dundreary," and is there before the beginning of the play to take a final look at the scene, and my brother and sister and I have been brought behind the footlights that he may say good night to "the Blesseds."

It was as a child of three years or so that I began first to be aware of my father. My mother used to drive him frequently to the theatre from our house in Kensington. Sometimes my brother Lytton and I would be taken with her. I recall well the refreshment-bar in front of the house, with sponge-cake under glass cases and all sorts of exciting things tied up in paper and gay ribbons. Held in my nurse's arms, I would help myself to these delicacies aided and abetted by the beautiful barmaid; later we would proceed through mysterious passages to greet "Lord Dundreary."

I remember perfectly my curiosity at

the long, black whiskers. Indeed, my recollection of my father begins with his countenance thus disguised (it is at a much later date that he dawns upon me in his proper person)—whiskers, eye-glass, black hair parted in the middle, and with one eyebrow curiously higher than the other.

When we were old enough to witness the play, it was his great delight to introduce remarks during the performance which alluded to us but which the audience would think part of the comedy. Especially would he mention our names, as "I wonder what Eddy would say to that?" This invariably sent me down to the floor, to hide in trepidation and strange glee, and up again, half an inch at a time, to see if any one were looking at me.

All my father's acting at this time was not confined to the stage. Our garden at "The Cedars" was a very land of romance, and here, in nooks and corners and rockeries and on the lawns, "the Blesseds" enacted many a fairy-tale, from "Jack and the Beanstalk" to "King Arthur and the Round Table." As a war-horse, or an ogre, or a dragon, or a witch, my father lent much terror and realism to these occasions.

Whenever my father's acting season was over, we would be off to the seaside for the holiday. These halcyon days at Ramsgate are especially vivid still—Ramsgate, made immortal in the "Bab Ballads" and in the "Ingoldsby Leg-

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ends" by the fearsome tale of "Smuggler Bill," who was raced over the cliff by the devil himself. There is "The Smuggler's Leap" to-day in front of the Granville Hotel, and from the hotel garden one goes down into the "Smuggler's Cave," which, with long, dark, tortuous passages, leads out onto the face of the cliff some fifty feet above the sea, where, on the rocks below, crashed "Smuggler Bill" and his dapple-gray mare, in death-grips with the devil on his coal-black steed.

Here, on the very spot, my father used to read to three delightfully terrified children the blood-curdling adventure of "Smuggler Bill." When he got to the verse—

"Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse pistol, of which he had two,
Made by Knock. He drew back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he pulled, the welkin it rang;
The sound of the weapon it made such a *bang!*"

there was an awful effect, for he had begun the verse in a low, mysterious voice, very tense and holding onto us as though to protect us from impending danger. He proceeded rapidly in this hushed, tense tone, until he reached the word "bang," which he would give out with such a shout that the cavern echoed again, and we, gloriously frightened, would be hurled from him by the force of the explosion, huddled together and wide-eyed, to approach again for the next verse and the next shock. These nerve-racking recitations especially appealed to my small brother Sam, who would frequently drag my father from his writing-desk, or even from his meals, saying: "Ta wants 'The 'Muggler's Leap.'"

When Joseph Jefferson visited England about this period to play "Rip Van Winkle" in London, he became a party to these occasions. Mr. Jefferson stayed at our house in Kensington. You who remember the sweet and gentle Jefferson will smile to know that my parent told his children that a famous pirate chief was coming to hide from the officers of the law. Shortly Jefferson arrived, wrapped up in a very large greatcoat and accompanied by his son Charles, who had met with an accident on shipboard. Charles was carried carefully into a room on the ground floor and Jefferson and my father were closeted

for a while making Charles comfortable in bed. When my father came out, I and my brothers were peering through the banisters at the door of the "pirate."

"Hush!" said my father. "There has been a terrible battle on the high seas. The pirate chief will be hanged if anybody speaks and his first mate is full of cannon-balls. There is only one thing to do, and that is to give up eating and to stand on one leg. Quick! There is no time to lose. Hush!" and he left us.

Shortly Mr. Jefferson came out of the room and found three little boys standing on one leg on the staircase.

"Don't shoot!" said my elder brother.

"Bang!" shouted Mr. Jefferson, and the three small lads fled in dismay.

It did not take long for us to make friends with this "terror of the seas." We were soon taken to see "Rip," and then we played "Rip" ourselves, assisted by Joe Jefferson. In those days we played many plays. The rockery in our garden very readily became a weird spot in the Catskill Mountains, "Sleepy Hollow" and the "Village of Falling Water" materialized with the swift magic of childhood's thought, which can make one a gnome, or a giant, or a flea, or an elephant within the twinkling of an eye. "Rip" was a great play for us. My brother Sam was a gnome and had to crawl about on all fours. He, however, was very mutinous, and no matter what character we cast him for he would insist on introducing the climactic speech from my father's performance of "Rosedale," where the hero cries: "Up guards and at 'em." Quite regardless of plot or play, Sam would cry this at inopportune moments, and when rebuked would mutter in his own secret language and conspire against our peace of mind.

"Wanted, a country house in Devonshire. Must have fishing from bedroom window." This advertisement, inserted by my father in the London daily papers, brought a prompt reply, and shortly "the Blesseds" found themselves in Devonshire under the precise conditions advertised for. Actually we could fish from the bedroom window, for a trout stream rushed by within twenty feet of the house. All his life my father was a persistent fisherman; nothing could daunt him.



From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward H. Sothern, 1915.

The worst possible luck found him enthusiastic and victorious, for if he could not catch fish he would go into a shop and buy them, and so excite the envy and disgust of his equally unfortunate fellows.

Once, when we were fishing in the Rangeley Lakes, the sport was very bad indeed, and for an entire day but one trout was caught, and that by my father.

He kept on pulling this same trout out of the water until the other sportsmen in distant boats concluded that his phenomenal success was owing to the spots he selected to fish in. They followed him about all over the lake. Wherever he threw his line, up came trout after trout amidst the greatest excitement and enthusiasm from him and his crew; but

those who succeeded him could not get a bite. They waited his return home, a gloomy group upon the shore. As he approached he lifted his lone fish up again

T. Raymond was of the party. He himself was a restless spirit and ever on the alert to seize fun by the forelock. My father and he disappeared from our scene



Mother with "Me" in her arms.

and again, counting an apparently endless catch before their very eyes, when lo! the craft ran ashore and there was but one trout.

A holiday with my father was no idle matter. We were all on the jump from morning until night. Things had to happen all the time. Once "the Blessed" were taken to Margate. This time John

of action one morning. Shortly, when we went on the sands for our daily adventures among the Punch-and-Judy shows and the donkey boys and the minstrel men, we were attracted by a great crowd which surrounded some negro minstrels. Mr. Bones and the tambourine were especially active and diverting. We watched them for some time before we became

aware that the acrobatic Mr. Bones was in reality John T. Raymond and the agile Mr. Tambourine, whose convulsions were quite amazing, was our adored father.

the means of discovering my father's identity and precipitating his retreat in a cab—an open fly—which departed followed by a joyful crowd, Raymond and



From a photograph by C. D. Fredericks & Co., in the collection of Robert Coster.

E. A. Sothern as "Lord Dundreary," 1858.

The eyes that twinkle are those of my father. He is made up for his part of "Lord Dundreary."—Page 1.

It transpired that my father had encountered an old comrade who had enlisted as a minstrel, and under his guidance he and Raymond had thus attired themselves infusing unheard-of vitality into the performance and entirely eclipsing the efforts of rival performers.

Our delight knew no bounds, and was

my father still playing bones and tambourine as they disappeared in the distance.

"TA"

SARAH TAME was my brother's nurse. My early remembrance of her was that of a tall, rather solemn and majestic woman.

I had, as it were, to throw my head back to see her face when I spoke to her. That was forty-five years ago. I saw her in London a while since and find that she is a very small person some distance be-

brexas," meaning breakfast. Sarah, to Sam, was Kluklums. There are, I believe, some three hundred languages besides volapük, but none of these would serve Sam's purposes. Those of us who



"Me," aged two years.

neath me. I can distinctly look down on her. There was but one child in the world for Sarah Tame and Sarah Tame was his prophet. She used to call my brother *The Prince*. The other children were just children. My brother's name being George, my father naturally called him Sam, and with equal reason Sam addressed himself as Ta. He would never say, as ordinary folk do: "I want this or that." He would say, "Ta wants Ta's

had his interest at heart would try now and again to dissuade him from persisting in this new and strange speech. Sam would never argue about it; being smaller than his advisers, he had to listen, but when all was said and done he would make some remark in his unknown tongue, at which one could not take offense, not knowing what it signified, and move off about some important business. Never was there a child who had so much im-

portant business as Ta. He was much given to soliloquy. It was rather uncanny to hear him talk in this mysterious lingo to himself. Sarah was the only one who understood him. It was as if these two had lived in some previous existence and, meeting on this planet, communi-

Ta and Kluklums persisted in this language of theirs until Ta was about eight years of age. Then their vocabulary was quite a formidable one and covered all the usual occasions and requirements of existence. My father was equal to the emergency, however, and when he re-



"Ta," Sam Sothern, aged two years.

cated in a tongue which was theirs eons ago, on Mars perhaps. Sarah herself was no ordinary woman; she walked in an atmosphere of impending Fate. If one should ask her to get a pocket-handkerchief, she would reply: "I'll get it if I die on the road." This was her customary phrase when performing any mission. I remember feeling somewhat awed at this way of treating a simple request, as though her blood would be on my head should death overtake her on the way.

turned to England one day after a couple of seasons in America he quickly perceived the profundity of Ta's mind and met the situation by inventing a rival language on the spot. He adopted some of Ta's words but broke forth in a multitude of new ones. A torrent of unfamiliar talk flowed from him in his conversations with Ta and Kluklums which overpowered them, and for two or three days they were observed in consultations apart, in remote corners of the nursery, the garden,

or the stable yard. Ta seemed frowning and distraught and Kluklums over and over again was overheard to mutter: "If I die on the road." From that time Ta kept his secret language to himself. He

lost to us forever? Be that as it may, Ta always was possessed of a wisdom not very evidently of this world. He seemed ever to have sat in the councils of the great. Even in boyhood graybeards lis-



Eva

Tilly

Edward H.

Sam

"The Blessed" at Ramsgate.

and Kluklums conversed mostly by signs. Their affection and their understanding remained as deep as ever but no utterance of any sort was permitted to attract the vulgar gaze. When they met after a separation of a quarter of a century quite recently, "The Prince!" said Sarah. "Kluklums!" said Ta.

For my own part, now in my mature years, I believe that Ta came to us with a message which he was not permitted to deliver. Who shall say that he was not a medium and that, had he persisted in giving out those strange sentences which welled up from within him, we should not now be in possession of secrets which are

tened to him with reverence and ancient men deferred to his opinions.

When Ta was first expected on this planet, I, who was then seven years old, was informed that he would one morning be found in a rhubarb bed at the bottom of the garden of our house, "The Cedars," in Kensington, London. Consequently, it was my custom to observe this rhubarb bed closely for any signs of the new baby. My reflections were not at all amiable toward Ta as I stood day after day and contemplated the large rhubarb leaves. I did not think I quite wanted a new baby. I couldn't exactly define my ideas on the subject, but I was distinctly uneasy. At

last one fine day, while I was staring at the rhubarb, I was told that Ta had arrived and I was invited to go and see him. I was so angry at the deception practised

jury seized me, and the undefined animosity I had felt while watching the rhubarb bed found vent in howls of anguish and bangings against the door of



"The Cedars."

Here, in nooks and corners and rockeries and on the lawns, "the Blessed" enacted many a fairy-tale.—Page 1.

upon me, for Ta had been born behind my back as it were, that I struggled violently with those who would have conducted me to the house. I escaped them and by devious ways retired to a secret retreat of mine in the tool-shed to brood over my wrongs. After a while I crept up to the house and, by the back stairs, approached the room wherein lay the unconscious Ta. I heard sounds of wailing from within and certain tender consolations were being offered which had hitherto been my sole perquisite. An overwhelming sense of in-

the room wherein my rival lay. Anxious people came out and took hold of me. When I saw Ta my outcry increased; nothing would induce me to go near him. It was a long time before my mother, by tender endearments, persuaded me to first endure, then pity, then embrace the intruder, and at last to sob myself asleep with my arms about her. For days I regarded Ta with suspicion. He, on the other hand, observed me, as soon as he could observe anything, with stern and frowning toleration. By and by he began

NAME.	Date of Birth.	Cadet at Entry.	Sub-Lieut.	Lieut.	Commr.	Captain.	Medals.
HUGH ROBERT NEWBURGH-STEWART.	June 1, 1831.	March 27, 1846.	April 15, 1852.	Feb. 3, 1855.	March 1, 1865.	March 1, 1880.	Baltic. Crimean. Turkish. Canton, with Clasp.

Appointed Cadet to H.M.S. *Belleisle*, 74 guns, Captain Kingcome, which was employed as troop ship from APRIL 17, 1846, to SEPTEMBER 7, 1848, on N. American, W. Indian, Mediterranean, and Home Stations: afterwards joining H.M.S. *Prince Regent*, 90 guns, Captain W. F. Martin, and serving in Mediterranean Squadron under Admiral Sir W. Parker, also during Commodore Martin's command of the Frigate Squadron on the Lisbon Station.

MARCH 26, 1850, joined H.M.S. *Lily*, 12 gun brig, at Lisbon, Commander Bedford, serving in her on W Coast of Africa for suppression of slave trade; also on E. Indian and China Stations, from SEPTEMBER 26, 1850, to NOVEMBER 18, 1854, being frequently engaged with pirates, at that time very numerous on the coast of China.

APRIL 7, 1852, landed at Shanghai in charge of small arm men for the protection of British subjects during the Taeping rebellion.

MAY 4, 1852, landed with small arm men on the Island of Patchugsan to rescue the crew of an American Merchant ship who had been made prisoners by pirates.

AUGUST 11, 1853, while off the coast of Tymong, serving in H.M.S. *Lily*, engaged, under sail, seven piratical junks (out of a fleet of 70), and after six hours' engagement, the ship having been raked twice by the fire of the junks, the pirates were dispersed and the junks sunk.

(For this service was on NOVEMBER 23, 1853, appointed Acting Lieutenant to H.M.S. *Rattler* (corvette), under Commander Mellish, for special service in Canton River.

Facsimile of part of the official record of Uncle Hugh.

to speak in this new language I have mentioned. My name of Eddy he reduced to D and in other ways he seemed to belittle me. He seldom smiled and never cried, was quite unsociable and, as I have said, talked a great deal to himself. An uncomfortable sense of Ta's superiority troubled me. I was beginning actually to hate him, when an event occurred which overcame me with that admiration and respect that I have felt for him ever since.

My father had given my mother a hundred and fifty pounds in Bank of England notes. These notes she had placed in a drawer in her desk. Shortly afterward my elder brother, Lytton, entered the room with the son of a neighbor who was his particular and constant playmate. These two were unusual-looking boys; both very handsome, just the same age, about seventeen. They were constantly together. When my mother returned to the room, my brother Lytton and his friend, whose name was Peters, departed. My mother opened the drawer to get money for her household bills, and found to her dismay that more than half of the bank-notes had gone. My father was

called. I remember quite well the excitement that followed. My father went off in his dog-cart to Scotland Yard, and returned with one Detective Micklejohn, a celebrated sleuth of the time. Everybody in the house was examined; the servants, male and female, the latter weeping copiously because they were suspected. Of course no individual was suspected. The whole household, however, was searched. Ta and myself alone were exempt. Kluklums was examined with the rest, at which outrage Ta made some occult remarks to which Kluklums replied in the sign language.

Well, Detective Micklejohn was quite baffled. He could find no clew whatever. He had dismissed the servants as having nothing to do with the theft, and had for the moment concentrated his attention on my brother Lytton. It appeared that Lytton had gone to the drawer and had taken out the bank-notes and looked at so much wealth with some awe and then replaced the money. This he readily told the detective. My mother was in tears at the mere idea of Lytton being questioned. My father stood by, puzzled but stern. The men and women

servants were gathered, a nervous crowd in the passage below. Ta and I watched, huddled together with Kluklums.

at the notes. Peters had taken the money and he went about spending it recklessly. He looked so like my brother Lytton that



Uncle Hugh in Alexandria, Egypt.

Hugh gathered together his small resources, he fitted out an expedition all by himself. He started to rescue Gordon.—Page 16.
From a photograph taken in Alexandria, as shown in the reproduction at top.

“Thanks,” said Micklejohn, “that’s all!”

He was closeted for some time with my father and then departed. We heard that he suspected no one in the house. But he did; he suspected my brother Lytton, who had said nothing about Peters being in the room when he looked

Micklejohn got on the wrong track, and was quite convinced that Lytton was the spendthrift.

He came to tell my father and mother his opinion. My mother told Kluklums. Kluklums must have communicated by wireless (which was not yet invented) to Ta, for that remarkable child came down



Lytton Sothern, aged twelve years.

the stairs from his nursery, chanting a favorite chant of his to this effect:

"Dordy mady iddy far
Iffoo pindat madat dar
Dordy isso tindadood
Gidy iddy far effood."

Translated, this poem reads:

"God He made the little fly;
If you pinch it, it will die.
God He is so kind and good,
He gives the little fly his food."

He came down the stairs slowly and seemingly unmoved. He approached De-

tective Micklejohn, who was coming out of the room followed by my weeping mother and my frowning father. He doubled up his two tiny fists, and he struck that large policeman several rapid blows, at the same time pronouncing these cryptic words: "Dood titto dad peepor." Detective Micklejohn laughed. He had not yet solved a criminal mystery out of the mouths of babes.

"What does he say?" said Micklejohn.

"Dood titto dad peepor," reiterated Ta.

To the amazement of the assembly, Kluklums cried out: "I knew it!"

"Knew what?" said my father.

"Oh, Sarah!" wept my mother.

Ta, having delivered his ultimatum, was now trying to catch a fly on the window-pane and chanting:

"Dordy mady iddy far—"

"I see the child speaks French," said Micklejohn.

"Iffoo pindat madat dar."

"I knew it!" cried Sarah.

"Speak, woman!" said my father.

"Dood titto dad peepor," said Sarah.

"She also speaks French," said the astute Micklejohn.

"Nonsense!" cried my father impatiently. "This is the child's babble that no one but Sarah can understand. The woman is a second Rosetta Stone."

In his excitement, my father shook Sarah, who, weeping, murmured: "Dood titto dad peepor. Oh, Master Ta! I knew it!"

"Sarah," said my father, "if you don't tell me at once what you mean I will bite your left ear."

This startling threat sobered Sarah instantly.

"What do those words mean?" cried my father.

"They mean," said Sarah, "'good Lytton, bad Peters,' that's what it means, if I die on the road."

"Who's Peters?" said Micklejohn.

"My son's friend who is always with him," said my mother.

"Iffoo pindat madat dar," sang Ta at the window.

"Does he look like your son?" said the sleuth, hot on the trail.

"Yes, they are both very handsome," said my mother.

"Dordy isso tindadood," crooned Ta, killing a fly on the pane.

"Call me a cab," hissed the detective.

"That child's intelligence is unnatural," said my mother.

"He takes after me," said my father.

"Gidy iddy far effood," muttered Ta, cornering another fly.

That night, as Peters was treating a crowd of foolish people at a bar, Micklejohn hit him a heavy smack on the

shoulder and said quickly: "Give me that money you took from Mrs. Sothern's desk."

The wretched boy fell to the ground in a faint, and was brought to our house in handcuffs. He confessed everything. My mother wept over him; my father grew hysterical as he embraced his own boy, Lytton. No one but our own household ever knew of the theft or of the redemption of the foolish purloiner. His own people never knew. In my mother's arms, he underwent a change of heart which I know lasted for his life.

But Ta would never make friends with him—never! He invariably called him "dad peepor," until the language of Ta and Kluklums was numbered among those tongues that are dead.

How Ta reached his conclusions concerning the real culprit has never been known. Ta himself, now that he has emerged far beyond the shadowland of childhood, can recall nothing of his mental processes at that time. In fact he remembers nothing about it, save what I tell him.

With Kluklums it is different. To her Ta was and is a being of a different clay from that from which ordinary Londoners are made. In some other world than this, perhaps about the time of the Pharaohs, I myself believe that Ta was a prince. To Kluklums Ta is a prince here and now.

HUGH

If you have read "Tristram Shandy," you will remember Uncle Toby's defense of the redoubt built by Corporal Trim, and how the ancient warrior puffed pipe after pipe of tobacco smoke from his stronghold to represent the firing of cannon to the annihilation of an imaginary foe; and perhaps you thought such conduct quite childish on the part of a soldier and a gentleman. Such a conclusion depends entirely upon the point of view. One may be as a little child and not at all ridiculous or unreasonable to some people. I happen to have known a little child who had just such a relative as "my Uncle Toby," and this little child thought, and still thinks, that his uncle—Uncle Hugh was his name (my mother's brother)—

was by far the noblest and sanest person he ever met, although most grown-up people were quite sure he was as mad as a hatter, erratic as a March hare.

These are some of the things that made them think so: Uncle Hugh distrusted all grown-up people. He did not like them. He adored little children and was a child again when he was with them. Although he was a poor man, he kept an old asthmatic dog for many years in luxury in a loose box in London. In another loose box he kept an old horse, a victim of all the ills horseflesh is heir to. I used to go with him to see these fortunate animals, but he would never take grown-up people to visit them.

Uncle Hugh and I were walking opposite the Knightsbridge barracks one day when a cavalry regiment which had seen service in one of England's "little wars" came in sight. They had come home. Some were wounded and wore bandages. Many a horseman led a riderless horse, and on each side of the saddle of many such a riderless horse, with foot in stirrup, had been secured the tall guardsman's boots of the dead soldier, while some garments of the absent rider were attached to the pommel.

"That is the way my horse came home," said Uncle Hugh.

I was well aware that Uncle Hugh loved this horse which he never rode. For fifteen years he had kept him—a big chestnut with white stockings—in a stable near St. James Street. It seemed a strange thing for a poor man to do; you can't keep a horse in London for nothing—it must cost about three pounds a week, that is, one hundred and fifty pounds a year. When a man has an income of only five hundred a year, this is a serious item.

"How did your horse come home, Uncle Hugh?" said I.

It appeared that Hugh once had a very dear friend, a soldier, an officer in a cavalry regiment. In a certain engagement, during a "little war," this friend had been fatally wounded and had fallen from his horse. After the charge, which had resulted so seriously, the horse of the officer, running wild over the field, had found his master, and had stood over him, neighing, and, as it were, calling, calling

for help. Those searching for the wounded were attracted to the spot. The injured man was picked up and taken to a field-hospital. He lingered for an hour and then died. On a piece of paper he had scrawled these words: "Hugh, I am dying. Take care of my horse." The letter had been taken from his tunic; it was stained with blood.

Hugh was at home on the steeds of Father Neptune, but an English hunter, turned charger, was of no use to him. Still, there was the message from his dead comrade; there was the letter with its injunction stamped in blood.

Hugh, when I first recall him, arrived at my father's house in his naval uniform. He wore the long side whiskers of the day—1865. His sea-chest was full of treasures, which he soon disclosed to me. He gave me at once a nautical telescope with the flags of all nations on the outside of it, a mariner's compass, a small piece of the lately laid Atlantic cable, Peter Parley's tales and the "Ingoldsby Legends." He showed me his sword, and I soon became his constant companion. As usual, the grown-ups found him a bit odd. But I was able to entertain him.

During a dinner at the house of Hugh's sister one day a man at the table asked the hostess how she happened to have on the wall the picture of one Commissioner Yeh, the leader of the Chinese rebellion of 1858, who had distinguished himself by beheading 100,000 of his opponents, and he proceeded to recount the daring exploit of a young naval officer who, during the siege of Canton, accompanied a small band of about ten men, led by Captain Key of her Majesty's ship *Sans Pareil*. With most reckless daring these few made their way into the very centre of the hostile city. They found the hiding-place of the head and front and instigator of the rebellion, Commissioner Yeh. They entered his abode. Captain Key arrested him, and the coxswain of the party (Hugh), seizing the Chinaman's pigtail, wrapped it several times around his wrist, thus rendering him powerless. The rebel, who was a huge, fat man, was then conducted through the city of Canton, and onto the man-of-war. The Chinese were so amazed that not a shot was fired until the sailors were well out in the

stream. This capture practically put an end to the rebellion.

My aunt pointed to the fair-haired, blue-eyed, childish-looking Hugh, who by this time was covered with confusion. "It was Hugh," said my aunt.

"What was Hugh?" asked the narrator.

"Hugh captured Commissioner Yeh."

Everybody laughed as at a good joke. She might as well have declared that I, a little boy, had done the daring deed. Hugh turned her talk away from the danger-point by some quite childish and irrelevant nonsense and no more was said. No one believed it. But it was the fact. Quixotic Hugh, the companion of children, the lover of his old horse and his superannuated dog, had done this thing.

Uncle Hugh lived alone without a servant in one small room at the top of a house in Waterloo Place. Occasionally he would move to Richmond for a few weeks, to the Richmond Club, and to a few chosen friends (children) he would exhibit a certain dog-kennel he had invented which, by means of intricate tackle, could be pulled up into a tree so that the dog might be placed in it at night and hauled up out of the way of dangerous reptiles and wild beasts. He kept, at a coach-maker's in London, a dog-cart of his invention. When your horse should run away, you had only to pull a lever and the shafts separated from the cart, which would come to a standstill while the horse would continue his wild career with the shafts attached to him. I think, however, there was a line fastened to the harness with which the horse could be thrown.

All the furniture and ornaments, and other necessary belongings in Uncle Hugh's room at the top of the house, could be seized with the greatest suddenness and in the most unexpected manner could be gathered into packages and chests and prepared, in a wink, for any kind of an expedition to any place on the planet. I saw it done. There was a dado which looked like oak—it was really tin; all the chairs and tables and chests, the bedstead—everything—were either receptacles or could be collapsed rapidly. Like a conjurer, Uncle Hugh would attack these things, and literally in five

minutes every article would be packed in its exact place, ready to start anywhere.

People (grown-up people) used to think this was the mania of a mad person. Uncle Hugh always seemed to have an idea that he would be called upon one day to undertake an expedition which would necessitate this astonishing activity and despatch in packing up. To me, as a child, it was the most natural and reasonable way to pack things. Why take days and days over it if it could be done in a moment?

Uncle Hugh was a sailor, a naval officer of distinction. At about forty years of age he had retired with the rank of captain. His room was decked with trophies of the sea—sharks' teeth, harpoons, cannon, many kinds of firearms, charts, telescopes, nautical instruments, a sword over the mantelpiece, pistols, all the things that children adore. When Hugh would favor us with an exhibition of his dexterity in preparing for "the expedition," he would say: "Now, then, get ready!" He would lock the door, so as to shut out intruders, and with much seriousness he would begin: "You see I am prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice, at the Queen's command. Now, we imagine that a messenger is approaching with my commission. He is at the door below. He is coming up the stairs, two steps at a time [we were on the edge of our chairs by this and could assuredly hear the steps on the stone stairs without]. He knocks at the door. He enters. I take the blue envelope and open it. 'On her Majesty's service!' I read my instructions. I don't lose a moment. I say 'Go!'" And with a bound Uncle Hugh would seize the tin dado, rush around the room as he detached it from the wall, fold it up in sections, throw it into one chest; the tables, the chairs folded into each other, lamps, rugs, books, instruments, firearms, coal-scuttles, clothes, boots, decanters, silver, a travelling cook-stove—everything a man needs to go anywhere. In three minutes all had disappeared and Uncle Hugh, panting, triumphant, stood amid his sea-chests, overcoat on, hat on, sticks and umbrella in hand—"Ready! at the Queen's command," would say Uncle Hugh. Grown-

up people who heard us talk about this experience laughed, naturally enough, and declared that Uncle Hugh was "gone there," tapping their grown-up foreheads. This used to annoy me when I was a child, because I was quite sure Hugh would one day do this thing he had on his mind, and which he had thus confided to me and my small brother, so we concluded we would not discuss him with grown-up ones in the future. We believed in Hugh and we waited in confidence.

One day people knocked at Uncle Hugh's door and were told that he had gone.

"Where?" said these callers.

"To rescue Chinese Gordon," said the man at the door.

These people smiled and went their way. But it was a fact. Not just yet "at the Queen's command," but at the promptings of even a higher authority, Uncle Hugh had taken his instructions.

It was in 1885 that Gordon was in such danger at Khartum. Hugh gathered together his small resources, he fitted out an expedition all by himself. He started to rescue Gordon. He proceeded across the desert. His force of natives turned on him, the only white man. They plotted to kill him. It was his habit to sleep each night with dogs tied to his wrists and a weapon in either hand. One night he heard his dogs growl. He awoke, and quite near him some men discussed the plan of murdering him and stealing his outfit and supplies. They put the plan into execution the next day. Hugh shot the leaders at once and marched the others back to his starting-point, day after day without sleeping, keeping them before him at a safe distance. His solitary expedition failed, as all grown-up people knew it would. But somewhere it has been hailed as a success of a kind.

Gordon was killed at Khartum, as all the world knows. Help arrived too late. Hugh suffered without complaint the pangs of poverty for years after this adventure. No one knew of his straits. He kept it from grown-up people and my brother and I and other small confidants were leaving our childhood behind us in distant lands. We never knew.

One day a doctor called on my brother

and told him Uncle Hugh was ill. My brother went to his lodging. People at the door were pale and frightened. More doctors who were gathered there said that the room was barricaded, that Hugh was violent, that it was dangerous for any one to enter. My brother called through the door. Hugh knew his voice and opened. His appearance was quite wild and gaunt, untidy, distraught.

"I thought you were a grown-up person," said Hugh. Then he talked in his ancient, childish way sanely enough.

My brother got rid of the disturbed neighbors and for some days looked after Uncle Hugh. One day when he knocked at the door there was no reply. He went in. Hugh was lying in a hammock slung across the room—this was his present fancy in bedsteads. He was half-dressed. He was talking to himself. He had a large navy revolver in each hand; his other weapons, guns and swords, were about him.

"How are you, Uncle Hugh?" said my brother.

Hugh, looking steadily at him, said, "At the Queen's command," and died.

He had been called—whither? Who shall say if this was the expedition he had vaguely expected? Who shall say if the messenger whose coming we had so often seen enacted was not the angel visitor who had now knocked at the door? The hands, accustomed to weapons, had sought them instinctively at the approach of danger. But for this final adventure, dear Hugh, you were armed as few of us shall be. No foe can harm you; all others will salute and say: "Pass on."

This is not fiction. Uncle Hugh was a veritable Don Quixote. A child at heart, gentle, brave, true, kind, generous, simple, romantic, fanatical perhaps. Don Quixote I always think him. Long, thin, with large aquiline nose, very fair hair, blue eyes, a trace of Irish brogue in his voice; always laughing when with little children. He was a bachelor, but I am sure that somewhere there must have been a Dulcinea for that chivalrous heart. Perhaps "at the Queen's command" had a double meaning to him.

In the Elysian fields Uncle Hugh, I know, wanders with his asthmatic dog and his dilapidated horse; is greeted by

the ancient heroes as an equal; and comforts small boys who may be frightened as they step from the boat that conveys them across the Styx. I am sure he plays

at being a pirate, and perhaps he induces Achilles and other warriors to take a part. Dear Uncle Hugh, I salute you—"in the Queen's name!"

(To be continued.)

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THIS WAR*

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I



WENT out into the wind—the first southwest wind after many days of easterly drought. All the morning it had rained, but now the gray sky was torn; the sun shone, and long white clouds were driven over pools of blue, or piled up into heavenly mountains. The land of moor and valley, the hills and fields and woods gleamed in the sunlight, or were shadowed dark by the drifting clouds. Moss on the top of the old gray walls was wet, but warm to the touch; the birds—daws, pigeons, hawks—flung themselves at the wind. And the scent! Every frond of the bracken, each sprig of the furze and the heather, all the souging boughs of young pine-tree and oak, and the grass, gray-powdered with rain, were exhaling their fragrance, so that each breath drawn was a draft of wild perfume.

And in one's heart rose an ecstasy of love for this wind-sweetened earth, for the sun, and the clouds, the rain, and the wind, the trees and the flowering plants, for the streams and the rocks—a passion for this earth which breeds us all, and into which we reabsorb, as untutored, wild, and natural as the love of life in the merest dumb thing that knows nothing of ideals, of Country, realms, and policies, nothing of War.

Our enemy calls the war—"this English war"; we English as fervently believe

it a Prussian war, having deep root in Prussian will and history, and at last thrust on a world desperately balancing at the edge of the abyss, by a sudden swoop of the Prussian war party.

"Pourtalès (German ambassador to Russia) called Sazonoff's attention in the most serious manner to the fact that nowadays measures of mobilization would be a highly dangerous form of diplomatic pressure; for in that event the purely military consideration of the question by the General Staffs would find expression, and that *if that button were once touched in Germany, the situation would get out of control!*" (Count Szapary, Austrian Ambassador to Russia. Austrian Book No. 28.)

Of a surety a few men, perhaps not a score in all, have had the power to strip from millions their meed of life on this wind-sweetened earth! For myths conceived in a few ambitious brains the whole world must pay with grief and agony! What can we do, when this war is over, to insure that we shall not again be stampeded by professional soldiers, and those—in whatever country—who dream paper dreams of territory, trade, and glory, caring nothing for the lives of the simple, knowing nothing of the beauty of the earth which is their heritage.

II

"No corn planted, more men wanted!"—words of the old Russian song!

It is no use crying over spilt milk, and no good throwing down the instruments

* See "Thoughts on This War," by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November, 1914.

in the middle of an operation. But there is every use in keeping before oneself perpetually the thought that this war is an operation to excise the trampling instinct; for there are many among us willing to speak of an operation while it serves their purpose, who unconsciously believe in that which they profess to be cutting out. Human nature is much the same all the world over. The Prussian Junker is but a specially favored variety of a well-marked type that grows in every land. And the business of other men is to keep circumstance from being favorable to its development, and ascendancy.

When we talk of safeguarding democracy, liberty, and the rights of small nations, we really only mean the muzzling of the Junkerism in human nature; the restraint of this trampling instinct. Who would give a rush for the immunity of any nation from the resurgence within itself of that instinct, unless it watches with lynx eyes? I cannot but think that, when peace comes and Prussian Junkerism is held harmless for a span, Junkerism in general will have a better chance of pushing up its hydra heads than it had before this war. Times will be very hard—the “have nots” and “they who have” will be very nakedly set over against each other. Circumstances will be favorable to civil strife; and civil strife, whichever side wins, fosters despotic leaderships, and the trampling instinct. Those not merely hoping and meaning to try for a better world after the war, but expecting one almost as a matter of course, forget that the devotion and unity which men display under the shadow of a great fear, and the stimulus of that most powerful and universal emotion, patriotism, will slip away from them when the fear and the emotion are removed. If before the war men were incapable of rising to great and united effort for their own betterment out of sheer love of perfection, are they even as likely to be able when, after the war, economic stress puts a greater strain on each individual’s good will?

The words of a certain prophet: “Literature, Art, Industry, Commerce, Politics, Statesmanship will, when this fighting day is over, come into a new and better era,”

are but soothing-sirup. Let us hope for the best, but set ourselves to face the worst.

III

BECAUSE pens lie unused, or are but feebly wielded over the War, they would have us believe that modern literature has been found wanting. “Look,” they say, “how nobly the Greek and the Elizabethan pens rhymed the epic struggles of their ages. What a degenerate, nerveless creature is this modern pen! See how it fails when put to the touchstone of great events, and the thrilling realities of War!” I think this is nonsense. The greatest pens of the past were strangers to the glamour of War. Euripides made it the subject of a dirge; Shakespeare of casual treatment; Cervantes of his irony. They were in advance of the feeling of their day about war; but now their feeling has become that of mankind at large; and the modern pen, good, bad, or indifferent, follows—*longo intervallo*—their prevision of War’s downfalling glory. In the words of a certain officer, War is now “damn dull, damn dirty, and damn dangerous.” The people of Britain, and no doubt of the other countries—however bravely they may fight—are fighting not because they love it, not because it is natural to them, but because, alas! they must. This makes them the more heroic since the romance of War for them is past, belonging to cruder stages of the world.

In our consciousness to-day there is a violent divorce between our admiration for the fine deeds, the sacrifices and heroisms of this war, and our feeling about War itself. A shadowy sense of awful waste hangs over it all in the mind of the simplest soldier as in that of the subtlest penman. It may be real that we fight for our existence, and our conceptions of liberty and justice; but we feel all the time that we ought not to have had to fight, that these things should be respected of the nations; that we have grown out of such savagery; that the whole business is a kind of monstrous madness suddenly let loose on the world. Such feelings were never in the souls of ordinary men, whether soldiers or civilians, in the days of Elizabeth or Themis-

toles. They fought, then, as a matter of course. In those so-called heroic ages "the thrilling realities of war" were truly the realities of life and feeling. To-day they are but as a long nightmare. We have discovered that man is a creature slowly, by means of thought and life and art, evolving from the animal he was into the human being he will be some day, and in that desperately slow progression sloughing off the craving for physical combat and the destruction of his fellow man. This process does not mean the loss of stoicism and courage, but rather the increase thereof, as millions in this war, after the most peaceful century in the world's history, have proved. We are a few paces farther on toward the fully evolved human being than were the compatriots of Themistocles or Elizabeth. That is why the modern pen, save some few atavistic quills, refuses, and will refuse, to identify itself with war, and to wax lyrical and epical thereon.

The true realities of to-day lie in peace. The great epic of our time is the expression of man's slow emergence from the blood-loving animal he was. To that great epic the modern pen has long been consecrate, and is not likely to betray its trust.

IV

ONE day we read in our journals how an enemy Socialist or Pacifist has raised his voice against the mob passions and war spite of his country, and we think: "What an enlightened man!" and the next day, in the same journals, we read that So-and-So has done the same thing in our own country, and we think: "My God! He ought to be hung!" To-day we listen with enthusiasm to orations of our statesmen about the last drop of our blood, and the last pennies in our purses, and we think: "That is patriotism!" To-morrow we read utterance by enemy notables about arming the cats and dogs, and exclaim: "What truculent insanity!" We learn on Monday that some disguised fellow countryman has risked his life to secure information from the heart of the enemy's country, and we think: "That was real courage!" And on Tuesday our bile rises at discovering that an enemy

has been arrested in our midst for espionage, and we think: "The dirty spy!" Our blood boils on Wednesday at hearing of the scurvy treatment of one of ourselves resident in the enemy's country. And on Thursday we read of the wrecking by our mob of aliens' shops, and think: "Well, what could they expect, belonging to that nation!" When one of our regiments has defended itself with exceptional bravery, and inflicted great loss on the enemy, we justly call it—Heroism. When some enemy regiment has done the same, we use the word—Ferocity. The comic papers of the enemy guy us, and we think: "How childish!" Ours guy the enemy, and we cry: "Ah! that's good!" Our enemies use a hymn of hate, and we despise them for it. We do our hate in silence, and feel ourselves the better for the practise.

Shall we not rather fight our fight, and win it, without these little ironies?

V

THE first thing he does when he comes down each morning is to read his paper, and the moment he has finished breakfast he sticks the necessary flags into his big map. He began to do that very soon after the war broke out, and has never missed a day. It would seem to him almost as if Peace had been declared, and the Universe suddenly unbottomed, if any morning he omitted to alter slightly three flags at least. What will he do when the end at last is reached, and he can no longer tear the paper open with a kind of trembling avidity; no longer debate within himself the questions of strategy, and the absorbing chances of the field; when he has, in fact, to sweep his flags into a drawer and forget they ever were? It would haunt him, if he thought of it. But sufficient unto his day is the good thereof. Yes! It has almost come to that with him; though he will still talk to you of "this dreadful war," and never alludes to the days as "great" or to the times as "stirring," as some folk do. No, he is sincere in believing that he is distressed beyond measure by the continuance of "the abominable business"; and would not confess for worlds that he would miss it, that it has become for him

a daily "cocktail" to his appetite for life. It is not he, after all, who is being skinned; to the pursuit and skinning of other eels the human eel is soon accustomed. By proxy to be "making history," to become victorious in the greatest struggle known to man since the beginning of the world—after all it is something! He will never have such a chance again. He still remembers with a shudder how he felt the first weeks after war was declared; and the mere fact that he shudders shows that his present feelings are by no means what they were. After all, one cannot remain forever prepossessed with suffering that is not one's own, or with fears of invasion indefinitely postponed. True, he has lost a nephew, a second cousin, the sons of several friends. He has been duly sorry, duly sympathetic, but then, he was not dangerously fond of any of them. His own son is playing his part, and he is proud of it. If the boy should be killed he will feel poignant grief, but even then there is revenge to be considered. His pocket is suffering, but it is for the Country—and that almost makes it a pleasure. And he goes on sticking in his flags in spots where the earth is a mush of mangled flesh, and the air shrill with the whir of shells, the moans of dying men, and the screams of horses.

Is this pure fantasy; or does it hold a grain of truth?

VI

THE War brings up with ever greater insistence the two antagonistic feelings of which one was always conscious: That men are radically alike. And that there are two kinds of men, subtly but hopelessly divided from each other.

Men are radically alike in the way they meet danger and death, in their sentiment and in their laughter, in their endurance, their passions, their self-sacrifice, their selfishness, their superstitions, and their gratitude. They are radically divided by possession or not, of that extra sensitiveness to proportion, form, color, sound, which we call the sense of beauty. Would there still be war in a world the most of whose dwellers had the sense of beauty? I think not. And they who have it, so few by comparison,

are tragically compelled to live and bear their part in this hell, created by a world of which they are not.

These two kinds of men shade subtly the one into the other; but the division is real, for all that—the bristles on the backs of each true specimen on either side of the line shiver at touch of the other sort.

And the war, with its toil and hardships, its common humanity, deaths and dangers, and sacrifices shared, will not bring them one jot nearer one to the other. Is there evidence for thinking that a sense of beauty is more common than it was? I am not sure. But there is certainly no chance that the sense of beauty can increase within measurable time, so as to give its possessors a majority. No chance that wars will cease from that reason. The little world of beauty-lovers will for many ages yet be pitifully in tow, half-drowned by the following surge of the big insensitive world when it loses for a time what little feeling for harmony it has, and goes full speed ahead.

VII

SOME argue earnestly that what really restrains and regulates the conduct of individuals is not force, but the general sense of decency, the public opinion of the community; and that the same rule applies to nations. In other words, that there is no reason why inter-State morality should be different from that prevailing amongst the individuals within a State.

This argument neglects to perceive, First: That the public opinion of a community is, in reality, latent force. And secondly: That there is as yet no community within which the nations dwell. An individual bent on rank egotism cannot carry it to the point of completely overriding his neighbors without knowing that those neighbors can and will give concrete expression to their resentment, and suppress him. This latent force is at the back of all State-law, and of all public opinion, which is but State-law unwritten. The essence of its efficacy is the fact that individuals do live in community each one perceiving with the non-rampant part of him that the rest are

right in squashing his rampancy, since life in community would soon be impossible if they did not. He consents, subconsciously, to being squashed when he is rampant, because he recognizes himself to be part of a whole.

Until nations have come to be parts of communities, or group-States, there will be no really effective analogy between individual morality and State morality. There is, of course, a growing international decency, a reaching out toward community, a recognition that certain things are "not done"; but it is liable to be violated, as we have seen, at any moment by any State which is, or thinks itself, strong enough to override laws, written or unwritten, which have no adequate latent force behind them. To create this latent controlling force, we have paramount need of a system of group-States, leading on by slow degrees to an United States of the world. Whether an United States of Europe, of North America, of South America, and of the yellow races would have to pass through the same era of internecine struggle, as individual Countries are still passing through, before merging in World Union, is a far-off question which may well be left in the clouds. The necessary line of progression is sufficiently disclosed by the violation of Belgian neutrality and other matters in this war. Public opinion not backed by latent force has been proved useless. There is no such thing, I fear, as public opinion worth the name except within a definite community. The task of Statesmen when Peace comes, is the formation of an United States of Europe, with a real public opinion backed by a real, if latent, force.

VIII

NIETZSCHE was an individualist, a hater of the State and of the Prussians, a sick man, a great artist in words to be read with delight and—your tongue in your cheek. By quaint irony his central idea, "the ego-rampant," was temperamentally suited to those Prussians whom he hated. The Neo-German conception of the State, a law unto itself, demanding all things from the individuals who compose it, and taking all it can get from the

world at large, may be inverted Nietzscheism, but it is the creature of Prussian history, and of very different men. One readily, however, sees how the thorough and logical German mind, having conceived this notion of their State, have felt the need of justifying it by a consistent philosophy, and here it is that the Nietzschean "rampant-individual-ego" has come in handy, and the philosophic denial of altruism been carried right down to the roots of Society. The strong State takes toll of the weak States, takes toll, too, of the weak individuals who make up the strong State, and in turn the strong individuals take toll of the weak individuals, and the weak individuals of the lower creation. This Blond Beast State is the prototype and example in shining armor for those who make it up. Such is the new German philosophy—such it has to be, to have the logic necessary to the German mind—an intellectual conception superseding the emotional conception of a philosophy not quite so prognathous. It is, of course, a reversion to the philosophy of man before he dwelt in communities at all, of the wild man of the forest, who scratched existence out of nature and, living in far harder environments, had more sheer "will to power" than any exponent of the new German philosophy to-day. It is based on what we others think is a transient and false notion of what States should be. We say they should not roam the earth like beasts, taking what they can devour. Though it is true that in the absence as yet of the system of group-States, they are liable to seize here or seize there, if they be strong enough, we emphatically deny that they should do so *on principle*, as the new German philosophy teaches, and set the robber's ideal, the robber's fashion of morality, for the individuals who compose them. The philosophy not only of the rest of Europe, but of Germany in the days of Kant and Hegel, presumed that the hard-won morality of individuals amongst themselves would ultimately become the morality of States.

"The fact that the sense of community among the peoples of the earth has gone so far that the violation of right in one place is felt everywhere, has made the idea of a Citizenship of the world no fan-

tastic dream, but a necessary extension of the unwritten Code of States and Peoples." (Kant.)

"The binding cord is not force, but the deep-seated feeling of order that is possessed by us all." (Hegel.)

The new German philosophy has anointed the present immorality of States and thereby fixed it as the morality for individuals. But the German people have presumably been acquiring throughout the ages the same instincts toward altruism as the peoples of other countries. The new German philosophy will not, in the long run, succeed in imposing its logical ideal of the wild man in the forest, though never so gorgeously decked out, on the Germans, any more than the philosophy which rules elsewhere will make us others replicas of Christ.

Man never attains to his philosophical ideal; but it is just as well that he should see clearly its apotheosis before he tries too hard to reach it.

IX

OUR enemy now proclaims that his objective is the crushing of Britain's world-power in the interests of mankind.

Britain certainly has a greater Empire than Germany, a greater trade, and command of the sea into the bargain—for, in their "consistent egoism," these islanders object to being starved.

Are we justified in retaining if we can what, in a by no means unstained past, we have acquired, or should we hand over our position, well and ill gotten, to this new claimant with his new culture, for the benefit of the world?

Man has a somewhat incurable habit of believing in himself, and we Britons hold the faith that our character, ideals, and experience fit us to control *our own lives and property* for the general good of mankind; but we have not yet said to Germany, and I trust we never may: "We so entirely differ from your main principles of procedure, from your autocratic State Socialism, and your iron Militarism, that even though you should strictly refrain from menacing and attacking other nations, we should still feel it necessary for the general good of mankind to take all the lives and property

we can from you, and control them on our principles." The fortunate possessors of the greater Empire and the greater trade are not perhaps the most convincing advocates of the principle: "Live and let live." For all that, we find it impossible to admit the right of any nation to an aggressive policy toward us; and we—"Ces animaux sont méchants; quand on les attaque ils se défendent." We are, of course, aware that Germany, after being petrified with surprise at our intervention, now accuses us of having planned the war and deliberately attacked her. We all see just now rather as in a glass darkly. And yet, with an immense Empire, an immense trade, and nothing whatever to gain anywhere, with a crop of serious social and political troubles on hand, "a contemptible little army," a tradition of abstention from European quarrels, a Free Trade policy, a democratic system of government, a Foreign Minister remarkable up to then for his services to Peace, and a "degenerate, wealth-rotted, huckstering" population, it still seems to us as improbable as it once seemed to Germany, that we hatched and set on foot such a wildcat enterprise.

X

"A WAR of exhaustion." How often we use those words! They are current in all the belligerent countries, and in all they are unrealy used, as yet. But they are, I fear, literally true. It is a war which will not end till one group or the other have no longer the men to hold their lines. The sway of the fighting is of no great moment; it does not much matter where precisely the killing, maiming, and capturing go on, so long as they do go on, with mathematical equality. A year or so hence when the total disablement is nearer twenty than ten millions, the meaning of the words will be a little clearer, and they will probably only then be used by the side whose united population is still more than twice that of the other side. Two years hence they will be seen to have meant exactly what they said. All the swinging from optimism to pessimism and back again, the cock-a-hoop of the Press one day, the dirge of the Press the next; the alarms and excur-

sions about the failure of this or that—they are all storms in tea-cups. The wills of the nations fighting are equally engaged, they will not break; the energies will not break; the food will not fail; the money will be found somehow; but the human flesh will give out, in time—that is all; on which side it will give out first may be left to any child who can count up to two. No glory about this business—just ding-dong shambles!

If one believed, with a certain Englishman, that there was no real struggle of ideals involved, these words "a war of exhaustion," meaning what they really do, would be too intolerable even to think of. He who denies this to be a struggle of ideals may have a brilliant intellect, but he can have no flair, no feelers, none of that instinctive perception of the essence and atmosphere of things, which is a so much surer guide than reason. He has perceived doubtless that autocrats and force-worshippers in England, in Russia, in Italy (there are but few in France) are fighting against the Central Empires as furiously as if they were the most ardent lovers of liberty; and that the democrats and humanists in Central Europe are fighting for their countries as devotedly as their force-worshipping rulers, and he has thought: "This is a mere blind game of 'Kill your neighbor,' with nothing real at stake save the aggrandizement of one group of countries or the other." I repeat, he has failed to scent out the heart of the matter. There are racial temperaments to which certain ideals are fatal. The Teuton of all men requires the Christian ethic to correct and modify something science-ridden, overbearing, and unhumorous in his soul. The Teuton, before the new philosophy of self-expansion laid hold on him, was salutary, from his many great qualities, in a world of other men. But his was the last nature that could afford to succumb wholesale to the Gospel of Force. If he could only see himself he would realize that the very thoroughness of his nature made it ruinous for him to tamper with this particular ideal, which he was bound to run to death, to the danger and alarm of all other races. No observer, who has the feelers of an artist, can fail to be aware of the spiritual change in Germany. I

remember one tiny instance out of many—a mere straw showing the direction of the wind. The winter before the war there were in a certain hotel in Egypt four Teutons. A quiet dignified old man, his little quiet dignified wife, and their two big sons. The difference between the two generations was little short of terrible. In the older, such an essential air of unassuming goodness, in the younger a demeanor so intolerant, so gross and domineering; those two sons were respectful and good to their father and mother; but toward the rest of the world—to natives, English, Americans, and other small fry—they displayed an astounding truculence of manner.

The Berlin Concordia, I see, has just issued maxims of conduct to the German people, in a little book called "Let Germany learn." I cull two of them: "The soft corner in your heart for the foreigner will never give you his affection, but only his contempt!" and: "Everything depends on your own strength."

Democracy and Autocracy; the Will to Love and the Will to Power are at grips within every nation; but when the balance swings over definitely in favor of autocracy and force in a nation with such organized might, and such a temperament as this of the Teuton, then in the other nations discord is stilled, and they move out in armor against the Will to Power, lest they too be enslaved in a world as clamped down and formalized as ever was old Egypt.

XI

It seems certain that the practise of doping soldiers with ether, rum, or other spirit before an attack, has been largely resorted to by certain nations in this war. Nothing that is happening so illuminates the nature of modern warfare; illustrates more utterly the absorption of human bodies and souls into the Machines that are crashing into each other. Men have become lumps of coal to be converted into driving power. And in supreme moments, lest the bewildered spirit, brought up to peace, should move hand or foot in protest or recoil, that spirit is first stolen away. The usage is not prompted by motives of mercy, yet has in it a kind of aw-

ful humanity. Granted the premises, who dare grudge this anodyne to the doomed?

Verily on every man who in time of peace speaks or writes one word to foster bad spirit between nations, a curse should rest; he is part and parcel of that malevolence which at last sets these great Engines, fed by lumps of human coal, to crash along, and pile up against each other, in splintered wreckage. Only too well he plays the game of those grim schemers to whose account lie the dehumanization and despair of millions of their brother men.

XII

A WONDERFUL night to-night, so that the spirit goes forth a little, enters the harmony of things, drinks the magic of the world. How beauty moves the heart! And war cannot destroy it, cannot take from us the feeling that—living or dead—we belong to such perfection. It cannot take the voice from the streams, remove the flight of small wings in the darkness, the gleam of moonlight, the whisper of night about us, nor that bright star. It cannot take from within us the soul that vibrates to loveliness, to the great-hearted rhythm round us.

If in this war the figures of cruelty and death have surpassed themselves in darkness, the figure of Humanity has never been so radiant and so lovely. Perhaps we do not know enough what man was really like in past ages, to compare him with man to-day. But it does seem as if he had grown in power for evil, and even more in power for good. Or perhaps it is only that, being more sensitive and highly strung, the tale is altogether more poignant.

From the letters of a young French painter, who, after months in the trenches, disappeared in an engagement on the 7th of April, I quote these sayings:

"You know what I call religion—that which binds together in man all his thoughts of the universal and of the eternal, those two forms of God!" "Dear Mother, that I love, don't let's lose hope; the trials of hope are many, but all beauty lives forever." "The dead won't hurt the Spring!" "Did you see yesterday's sun? How noble the country is, and how good, Nature! She seems to say to him who listens that nothing will be lost." "We know not whether all this violence and disorder may not be leading us toward a crowning good." "Out of this torment we shall be left with one great aspiration toward pity, fraternity, and goodness." "Never has life brought me such abundance of noble feelings; never, perhaps, have I had such freshness of sensibility for their recording; such a sensation of safety in my spirit." "We spend the days like children. . . . And the good from this war will be the making young again the hearts of those who have been through it."

And his last written words: "Dear beloved Mother, I send you all my love. Whatever happens, life will have been beautiful."

Not to many is given so clear a soul as this, so fine a spirit. Peace and loveliness be with him, and with all who die like him before their time, following the light within them. And with all who live on in this world of beauty, where the Dead harm not the Spring, may there be—in his words—the longing for pity, fraternity, and goodness!





FÊTE DAYS

TWO DRAWINGS

BY

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

HALLOWEEN
CHRISTMAS



Halloweën.



Christmas.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Ahoy, *Olaf Horsa*! You have ten minutes to take to your boats."—Page 32.

UNDERSEABOAT F-33

BY DONN BYRNE

• ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD



HE had slipped out of the mouth of the Elbe that morning—two hundred feet of sinister dull metal—past a forest of shipping, schooners, barks, barkentines, tramp steamers, passenger liners: past the lugubrious, futile line of men-of-war, caught in the harbor, like rats in a corner, and had punched her way into the snapping swell of the North Sea. Three hours out, fifty miles, the bridge had caught sight of the grim, waiting line of British battleships, squat, ugly, efficient, with thin tendrils of smoke floating dreamily from their stacks, like tobacco fumes from the pipe of an idler. She had dived instantaneously to sixty feet, and slipped cautiously past, hugging the shore. The officers of the bridge had mopped wet foreheads and laughed short, uneasy laughs of relief when she rose in safety twenty miles farther out. In that two hours and a half's submersion they had trusted blindly to Fate against sudden death. For even at sixty feet beneath the battle line there were dangers—mines cunningly balanced and vast, powerful steel nets—incredible, horrible things.

She was out of danger and a clear sea before her, Schroeder said to himself as he leaned over the rail of the collapsible bridge, six feet two of clean bone and sinew. The lean Bavarian quartermaster at the wheel looked at him with eyes eloquent with admiration, taking in his square, fighter's head: the closely cropped blond hair showing beneath the commander's cap; the heavy, clefted chin; the firm, thin mouth; the high cheek-bones; half-closed grayish-blue eyes; the bull's neck. The quartermaster looked at his hands as they held on to the rail, two great square, brown things. He shivered a little as he thought of those at his throat.

The commander drew himself up slow-

ly, with the deliberate movement of a big animal, and began pacing the deck. He took in the fifteen feet of it in five easy strides. The submarine was cutting into her course like a racing-yacht. A long, thin angle of white foam broke over her bow, slapping her steel sides with a flat, metallic sound that suggested wood striking iron. Spray boiled over the freeboard and curled sinuously about the bridge. The staccato cough of the gasoline exhaust cut into the air with a monotonous rasp.

Schroeder stopped in stride and glanced at the compass.

"Northwest by north," he read.

"Northwest by north it is, sir," the quartermaster chimed in.

Schroeder's eye brightened as he looked about. All around him, like a vast gray plain, the North Sea stretched. The submarine's dull brown against the blue of the nearer water suggested a lone porpoise driving onward. There was an air of efficiency about everything that appealed to Schroeder. The sharp, metallic lines of the two periscopes, standing up like bare trees on a desolate moorland; the giant rivets on the deck; the lines of the wireless rigging; the bridge that could be taken apart and brought below in a minute and a half—compass, chronometer, and wheel; the delicate, flowing line of the great sea-harrier; the bulge of the hidden nine-pounder aft; the sinewy quartermaster, bent over the horizontal wheel like a chauffeur over the steering-gear of an automobile—all gave him a sense of power, of confidence in man's strength and ability, that sent his pulse beating and his eye gleaming with pride. To put to sea in a mere husk of steel, to appear and disappear at will, to deal death by mere pressure of a button, and all this the result of the gray matter that is in every man's skull—that was life, he said, that was triumph!

He raised his sea-glasses and swept the gray line of horizon deliberately, searchingly. It seemed all one vast expanse of nothingness. Very dimly on the west he thought he could distinguish a speck of brown sail—some adventurous fisherman trawling for mackerel. But as yet nothing for him. He had been detailed to watch the Norwegian lane for contraband. Supplies were coming into Havre with regularity that came neither down the Baltic nor across from America. The grim, iron-fisted policy that made the English Channel a nightmare of horror was having its effect. Atlantic travel had all but stopped, but there was still a formidable leak. May had come and the ice had broken in Archangel harbor. A shrewd intelligence officer suggested that Russian vessels were skirting the Scandinavian coast and creeping southward, laden to the scuppers with supplies. It was Schroeder's task to reconnoitre and if possible to deal a stiff lesson. There were rumors too of Danish, and Swedish, and Norwegian skippers who didn't mind running the blockade for the adventure and the money in it. He had been given his own discretion how to act in cases not covered by his instructions. He knew how, he nodded to himself grimly, and his mouth twisted—he knew.

Somewhere below six muffled tinkles rang out. It was seven o'clock. There was the trickle of a musical-comedy bar being whistled, and the first lieutenant, a lithe, wiry Saxon, with black hair and flashing black eyes, appeared through the manhole. He made his way forward.

"Is that you, Halbrandt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the wireless got anything?"

"Not a thing, sir."

The commander handed over the glasses.

"I think I'll let you take watch now," he said, in his snappy, clean-cut tones. "Keep her off a couple of points, and don't take your eye off the sky-line for a moment. I'm going to turn in. The moment anything appears let me know."

"All right, sir."

Schroeder took a last look before he left the bridge. The bow still cut its flurry of foam. A wind had sprung up, and was whining through the wireless rig-

ging. The vast desert of gray flowed off on all sides. There was a pale, hazy red smudge in the west—the setting sun.

Dawn broke—a faint flurry of pink and mauve. The sun flashed up in a great disk of polished brass. The plain of the sea extended green to the right and left, quivering, nervous, with caps of white foam like patches of snow on grass. A keen salt wind blew southward. Overhead a gull hovered like an aeroplane. A bunch of brown sea-weed floated past. The submarine cut into the waves like a knife, the sunlight making flashes of rainbow through the foam of the bow.

The navigating lieutenant turned to Schroeder.

"She's doing good time," he said.

"She'll be doing something else besides good time," the commander grinned, "if there's any luck at all. Submarines aren't built for racing; fighting's their best suit."

Hours passed, marked by the tinkle of the bells below. The watch changed. The sun mounted upward and beat down perpendicularly. The rolling swell of the Doggerbank caught and lifted them slowly and measuredly like the rocking of a cradle. The commander still kept to the bridge, scanning the horizon through his bulging sea-glasses. He handed them to the officer of the watch.

"Take a look to starboard. See anything?" he asked.

The officer of the watch, a thin, fair-haired boy, handed them back.

"It looks like smoke," he answered.

A faint brownish wisp, like the fleece of a cloud, hung off the sky-line. The submarine flashed ahead, the hollow cough of the exhaust rattling out its staccato routine. The wisp on the horizon grew more distinct. It resolved itself into two thin trickles of brown. Schroeder swung about on his heel.

"East-northeast," he snapped to the quartermaster at the wheel; "keep her off. Port a bit. A bit more. Steady! Steady!"

The bow of the submarine swung around in a segment of foam. Schroeder shut his glasses with a click.

"Clear the decks," he rasped.

The officer of the watch raised his

whistle to his lips. It cut into the air in three shrill blasts. Blue-bloused forms swung up the manhole steps, swung on to the iron deck, and scurried forward. Quartermasters issued short, crisp orders. There was the whine of ropes through pulleys. Locks clicked. Compass, chronometer, and muffled search-light disappeared like a conjurer's trick. Somewhere a bell rang out a brazen signal.

"All below," Schroeder ordered.

The shield of the manhole shut to with a hollow clang. Below was a narrow passage of steel, lighted at intervals with electric bulbs. Great veins of wiring passed along the walls—huge, ungainly things. Schroeder bent his six feet two as he picked his way along the metal passage toward the conning-tower. At intervals doors opened in the alley, like the staterooms of a liner. On each side little cubby-holes of alcoves showed, marvels of compactness and inch-saving; the quarters of the officers and crew, long, inadequate things, with bunks lining them like rows of shelves; pantries; the galley, with its cunning electric devices for cooking; the arsenal, with the flashing colonnades of rifles caught to the wall; store-rooms; lockers. He turned and made one last round before submersion. He passed through the engine-room, where the mechanics potted around the giant oil-engines; through the storage-batteries, where lean electricians in brown jumpers passed from jar to jar with the eyes of hawks. He walked forward to the torpedo-chamber in the bow, with its arc light throwing dim blue-and-black shadows among the flashing steel capsules that held the deadly projectiles. The torpedo lieutenant stepped forward to meet him.

"All shipshape here, sir," the lieutenant reported.

"All seven in order?" Schroeder asked.

"Every one ready. Gyroscopes fitted and air connections made."

The commander picked his way out through the lines of steel tubing that led to the compressed-air chambers. He stepped through the torpedo-storeroom, where a gunner was making a tally of material; through the operating-room, with its walls covered by a bewildering series of wiring, of coils, transformers, gauges, wheels, levers, and clutches, the whole

making a grotesque mechanical puzzle that seemed past human brains to solve. The engineer lieutenant passed from one gauge to another. His mate pored over a blue-print. Schroeder swung out into the alley again, and clambered up the ladder to the conning-tower. He turned to the helmsman sitting with his eye to the periscope.

"Mark for the smoke to starboard," he directed. "Have you got it?"

"Ready, sir."

Schroeder reached for the lever of the signal-box. It came back with a click to half-speed ahead. There was the high, whining whir of a motor being started. The iron frame of the submarine began to vibrate with a nervous pulsing movement. There was the tang of oil in the air. The commander picked the telephone receiver from the wall.

"Open tanks 2 and 5, port and starboard," he ordered.

There was a slight wallow from right to left and back again. The whir of the motors became a throaty rumble.

"Drop the diving-planes. Seven degrees," he directed the helmsman.

Water rose above the line of square port-holes in a muddy, yellow haze. Prisms and rainbows of refracted sunlight glowed through them for a moment in coarse, broad colors. The helmsman notched his plane-lever with a click, and a blank wall of blue showed before the windows, that shaded off gradually into a misty bog of green.

Schroeder glanced about the flattened cylinder of the conning-tower, at the automobile wheel of the helmsman, at the heavy plane-lever; at the shining brass of the compass, chronometer, spirit-level, and depth gauge; at the black enamel of the telephone. From above, the steel tubes of the periscopes jutted downward like rods. He watched the needle of the gauge creep around to fifty feet.

"Even keel," he ordered. He jerked the lever of the signal-box. "Full speed ahead."

The bow of the submarine rose slowly and steadied. The hum of the motors became a high, jarring roar. The platform of the conning-tower vibrated like the skin of a drum. Little nervous shivers passed from the floor into the bodies of

the commander and the helmsman and set their fingers aquiver. Oil floated through the air in infinitesimal particles, like the odor of machine-works. The minute-hand of the chronometer moved twenty times, moved thirty, forty, fifty. The commander turned to the man at the wheel.

"Planes up," he ordered. "Easy on. Three degrees. Steady on."

The floor tilted upward. The blue of the water outside the port-holes changed gradually to a dark green, became lighter, had a tinge of yellow in it.

"Even keel," Schroeder said.

He bent forward and put his eye to the lens of the periscope. A great expanse of blue water met his eye. He turned the gun-metal crank easily. The periscope revolved. Slowly, like an apparition moving across a biograph screen, the bow, the midships, the stern of a liner crept into view. Two thousand yards away the two black smoke-stacks, the masts, rigging, decks, bridge, and boats hove up vaguely as through a mist. Along her sides he could distinguish a name painted in giant letters.

"Starboard," he directed the quartermaster. "More. More. Hold her there."

The liner drew closer as the submarine forced her way toward it. It seemed as if the steamer were being drawn forward by invisible ropes. On the bridge Schroeder could see the figures of the officers like tiny wooden people on a child's toy. Little by little the great white letters took form.

"The *Olaf Horsa*, of Christiania," Schroeder read. He reached for the signalling lever and rang for half speed. "Bring her up awash," he commanded.

The prisms of light showed through the port-holes as the conning-tower rose above water. The motors slowed in their whining note. The commander picked up the telephone again.

"Notify wireless," he ordered, "that there's a steamer to starboard. Let him signal her to lay to, and to seal her Marconi key. Empty ballast tanks. Pipe gun crew on deck. Stand by in torpedo-room. Go slow. Go dead slow. Stop."

He stepped out of the conning-tower, and into the steel alleyway. Bluejack-

ets dodged past on their way above or to the torpedo-room. Somewhere a whistle piped shrilly. He picked his steps up the manhole ladder, unhooking the megaphone from its catch as he went.

Three hundred yards away the big steamer rolled to the waves like a pendulum. Her bulk stood out like a great house in a flat country. Schroeder could see the group of gesticulating officers crowd together on the edge of the bridge. Along the shelter and saloon decks figures leaned over the railing and gaped at the submarine with distended, frightened eyes—stewards, passengers, seamen. Groups collected about the boat-deck and huddled together as if in fear. Other figures went through weird motions, like a calisthenic drill. They were tying on life-belts. Schroeder raised the megaphone to his lips.

"What ship is this?" he shouted.

Faintly and thinly the reply trickled in to him, like the spent echo of a drum.

"The *Olaf Horsa*, Christiania; Jansen, master."

"Where are you bound?"

"Bound for Southampton."

"What have you on board?"

"Passengers—for trans-shipment to Liverpool."

"What is your cargo?"

There was a brief consultation on the bridge. Schroeder could see the officers argue together heatedly. The reply came in a faint monosyllable.

"Grain."

Schroeder turned around. Amidships the disappearing gun had been raised from its miniature pit. The sun blazed on its steel surface as on a mirror.

"Give me the telephone," he asked.

A bluejacket handed him the instrument with its length of trailing gray wire.

"Go slow," he ordered. "Stand by in torpedo-room." He turned to the helmsman at the newly fitted jury-wheel.

"Bring her about," he snapped. The bow of the submarine came around until it pointed directly at the liner. "Steady. Dead slow. Stop." He raised the megaphone. His voice rasped like the buzz of a saw.

"Ahoy, *Olaf Horsa*! You have ten minutes to take to your boats."

The groups on the boat-deck gathered

closer. Schroeder could see the officers stand like men transformed to stone. A figure detached itself from the group. Schroeder raised his glasses. The figure walked to the rail, shrugged its shoulders, leaned over, and spat in the direction of the submarine. It walked back, its arms folded. Schroeder's voice took on a note of rage.

"Do you hear? Ten minutes," he megaphoned.

An officer swung down the companion-way of the bridge, and hurried aft. There was the ragged pipe of a bo's'n's whistle. Men ran to and fro along the decks. Figures gesticulated. A knot of people swayed and fought together on the shelter-deck. Some one jumped overboard, fell in a curve, and struck the water with a faint white splash. The wind brought tendrils of conversation, guttural, angry, appealing.

"One minute gone," Schroeder marked.

The boat-deck of the vessel swarmed with people like a hive with bees. They crowded about the smoke-stacks, and fought their way to the white bulk of the boats. They swayed and turned and seethed. The men at the crooks of the davits worked like maniacs.

"Four minutes gone," the commander said.

The aft starboard boat came downward slowly, the oarsmen pushing against the side of the vessel to keep from striking. Schroeder could see the colors of women's clothes in the bow. It struck the water with a faint splash. The forward boat dropped with a run and stuck half-way toward the surface. It swayed to and fro. There was a faint scream as three figures stood up, tottered, lurched, and fell overboard.

A hail from the ship came indistinctly across.

"The forward port boat is stuck. The other won't hold all. Give us some time."

"You have got five minutes left," Schroeder bellowed.

The boat in the water began pulling frenziedly away from the ship. Men and women sprang from the one in mid-air, like little black objects being thrown into the water. Figures jumped from the decks and hurtled through the air like sacks. In the distance a woman began

screaming, a high, piercing wail like the wind through rigging. Again the voice came from the bridge, hysterical, babbling, indistinct.

"Can't you see, damn you . . . impossible . . . a little sense . . . mercy, then. These people . . . seven hundred miles from land. How, in God's name . . ."

Schroeder's heavy shoulders lifted. He turned aside and watched the second-hand of the chronometer pivot jerkily around the dial. The first lieutenant touched him on the arm.

"Look at the bridge," he said.

Schroeder raised his glasses. The officers of the liner seemed to be fighting together. He looked again with fresh interest. No, they were holding some one back. As he watched, a figure tore itself free of the group and dashed across the boat-deck, thrusting forward an arm as it ran. There was a long spark of red, a little haze of smoke, a faint cracking like the distant spark of wireless, the minute splash of revolver bullets dropping into the sea as they fell short, like drops of rain. Schroeder swung about viciously, his jaw thrust forward, his blue eyes blazing. He looked toward the gun.

"Send that bridge to hell," he roared.

The knot of bluejackets about the nine-pounder sprang into action like mechanical toys. The gunnery lieutenant peered at the vessel through his binoculars.

"Three hundred and fifty yards," he jerked. "Angle of twelve."

The gunner braced himself to his lever. The group of bluejackets crouched as if about to run. A booming crash, like a single beat on a giant drum, rang out. A white fog of smoke floated along the submarine deck. Something red stabbed into the air for a moment. The bridge of the vessel exploded in a lick of yellow flame. Pieces of woodwork, bars of steel, dark masses like the bodies of men, flew into the air as though before a hurricane. A great silence seemed to come over the waters.

"Nine minutes gone," the commander muttered.

The first lieutenant made a megaphone of his hands.

"Nine minutes gone," he bellowed. His voice struck the air with a clang of brass.

Schroeder's face became like stone. The eyelids closed. His mouth tightened. He reached for the telephone at his feet. The air about the side of the liner became black with jumping bodies. The water alongside her was spotted with dark, bobbing spots.

"Just like rats," said the first lieutenant.

The commander raised the mouthpiece to his lips.

"Fire one and two," he commanded.

There was an ear-splitting scream from the compressed-air cylinders. The submarine jerked slightly twice, as though it had been struck violently. There was the hiss of escaping air. Schroeder bent forward and looked into the trough of the sea. Two indistinct lines of foam bubbles showed vaguely over the waves. The swimmers in the water frantically opened two lanes.

"Fire three and four," the commander ordered.

As he spoke a muffled crash rang out. A second came. Geysers of water jutted up at the bow and stern of the liner. They sprang into the air as though from a gigantic hose, and fell again in a hollow thud. The steamer keeled over suddenly, like a wounded man. It swung back sickeningly, listed and stayed there, its decks at an angle of forty. The swell of her lurch travelled across the water like a tidal wave. The life-boat spun dangerously as it was lifted.

The air-cartridges screamed again, and again a pair of slender foam streaks cut across the waves.

"That'll finish her," said the chief officer.

Some one on board the liner screamed in terror. Other voices took it up. The sound clove through the air in a high, agonized crescendo. It suggested to Schroeder people tearing their lung apart.

"Just like pigs," said the first officer.

"Shut up," Schroeder growled. "There she goes."

The liner seemed to go up in the air in an immense pillar of white vapor and shattered wood. A crash like the discharge of heavy artillery vibrated across the water. She careened over, her stern high in the air, like a peak of rock sticking

out of the waves. Metal, pieces of wood, water, stayed high for a moment and then began dropping.

"Got her in the boilers," the first lieutenant nodded.

The black stern of the steamer slipped into the waves as if some great hand had caught the vessel and was pulling her downward. The fan-like propeller showed for an instant like some grotesque sea-flower. It disappeared. There was a swirl of water, a patter of eddies and whirlpools, a seething of bubbles like soap-suds, a litter of wood chips, and then waves began forming again. Five hundred yards away from the submarine the first ship's boat pulled off, filled to the rowlocks with huddled, white-faced figures. In the distance another boat paddled with a scant three. Between them a life-raft hove and dropped on the waves, with a half-dozen drenched wretches clinging to her. Here and there a solitary head bobbed in the water.

The first lieutenant gazed soberly at the boats and the raft.

"Phew," he whistled, "not many left."

In the nearest boat a figure raised itself in the bow and shook clinched, impotent fists at the submarine. Schroeder looked at it a moment.

"Rifleman Wolff," he called.

The sharpshooter stood at attention.

"Get your piece and bring down that—No. Don't mind."

He looked at it a moment longer.

"Bah! Shark food!" he muttered. He swung about.

"Stow the gun."

The nine-pounder disappeared into its pit. The shield closed to with a well-oiled click.

"Full speed ahead."

The cough of the gas-exhaust broke out. The deck vibrated. Foam curled at the bow.

"Nor'east by north," he ordered.

"Nor'east by north it is, sir," the quartermaster chimed.

The boats aft became pin-points of white, became blurs, vanished. The blue sea rolled, and the sun flashed down on it and turned the crests of the waves to beaten silver. A gull dipped and spiralled overhead, and a breeze rambled south-

ward, salt, fragrant, with a hint of pine forest.

So for forty-eight hours they beat their way toward the eternal magnet of the North, their foamy wake lying long and straight behind like a plough-line, their periscopes standing tall and gallant like lances at a knight's knee. To starboard the green Norwegian coast lay in serrated ridges and in queer hidden bays and winding inlets. From the deck of the submarine, five miles away they could distinguish brown, slumbering villages and antique towns, and the delicate gray of corn ripening. Occasionally a coastwise vessel lumbered along, and when they saw one they dived discreetly. Here and there were the white patches of fishing-smacks. But no sign of the burly Russian vessels, nor of other contraband-carrying liners.

"We may raise something out of Narvik," Schroeder said. "We'll lie off the Lofodens and see."

As he paced the steel deck, a furrow came into the commander's face and the hint of a shadow into his eyes. He looked at the green coast-lines beneath focussed lids, as a man looks at an enemy intent on his next move. He was a little worried. The country oppressed him. It gave him the impression of a distinct, more than human, entity, who knew what he had done to it, and was biding its time. He found himself visualizing it as an immense viking, armed, clad in shining greaves and cuirass, imperturbable, implacable, with all the cold, white fury of Northern men. He could imagine it flaying him—he shook himself with an uneasy laugh, but the feeling would not go.

As they drove onward, the sun went out of the sky, and clouds came up, black clouds, with the purple blackness of ink. A murky yellow spread over the water. A long, rising swell lifted in even rhythmical movements. From the distant shore the noise of surf reverberated like muffled drums. Four sea-gulls chased one another wearily landward. A north-easter came up and whipped spray from the tops of the waves like steam.

The first lieutenant turned to his chief with a grave face.

"Don't you think we'd better sub-

merge, sir?" he suggested. "I don't like that nor'easter, and the tide's pulling like a rope. You know where we are."

"We're off the Lofoden Islands."

"Well, sir!"

"Well, what?"

"There's a pretty dangerous current running hereabout. The Maelstrom's five miles to leeward."

Schroeder laughed.

"The Maelstrom!" he chuckled. "For God's sake, have a bit of sense. Stop listening to fo'castle yarns. The Maelstrom! The Maelstrom!"

The first lieutenant looked him square in the face. There was something queer in his eyes.

"Look at the sea," he said. "Look at the wave-height. See how low it is. It ought to be thirty inches higher. Watch!"

He took a silver case from his pocket and threw a cigarette into the sea. It floated shoreward as if pulled by a string.

"Nine miles an hour," remarked the first officer laconically.

"We'd better head her out to sea," Schroeder nodded.

The coughing violence of the exhaust stopped for a moment, began spasmodically, and stopped again. An officer dashed up the manhole and sprang aft. He made his way through the swirl of water on the deck and peered over the stern. He straightened himself with a jerk.

"Stop the engines!" he shouted.

The signal flashed down to the operating-room in a jingle of bells. The submarine rocked to the swell like a cradle. The commander hurried aft.

"What's wrong?" he hailed.

"Propeller's foul," the officer at the stern snapped. "Bring the cage. Jump into a diving suit, some one."

A gang of bluejackets ran aft with a scaffolding of steel mesh. A sailor in the grotesque bulk of a diver's costume lumbered over the side and disappeared in an eddy of bubbles. The first lieutenant paced up and down the deck, his hands clinched until the knuckles showed white against the brown of the skin. He touched the commander on the arm.

"Better hurry," he advised. "Look!"

The waves had nearly died down. They showed only in faint, jagged ripples,

like the patterns of snow on ploughed ground. The water seemed black and thick, like oil. A mile and a half away land bulked, like a shadow. There was the thunder of surf on rocks. Occasionally there was a booming report, like the firing of nine-pounders.

The diver rose out of the waves, a horrible dripping monster. They unscrewed his headpiece hastily.

"A big fisherman's net," he gasped, "around the propeller. All afoul."

Schroeder turned and shouted forward.

"Get a knife and hatchet," he ordered.

The diver looked at him with a white, scared face.

"I can't go down again," his voice became a hoarse whisper. "I can't do it. There's something pulling, sucking. . . ."

The commander looked at him with a cold, murderous eye.

"You'll go down again," he said calmly. He raised his voice. "Hurry up with those tools."

"I can't," the man whimpered. "Good God! I can't."

A white shroud of fog suddenly enveloped them. It converted them into towering, shadowy figures. The submarine spun suddenly in quarter its length, as if the helmsman had thrown over his wheel. They lurched about the deck for an instant. The thunder of the surf came nearer. The booming, artillery-like discharges crashed more distinctly. The first officer stamped his feet in impatience. He cracked his fingers. He whistled, as to a dog.

The fog cleared like a stage-curtain lifting. Ahead of them an expanse of black water spread like a village pond. To the right and to the left, a mile away and apart, islands reared like huge rocks. In front of them, across the expanse, a dim mirage of land showed. As they looked, the water broke into a pattern of eddies. Lines formed, as on the surface of a harbor in a catspaw of wind. A vast throaty gurgle shivered through the air. The bottom seemed to break in the water. It curled about in a small, in a large, in a gigantic, funnel. Something appeared on the edge of it, gray and brown. The submarine glided forward easily. The men on the deck had the impression of slip-

ping along snow on skis. The gray-and-brown thing took form. They could see it was the battered hulk of a fishing-smack. It spun around in a flashing circle like a racing-car on a stadium track.

The first officer looked at it with a twitching face.

"All below," he shouted. His voice broke into a scream.

They plunged toward the manhole in a frantic rush. Schroeder's hands shook as he lowered himself. The manhole came to with a clang.

He picked his way toward the conning-tower with faltering feet. The alley tilted slightly under his feet. A feeling of dizziness was coming over him. He became suddenly cold and his heart seemed reluctant to beat. He clambered into the control-chamber. The deck tilted. He held on to the stanchions for support. The engineer lieutenant clawed his way forward.

"Empty the air-tanks," Schroeder commanded. In the silence of the steel husk his voice sounded with horrible loudness. "We'll sink."

There was a violent jerk, as though an explosion had occurred against the hulk of the submarine. She turned about suddenly, like a wheel. Schroeder felt his head strike the iron of the wall. He slid to the floor in a crumpled heap.

"Open the other side, you fool," he shouted. Nobody answered.

The submarine spun about like a teetotum. Schroeder felt himself being thrown here and there, like a limp sack. There was the crash of things falling everywhere, the rattle of earthenware, the tinkle of steel, the resounding clang of brass. The odor of oil floated sickeningly around. There was the acrid tang of acid. He felt his head knock against the wall again. A feeling of nausea came over him.

He lay for a moment stunned, and, as he moved again, little visions, like queer, scrappy biograph pictures flashed in and out of his head. He saw the water about the *Olaf Horsa* black with bobbing heads. He saw the bridge of the steamer disappear in a yellow crash. He saw the man shaking clinched fists at him from the bow of the life-boat.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"You'll go down again," he said calmly.—Page 36.

"War," he muttered to himself. "After all, it's war, isn't it? It's war."

Some one came hurtling down the alleyway, screaming as he ran. He tripped over Schroeder, picked himself up again, and lurched away. His voice broke out in horrible, tearing spasms. Schroeder remembered vaguely having heard that sound somewhere before. It was the death-cry on the Norwegian liner. The memory struck him with the force of a blow.

A little water trickled from somewhere and splashed on his face. It became a stream. It rippled metallicity on the

steel of the alley as though splashing into a zinc pail.

The thought that had been haunting him all day on his bridge flashed up in his mind with the blinding quality of a calcium light. Norway had him. Norway was taking its revenge. The mighty viking in flashing armor held him at its mercy. It was buffeting him, crushing him, throttling him with white, implacable fury.

He put his hands to his collar and tore it open savagely, and, throwing his head back, he began howling, suddenly, loudly, insanely, like a trapped wolf. . . .

A THRENODY

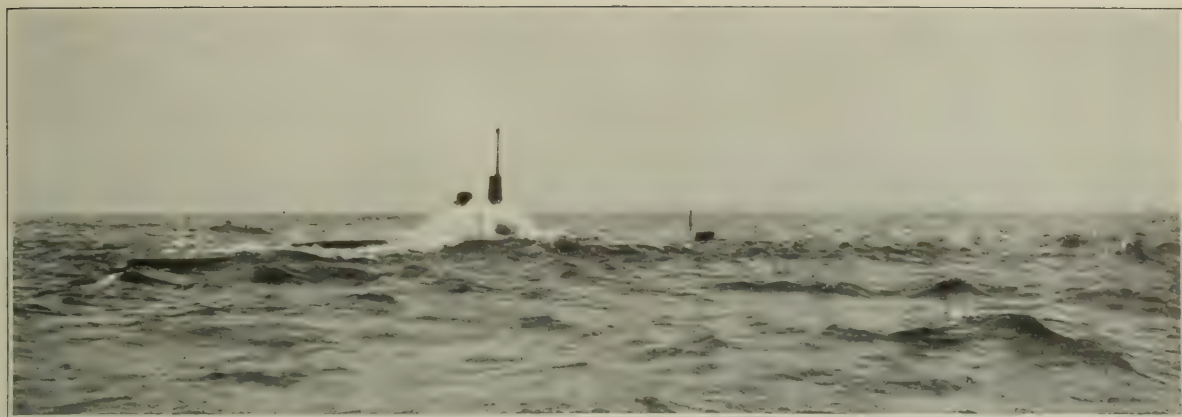
By Bliss Carman

Not in the ancient Abbey,
Nor in the city ground,
Not in the lonely mountains,
Nor in the blue profound,
Lay him to rest when his time is come
And the smiling mortal lips are dumb;

But here in the decent quiet
Under the whispering pines,
Where the dogwood breaks in blossom
And the peaceful sunlight shines,
Where wild birds sing and ferns unfold,
When spring comes back in her green and gold.

And when that mortal likeness
Has been dissolved by fire,
Say not above the ashes,
"Here ends a man's desire."
For every year when the bluebirds sing,
He shall be part of the lyric spring.

Then dreamful-hearted lovers
Shall hear in wind and rain
The cadence of his music,
The rhythm of his refrain,
For he was a blade of the April sod
That bowed and blew with the whisper of God.



The Russian submarine *Kaiman* submerging in rough weather.

THE SUBMARINE IN WAR

BY ROBERT WILDEN NEESER

Author of "Our Navy and the Next War"

HAD there been a sensational press in the days of '76 and as much ink and paper expended in the chronicling of under-water episodes, there is little doubt but that Bushnell's *Turtle* would have been cloaked in an atmosphere of invincibility equal to that which shrouds the U-boat of to-day. For centuries people had been trying to invent a practical vessel for subsurface navigation with little encouragement. Then, in 1776, Bushnell's submarine made its appearance on the blockaded coast of the American colonies; and, while it achieved nothing startling, owing to its primitive design, it created a distinct feeling of uneasiness on board of the ships of the royal navy stationed off the New England ports.

Since the American Revolution every conflict has seen repeated in more or less acute form the menace of the submarine. In the Crimean War it constituted a prominent feature—on paper; in the American Civil War the Confederates accomplished heroic deeds with it. Again, in the Russo-Turkish War the submarine was a factor. But in the Russo-Japanese War the submarine did not figure at all. "It was still merely in its experimental stage," explained a French *communiqué*, "without military application on the high seas."

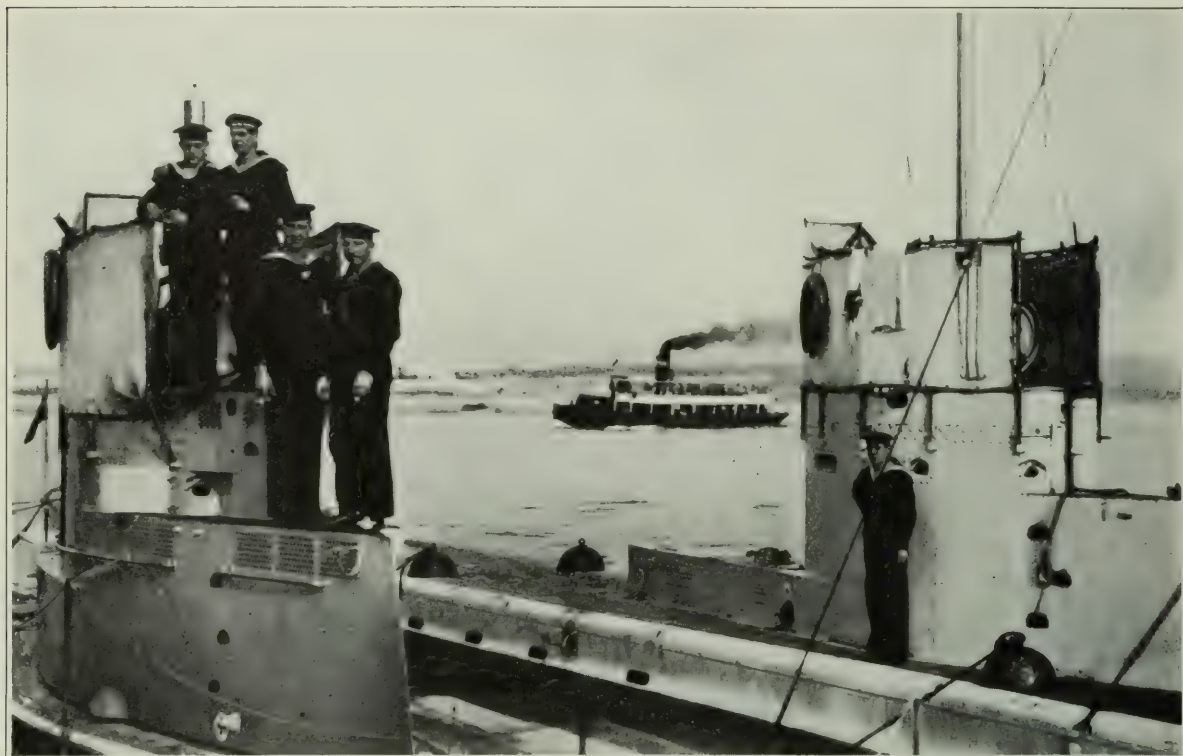
As long as naval warfare was carried on with the old weapons there was little question that a submarine boat could not have been of much use. But with the invention and perfection of the modern automobile torpedo war on the sea was almost revolutionized. In other words, the hour of the submarine came with the development of the torpedo.

It was this single event and the progress of submarine navigation in France and America, due to the perfection of the storage-battery and the gasoline engine, that in 1900 convinced the British admiralty that it could no longer ignore this type of war-ship. An experimental boat was forthwith built from the designs of Mr. John P. Holland, the American inventor. She was a small vessel with a water-line displacement of only one hundred and four tons, and a submerged displacement of one hundred and twenty tons. On the surface she was propelled by a four-cylinder gasoline engine, giving her a speed of eight knots, while for submerged cruising she utilized a small electric motor, capable of driving her barely four miles an hour.

In Berlin, where the passage of the ambitious naval act of 1900 had recently disclosed Germany's aspirations to a "future upon the seas," the addition of this puny craft to the British fleet was hailed with something approaching de-

rision. The Prussian technical papers hastened to urge the futility of the submarine with a wealth of argument. The little Holland boat, however, proceeded

travelling submerged at full speed—that an energetic policy of construction was immediately decided upon, although it was not until two years later that legis-



From a photograph by Brown & Dawson.

The conning-towers of German submarines.

to convince the British of the virtues of the submarine, and before long she became the model from which the British naval authorities proposed to develop a type of submarine in keeping with the best traditions of their service, until in 1906 undersea craft were being laid down for the British navy mounting two torpedo tubes on a displacement of 320 tons, and possessing a surface speed of 14 knots in combination with a submerged speed of 10 knots. When it is added that these vessels possessed a radius of 2,000 miles on the surface and were designed to travel some hours under water, it is not surprising that German naval opinion as to the advantages of the submarine underwent a very sudden, almost dramatic, change. Without so much as the formality of any public announcement in the Reichstag an *Unterseeboot* was laid down at the Krupp-Germania shipyard at Kiel in 1905, and so successful were her trials—on one occasion she succeeded in torpedoing a moving target twice while

lative provision was asked of the Reichstag for the building of this type of warship.

It soon became evident that Grand Admiral von Tirpitz had grasped the significance and potentiality of submarine warfare. As inspector of the German torpedo service, and afterward as the first flotilla chief of the imperial torpedo vessels, he had obtained a practical knowledge of the importance of the torpedo that allowed no questioning of his views. "Politics are your affair—I build ships!" was his curt reply to the members of the Reichstag when, instead of permitting a decrease in the naval programme he demanded legislation for the construction, by the end of 1917, of 72 submarines, and it was precisely because he attended so strictly to his own business that he was able to do it so well. The submarine service was constituted as a separate branch of the navy, and as a practical result its personnel and its equipment, like every other department



From a photograph by Brown & Dawson.

The German submarines *U-1* and *U-12*.
Showing the horizontal diving planes which regulate the angle of descent and ascent.



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

The French submarine *Palaçois*.

of the German navy, attained a degree of organization and efficiency that, at the outbreak of hostilities, quite astounded those who were not already aware of its capabilities. The war had hardly been in progress a week before the British light-cruiser squadron was attacked by submarines. By a singular piece of good fortune the attack failed and one of the submarines was sunk. But the first conclusions drawn from the sinking of the *U-15* by the *Birmingham* were altogether too sweeping. In less than a month the German craft began to score a series of unheard-of successes. On September 5 the *Pathfinder* was sunk; within another fortnight followed a more reverberating blow—the *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue* were disposed of at one fell swoop; then the *Hawke*, the *Hermes*, and the *Formidable*, in the very chops of the channel; and in the Baltic Sea the Russian cruiser *Pallada* suffered a like fate. It seemed as if the startling declaration that less than two months before the war appeared in the British press over the signature of Sir Percy Scott had had in it almost too much of an element of truth. The public began to wonder whether, after all, the former director of naval ordnance was not right in so uncompromisingly predicting that the submarine had made it impossible for any surface ship to put to sea or even lie

safely in harbor. The wide-spread belief that there was something mysterious about this heretofore untried instrument of war was naturally succeeded by a feeling of alarm which shook confidence in the ability of the British navy to cope with a weapon that possessed such awful potentialities.

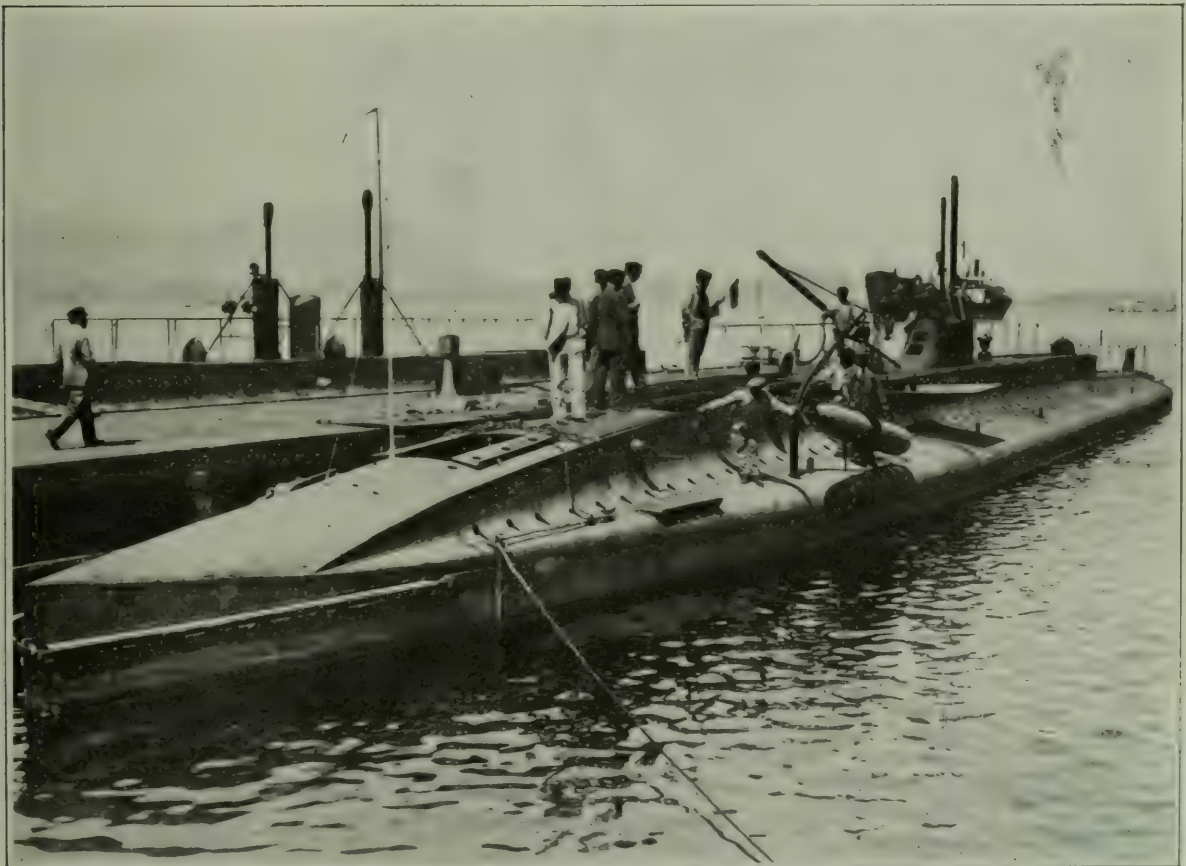
To the Allies, however, this submarine phase of the war did not come entirely unexpectedly. In fact, it had been foreseen as early as 1907, when, in the light of the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War, Germany's probable aims were discussed by British officers. It was the opinion "that in the next European struggle Germany will not rely so much on her mammoth battleships, but more largely on torpedo-craft and mine-layers for carrying out the maximum amount of destruction at a minimum outlay." In other words, the submarine was considered primarily the weapon of the weaker navy, and it was more the business of the stronger power to devise means to defeat it.

There is every reason to believe therefore that the British navy, while pressing the development of the submarine, at the same time bent every effort to develop a system for frustrating its attack. How successful these defensive measures are proving is not very likely to be published in official documents before the close of

hostilities, nor has any mention of them been allowed in the daily press. But that the problem, difficult as it is, has already been attacked with marked success is vouched for by the mute evidence of the captured German submarines safely moored within the "tight little island's" own naval harbors.

Just what system of protection against the U-boats is being employed by the British navy is not definitely known. There are reports of submarine nets and traps, and accounts of the activity of torpedo-boat destroyers and of "sweeping" by trawlers in restricted waters. Portsmouth is said to be closed by means of a submarine boom defense, stretched across the mouth of the harbor, and likewise the approach to the River Elbe, leading to the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, is effectively closed to British intruders by boom-defenses, mines, and submerged wire entanglements. But effective as mine-fields and cable nettings may be against hostile "undercraft"—as in the case of the channel where not a single troop-ship or supply-ship has yet been

lost—they can be said to be only a deterrent, little more. A mine-field, such as was laid between the Goodwin Sands and Ostend, does not necessarily form an absolute barrier. If submarines care to run the risk of groping their way through the mine-infested area they can do so. They can also sometimes pass beneath it, if previous reconnoissance has shown the position of the danger zone and the water is of sufficient depth to allow of such a manoeuvre. But the chance of fouling the mooring-ropes can never for a moment be ignored. Early in the war a British submarine, the *E-6*, while diving, actually did foul the moorings of a German mine and on rising to the surface weighed it with its sinker. Fortunately the horns of the mine were pointed out-board, but it was only with the greatest difficulty that the crew divested the boat of her unwelcome and dangerous load without exploding it. On the other hand, in the Dardanelles and in the Adriatic the obstructions placed by the Turks and the Austrians have already caused the loss of



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

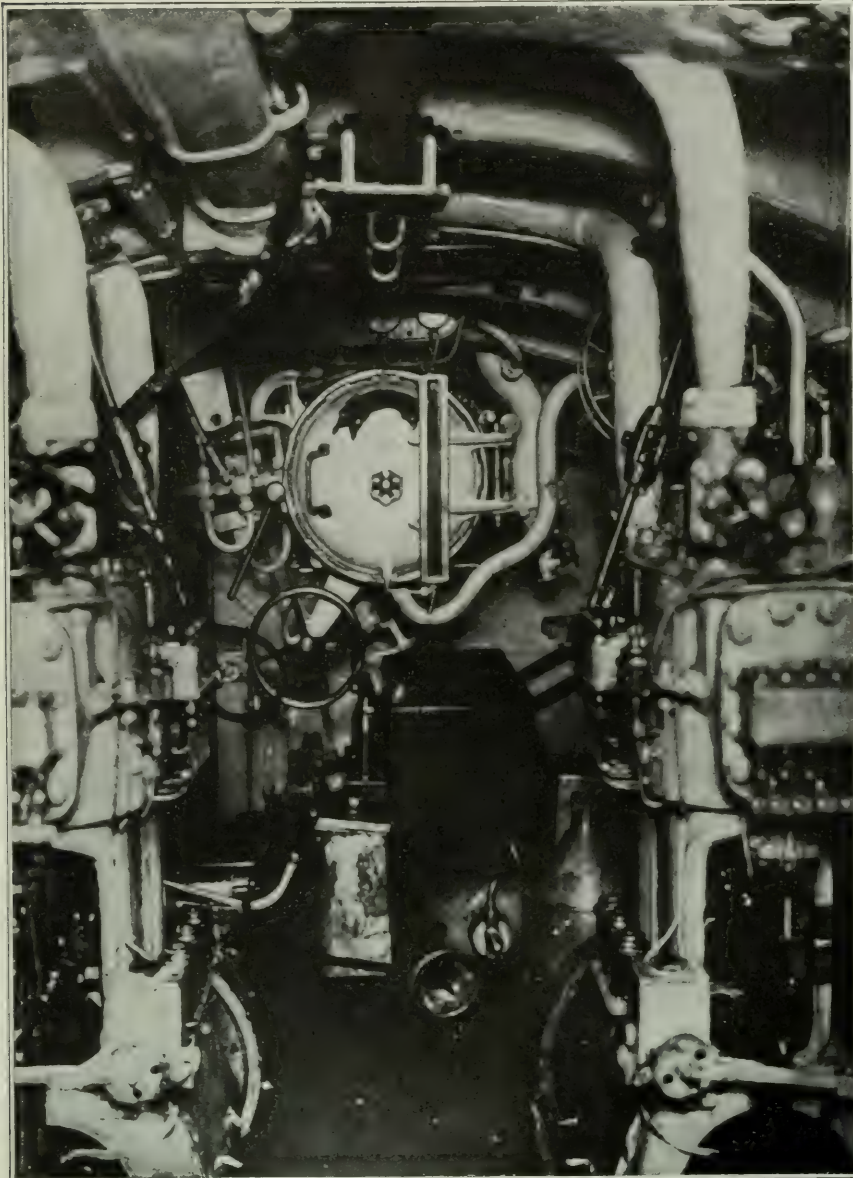
Lowering a torpedo into the hold of a French submarine.

five British and French submarines, although on numerous other occasions the passage into the Sea of Marmora has been successfully forced.

It is almost superfluous to say that

crease of the flotillas that may have been made in the course of the past twelve-month no information has been allowed to filter through, except perhaps in the case of Commodore Keyes's despatch,

the first in the history of naval warfare to recount the operations of a group of submarines, from which the public gleaned that several of England's largest and most modern boats had already been engaged off Heligoland. The French ministry of marine, likewise, has maintained an inscrutable silence in regard to the movements of the republic's numerous underwater craft, although one *communiqué* did refer at length to the operations of her Britannic ally's submarines in "menacing the hostile fleets before their bases in the North Sea." But, curiously enough, this paragraph was preceded by the statement that for many years officers had "considered the command of a gunboat of 400 tons—a vessel of no military value—preferable as affording better opportunities for promotion to that of a



From a photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Interior of a British E-boat.

Showing a closed torpedo-tube and the air compressors for charging the torpedoes. This view gives an idea of the cramped quarters in which the men have to work.

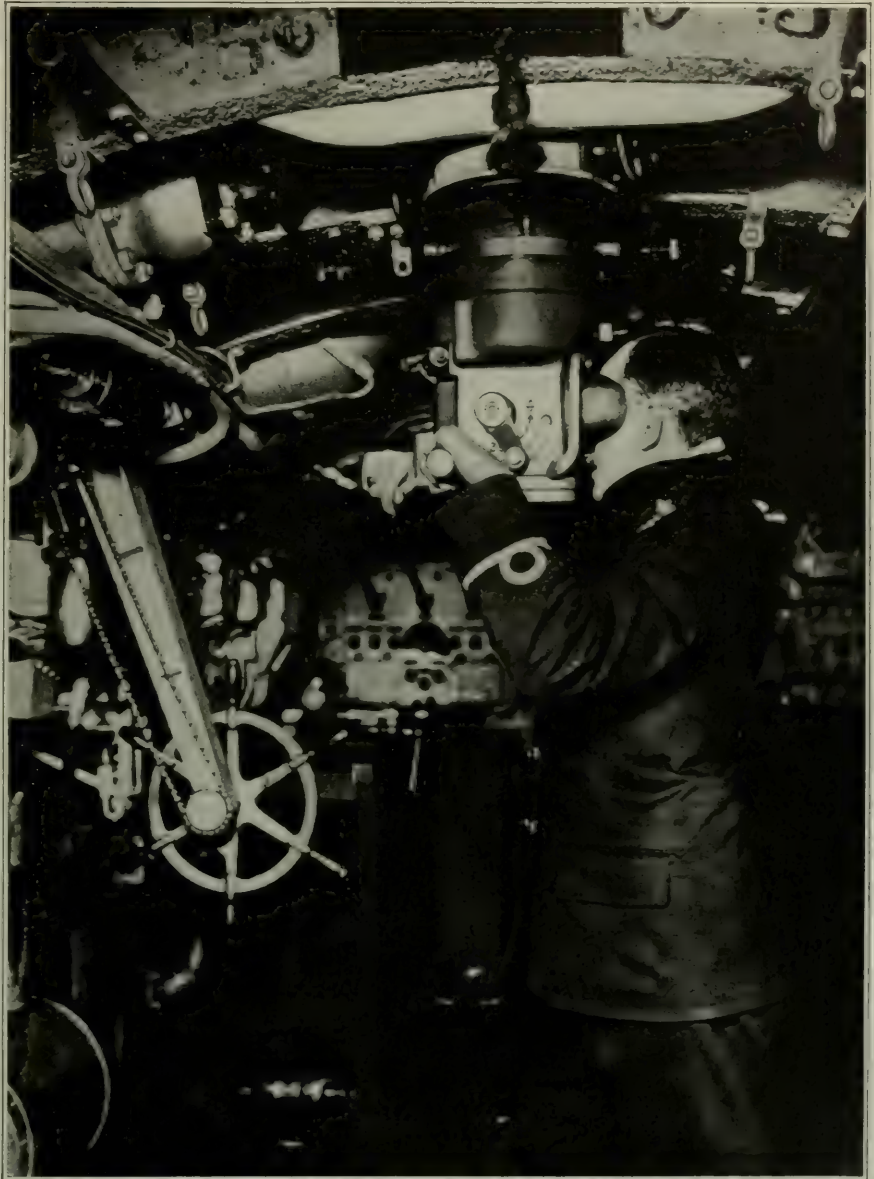
since the outbreak of hostilities no official details have been vouchsafed as to the composition of the several submarine flotillas. The number of vessels stationed at the various bases in July, 1914, was, of course, generally known. Great Britain's 82 submarines were distributed along her coast-line and based upon Devonport, Portsmouth, and Chatham. But regarding any possible rearrangement or in-

submarine of 600 tons!" And this in the French navy, which had been the pioneer in adopting the submarine torpedo-boat as a vessel of war! What may have inspired the publication of such an utterance? Since 1888, when France assumed an unquestioned leadership in construction of underwater craft, her efforts had met with such success that by 1902 naval manœuvres were held

solely to test the comparative merits of the different types under consideration. In that year her war fleet actually included 14 submarines in commission, while 25 more were on the ways. It is true that practically every one of these vessels was of the coast-defense or harbor-defense type, but efforts to develop sea-going submarines were already meeting with some success, and eleven 531-ton boats of the Labeuf type were about to be undertaken. Then occurred an unfortunate change in the cabinet at Paris. Monsieur Pelletan became minister of marine, and under his administration all submarine construction was suspended. From June, 1902, to January, 1905, not a single submarine was laid down, and only the *Aigrette* and a sister boat were launched. The advantage which France had gained by her previous readiness to adopt a consistent policy for the creation of a great submarine fleet was thus abandoned. Some years later every nerve was strained to recover the lost ground, but, although a large number of vessels was actually laid down, only a few could be completed at a time, as their construction was restricted to the three government yards, to the exclusion of private builders, with the result that it was seven years before the boats laid down in 1906 were completed and ready for service.

Meanwhile the Germans had taken the lesson so seriously to heart that they

entered the war with a flotilla of 30 vessels and a reserve of 6 new boats which were secretly nearing completion. This was no mean record for nine years of submarine construction, but not in the least



From a photograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

The "look-out" from below.

British submarine commander taking a sight through the periscope.

surprising when we consider the opportunities enjoyed by the Berlin *Admiralstab*, thanks to its wonderful system of espionage, of profiting almost instantly by what in other countries had required years of study and experiment. It was unblushingly admitted by a German naval officer, in an account which appeared in the German press last year, when he remarked that the submarine he com-

manded was "built upon the Labeuf principle, which is a modern design and the type generally adopted for all our seagoing submarines." But what is astounding, even in view of what we now know, is that the very year in which Germany constructed her first U-boat the French attaché at Berlin informed his government that the Krupp works were offering to Roumania a submarine designed from French plans. And since the outbreak of hostilities Germany has been working her shops day and night on submarines. Every shipyard has been requisitioned and even those acquired by the German arms in Belgium have been utilized. The Teutonic press announced some months ago that one hundred U-boats had been laid down during the past year. "These figures," comments a French naval officer, "are very much exaggerated." Yet the most reliable reports received in this country indicate that Germany last July had completed her seventieth submarine, and had many more on the ways.

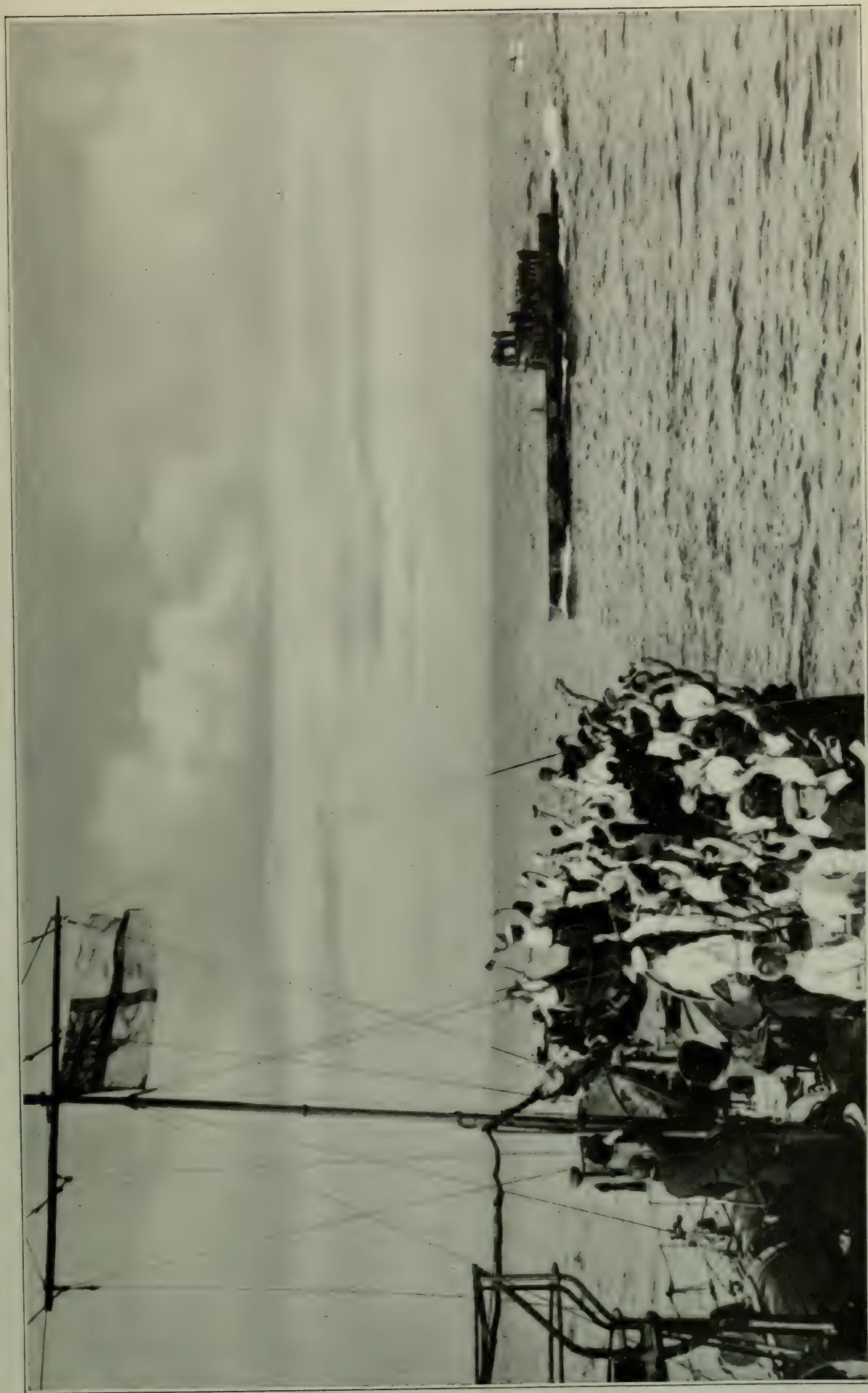
Several factors have to be borne in mind when considering the surprising efficiency of the submarines during the past year, factors known to the advocates of underwater craft before the commencement of hostilities. The first is the advantage which the submarine enjoys over all types of surface war-ships, of being able to become invisible at will. On the surface so little of her frail hull shows above the water that it may be made to blend with the ever-changing tints of the surround-

ing sea. To increase this invisibility various colors have been adopted by the different navies. The French, after many experiments, have chosen a pale, sea-green, non-luminous paint; the British a dull gray; the Germans a gray-brown. But it is when fully submerged that the concealment of the submarine becomes practically perfect. And this has earned for her the name of the "daylight torpedo-boat," for in a short space of time she acquires the ability of performing the same task by daylight that the surface torpedo-boat may accomplish only under cover of darkness or fog, that of creeping unobserved within range of an enemy and of launching her deadly missile. It was thus that the *E-9* torpedoed and sunk the German light cruiser *Hela* six miles south of Heligoland, and immediately afterward faded from view by submerging, while a flotilla of German destroyers, summoned to the scene by wireless, hunted her in vain on the surface.

Another factor, which the practical experience of war has confirmed, is the ability of the submarine, by sinking, to cover herself with a sufficient thickness of water to be absolutely shell-proof. She thus may enjoy an almost perfect immunity from gun-fire, and she has only to fear the possible danger that may be awaiting her at the hands of a watchful foe as she rises again. Strange as it may seem, the operation of coming to the surface is far less difficult than that of submerging quickly. When a submarine is running on the surface with her decks



The periscope of the British *E-II* pierced by a Turkish shell.



The crew of H. M. S. *Grandus* cheering the *E-11* on her return from a successful cruise in the Sea of Marmora.

above water, in what is technically called the "light condition," she has her water-ballast tanks empty, but the moment she is required to sink, so that her tiny deck is awash and only the conning-tower remains above the surface, water must be let into these ballast-tanks. The additional weight of this water causes her to sink until her back is almost flush with the surface. In this condition the

cruising on the surface. The destroyer opened fire with her guns and instantly started in pursuit, forcing the submarine to submerge. But this the U-boat was not able to do in time. Before her periscope could disappear beneath the surface the French vessel was on top of her; there was a crash, a crumbling of steel plates, a large amount of oil floated to the surface, and the submarine was no more.



The Russian submarine *Kaiman* making a surface run in the Gulf of Finland.

submarine's reserve buoyancy is small indeed, and total submergence then requires not additional weight in the ballast-tanks but merely the deflection of her horizontal rudders, which, placed in pairs, and sometimes both forward and aft, enable the vessel to descend to the required depth after her electric motors have given her sufficient headway. The tendency of the boat to rise, owing to her buoyancy, is then counteracted only by maintaining a slight degree of horizontal helm, but should the propellers that drive her along cease to revolve and the vessel slow down she would instantly begin to come to the surface, because the rudders no longer had any effect. Generally speaking, the time required for submergence has been so reduced that it is claimed to answer every military requirement, although not so many years ago eight and even fifteen minutes were needed to accomplish this apparently simple operation. Yet recently, on various occasions, several submarines have been lost through their inability to dive in less than three minutes. On March 30 a torpedo-vessel of the French light squadron off Dieppe saw a German submarine

Gun-fire in most cases, except by sheer luck, has proved ineffective against the small targets offered by the elusive underwater craft. But what the U-boats have learned to fear more than the prospect of being hit by a chance shot is the crushing effect of an enemy's sharp prow upon their frail hulls, and there is no gainsaying that the submarine commanders, from this new danger, have experienced many anxious moments. Some of the German boats, following the example of the Greek submarine *Delphin*, which, during the Balkan War of 1912, submerged to a depth of sixty feet just in time to avoid the ram of a Turkish cruiser that then passed directly over her, have been able to evade such attacks. One, last June, was reported as having in this way escaped from being sunk by the Anchor Line steamer *Cameronia*. But, on the other hand, the *U-3* was not so fortunate, the *U-12* was rammed by the destroyer *Ariel*, the *U-8* met a similar fate off Dover, the *Badger* accounted for a submarine off the Dutch coast, while the merchant steamer *Thordis* crashed down upon a U-boat which was struggling in the trough of a heavy seaway.



From a photograph by Brown & Dawson.

The German submarine *U-11* on her trial trip in the North Sea, June 21, 1911.



From a photograph copyright by Enrique Muller.

An American submarine running submerged.

Of all the perils which attach to ocean navigation the most paralyzing are undoubtedly those caused by fog. No type of ship is immune from its terrors, and every ship captain has to guard against the dangers that may be lurking within its misty veils; for the fog takes away his sight and deprives him of the surer dependence on his ears which he has in a clear atmosphere. When it is realized that these conditions are practically the normal conditions of service of submarine craft some idea may be formed of the difficulties of underwater navigation, for beneath the surface of the waves an impenetrable mist shrouds the vessel and places her at as great a disadvantage as a surface ship in thick weather. This was one of the most dreaded handicaps of the submarine during the numerous trials held in the French navy, for twice there occurred collisions between submarines cruising below the surface. They ran into each other without the slightest knowledge of their close proximity. On neither occasion were the vessels seriously injured, but the experiment was not repeated, at least not in the case of the *Bonite*, which had figured in both accidents. The French manoeuvres consequently demonstrated the difficulties at-

tending operations of submarines acting in company, because when submerged the sole means of intercommunication between boats is the submarine bell, which at best is slow and uncertain and cannot be used in the face of an enemy without betraying the submarine's presence. It is true that the larger boats are now provided with wireless apparatus, but this is of use only on the surface and within a very limited radius.

The greatest difficulty, then, which beset both submarine construction and navigation was the problem of how to enable the commander of a submarine to see when the vessel was entirely submerged. At first these efforts were not very successful, but in the end this shortcoming was met by fitting periscopes to their conning-towers. By a series of lenses and prisms an image of the surface was thus refracted downward through the tube, which in some cases is telescopic, being focussed by an appropriate lens at the base. A man with his eyes at the lower opening of the periscope could thus see the surface clearly, the tube being sometimes of such length, varying from fifteen feet to twenty feet, that the submarine could submerge sufficiently to give him a feeling of security



From a photograph copyright by Enrique Muller.

The U. S. S. *D-3* coming to the surface after a submerged run.

when he swept the horizon. In nearly all boats there are now two periscopes, one for the commander when guiding the vessel and discharging the torpedoes, the other for the constant use of the lookout. Recently the observer's field of vision has been increased to about sixty degrees by the adaptation of panoramic lenses. At night the periscope is useless, even by day it does not furnish an entirely satisfactory means of vision, since it is very difficult to estimate the distance of objects seen, while, in addition, the range of visibility, even under the most favorable conditions, is limited to five miles, and much less in rough weather. Yet with the periscope splendid work has been done by both sides in the war. The loss of three British cruisers at the hands of the *U-9* proved conclusively that, with experienced observers, the periscope serves well enough for practical purposes. The British submarine *E-9* also successfully torpedoed the German destroyer *S-126* off the mouth of the Ems River while running at high speed. But in making these attacks the underwater craft ran the risk of becoming blinded by the shattering of their periscopes. This was the fate that befell the *U-15* when she attempted to torpedo the cruiser

Birmingham. Her "eyes" were carried away by a well-aimed, or chance, shot. She dived to escape her assailant, but in the circumstances under which the action was fought she was bound to come to the surface again. This the commander of the British cruiser well knew, and the moment the dark mass of the submarine showed upon the waves the *Birmingham* fired a second shot which struck the base of the conning-tower, shattering it completely.

While it may be said that the capabilities and limitations of the various types of submarines were well known to naval men before the fateful 3d of August, 1914, it must be confessed that their calculations have been rudely upset in at least two respects by the recent achievements of the underwater craft. For example, it was never believed possible for one submarine to engage another submarine in battle. Yet, within a month of Italy's entrance into the war such an encounter did take place between the Italian submarine *Medusa* and an Austrian U-boat. From the fact that both were running submerged and came quite close to each other without becoming aware of one another's presence it would seem that the meeting took place more by

chance than by judgment. At any rate, the *Medusa* came to the surface first and, finding the way clear, emerged. Shortly after the Austrian boat also decided to come up, but as her periscope rose above the waves her commander saw the *Medusa* not far off and directly ahead. From this favorable position it was then only a question of moments before a torpedo could be discharged. The Austrian boat had made her score by stealth.

In the absence of detailed reports the operations between submarines and aeroplanes have given rise to many interesting speculations regarding the ability of aerial observers to detect the presence of submerged vessels. In the Mediterranean and in tropical seas, where the water is clear and calm and the light favorable, air-craft when flying at an elevation of less than a thousand feet can usually see submarines operating down to a certain depth below the surface. But under conditions such as are met with in the choppy gray waters of the North Sea the difficulties that arise often preclude any possibility of successful reconnoissance by aviators. As an instance may be cited

the air raid along the Belgian coast last February, in which thirty-four British and French aeroplanes participated without detecting a single German submarine—yet several of them were known to be in those waters. Nevertheless, if we are to give credence to the press reports, encounters between aeroplanes and submarines have taken place, and the advantage thus far has been with the former, except on one occasion when a British underwater vessel is said to have actually driven off her assailant with the fire of her small deck-guns.

And now we come to the vital question of armament and speed, without which no war-ship could remain at sea a week. Strange to say, the submarine is deficient in both of these factors so necessary to a successful offensive, owing to the limitations imposed upon her by the very theory of her conception. Before the war the Krupps were making two types of guns for the undersea boats of the German navy, one a 1.45-inch piece on a fixed pedestal mounting; the other a 12-pounder on a disappearing carriage. The English also were known to have armed



A group of American submarines moored alongside their mother-ship.
Showing the submarine's wireless equipment.

their larger vessels with 3-inch quick-firing guns placed on high-angle disappearing mountings. And recently the British submarine officers were the first in the field to make legitimate use of their guns when they bombarded the Turkish powder-mills on the shores of the Sea of Marmora. But the advantage possessed by such a battery was found somewhat offset by its insufficient gun-power and by the very limited supply of ammunition which could be carried on board. Likewise the limitation to the submarine's torpedo-armament results from her being unable to fire her death-dealing missiles at all arcs of training. Owing to the very small space available, it has been possible to equip submarines only with fixed tubes, laid in a line with the keel. The boat herself is therefore the gun-carriage. The difficulties attending submarine attack are then apparent. Unless the enemy can be brought directly ahead and within a point-blank range every torpedo fired does not necessarily find its mark. On one occasion, I am told, a German submarine sighted the *Mauretania*, which since the outbreak of hostilities has been used as a troop-ship, and fired four torpedoes at her without once striking her—a lavish expenditure of precious ammunition when we realize that, according to the most reliable accounts, the newer U-boats carry only eight torpedoes, of which half are usually high-speed, short-range weapons, capable of travelling barely three-quarters of a mile. And apparently the British, quite early in the war, became aware of still another technical difficulty under which their Teutonic antagonists were laboring in carrying out their submarine campaign. Torpedoes, as is known, may be adjusted to run at any depth below the surface. But the German Schwartzkopf torpedoes, it seems, had all been set for a standard depth of twelve feet. So when the British navy was called upon to aid the Anglo-French-Belgian left flank in stemming the German offensive along the coast of Flanders the Admiralty immediately despatched to the scene several recently completed monitors drawing only five feet of water. "Our ships were persistently attacked by German submarines, and torpedoes were fired with-

out success," reads the official statement given out on October 24, 1914. But what the writer of that despatch failed to add was that the torpedoes fired had all passed *under* the monitors without doing the slightest damage.

Deficiency in speed is another handicap imposed on the submarine in her operations against surface war-vessels. Imagination reels at the thought of what would have happened to the British battle-cruisers in the Bight of Heligoland had they not possessed such remarkable steaming powers. "Our high speed," wrote Vice-Admiral Beatty, "made submarine attack difficult." And it is this factor which so often in the war has enabled the surface man-of-war to cope successfully with her underwater antagonist. The maximum speed of the submarine at the present time is approximately 18 knots, as against the 22 knots steamed by the battleship, the 28 knots of the battle-cruiser, and the 32 knots (54 feet per second!) of the destroyer and light cruiser. It is obvious that the submarine is at a great disadvantage, and at a disadvantage extremely difficult to overcome. For any realization of high speed on the surface, through a tendency toward the adoption of the stream lines of surface craft, can be obtained only at the sacrifice of her speed when submerged, and, besides, the bluff and round-ended bows needed to accommodate the torpedo-launching tubes are far from conducive to great speed.

But if the torpedo-armament provisions had to be taken into consideration when designing the submarine another perplexing difficulty also arose in the method of propulsion to be used. In the French navy most of the early boats were electrically propelled. But the cost of electricity in weight was nearly thirty times more than that of other motive powers. Besides, it was extremely dangerous on account of the chlorine gas generated whenever leaky batteries admitted the slightest amount of salt water. So another type of engine had to be devised for surface navigation. At first steam-driven reciprocating engines were installed, then the internal combustion gasoline engine, after which came the paraffin engine. The carrying on board

of large quantities of gasoline, however, was attended with too much risk, and paraffin was a source of constant worry, whenever any naked light was brought near. Consequently further efforts had to be made. And right here is where Germany took advantage of her opportunity. While the French and British naval services were experimenting with steam and gasoline the Germans were perfecting the heavy-oil engine with which they had surprised the world at the 1900 Paris Exposition. The result was that when their first submarine was built there was no indecision as to the motive power to be used, all the trials proved remarkably satisfactory, and the development of Germany's submarine flotilla proceeded apace. The British, after various trials with the gasoline engine, finally resorted to the heavy-oil engine in 1908, with the construction of their "D" class. But the French do not seem to have been so fortunate. In their effort to develop a large sea-going submarine they appear to have overlooked the fact that, the more powerful the Diesel motors are, the more delicate their working. Every increase in motor power was accompanied by no end of trouble. The 720-horse-power Diesels of the *Mariotte* had to be completely remade. The attempt to install 2,400-horse-power engines in the 1,000-ton *Nereide* proved a costly experiment, and the French designers found themselves obliged to retrace their steps and substitute the steam turbine which they had discarded only a few years before on account of the extreme heat contained in the boilers and the impossibility of submerging in less than fifteen minutes when steam was used for surface propulsion.

As an illustration in passing of what the submarines have been able to accomplish even with the handicap imposed by the division of power between two sets of motive machinery—for all boats have to carry electric motors and the necessary installations essential thereto in addition to their surface engines—I may refer to the astonishing long-distance cruises already made by the boats of several European navies. We were prepared for this some years ago by the remarkable performances of the small French coast-

defense submarines *Papin* and *Faraday*, which, under their own power and in heavy weather, actually accomplished runs of 1,230 and 1,730 miles respectively. But if these were feats performed under peace conditions we had still another record to turn to in the operations of the French-built Greek submarine *Delphin*, which left Toulon just before the declaration of the first Balkan War and, under her own power, not only cruised the length of the Mediterranean, covering the distance of 1,100 miles in 130 hours, but for months maintained her station off the Dardanelles and effectively prevented the Turkish fleet from sallying forth on depredatory raids against the Grecian coast. Of course, to keep the sea for so long a period various bases of supplies had to be depended upon, but these were easily established along the sparsely settled shore without the Turks being any the wiser.

It is quite evident from the course of events upon the sea during the past year that the lessons taught by these astonishing performances of the submarines were not long overlooked by the great European powers. In Germany the submarine service was immediately established as a separate branch of the imperial navy, with a large personnel interested solely in the development of underwater warfare; France, handicapped by the dominance of party politics and unable to put forth her best energies, hastened to reassure herself as to the efficiency of what seagoing vessels she possessed; while England, not to be outdone, despatched two submarines which she had recently constructed for the Australian navy on a 12,500-mile voyage to Sydney. Then the European War broke out, and prophecy gave way to proof.

Only a few weeks before the order of mobilization was issued from the Rue Royale the French underwater flotillas had been engaged in various problems of offense and defense along the channel coast from Brest to Dunkirk. According to the official observers, the submarines "had more to boast of in the efficient working of their motors and the endurance of their crews than in the accuracy of their torpedoes." But, reading be-

tween the lines, it was evident that the French had derived strategic lessons of the utmost importance from those days and nights of practise, for, to quote again, "to Frenchmen it was a warning that the most favorable field of operations for submarine craft is in the immediate vicinity of the foe's naval bases and that a submarine offensive at the outset of hostilities is the course best suited to submarine weapons." And it is interesting to note that this is the very policy pursued by the British Admiralty since the 3d of August, 1914. Within three hours of Great Britain's declaration of war the submarines *E-6* and *E-8* were on their way, unaccompanied, to carry out a reconnoissance in the Heligoland Bight, after which the whole of the Eighth Submarine Flotilla took up positions from which it could have attacked the German high-sea fleet, had it emerged from its base and sought to interfere with the transportation of the British expeditionary force across the channel. Without relief this patrol was maintained both by day and by night, until the last battalion was safely landed on the northern shore of France and all chance of effective interference had disappeared. But against an enemy whose capital ships never, and whose cruisers seldom, emerged from their fortified harbors, the opportunities of delivering submarine attacks were necessarily very few. Only on one occasion, during the first six weeks of the war, was a British submarine within torpedo range of a German cruiser during daylight hours. Yet the ceaseless vigil was not in vain, for the British soon found themselves in possession of extensive information regarding the habits of the Germans, without which the "fortunate and fruitful" Battle in the Bight might never have taken place.

While reconnoissance work has proved one of the main duties of the submarine in war, the power of offensive operations has not been overlooked. In this respect the Germans scored their greatest success and compensated themselves, in a measure, for the fact that their naval ships were practically blockaded within their own harbors, and that their merchant marine was being swept from the high seas. By mine and submarine they scored repeatedly and successfully. But

as time wore on, at least in the North Sea and around the British Isles, the activity of the U-boats became less pronounced, until it ceased to produce any recorded results against their enemy's fighting fleet. From their legitimate prey the Germans then turned savagely upon unarmed merchantmen, peaceful fishing-vessels, and penny pleasure-boats. And right here Germany committed a grave error of principle, for when she began her guerilla warfare beneath the waves she embarked upon a policy of attrition purely secondary in effect and without influence on the main issue of the war.

Admiral Von Tirpitz's undersea warfare against merchant ships at first gave the impression that it would sweep England's merchant marine from the seas. But Berlin's rejoicings were premature. In spite of the occasional activities of the U-boats the commerce of the United Kingdom has steadily increased. Of nearly 20,000 vessels that entered or left the port of Liverpool during the first five months of the submarine blockade, the Germans were able to intercept only 29. And during the month of June, 1915, which the Berlin admiralty claimed was the most successful from their point of view, the British Board of Trade reports showed an increase in imports of \$89,-180,000, and a net gain for a year of war of \$55,985,000 over the previous twelve months of peace.

The menace of the submarine, however, has exerted a decided influence on naval operations upon the high seas. In the North Sea the British grand fleet has been forced to seek a distant base, remote from the waters of the German Ocean. Touch is kept with the German coast-line by means of the cordon of submarines maintained off Heligoland, assisted by the French channel flotillas, whose presence likewise deters the German battleships and battle-cruisers from issuing from their protected harbors. The only waters in which the battleship was able to roam unattended seemed to be among the islands of the distant Ægean Sea, where the more optimistic hoped that "the business would be completed before these pests made their appearance." But the enterprising Commander Otto Hersing managed to find his way from the North Sea to

the Dardanelles, and his appearance upon the scene produced a situation which the British admitted "could not be otherwise than disquieting." With the loss of the *Triumph* and the *Majestic* the activities of the more powerful ships ceased and the troops operating on shore were deprived of the support on which they counted so much to assist them in their advance against Achi Baba. Had the Turks possessed submarines in the straits, there is little question that the operation of disembarking troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula would have proved far more difficult and dangerous than it was. But in this the British forestalled their opponents and by the activities of their own undersea boats effectively arrested the flow of reinforcements and supplies on which the successful Turkish defense of the Dardanelles will ultimately depend.

The submarine has, through its enterprise, thus effectively hampered the operations of the capital ships. But it has not stopped them. With adequate precautions against this form of attack, and with destroyers present in sufficient numbers, the war has proved that efficient protection can be given, and it is interesting, in this connection, to note that the most effective work of the destroyer against the submarine has been done, not in the daytime, but at night. Owing to her inability to use her periscope in the dark, the undersea boat has been obliged to spend the hours from dusk to dawn on the surface, using her oil or petrol engines, not merely for cruising, but also for the additional purpose of running the dynamos in order to recharge her accumulators and renew the air-supply for the following day. In this condition the submarine on many occasions has met her fate, for the throbbing of her air-compressors, heard many miles off by the lurking destroyers, has revealed her whereabouts and invited her own destruction before she could escape or submerge.

Dodging about the seas and viewing the world through a periscope, with the constant reflection that the vessel in which you sail may at any moment be sunk and never again rise to the surface, cannot be a very exhilarating occupation. The moderate truth of the matter is, as Captain Hansen of the *U-16* himself ad-

mitted, that "it is fearfully trying on the nerves." Every man cannot stand it. When running submerged a deathlike silence reigns on board. Even the electric motors are silent. The temperature within the vessel is above the normal for a ship's engine-room, and the air, as it heats, gets poor and mixed with the odor of oil from the machinery. "The atmosphere becomes fearful, an overpowering sleepiness often attacks new men, and one requires the utmost will power to remain awake. I have had men who did not eat for the first three days out, because they did not want to lose that time from sleep," which perhaps was just as well, for no stove could be lit, as fire burns oxygen, and the electric power from the accumulators was too precious to be wasted in cooking. Yet day after day the vigil of the submarine crew has had to be maintained in the cramped quarters. "I have sat or stood for eight hours," wrote Captain Hansen, "with my eyes glued to the periscope, peering into the brilliant glass until my eyes and head have ached." There is no rest to be obtained, even in calm weather. And when the westerly gales sweep the North Sea, the strain becomes almost unbearable as the boats strive to remain on their stations in the short, steep seas so common in those waters, for "even when cruising at a depth of sixty feet," reported Commodore Keyes, "the submarines roll considerably, and pump—*i. e.*, move vertically—about twenty feet."

Volumes might be written, if all the facts were known, about the many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes which have been incidental to the work of the submarines in this war beneath the waves. Some have already found their way into the daily press, but others have not yet been recorded and doubtless never will be known to us. In the first category may be mentioned the remarkable exploit of Lieutenant Holbrook, who, with the *B-11*, entered the Dardanelles and despite the difficult current dived under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*. Another astonishing feat was that of Lieutenant Cochin, commanding the French submarine *Papin*. Recently he suddenly found himself in the midst of an Austrian mine-field. It

was too risky to proceed any farther, so Cochin adopted the novel expedient of clearing the field single-handed—by having his crew dive for each mine, sever the holding cables, and then explode it as it floated to the surface. And in this connection also should be noted the timely work of rescue performed by the *E-4*, which, during the Battle in the Bight, came to the surface and took on board a boat's crew from the destroyer *Defender*, which the latter had been obliged to abandon in the face of the enemy's fire.

In the way of sensational experience, however, one must be alluded to as specially noteworthy. A Russian submarine, while cruising in the Baltic last June, submerged to attack a squadron of German battleships which was escorted by torpedo-craft. The submarine was able to approach quite near without being observed by the enemy, until one of the destroyers came so close that she was obliged to descend to a depth of fifty feet to escape being run down. Then the enemy passed on, and the Russian commander attempted to raise his periscope. But at that moment the leading German battleship was sighted less than a hundred yards off. The Russian boat immediately submerged again and fired her torpedo. Almost simultaneously a terrible crash was heard. The submarine trembled from stem to stern, the electric bulbs

burst, crockery and all kinds of articles flew about, something above broke, cracked, and gave way. The submarine took a list of 25 degrees to starboard. Her crew were unable to keep their feet. But fortunately not a man lost his head. By keeping going at full speed, and thanks to the stanchness of her upper deck, which had not been penetrated by the collision, the boat was able to regain her balance. Only the periscope had been damaged, and some water was leaking through the stuffing-box. But rising to the surface was out of the question. Each time the Russian commander attempted to do so the screws of the German vessels cruising overhead could be heard. So for four hours the boat remained beneath the waves, until darkness permitted her to emerge again and regain a haven of refuge.

There is little question that the submarine has brought new problems into naval warfare which will henceforth seriously influence the handling of the battle-fleets. Ten years ago underwater torpedo-boats were passing into the navies of the world, which were small, fragile, slow, and comparatively ineffective. What the submarine of to-day is we already know. She is yet neither invincible nor invulnerable. She has not supplanted the battleship. But what she may become in the future no one can predict.

IN A GARDEN

By Livingston Ludlow Biddle

I SAT one day within a garden fair
Pining for thee and sad because alone,
Wishing some fate could send thee to me there.

All things appeared to share my saddened mood,
Each flower drooped, the sun was hid from view,
The very birds in silence seemed to brood.

Then, as I day-dreamed with my eyes half closed,
Sudden the birds began to sing again,
The flow'rs, uplifting heads, no longer dozed.

Thinking the sun had come once more for me
And for all nature, to effect such change,
I turned, and, lo! saw not the sun, but thee.

REMATING TIME

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



ONCE upon a time in his bright past there had come a golden girl named Evadne. Now, of all the women Leonard had loved before his marriage, she was the only one he still loved after his marriage. And yet, of all the women he ever loved, Evadne was the only one to whom he had never told his love. She was so enormously rich and he was so romantically poor.

It was not that he believed his case was hopeless. On the contrary, if he had only been sure of that he would have told her all about it, beautifully. And he would have accepted his rejection in the nicest, most understanding way, making it all lovely and easy for her, adding, as usual: "But there is one thing that will be mine always—always. No one can take this from me: I have known *you*."

In short, Leonard had no pride about being refused by a beautiful woman, but a great deal of pride about being accepted by a wealthy one. For, with all his fickleness and philandering, he had the highest ideals of love and marriage, and, like all honorable gentlemen, deemed it more honorable to have a wife he could support than one he could love. If he had married Evadne she undoubtedly would have supported him.

True, Evadne might have been willing to descend to picturesque poverty with the man she loved—for, oh, she loved him so! but she would not have known how to be poor, and it would have been selfish in a devoted husband to teach her, when two could live comfortably upon a tenth of the interest of her income. No, Leonard had seen it happen with other men; inevitably a truly generous husband would gradually have been drawn up into awful affluence with her, by a sort of capillary attraction, and she would have paid the bills—an intolerable thought to an ardent idealist who believed in protecting and providing for the weaker sex.

So he bit his lip and let her go by—with, oh, such a haunting look in her sweet young eyes, half questioning, half frightened, and wholly horrible to recall. He had scorned the woman he loved.

That look haunted him still. It filled him with shame—even greater shame, perhaps, than if he had lived upon her income, for he might have become inured to such suffering; it has been known to happen; whereas he never could become inured to this. He had forsworn his true true mate.

Well, in the course of time—a cruelly brief course it seemed to Leonard, now abroad—she married a man named Bill, on the rebound. For she had to marry somebody, not having learned how to do anything else, and having been trained especially for this purpose from earliest infancy. Besides, she liked Bill ever so much. Now, Bill, as it happened, was even richer than Evadne, so she could not possibly support him. Therefore it was an honorable match.

Then lonely Leonard married a girl named Mary, on the rebound. For he had to marry somebody, too, not being a monk but a poet, to whom women were not an idle luxury but a beautiful necessity, the very breath of life. Besides, he was a man of honor and believed in having a wife of his own.

Now, Mary, as it happened, was even more beautiful than Evadne and even poorer than Leonard, so this also was an honorable match. Two honorable matches. Evadne could neither support nor really love good old Bill, and Leonard could neither support nor really love dear, sweet Mary. But the principle remained intact, and "it isn't so much the money as the principle of the thing" that counts in marriage. Besides, they were all good people, and thus far had fulfilled the chief requirement of marriage, which is not happiness for the individuals concerned,

nor benefit for society which is still more concerned, but to stay married.

II

Now, Leonard was a poet but the dream of his life was to be practical—of his married life, that is. As a bachelor, he had not dreamed of being practical. That may have been why he had succeeded as a poet. But when he began to live poetry, he stopped writing it, and supported his beautiful wife on verse. And when living it produced poetic results, two pink adorable ones, a boy and a girl, he provided for his offspring by means of humorous rhymes. It is wonderful what a man can do, even a poet, when sobered by domesticity. Leonard became a man of strong character and indomitable energy; and so, working early and late, Sundays and holidays, avoiding all other interests than those of the Home, he soon succeeded in exhausting his entire stock of salable ideas—so thoroughly indeed that he could no longer have supported even a rollicking bachelor on poetry, verse, or rhymes. So he went into business.

He became a broker's clerk in a flashy firm's up-town branch, adjacent to the bar of a huge hotel. He now wore beautiful clothes, and smoked cigarettes with his initials on them in gold, symbolizing prosperity, instead of a poetic pipe symbolizing poverty. His duties were to applaud and repeat smutty stories, to buy and drink cocktails with customers, and in general to interest the world in gambling. This brought him into contact with many sorts of people he had never known before; and, as poets love all mankind, he expected in time to learn to love his work. We all love to do what we can do well, and he always did with his might whatsoever his hand found to do. Such was his capacity for friendship, anecdote, and alcohol that almost from the start he began bringing new accounts to the firm's books, and the head of the firm begged Leonard to autograph a copy of one of his own, as a mark of approbation. Moreover, his salary was raised, and Leonard now felt that he was quite practical.

But he was a poet, and loved not only humanity but the truth. Indeed, he loved both so much that one day he gave

a new customer, already an old and dear friend, some practical information which prevented a great loss to the nice new customer for whom Leonard felt responsible. This was love and this was the truth, but it was not business—according to this flashy firm's standards. In fact, it knocked a business plan of theirs into a cocked hat. So the head of the firm requested Leonard's autograph to a copy of his resignation. "You're no business man," said the broker; and Leonard, agreeing with him, became a bookseller—for the firm which had published his poems.

But he knew too much about writing books to sell them. It was difficult for a sincere lover of the truth to let others believe that books were good when he knew that they were bad. Moreover, he lacked the proper attitude of respect toward the consumers of literature, being himself merely a creator of it. Book-buyers should be treated as patrons of the arts. "You're rather impairment for a clerk," snorted one of these, a wealthy American who had lived abroad and liked to talk like an Englishman. "What do *you* know about this book?"

"Well, you see, I wrote it," said Leonard.

In short, he was not practical as a salesman. He tried other work, but he remained incorrigibly impractical. He did not care for money and hated to think about expense. Therefore he had to think about it all the time instead of thinking poetic thoughts.

Now, early in his business experience he had discovered that there was one practical thing he could do well. At the bar of the huge hotel he had once composed a wonderfully harmonious cocktail. It became famous, and to this day it bears his name, the best-known and most deeply appreciated of all his poetic compositions. At last, being desperate, he decided to go back there and ask his dear old friend Jack, the head bartender, for a job. There was poetic precedent for this, and he believed that he could sell things he made himself, for he knew that they would be well made. This would be a combination of art and commerce, and the patrons of this art are never patronizing to bartenders.

"We haven't seen you in here for a long time, sir," said Jack, delighted to renew the old friendship. "What'll you have, sir?"

"I'd like a job, sir," said the poet.

Jack was scandalized, was eager to lend him money but not to give him a job. "It wouldn't do, sir," said Jack, mixing a couplet of Leonard's lyrics. "You're a gentleman, sir."

"What of it?" asked Leonard, raising his glass to Jack's. "I'm a good mixer and I never get tight." The poet emptied his glass. "You never saw me tight, did you, Jack?"

"No, sir, you never get tight, but you're a gentleman all the same."

III

No one would give him anything to do. For, as every one told him, "This is a practical world," and he was not a practical man. That was certainly not their fault, nor could he be altogether blamed. No, he had simply strayed into the wrong world. Should he not, therefore, apologize for the unintentional mistake and quietly withdraw?

Now, like many a true poet of the past, and of the future, too, if there are to be any more, Leonard often longed for death, and there was even better precedent in the poetry business for suicide than for tending bar—more of it, at any rate. To be sure, Leonard likewise loved life as only a poet can, but he hated married life as only a poet can. Nevertheless, on the excellent principle that whatever he wanted, like poetry and Evadne, must be abandoned, and that whatever he did not want, like brokerage and Mary, must be embraced, he had steadfastly sacrificed the luxury not only of self-expression but of self-destruction too. He had kept right on living and gaining character. For, while it may be all right and rather romantic for a self-centred young bachelor like Chatterton to indulge in suicide in a picturesque garret, Leonard had never felt that he could afford such things, being a married poet with a family in a Harlem flat.

Early in his married career, however, when still cherishing hopes of complete reform, he had taken out some life-insur-

ance, like a practical business man. And now the annual premium was due in a week, and he had nothing left to pawn. His family faced starvation; he could live and let the policy lapse, or die and let it be paid in full to his widow within twenty-four hours. So at last death seemed no longer an idle dream of a poet's fancy but a safe and sane business proposition for an idle poet's family.

And yet, even while he was making practical preparations for this final venture, he had a curious premonition that it, too, would fail. Perhaps he had become superstitious.

IV

SURE enough, his wife saw his light burning late, stole in upon him, caught him in the very act.

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard," Mary cried, wild-eyed and beautiful, "you couldn't, you wouldn't do that!" Soft, detaining arms pinioned his, making him feel limp and impractical.

"Why not?" asked Leonard weakly. He felt ashamed but determined.

"Why, Leonard, it would be so selfish. It's not like you, dear, to be selfish."

"But I *am* selfish," he replied, making a clean breast of it. "I've always been selfish; that is my true nature."

But heretofore he had always restrained his true nature. Perhaps that was why he had failed as a poet. It is difficult to practise self-repression and self-expression on the same ego.

"Oh, Leonard," she cried, "I am responsible for wrecking your whole life—don't make me feel responsible for your death, too."

"What nonsense!" Leonard replied. "You haven't wrecked my life; I have wrecked yours."

He did not love her a bit, but he liked her ever so much, and this was their only serious point of difference. She always claimed that it was all her fault, and he always maintained that it was all his fault. For, whenever anything goes wrong with a marriage, it must be the fault of one or the other, or both, marriage itself being perfect, like all our institutions.

She took him by the shoulders and looked into his deep, despairing eyes. "If



It is wonderful what a man can do, even a poet, when sobered by domesticity.—Page 59.

you really loved me, Leonard, you would not dream of such a thing. You would want to cling to life despite all."

Leonard did not love her as poets love in poems, but he cared for her as many husbands do in the prose of matrimony. He had been willing to live for her, die for her, and lie for her. Heretofore, when she had made this accusation he would take her in his arms and say, "Oh, you know I love you, dear," and kiss her to prove it. He loved the truth, therefore he had always sacrificed it. To-night, however, he was too tired, too close to the great reality, to keep up the mocking illusion. Gazing back into her fine, honest eyes—"But I don't love you," he said. "I never did."

She recoiled in amazement and stared at him. "You don't love me?"

Leonard dropped his eyes, overcome with remorse. Why could he not have lied a little longer! "Not in the right way, I'm afraid—not as you deserve to be loved, not as you may still be loved by some more worthy man, if I only get out of the way. You deserve everything, Mary; you have nothing."

She covered her face with her hands and began to sob as children sob. "This is too much," he heard her whisper.

It was too much for Leonard, too. It always was when women or children sobbed. "I do love you!" he cried. "You know I do!" Alas, Leonard loved woman more than truth.

"No, no," she muttered, eluding his arms, "you don't! I've known it all along." She looked up at him through her tears. "That is not what breaks my

heart; it is that you are willing to die for such an unworthy wife as I. I don't love you either, Leonard."

It was Leonard's turn to be amazed. "You, Mary!" he said hoarsely; "I don't believe it." He had long since lost faith in himself, but never in her.

"It is the solemn truth," she returned, nodding vigorously—"not as you deserve to be loved, and might have been loved, if I had only kept out of the way."

They looked at each other with new eyes. They did not love each other, but now they respected themselves. They faced the truth at last—perhaps the truth would make them free.

"Well," said Leonard, "it doesn't really matter about that. We had our chance. We missed it. That is merely hard luck. But there's something more important than ourselves—our children. This is a practical proposition. My life-insurance is the only asset I have left. The time has come to realize on it."

It always made Leonard feel quite businesslike to employ such terms as "proposition" and "asset," just as it made the men who formerly employed him feel quite literary to quote from Leonard's poems. Mary knew this little foible of her husband's, and even now it made her smile fondly, as at her children's lovable whimsicalities.

Leonard saw the smile, and even though he was facing death it hurt his feelings as it might hurt the feelings of a book-collector ridiculed for calling himself "literary." "If you can show me that my plan is not practical," he said with dignity, "I will agree to abandon it. Now, let's sit down and talk it over calmly."

So, arm in arm, they sat down and talked it over like the two good friends they were.

"To-day I applied for a job as a laborer in the tunnel," Leonard began. "'Let's see your hands,' said the foreman. I held them out. 'You won't do—this is no tea-party.' The world doesn't want me, Mary. I don't think I'm super-sensitive any longer, but really, you know, I can take a hint."

Mary threw her soft arms about him again. Then releasing him abruptly: "Well, if we must look at it practically," she said, "how long could a widow and

two young children live on five thousand dollars?"

"H'm," said Leonard, after the manner of his former boss, "longer than all four of us can live on nothing. Mary, haven't you noticed that every day I keep on living I keep on eating?"

Tears came to Mary's eyes once more, but she restrained them immediately. "Yes, dear, but when the five thousand is gone, what then? I have never learned to earn money. The children are too young to be left alone, even if I could find something to do. Have you thought of that?"

Leonard had. "But before it's all gone, don't you see, my dear—" He hesitated. "Mary, you are still young, still beautiful; so—well, don't you see?"

Mary sprang from her seat. "You expect me to marry again? Leonard! do you think I could?"

"I *know* you could." He gave her a gallant look.

"Do you think I *would*?" She gave him a friendly kiss.

"It isn't a question of what you want, or I want, my dear, but of what you and I must do—for the children's sake. I must die for them—you must live for them. Your good looks are *your* only asset."

Mary shuddered. "Suppose I *were* willing to sell myself! It is hard enough for any widow with children to catch a husband, but the widow of a suicide! They'd all say I drove you to it; they would avoid me like a pestilence."

Leonard winced. "It will be a handicap, I admit, but——"

"A handicap? A blight upon your entire family! Think of the children's future! 'Something queer in the blood,' people will say. It will ruin the poor little things' chances in life. Leonard, your plan isn't practical at all—it's sheer poetry!"

Leonard began to pace the floor. He was deeply discouraged by his helpmate. "Then name an alternative before the clock strikes two," he cried, "and I'll follow it. If you can't you'll have to follow my plan."

There was a pause. She could think of no alternative. "No one in his right mind ever takes his own life," she said.

"Oh, I've heard all that before," said

Leonard with a smile of victory. "It's like saying that right always triumphs in the end, that one always finds one's true happiness in duty. We've done right,

be ruined, and I needn't marry again!" Mary looked radiant.

Leonard looked sceptical. "Well," he said, "what is it?"



This was love and this was the truth, but it was not business.—Page 59.

we've done our duty—and look at the result."

Mary began to pace the floor. "There must be some other way," she said.

"All you have to do is to name it," said Leonard, "and I'll prove my sanity by following it. Isn't that fair?"

Nothing could be fairer than that.

"You promise?" Mary demanded.

"I promise."

There was another pause, a longer one.

You have five minutes more," said Leonard, glancing at the clock.

"You solemnly promise to do anything in the world, no matter what it may cost you?"

Leonard nodded confidently. "Anything short of crime, yes."

"Then, Leonard, I have it, I have it! You needn't die, the family needn't be disgraced, the children's future needn't

"You think that your life-insurance is the only asset you have left," Mary cried jubilantly. "Why, my dear, you still have the greatest asset you ever had. While everything else has gradually gone, this has gradually increased a hundred-fold. Your wonderful personality, your splendid character, your magnetic charm—that's what you must realize on."

"Haven't I tried that?" he asked with a sneer. "You see the result."

"Ah, but you invested it in the wrong field, my dear," she went on excitedly. "You are not practical, Leonard; you never will be." Leonard dropped his eyes. "Men cannot stand it, but women adore it. At making money you're a failure, but," she added with a little laugh, "at making love, you were always a great success. Don't I know!"

Leonard looked up in amazement. Had

her troubles affected her mind? or was she merely playing for time?

"And now," she rattled on, as she smoothed back his hair from his troubled brow, "this little touch of melancholy, this dash of desperation, why, Leonard, it was all you needed to make you irresistible, utterly irresistible."

Ordinarily this might have interested him, though, to be sure, he might have pretended otherwise, but now, when his face was turned with dignity toward death, to have such frivolity thrown up in that face—it was unworthy of his usually sensible helpmate.

"Of course I know," she went on, laughing, "that you don't feel like being irresistible to-night; I know it sounds like a queer thing to suggest when you've taken such pains for years and years to avoid being irresistible; but it'll all come back to you in time, I know it."

"For God's sake, shut up!" cried the poet. It was the first time he had ever been so rude to her. It sobered her. She turned upon him.

"Well, if one of us must marry again," she said resentfully, "just why should I be the one? It's a far more 'practical proposition' for *you* to win another woman than for *me* to win another man! They don't run away from interesting young poets; they run after them! Haven't I seen them try it? Don't I know what they say? 'That commonplace wife of his, she doesn't appreciate him'—that's what they say, and they'll throw themselves into your arms once they have a chance."

A horrible fear came over Leonard. He made a rush at his wife and pinned her in his arms. "No, you don't!" he cried. "You shan't! You can't! *You* mustn't kill yourself. Children need mothers more than fathers. Besides," he added, suddenly triumphant again, "you have no life-insurance; you can't afford to die. Aha!"

Mary patted his arm. "But I don't intend to die!" she said reassuringly. "We must both live for the children's sake, but, my dear boy, death isn't the only way. There is such a thing as divorce, Leonard."

"Divorce!" He stepped back, horrified. To him divorce was even worse

than death. "I have no cause for divorce. You have no cause for divorce. What are you talking about?"

"Ah, but you could so easily give me cause." Mary had great confidence in her husband. "You must just look at it practically," she added, imitating his businesslike tone of a few minutes before.

Leonard turned his beautiful, desperate eyes, a poet's eyes, upon his beautiful, desperate wife, a poet's wife, and tried to look at it practically. "I see nothing practical in your divorce proposition," he declared simply. "What good would it do you? What good would it do the children? This is all damned nonsense," and he glanced at the clock again.

"Ah, but there is such a thing as alimony," said his helpmate.

"How much alimony could you collect from a bankrupt?"

"Ah, that depends upon your second wife," returned his present one. "There are dozens of little dears who adore your love-poems, Leonard—sleep with them under the pillow every night. All you have to do is simply pick out one of the rich ones, and I'll do the rest with the aid of the divorce courts." Again she laughed nervously, but she really seemed to mean it.

"Mary, you must be crazy!" Leonard, turning his back upon her, resumed the vicious circling of the conjugal chamber.

"Not at all," Mary returned, pacing the floor at his side like a faithful dog, or wife. But I must be practical. You never can be. Why, think, Leonard, how much better care I could take of the children with a large alimony than a small life-insurance! A college education for Leonard! A brilliant match for Mary! My way is the only way to save the whole family. It is your duty, dear. You have never shirked your duty before."

"Duty? Divorce!" cried Leonard. "So I'm to save the family by divorce? Mary, are you crazy or am I?"

"Neither, dear, it's simply that you are so conventional," said his devoted wife. "We have before us a choice of evils—is there any question of which is worse?"

"But there is such a thing as morality, decency, honor!"

"Oh, well, when it comes to that," Mary retorted, "there is nothing very moral

about self-murder either. Suicide is criminal, divorce is fashionable—if you must look at it conventionally.”

When it came to that, Leonard ap-

ing to marry the woman he loved because she had money, now to leave a woman he liked in order to live on some woman he neither loved nor liked!—no, it was



“But I *am* selfish,” he replied, making a clean breast of it.— Page 60.

proved neither of the modern convention of divorce among fashionable people, nor of the more ancient custom of suicide among poets, but what to him was worse than either was the idea of marrying for money! What an irony! After refus-

against his principles. He had steadfastly refused to marry for money as a bachelor, and now, even though he had a wife to support, he would not, he could not do it, even to preserve the institution of the family. He was an idealist. Then

and there he determined not to live without a struggle.

"So you, my own wife," he cried with indignant scorn, "would actually urge and aid me to dupe some poor rich woman, woo her, win her, marry her, in order to get her money! And for what purpose? To support *you* and your children! I'm ashamed of you, Mary. I'd rather die than do such a thing."

"Why, of course you would, dearie," said Mary sympathetically, "but if you die, don't you see you will simply compel me to do the same thing? To dupe some rich man in order to support your wife and children. Have you a right, Leonard, to die and force the woman you promised to protect into such an ordeal as that?"

Leonard blinked. "Oh, but that's different," he said. "Quite different. You are a woman. I am a man."

"Do you mean that men are so much more chaste than women, so much more monogamous in their instincts, so much finer in their feelings, that such a relationship would be more horrible to you than to me, Leonard?"

Leonard blinked again.

"What you mean, Leonard," his wife added more gently, "is merely that women, millions of women, have had to do such things, all through the history of civilization. Men haven't had to. So the world, made by and for men, calls it honorable for us women to sell ourselves and dishonorable for you. Isn't that true, Leonard?"

Leonard now dropped his eyes entirely. A lover of truth and of women, he knew that Mary was right. As a married man and the fond father of a family, although a hater of marriage and divorce, he perceived that it was his duty to live and love some other woman than his lawful wife and thus save the fundamental institution of civilization. He sighed. His dream of death was done.

"I suppose you're right, Mary," he said. "You are always right. I'll do it to spare you. But, oh, if you only knew how I wanted to die."

"I know, dear," said his wife, gazing with trust and affection into his deep, bewildered eyes, "but some day you'll thank me for it. Some day all this will seem like a horrible nightmare. And, who

knows, dear, perhaps you will yet find true happiness in duty. And now you must go to bed," and she added with a little laugh—"you must get your beauty sleep, Leonard."

Leonard went to bed, but not to sleep. "I might have known it," he said to himself. "I said it couldn't be. Such things are not for me!"

Yes, it was his duty to live, because he wanted to die. That much was clear. But suppose, just suppose, she were not only wealthy and willing, but fresh and fair! Suppose, as Mary suggested, he were to find happiness in duty! In short, suppose divorce, like death, became desirable after all! Then what, oh what, would be right? How was a poet to tell? He knew beauty from ugliness, kindness from cruelty, truth from hypocrisy; but when it came to what good people called Right and Wrong, he had been in a daze all his life—all his married life especially.

V

"BUT where are you going to find a victim for me?" asked Leonard the next morning. "Since we married we've seen so little of rich people."

It is hard to break the habit of a married lifetime. A true husband, he always consulted his wife about his problems. They shared each other's burdens. If he had to marry again, it seemed only fair for her to choose his bride. A model husband, a perfect wife.

"There, there!" said Mary, cheering him up. "That's easily arranged. Do you remember that lovely creature named Evadne? Well, she will pick one out for you, if you only ask her, dear."

"Ask *her*! Ask Evadne to be my go-between!"

Mary nodded brightly. "You see, since she married Bill she has seen nothing but rich people. No doubt she could introduce you to a dozen little dears who know your love-sonnets by heart, the ones you wrote to me, darling."

Mary meant it kindly, of course. She meant everything kindly, just as Leonard did, but Mary did not know what she was asking. Those love-sonnets had not been written to Mary, but to Evadne. They



"Ah, Evadne, if you only knew how unworthy of her I am, you would despise me as I despise myself."—Page 69.

contained all the idealism of his impractical youth. Since the memorable day when he romantically ran away from her he had not even seen Evadne. He had not dared to, being a model husband. And now, after all these years, with all those tenderly enshrined memories, to go to her

on such an errand would be sacrilege, to him exquisitely horrible, to her even worse.

"Mary," said Leonard, "on second thoughts, I believe I'd rather die. Evadne is not a very practical person. I will not go to her."



Down the avenue of oaks in the soft sunset glow came Bill and Mary.—Page 70.

"You needn't, dear; she is coming to you."

"To me! Evadne coming to me?"

"Yes! Isn't it nice? She's on her way here now! You see, I was afraid of this. I thought you might want to change your mind; so when I went out to pawn my wedding-ring—I shan't really need one any more—I telephoned Evadne that you were in trouble. And the dear thing is so distressed. She said she would do anything in the world for us, Leonard."

"Mary! Surely you didn't tell her what you wanted of her!"

"No, dear. I can't do it all. You will do that. There! I hear her car. She is going to take us all out to her beautiful place in the country for a month. It will be so nice, as she says, for her children to know our children."

"Mary! We can't go!"

"Leonard, where else can we go? We've no more wedding-rings to pawn. Here she comes. Now I shall do the packing and you will—do your duty."

But when Evadne came, he forgot duty, he forgot death, he forgot everything but Evadne. Whenever he saw a woman or child in distress, it filled his heart to overflowing so that there was no room for troubles of his own. There was the same half-frightened, half-questioning look in her sweet eyes, no longer young but oh, so much sweeter, the sweetness that comes of suffering. Evadne, his Evadne, had suffered. Only she was not his Evadne. And that was why she had suffered.

She had been born a year before Mary and yet she now looked the younger of the two. Mary had been born to be more beautiful than Evadne, but now was the less lovely. Why? Because Mary's husband, instead of supplying her with resources for retaining youthful freshness, such as travel, Turkish baths, and lady's maids, had lavishly supplied her with resources for developing character, such as staying in the city all summer, and giving baths to the children and the dishes without the aid of a housemaid.

Therefore, should he not have loved his brave wife? He should. He would have told you so himself. But instead of that, he loved Bill's wife. Therefore, do you blame him for wanting to die? But now he did not want to die. He wanted to live, live, live!

Was it not strange? And was it not wicked!

VI

It was the last day of the visit to the country. Evadne and Leonard were returning from their last walk together through the woods, the same brown woods in which they had said good-by many years before, when each wanted to say something so entirely foreign to farewell.

The sun was setting in the same way.

And they were silent for the same reason.

Now, as then, Leonard had failed to do his manifest duty. For though he and Evadne had had many walks and talks together, so many that Bill seemed alarmed and sought Mary's wise counsel, Leonard had never once mentioned the object of his visit.

At last the silence was broken by

Evadne. "Leonard, last night your wife and I had a long confidential conference."

"My wife is wonderful," said Leonard. "Ah, Evadne, if you only knew how unworthy of her I am, you would despise me as I despise myself."

"You mean, because you cannot love her, Leonard? Is that your fault?"

"It is not hers!" answered Leonard loyally. "So it must be mine," he concluded logically. For surely it must be the fault of one or the other when married people do not love each other. They solemnly promise to do so when they marry. Therefore it is wrong not to.

"Ah, Evadne," cried Leonard, making a final struggle to keep that promise, "if you only knew the sacrifices she has made, the hardships she has endured! That ought to make me love her, oughtn't it, Evadne?"

"Perhaps so," said the woman he adored, "if you had loved her in the beginning. But, Leonard, did it never occur to you why she has been such a good wife, so patient, so long-suffering? It was for the same reason that you have been such a kind and devoted and faithful husband. It was to make up for the one great lack. She has never really loved you, Leonard, not in the way she once loved some one else. She told me so herself."

"Some one else? Evadne! she never told *me* that." He was disappointed in Mary.

"Why should she? She never told the other man."

For that matter, Leonard had never told Mary about Evadne. It was for the same reason in both cases, sheer kindness.

"And all this time I thought she had married me for my poetry!"

"No, Leonard, for your poverty."

"My poverty!"

"She thought you needed her. A true woman wants above all to be needed. And the other man was so capable of taking care of himself. So, do not hesitate to follow Mary's plan just for Mary's sake. You would be doing her the greatest kindness. It is the only way to make amends for the years of hardships you have brought her, Leonard!"

The poet's moral world was upside down. If Mary was not making a sacrifice in giving him up, was it not wrong for

her to give him up? Assuredly. Only in case she loved him should she give him to another. To live with a man without love was unselfish and therefore right. To do what one wanted to do was selfish and therefore wrong.

"So she told you all!" cried Leonard, aghast. He turned his face away in shame. "And did she—did she tell you what she expects me to do?"

Into Evadne's sweet eyes came the same frightened look that had haunted him for years, as she steeled herself to say: "Why didn't you tell me yourself, Leonard?"

"Because there are some things too sacred to be profaned!" he burst out with all the ardor of repressed youth. "I cannot, will not, do this thing. Evadne, dear Evadne, did you think I could?"

Evadne was silent for a space, tingling with the music of her poet's voice. "If it is hard for you to speak of this, what must it be for me, Leonard? But your happiness is more important. Your wife has shown me my duty, and I shall do it, though it kill me. I have chosen your victim. You must take her."

"I will not!" cried Leonard.

"Let me tell you of her first. I promised."

"I do not care to hear."

"She will bring wealth to you, peace to your wife, a future to your children."

"Not at that price—nothing is worth it."

"She will love you."

"I would hate her."

"You will deem her beautiful, I know."

"But I shall never see her, I shall run."

"She adores every line you have written."

Even that did not woo the poet. "Then I shall never write another."

"You owe it to the human race to write. Here is your chance. It's your duty, Leonard, not merely to your family, but to the whole world."

"I am sick of the world, I am done with duty!" cried the poet. "Come what may, cost what it will, I love you, Evadne, I love you, love you, have always loved you, and ever shall through all eternity. I cannot be untrue to you again."

Oh, how sweet to Evadne were those wicked words! Raising her eyes and

hands to his: "You need not be," she whispered. "Your victim is to be myself."

For a golden moment Leonard had no words. Neither had Evadne. They only gazed at each other, the veil lifted. "But," he said at last, "this cannot be. You are married already!"

"So are you!" she said, laughing as in the glad days before marriage had separated them. "You needn't think that you are the only one who can get divorced! Bill will be so relieved. I'm such a nuisance to him, but he is too polite to say so." Her husband merely took it out in drinking too much, but she in her turn was too polite to tell.

"But this cannot be right," said Leonard with simple faith. "Don't you see, it would mean happiness for us all! Therefore it would be wrong. If I did not love you, or if my wife loved me—in short, if it made everybody miserable—I might justify it. But now how can I?"

Evadne laughed at him—silvery laughter, as if she were the dryad of her woods. "Ah, my poet," she sighed, "no wonder you have ceased to sing! Your soul is in a cage. Release it, forget yourself, and find your duty in happiness."

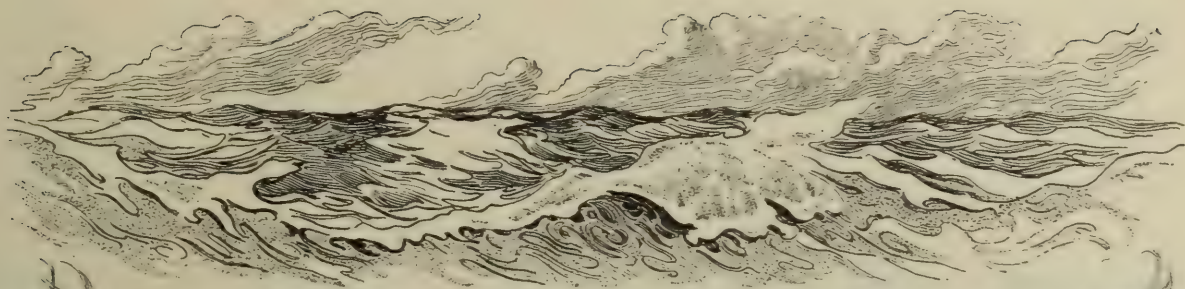
This was a new idea to Leonard. He had contemplated death as a duty, even divorce as a duty, but happiness—it seemed too desirable to be right. "I will," he cried, "I will! With you at my side I can do anything, everything."

But the habit of a married lifetime cannot be broken at one stroke. "It seems such an unfair advantage to take of my wife. And of your husband; we've become such friends. Mary meant me to seek out some young woman she had never seen, some one I could never love."

"Ah, my dear, you never fully understood that wonderful wife of yours. You are only a man. How do you know what Mary meant? Look, Leonard, look!"

Down the avenue of oaks in the soft sunset glow came Bill and Mary, walking slowly hand in hand, as had been their wont in the happy days of long ago when they were boy and girl together.

"Leonard," said Mary, sweet and shy as a maiden as she drew near to her husband and Bill's wife, "we have come to announce our engagement, dear."



THE UNKNOWN

By Eliza Adelaide Draper

Look out to sea!
None know what's coming there,
Look out to sea.

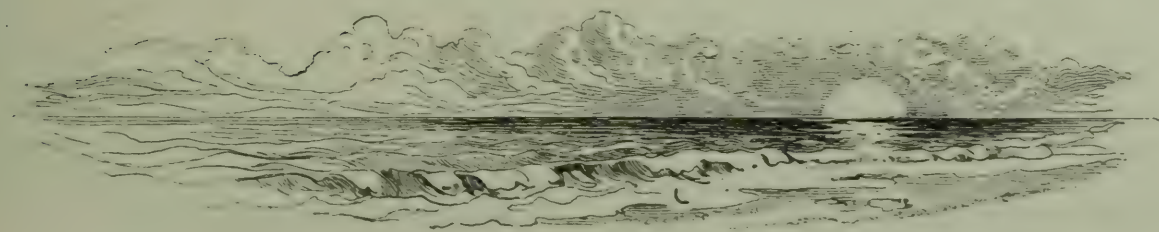
Days of a fearless brightness, sunshine days,
When the free wind, wanton and fitful, plays
With the languid sea.
The ripples lap and splash against the beach,
And break and curl at pebbles out of reach.
Look out to sea!

Storm—and the boom of breakers, driven spray
That leaps as the mad winds lash it from their way,
The winds at war;
Tumult, the shout of battle, moaning cries,
And the lost voice that screams and faints and dies.
Look out to sea!

Days of dull grayness, dragging wearily,
Gray sky, gray wind, gray heaving dunes of sea,
Each day the same.
A dull and monotoned eternity
Of lowering sameness on the shifting sea.
Look out to sea!

The gray-white mist creeps in from out at sea,
Long feathery strands that vanish dreamily
And come again.
Within the drifting wall that shuts around,
White silence, cut by long-lost human sound
We wait we know not what.

Look out to sea!
None know what's coming there,
Look out to sea.



THE KING OF KANABALOO

By John Patrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN



UNDER the canvas awning aft, on a battered trading-steamer that was loafing down the Queensland coast, the talk had drifted idly from one thing to another until some one introduced the subject of monarchy.

"Any one can be a king," a perky little commercial traveller asserted contemptuously.

"No, he can't," a big Englishman contradicted flatly as he looked out from beneath the brim of his white duck hat. "I don't hold any brief for monarchy in general, but, like a poet, a king must be born. It takes real imagination to make a king."

For some moments there was silence. The Englishman's statement was so definite that everybody instinctively felt there was more behind it.

"I knew a real king once," he admitted, after a thoughtful pause, and every one sat up expectantly, for a man who has been intimate with a king is an object of interest even on the hottest day.

"He wasn't exactly of royal descent," the Englishman went on as he lighted his pipe, "but he was born to be a king, all right. He had Yankee blood in his veins, and was a long, thin streak of humanity named Burton. When I met him first he'd probably be about thirty-five. He had knocked round the world for fifteen years, and in consequence his experiences had been wide and varied. He was one of those naturally ingenious types who can do anything, and do it well; and when he took a thing in hand it became the only thing in the world for the time being. He could concentrate, could Bud, as he was always called. At some period of his career he had been mixed up with soap, and he knew all about that commodity from raw material to finished product.

"Bud didn't have to go looking for his kingdom. He had it thrust upon him un-

awares. The accident of getting wrecked out in the western Pacific introduced him to Kanabaloo. He didn't know it was a crime to land on that island; but it wouldn't have made the slightest difference if he did. He had been adrift alone for two days, with only a small and rickety raft between him and the heaving Pacific; so, when the island floated into view, he didn't worry about what kind of a reception he might get. The only thing that really troubled him just then was a craving to get his feet on to something solid before that raft finally succeeded in performing the disintegration act. After many hours of weary waiting he was washed across the reef and ran aground on the beach beyond. Then he left the raft and, having staggered through a few yards of shallow water, fell face downward on the sand. A dozen naked savages, carrying uncomfortable-looking spears, danced madly round him for some minutes and then dragged him before the chief.

"The head man of the village was a wizened-up old dwarf about as cunning as they make them. He spoke a little English, a misguided missionary having once taken him down to Sydney, where he had received just a sufficient veneer of civilization to make him a positive danger to every one who afterward came into contact with him. He was wearing a spotless white duck suit with brass buttons, and he sat cross-legged on a mat in the centre of the big meeting-house. When Bud was brought before him he grinned and motioned to his exhausted prisoner to sit down. Then he produced an elaborate shaving outfit and, having carefully propped a silver-backed mirror up on the floor in front of him, began slowly to lather his dusky face with a stick of shaving soap and a silver-mounted brush. This done, he took up a modern safety razor and slowly shaved himself to demonstrate how perfectly civilized he was.

"This ceremony over, the natives sat round in a circle and discussed Bud. What conclusion they came to is not known; but when Bud began to recover from the results of the long exposure he found himself with a gourd of water and

to come to an end; and it hadn't exactly improved his fast-drooping spirits when, at three-day intervals, the different members of his party had been taken away and eaten. When Bud began to recover Mat was busy reviewing his past life



"Took up a modern safety razor and slowly shaved himself."—Page 72.

a wooden dish of native food in a staked enclosure, roughly roofed with palm-leaves, where prisoners of war, slaves, and other eatables were usually kept. A naked savage sat outside the crude gate playing idly with a dangerous-looking club; but even that didn't make Bud worry. The only thing that really troubled him just then was the fact that he hadn't had a shave for three days. Bud hated to miss his daily shave.

"In that heathen prison there was a white man who was just ready to tumble right through the bottom of the pit of despair. He had been in charge of the launches for The Pacific Trading Company over at Roonga, about twenty miles away. His first name was Mat—his other name doesn't matter just now. Ten days before Bud hit the island Mat had been coming round from the south coast of Roonga, during a gale, with three natives in one of the company's launches, when the engine suddenly went sick and he was blown on to Kanabaloo. He was a big, burly chap whom you'd have thought could have stood up to anything; but he couldn't. He lacked imagination and was a born pessimist. According to his view of things, the world was always just about

and finding it decidedly unpleasant. But when Bud was told the tale of woe he considered it quite encouraging.

"'If it's three days since they took the last of your crew,' he said lightly, 'it's pretty clear that I've got three days left to think about *my* prayers.'

"That was how Bud attempted to improve the look of things; but, with all his light-heartedness, it was some time before he succeeded in making much impression on Mat. He continued to talk to him, however, like the proverbial Dutch uncle.

"'You're down and out with a vengeance,' he said the first evening they were together, 'but you've sure got to join the Optimist's Club if you figure on inhabiting this shack with yours truly. If you don't you'll be fed to the bow-wows. So stick close to me, old son. I'm your one tiny ray of hope—the veritable silver lining to your dark cloud.'

"Mat, of course, was expecting to be sent for by the *chef* at any moment, so he wasn't exactly overjoyed the following morning when a ferocious-looking savage appeared suddenly outside the gate. The messenger, however, merely pushed a folded slip of paper through the rough bars and silently departed. Bud picked

up the message and opened it out; but he couldn't make head nor tail of it. In some ways it was the rummiest-looking epistle he had ever seen, consisting as it did of several rows of letters, punctuation marks, and figures made with a typewriter. He tested one of the lines by rubbing it with his finger, and as it smudged easily he knew that it had been recently done. This proved that there was a typewriter, of all things, on the island.

"Bud sat down and studied that queer jumble from all points of view, for he felt certain there was a reason behind it somewhere. After pondering over it for some time he showed it to Mat, who just then was crouching down in a corner giving an excellent imitation of absolute despair. Mat said frankly that rot like that made him sick, and admitted that he'd received two similar notes every day while he'd been there.

"The little chief does them and thinks they're letters,' he explained dismally.

"Does he?' Bud commented thoughtfully.

"He's mad,' Mat said with some show of contempt.

"What did you do with your notes?' Bud asked after a short silence.

"Tore them up, of course,' was the puzzled reply.

"Tore them up!' Bud repeated, turning away to hide his scorn. 'Good Lord, have you no brains?'

"Suddenly he swung round on Mat fiercely.

"Have you done anything since you've been here?' he demanded. 'Have you made any effort to get away?'

"I've tried hard enough,' Mat protested weakly.

"Tried?' Bud said with fine sarcasm. 'I suppose you've tried to climb out while the man with the club was asleep?'

"You've guessed that?' Mat said, looking up in surprise.

"No,' Bud asserted, 'I knew it. That's just the kind of thing I'd expect from a man of your caliber.'

"What could I do?' Mat wailed pitifully. 'What could I do?'

"And you call yourself an engineer?' Bud said, standing over him. 'Why, an engineer is expected to grapple with problems. About all you could do would

be to run engines that other men had made.'

"He gave Mat a gentle kick to put life into him.

"Rouse, ye brave!' he quoted dramatically. 'If your ambition is to be the chief course at a heathen banquet, mine isn't. You can't climb out of a mess like this, even when the guard's asleep, by using your hands and feet; but you can climb out of anything by using your brains.'

"Bud waved the sheet of paper in Mat's face.

"Here's your *passport*,' he declared. 'You've been pining and wasting away for ten days, and all the time the chief himself has been sending you two urgent invitations a day to go out and visit him. O, the density of some craniums!'

"How was I to find that out?' Mat asked meekly.

"How did I find it out?' Bud said evasively, not wishing to hurt the other's feelings.

"Mat spoke the lingo of that accursed island, and it wasn't long before Bud had him at the door explaining to the savage with the club that Bud was anxious to accept the chief's invitation. The native answered with a grunt and proceeded to call a messenger by beating upon a *tam-tam* that hung from a pole at one side of the entrance to the hut.

"Within a few minutes Bud was seated in the meeting-house before the little chief, who immediately began to repeat the shaving performance of the previous day. Bud sat and watched him, at the same time rubbing his own rough chin reflectively. Then, suddenly, a brilliant idea came to him. So, when the chief had finished, Bud calmly reached for the outfit, slowly lathered his face, and leisurely shaved. The little chief looked on and grunted with delight. That was really where Bud first came into his own. There are some things that even a cursed heathen can appreciate, and nerve is one of them.

"Bud then explained that he had come in response to the chief's letter, and said he was ready to discuss business. The old pirate's face wrinkled up into a smile at this, for he was real glad to meet a man at last who knew what a letter was when he got it.



"A naked savage sat outside the crude gate playing idly with a dangerous-looking club."—Page 73.

"'You come letter?' he queried, and Bud hastened to assure him that he wouldn't have been there but for the letter. Then Bud's eyes beheld a typewriter standing on a stool in one corner. It was a modern writing-machine, bearing a world-famous name, and beside it there was a box of paper. Bud dragged the machine into the centre of the room, and quickly wrote a note to Mat telling him

that everything was going well and ordering him to make haste to the meeting-house to act as interpreter. Bud was an expert operator, and the chief was greatly amused by the frequency with which the bell tinkled at the ends of the lines. When the letter was finished a messenger was hurried away with it, and in a few minutes Mat appeared upon the scene.

"'Your royal highness,' Bud began,

with Mat passing the gist of it along to the chief, 'I am deeply grieved to see you ill-treating the stranger within your gates. Your actions aren't in accord with the methods of the best society. Before a man can be thrown into prison he must be given a chance to write the story of his life. I crave permission to make a start on mine.'

"The chief said he was sorry if everything hadn't been done in the proper form, and hoped that Bud would continue to play on the machine and make the bell ring. Bud started to work right away, and the chief took a great fancy to him because of his nimble fingers. That was the beginning of his good luck.

"At the end of three days Bud, with Mat as assistant, had taken undisputed possession of the best hut in the village and was pounding the typewriter six hours a day before an admiring audience of naked savages. Also he was having a palm-leaf veranda built to his own special design to improve the look of the place. It wasn't really possible to suppress Bud for any length of time.

"Do you know,' he said to Mat one afternoon, 'I believe, if we only play our cards right, we'll own this blessed island in less than three months, and have everything slap up to date, with electric cars running on the main street.'

"A monument to us in the main street'll probably be what we'll get,' Mat growled.

"The way Bud took that little native village under his wing was remarkable. He really had a wonderful knack of getting on well with the savages, and he ordered them about right from the start. At the end of a week Mat was beginning to get restless and wanted to know when an effort was to be made to escape.

"Escape?' Bud said as if he hadn't heard aright. 'Who on earth wants to escape?'

"Mat admitted that he had a bit of a hankering that way.

"Well, I wouldn't set your heart on it if I were you,' Bud advised, 'because we're going to stay right here and set up a kingdom. We're going to bring this island up to date. We're going to introduce the very doubtful blessings of civilization: we're going to clothe the naked

savage, with profit to ourselves; and we're going to make him work, with further profit.'

"When Bud had once grasped the idea of becoming a king there was no stopping him. Mat was pessimistic, as usual, and declared that it couldn't be done; but Bud planned it all out in his mind and then started in to make it come true.

"I've got four thousand dollars in the bank down in Sydney,' he said gayly, 'and I'm sure going to start a kingdom of my own. I know the soap business and I know what copra's worth. This place is simply bursting with it, and we might as well have it as the next man.'

"Bud had to rely on the money in Sydney to start the finances of his kingdom, so he wrote to a friend down there, appointing him attorney and instructing him to buy and send up by trading-steamer a lot of necessities and two gramophones, a dozen shaving outfits, a dozen silver-backed mirrors, and fifty dollars' worth of pennies.

"Every one seemed to give Kanabaloo a wide berth, and the getting of that letter to Sydney proved a real problem. Bud solved it at last by going out one afternoon with the little chief in a canoe flying a white flag, and so intercepting the monthly trading-steamer. The skipper hove to out of curiosity when he saw the flag. As soon as he reached the deck the chief squatted down, surrounded by the entire crew, and did his shaving stunt. The skipper, in the meantime, had taken Bud into his cabin.

"You don't mean to tell me you're going back to that derved graveyard?' the skipper said incredulously when Bud had informed him that he only wished to post a letter. 'You take my straight tip and come right on to Sydney. That island's no good. Every one who's tried it so far's been eaten. Those who know anything shun it like poison.'

"But Bud only laughed.

"I'll be all right,' he said lightly. 'Besides, look at the opportunities!'

"Of course, it's the most prolific island in this part of the Pacific,' the skipper admitted, 'but how are you going to collect the stuff? The natives are a pack of head-hunting cannibals as well as being a lazy, good-for-nothing lot. You can't



"Pounding the typewriter six hours a day before an admiring audience of naked savages."—Page 76.

trust any of them as far as you can throw them. Take my tip and leave them alone. It's much safer.'

"'I'm going to risk it, anyhow,' Bud told him; and, after arranging for the

steamer to call once a month, he and the chief climbed over into the waiting canoe.

"'You'll learn a severe lesson on that island before you're done,' the skipper called over the rail.

"That was how the kingdom really started, and by the end of three months Bud was firmly seated on his self-made throne. By that time he had shipped sixty tons of copra to Sydney and sold it at one hundred and sixty dollars a ton. Freight and expenses had absorbed six

ing-sets were also a cause of much delight; and, as Bud added a lot of attractive extras, such as highly perfumed powder and scent sprays for use after shaving, the performing of the toilet of the average savage on that island became one of the fine arts.



"It was Bud's business to look like a king, and he did it."—Page 79.

hundred dollars, leaving him nine thousand dollars for his three months' work. He had spent in all three thousand dollars on shaving-sets, gramophones, and silver-plated toilet articles for the natives and on a modern motor-launch for himself. The other six thousand dollars were in the bank in Sydney.

"The gramophones were Bud's most successful line, and the music they made charmed the savage breast and brought in a record harvest of copra. The shav-

"Bud toured round in his launch, accompanied by Mat and the little chief. He rounded up the natives at all the villages, and very soon had them all working with a savage sort of frenzy inspired by silver-backed mirrors and safety razors. The launch was kept busy every day collecting the copra. Bud got in his finest work with the head men of the various tribes. He ingeniously got them all on his side by giving them the things they coveted and by investing them with authority.



"Surrounded by his comic-opera army, he was carried in state along the narrow track."—Page 82.

The way that Bud could transfer authority showed plainly that he was born to rule.

"He had a great eye for spectacular effect and was well aware of the value of looking like a king: He got a wonderful blue cloth robe up from Sydney and always wore it on special occasions. It was a beautiful thing, made from pale-blue, canvas-like cloth, and was decorated with silver moons and stars. He also had a silver crown made and wore it regularly. It was Bud's business to look like a king, and he did it. Strange stories began to float about the Pacific concerning the mad Yankee who was loose on Kana-baloo; but Bud only laughed when any of them reached him. It's easy to laugh when you've got nearly thirty-five thousand dollars in the bank. Bud had been shipping over eighty tons of copra a month, which shows what a real king can do aided by a few silver-backed mirrors and some shaving outfits.

"The really great thing about Bud was the way he kept those savages interested by continually introducing new things. He was the most inventive individual who ever lived. He had a remedy ready

for every trouble that cropped up. When the little, wizened-up chief grew tired of modern things and began to get dangerously restive, it was Bud who cheered him up.

"We really ought to have a customs," he said to the dissatisfied chief. "Every country worthy of the name has a customs department that levies a duty on imports. You'll have to take charge of this and collect the duties and keep them.

"In this way was the little chief's interest again awakened, and he became one of the keenest advocates of the importing policy. Besides giving him an income, which he had to spend with Bud, the collecting of the duties kept him out of mischief.

"When the kingdom was about to come tumbling down for want of something new to prop it up, Bud suddenly decided that what was needed was an army. He knew that would appeal to the natives if the uniforms were sufficiently gorgeous; so he sent instructions down to Sydney to send up fifty uniforms. The attorney, with his eye on saving money, bought the wardrobe of a bankrupt comic opera



"Up in the bungalow three men sat waiting with repeating-rifles across their knees." — Page 83.

company. When this arrived Bud began to recruit his army. Every man who wanted to join had to get together two tons of copra to pay for his uniform, and, as every one wanted to be in the army, there was a record shipment of copra that month. Bud drilled his fifty men daily until they knew the front of their uniforms from the back and until they could form fours at the word of command and march with something resembling an even step. Bud's great idea was to keep the natives continually on the move and to find new toys for them from time to time.

"He didn't forget himself either. He found it very tiring travelling to the villages in the interior, but it was some time before he hit upon a suitable conveyance. At last he decided upon a palanquin; so he sent instructions down to Sydney to have the one in the museum there copied, only it was to be finished in gray and silver. He always did have a feeling for color, did Bud. When it arrived he picked out four stalwart natives to be his bearers, and dressed them in special suits of white duck with silver buttons. It was a sight fit for the gods to see Bud go by, sitting calmly in his palanquin arrayed in a blue robe and wearing his silver crown. No wonder the heathen bowed down before him.

"Mat was his right-hand man and sometimes offered valuable suggestions. For instance, when Bud got into a knot over shortage of coin it was Mat who suggested that he should make paper money with the typewriter. This worked well, and the natives soon got to like it as well as the copper. It proved to be very profitable, as some of it wore out and much of it was accidentally destroyed.

"Bud about this time grew very ambitious. He had a hundred acres of land cleared in one of the valleys and planted rubber. He planned to bring at least one hundred acres under cultivation every year, and he reckoned that at the end of ten years he'd have an income of a million dollars a year. Bud was certainly looking ahead. He had a fine bungalow, suited to the tropics, designed by one of the best architects in Sydney, and an army of men and several ship-loads of timber and building material came up to Kanabaloo. Six months later the bungalow stood upon the hill above the bay, and down in the village there was a wharf, a copra-shed, and a store. The bathroom was really the most wonderful thing about that bungalow and was the delight of all the natives who ever saw it. The plated fittings and the white tiles took their fancy. Bud imported a Japanese cook

and a Japanese valet, a shipment of exquisite furniture, a lot of pictures, vases, and carpets, and an old gardener named Jimmy. So he could be said to be living in something like the style a king should keep up.

"Bud was eighteen months on that island before he made a real mistake. It was a fairly serious one when he did hoist it out; but kings, after all, are only human. Bud was really overworked; that was the beginning of the trouble. He had to play the leading part on the stage and manage the show at the same time. The bookkeeping and the correspondence alone were a great worry; and Bud often found himself tied up by these details when he should have been scheming. Bud kept very elaborate books showing his transactions. He was one of those men who couldn't live without accountancy. He had to know where he stood no matter what it cost. Incidentally, it cost him his kingdom. But that's anticipating.

"At this time Bud had over two hundred thousand dollars in the bank and invested in Australia, and it took some looking after. One night he discussed this aspect of his affairs with Mat.

"'I'm sick of keeping books,' he confessed, 'and I'm tired of writing letters. A king shouldn't have to do such things.'

"'Then why don't you cut it out?' Mat queried, for he had a sort of hazy idea that the kingdom really ran itself.

"'Can't,' Bud ejaculated, 'so I'm going to do the next best thing. I'm going to import some one to do it. There's a chap named Tom Kelly down in an office in Sydney whom I believe would fill the bill. I used to know him fairly well once, and I believe he could be trusted. I think I'll send down and get him up.'

"Mat, who was still as pessimistic as ever, sat and smoked quietly for some time while he carefully chewed this proposal over.

"'Don't!' was the terse advice he ultimately gave.

"'What's the matter now?' Bud asked.

"'Just that you'll bust the whole show if you bring any of your friends into it,' Mat cautioned. 'You can only put up a bluff like this amongst strangers. This chap Kelly knew you as a clerk?'

"'Sure!' Bud admitted.

"'And he'll not believe you're anything more now,' Mat warned him. 'No man is a king to his friends.'

"Bud only laughed, not realizing just then that lookers-on sometimes see most of the game.

"So Kelly came up from Sydney and the decline of the kingdom began. He was a little, thick-set chap about thirty, with a very aggressive manner. He wore glasses, was going slightly bald, and was just beginning to get stout. He had an aggravating way of speaking abruptly and a habit of going red in the face when spoken to. He was just about the worst man Bud could have picked for the position. He had no sense of loyalty and not the slightest respect for Bud's authority.

"Kelly didn't prove worth his salt as an accountant. He was an absolute frost and quickly got Bud's beautiful books into an awful tangle. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had stopped there, but he didn't. He was one of those men who can't do their own work and imagine they can do everybody else's. He was insanely jealous of Bud's position and started secretly to undermine it. The first six months he spent in getting a smattering of the lingo and finding out how Bud ran the show and what profits he was making. Then he started poisoning the minds of the head men.

"All this time Bud was pottering about with old Jimmy, the gardener, trying to grow roses. The fact of the matter was, Bud was getting just a little tired of being a king and wanted to be left alone. That's how he came to leave so much of the running of the place to Kelly. His mind was too much taken up with pleasant things to dream about disloyalty. So Kelly went on working against him, while Bud kept one eye on the garden and the other on a sumptuous private yacht that he was planning to have built on the Clyde. Bud had only two real desires. One was to have the best rose garden on earth and the other was to own the finest ocean-going steam-yacht that sailed the sea.

"The first sign of trouble came from the little inland village of Valma, about five miles from the coast. The head man there objected strongly to the wave of in-

dustry that had hit the island and had been inclined to kick for some time. This tribe, before the advent of Bud, had been famous for its head-hunting capabilities, and it hurt the dignity of the chief to see his men chasing copra and silver-backed mirrors when they might have been pursuing heads. So, backed up by Kelly, he began to kick, and took steps to openly show his contempt for Bud.

"Mat was the first to get definite information as to what had happened, and he hurried with the news to Bud, who chanced to be in his bath.

"What do you think that fool chief at Valma's gone and done?' Mat asked.

"Give it up,' Bud said lightly, splashing like a schoolboy.

"He's openly insulted the crown,' Mat declared, 'by publicly burning all the paper money he could collect.'

"I think somehow we can stand that,' Bud said as he lay back in his porcelain bath and roared with laughter.

"They get rum ideas, don't they?' Mat ventured.

"So that's the way he thinks to make me sit up?' Bud reflected after a time, still spluttering with laughter. 'Collects my paper money from his poor, misguided people and burns it, does he? Say, Mat, that fair beats the band.'

"And then he slid down into the warm water and roared with laughter.

"When Bud came to think the matter over, however, he had to confess that he didn't like the look of it. He realized that it was up to him to do something, and he promptly did it. That was the secret of Bud's greatness. He could arrive at a decision quickly and he had the courage to carry it out.

"He ordered his entire army to take the field, told Mat to have the palanquin sent round, and arrayed himself in his blue robe and put on his silver crown. Then, surrounded by his comic-opera army, he was carried in state along the narrow track through the dense jungle, for all the world like an ancient pagan king. He knew only too well the value of dignity and pomp.

"When he arrived at Valma the natives bowed down and almost worshipped him. No heathen tribe could have resisted the splendor of that semibarbaric procession.

Bud, in a great speech, interpreted by Mat, read the riot act to the chief, and wanted to know what he meant by burning the sacred money of the king. Bud's acting rose to great heights, and the natives cowered before his flashing eyes. He finished up by ordering the tribe to produce before the moon waned one ton of copra for every piece of money destroyed. Bud had the stuff in him that kings are made of.

"It was just after this that Kelly first began to demand things and kicked openly. He tackled Bud one day on the question of division of profits.

"It's not fair,' he contended, 'the way this show is run. You're on wrong lines.'

"Bud was worrying over his yacht and wondering what kind of bathrooms he'd have, so he was careless and not inclined to argue.

"What do you want, anyhow?' he demanded.

"I want a share in the business,' Kelly snapped. "Do you think I'm going to slave my soul out on a heathen island like this for nothing?'

"Keep cool,' Bud advised, with one eye on the bathroom catalogue, 'and I'll give you a share. If you watch out you'll probably get the whole lot when I'm through with it.'

"Even that assurance didn't satisfy Kelly. He wanted Bud's crown and the bungalow right away. So he schemed and planned until he got every one on his side except Mat and old Jimmy. Even the Japanese went over to the enemy.

"The real crisis came a week later. Kelly held a meeting down in the village and pointed out to the natives that they were the slaves of monarchy and capital. He called on them to free themselves from the yoke of the oppressor and to take by force what rightly belonged to them. Then he led the way down to the wharf and broke into the big store. That was Kelly's way of dealing with the natives.

"The savages went mad and cleaned out the store. When darkness came on the din increased, and the natives danced wildly on the wharf until some one threw a burning torch into the store. In a few minutes it burst into flame and quickly caught the copra-shed. Then there was a great blaze, with the crazy savages dan-

cing in the firelight; while up in the bungalow three men sat waiting with repeating-rifles across their knees.

"Once Mat urged Bud to go down and take charge of affairs; but Bud shook his head sadly.

"Mat, old son,' he said affectionately, 'there are two things in life that require fine judgment. One is to know when to butt in and the other is to know when to beat it.'

"Next morning Bud saw something away out on the horizon that made him glad. It was the low-lying trail of smoke that foretold the coming of the trading-steamer. Bud knew it was time to act, so he packed his books and papers into a bag, shaved with special care, had a bath, and put on his robe and crown.

"When all was ready he walked boldly down to the village, followed by Mat and old Jimmy. Kelly was trying to persuade the chief to go up and take the bungalow and the natives down on the beach were making a fearful row. When they saw Bud a savage yell went up, and there was a general flourishing of spears; but Bud didn't take the slightest notice. He walked with slow dignity straight up to that yelling mob, and stood for a moment or two looking at the frantic savages, with his arms folded and his eyes spitting fire. It was wonderful how the din died down and the way those savages cowered before him. They were between him and the water where the launch was floating, and as he took a step forward they fell back, forming a lane through which he passed, looking now to the right and now to the left. At the water's edge he turned

and faced the crowd calmly, while Mat and old Jimmy pulled in the launch and started the engine.

"Then Bud gathered his robe around him with a fine gesture, and, having bowed gravely to the mob, turned and stepped on board with the quiet dignity of an emperor.

"As the launch began to glide away the wonderful spell broke, and there was a mad rush into the water followed by a wild yell and a shower of spears. Mat, who was turning from the engine to take the wheel, dropped suddenly with his right hand pinned to his leg by a hardwood spear. But the launch was already beyond danger, and Bud quickly grabbed the wheel and headed her for the opening in the reef.

"An hour later, having seen Mat bandaged up, Bud was leaning on the steamer's rail watching Kanabaloo slide over the horizon astern when the skipper joined him.

"'You seem to have started a lot of tall yarns drifting round the islands about your being a king,' the skipper said. Then he added banteringly: 'But, of course, you've got a drop of Yankee blood in your veins?'

"'Yes,' Bud said quietly, taking a last look at his kingdom, 'and it was that drop of blood that made me a king.'"

When the Englishman finished there was silence for a few moments. Then he struck a match, and, as he slowly raised it to his pipe, every one saw that there was an ugly scar on the back of his right hand.



A DRIFT-WOOD FIRE

By Ellen Burns Sherman

SOMBRE-COLD as life ere comes its love-light,
In the fireplace lies the drift-wood brown,
Till I bid my saffron-hooded Ariel
Doff his tiny sulphur cap enchanted,
While he lights me to the land of Wonder.

Then begins the old bewitching crackle.
'Midst the smoking paper, bark, and twigs
Tongues of flame dart forth in mystic language,
Imaging the hidden soul poetic
Sleeping in the silent drift-wood brown.

Who may scan these wild Promethean measures,
Who translate their vivid sense aright?
Day-dreams opal-blue and fervor scarlet—
Shifting, blending, like the heart's delight.
All its varied, iridescent visions,
Sea-lodged memories of long ago,
Tells the drift-wood now in faithful pictures,
Flashing, fading on our spell-bound sight:
"As my flames leap, so the sea leapt.
All its rainbow tints are matched in mine;
Mine the mirroring of crimson sunsets,
Mine the mimic bird-wing o'er the brine.
Roared the sea-voice as my flames roar,
With its mighty anthem, old as Time,
Chanting, chanting rocks and hills to sand-drift,
As the flames my wood to ashes sift."

Slowly now move on the flickering measures,
Telling low the dying drift-wood's tale,
As it whispers of the far-off forest
Where its mighty branches fought the gale;
Softly lisp the echoes of its leafage
Shivering 'neath November's frosty breath,
While its coals repeat the crimson flush—
Worn by leaves that feel the kiss of death.

Faintly murmurs still the fire voice dying,
Fading scarlet pales to ashen gray—
Telling in the drift-wood's little drama
All that human history may say.
Then might sable dolor tinge the sequel,
Pictured not another symbol true:
Phoenix-soul, uprising like the smoke wraith,
Blue ascending unto heaven's blue.

"THE WEST'S AWAKE!"

CANADA IN WAR TIME

By Mary Synon



ON the third day of November, 1914, three months after the beginning of the Great War of Europe, a prospector flung his pack from a Siwash dugout upon the shore of the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Saint James. A big man, with a trace of military training in his uprightness and the tense look of the gold-cruiser in his eyes, he faced the little group of white men and Indians who gave welcome to his coming. "Is it true," he asked them, "that England's fighting Germany?"

"Where've you been these months past?" the Scotch factor burred at him.

"Up in the Omenica," came the answer. "Just heard of this war three weeks ago, and I've been coming ever since. Has any one gone from Canada yet?"

"Fifty thousand men."

"I'm a little late," said the man of the pack, "but I'm not the only one in the rear-guard. The chaps of the Strathcona Horse are scattered from Ungava to Bering Sea, and from Fifty-three to the Pole. But we'll all be together for the Big Show."

Down through the meadow-lands of the Stuart, where the Indians were bringing in the wild hay, out into the green fields of the white man's valley of the Nechako, he took his way to Vanderhoof, that town where the civilization of the world's northernmost transcontinental cleaves the garden that old Simon Fraser found in the Northwest wilderness. To the agent of the first east-bound train the belated veteran of the Strathcona gave order. "Put me off," it was, "at the first town that's sending a contingent. Where is it?"

"Anywhere in the West," came the answer, "and everywhere. It's the West that's gone to war."

Anecdote and annotation sum up the history of Canada's part in the conflict.

The man from the Omenica, speeding eastward to give himself to the Allied armies, flaunted on his banner the spirit of Canada's West. For it is the West of the land of the north that has caught the high thrill of heroic excitement which sends men to war. From Halifax to Vancouver a country tensely nationalized by the importance to its future of the battles of Flanders and of France tingles to the war news. War has drawn Canada taut till every town, every city, every hamlet, gives back answer to the bugle of patriotism; but from the Red River to Prince Rupert runs a higher, shriller note of the tocsin that proclaims Canada's share in the struggle that shakes the world. The West, that vast territory with Winnipeg at its portals, spreading out to the Pacific and up into the Arctic, has been flinging eastward in the last year and a half an army that has no parallel among the armies with whom it has merged, a great crusading army going overseas because of an ideal of service and winning for itself and its country pages in the book of history; and now, with the characteristic courage that saved the country from the resultant condition that might have been catastrophic in a land less virile, the West of Canada has rallied to another call. Armies must be fed; and for the feeding of war-stunned Europe and the Allied armies Western Canada is shipping over a bristling ocean 200,000,000 bushels of wheat out of the harvest that gilded her fields.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories, and the Yukon, with less than one-fifth the population of the Dominion of Canada within their far-flung boundaries, have contributed more than one-half the 121,000 soldiers which Canada has given the Allied armies. Sixty-five thousand men have enlisted from the western provinces. Western Canada has a population of 1,400,000 people. At the rate

of one in five, this means 280,000 men. One in three is an extraordinarily high rate of eligibles for service among the men of the country. Using this rate, a few more than 99,000 men of the West of Canada were eligible to serve in the army. The 65,000 who have enlisted are therefore more than two-thirds of the available men of the country. There is only one instance in history of a volunteer enlistment that equalled the same ratio, that of the Confederate States of America during the Civil War. Consider with this that the soldiers of the Confederacy were fighting in their own territory, and that the Canadians have travelled anywhere from 2,000 to 4,000 miles overland before they came to the sea they must cross, and you will face the fact of an army—not of mercenaries, but of men—that has set out with the zeal of crusaders upon a journey that makes the Anabasis of the army of Cyrus the Persian a child's wandering.

With two-thirds of her men of military availability gone, the West of Canada faced the problem of keeping up her home standard. She had given of men, of money, unstintedly to the cause she espoused. Through one winter her fields lay fallow. Spring came with promise. Then summer lifted into life the words of the prophet: "And lo, God comes, yea, even with a recompense." Canada's recompense was her harvest. Through the prairie provinces the glory of the grain, weighted upon the earth, raised spears of hope to the sun. So vast was the stretch of its yellow acreage, so heavy its burden to the acre, that for its garnering the Dominion Government had to send 29,000 men, 9,000 of them soldiers in training, to the wheat-fields. So great was the crop that 4,000 special trains of 50,000 bushels capacity to each train have been bearing their burdens from the fields to the elevators at the head of the Great Lakes, at Fort Williams and Port Arthur. From there, as fast as they can be filled, go the grain fleets on their perilous journey of carrying food to the war-swept lands of Europe. Somewhere down in the Saint Lawrence they are passing the transports of the rear-guard, men destined to fill the gaps in the ranks left by the fighting in France and in Flanders,

men from the Rockies and the Cascades, from the backwaters of the Peace River country, from the islands beyond Prince Rupert, from the tracks beyond the Old Telegraph Trail, come from the ends of the earth over portages and ice-bound passes, going to find places in those regiments that won distinguished honors at Langemarcke and Festubert. From the first day of the war Western Canada has been doing more than her part. Even now, with less enthusiasm, but with finer, grimmer determination, she continues to pour out men, money, munitions, until a journeying from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the country to the north leaves the observer with the conviction that in spirit and in sympathy this is a war of the West.

In the time while England's entrance into the war hung in the balance Eastern Canada, except French Quebec, swung toward a policy of upholding England in any possible contingency. The West of Canada, un-English in sentiment, opposed the idea. Then Germany entered Belgium. The West blazed with beacons of anger. Western Canada went to war, not because of any so-called "colonial" loyalty to England, but from a desire to avenge the invasion. The old-time Western idea that no man should stand idly by while the big fellow strikes his little neighbor has been the motive that took the farther provinces to war.

Quebec, that gray old city on the hills, sentinelling the way to the sea, thrusts her towers skyward like bristling bayonets; but Quebec, even with Valcartier just beneath her ramparts, drowns like a gray old woman who has seen too many wars to be stirred by the thrill of any of them. Montreal, child of the two races fighting side by side in the western trenches of Europe, cheers the victories and grieves over the losses of the far-away armies; but her own sons seem to go about their day's work in the day's fashion. Ottawa, fronting the river as it fronts the nation, frowns over the cares of state. Toronto, more Scottish than Edinburgh, rushes out its curbstone crowds to cry for the Highlanders who go to war; but the business of Toronto appears to run about as usual. It is only when one comes to Winnipeg that he realizes how the young men of

Canada have followed the fife. From Winnipeg westward the very streets of the towns tell their own stories of the men who marched over them behind the music of the regimental bands. The West has gone to war.

On the morning of the 5th of October, a detachment of 500 men were leaving Winnipeg. Young—there wasn't one of them over twenty-five—they marched along Portage Avenue with the look of schoolboys on parade. Sidewalk crowds were cheering them. The boys smiled back, not merrily, as the Little Black Devils had smiled as they went out from Winnipeg a year ago last August, but just as bravely. At the head of one of the companies walked a tall young officer from Prince Rupert who had been the gayest of a dinner-party in the Fort Garry Hotel only the night before. "We're off to Belgium in the morning!" had been his blithe farewell to his friends, the words rising over the strains of "Kathleen Mavourneen," which the orchestra had all too opportunely chosen. One of the older men who heard him turned away from his study of the boy's eager face. "And he knows as well as I do," he said, "that once he gets in the trenches, an officer has only a seven days' chance of life and a private thirty!" The boy knew it; and so did every other boy of the 500 who stepped forth on that sunny October day. Winnipeg has good reason to remember.

Last April there came back to the Manitoba city a story that thrilled the town with pride and sorrow. The Winnipeg Rifles, whose gallantry and dash had won for them in the Riel Rebellion the sobriquet of "The Little Black Devils," had added to their everlasting glory by their heroism at Ypres. They had been in the trenches at Ypres on the day of the 22d of April when the French had been overwhelmed by the poisonous gas fumes of the German attack. On the next day their turn had come. The bluish haze of vapor, rising before them at dawn, clouded their senses for a time; but they hung on, waiting for the German rush. The rush came. A line of gray-green forms rose to meet it. Vomiting, coughing, gasping for breath, the Winnipeg riflemen held their trenches

fast. For two days they stood at their posts. That two days' stand changed the tide of the battle. The 8th Battalion had "held its bit." That "bit" saved the British army. Canada cheered from coast to coast. Winnipeg counted the cost when the cables flashed the report that only 216 of the men of the 90th Rifles had come back from the trenches of Ypres. She counted again when in the course of the next fortnight four other thousand of her young men enlisted for service and were sent to the concentration camp at Sewell.

The type of men who enlisted is an important element in the outcome of Canada. Twenty-three members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange went. A prominent attorney, whose brother had died at Ypres, joined the army. More than 300 college students went into camp. So high did the feeling run in Winnipeg that girls took to pinning white feathers on the coats of young men who were known to be free from family obligations and who had not yet enlisted. When the last man shall have gone from Sewell, if that need shall arise, Winnipeg will say, with one of her most famous citizens, the the Hon. Bruce Walker, commissioner of immigration for the Dominion: "My grief is that I have no son to send, and that I am too old to go."

At Sewell, the largest concentration camp in Canada, where 11,000 men wait orders to go overseas, the khaki-clad "rookies" chafe over the delay, even while they learn the rudiments of trench warfare under the tutelage of an even more impatient group of officers. Some of these officers have been invalided home after heroic exploits on the fields of Flanders and Gallipoli. They have at least a memory of achievement; but the officers of the Fort Garry and of the Strathcona Horse, drilling hundreds of new men every week, watching younger men go forth to service, have to hold hard to remember that they too are doing their bit.

Beyond Sewell, on the prairies of the Saskatchewan, the level wheat-fields have their own story of what the war has brought to them, as well as of what they have given to the war. There are thousands of farms in Western Canada to-day

where the work is being done by old men, by women, and by young boys, just as the work of the war-tossed lands of Europe is being done by them. At Wainwright, one of the towns of Saskatchewan, a man of seventy-four was binding the grain. "My three boys are at the front," he said proudly, "and I'd be there if they'd take me." He himself had taken up his rifle against Louis Riel. Now he was doing his part by labor he had long since resigned to the three hardy young giants who had gone to France. On a neighboring ranch four women were doing the work that three men had been wont to do before they went to war. There isn't a town in the prairie provinces that has not sent its quota to the regiments.

Beyond the prairies, however, one must go for the heaviest enlistment. British Columbia holds the record for sending more men to the Allied armies than any other division of the empire of England. In one month 1,200 men came up the Fraser River from points on the old Cariboo Trail to join the regiment there. Wallachin, a town on the trail, sent 47 men to the front out of 67 eligible citizens of the town. Vancouver sent 10,000 men out of its population of 110,000. Prince Rupert went over this ratio. Every settlement in British Columbia has its soldier in the ranks. Most of the recruits, like the men from the Omenica, travelled two and three weeks to reach the railroad. One man was five weeks going down to Edmonton from the extreme north of the Peace River country.

Of the cities of Western Canada no one has reason for greater pride than has Edmonton. Set high on the banks of the Saskatchewan, the town is the clearing-house of the last West. A city of vivid contrasts, where one of the finest hotels on the western hemisphere shadows tarpaper shacks and log cabins, where cowboys from the ranges of Alberta and Indians from the reservations ride past the marble façades of stately bank buildings, Edmonton filters the adventures of the world in her times of peace. From Edmonton the first rush to the Klondike went forth. Into it poured the railway-builders, the prospectors, the settlers bound toward the valley of the Nechako, the plains of the Athabasca, the moun-

tains of the Yukon, the prairies of the Peace. Americans, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Canadians, men from half the countries of Europe and some of the lands of Asia drifted in and out of Edmonton in the backwash of the Klondike, the return from the South African campaign, and the great wave of Western Canadian development. Through ten years the city grew apace. Then came the war.

With the first trumpet Edmonton arose. The original draft for the Princess Patricia's, 300 men and their officers of the famous regiment that went down to death in glory, was raised in Edmonton on the day after war was declared, the day on which Sir Robert Borden, premier of the Dominion, sent his cablegram to England, offering Canadian troops. Nearly every man of those 300, the most daring adventurers of the Northwest, "pick of the world," as the West called them, fell on the fields of Saint Eloi; but every place their deaths left has been filled from the ranks of later volunteers from the Alberta capital. Three days after war was declared a squadron of dragoons went out of Edmonton as the 19th Alberta. The 101st Edmonton Fusiliers went as a unit. In the first month of war 2,500 men left Edmonton to rejoin regiments in the British, French, Russian, or Belgium armies. Between that time and this 6,000 men have gone from Edmonton, either to France by way of England or to the concentration camps of Canada to wait the summons overseas. Out of a population of 60,000 Edmonton has given more than 9,000 fighting men to the war. Add to these the men who came hundreds of miles by canoe from the posts of the farthest north, the men who rode in from the great plains, the men who packed in from the bush, all seeking enlistment in Canada's army, and some realization arises of the spirit of adventure that is the mainspring of the spirit of empire.

One must rebuild the social life of Edmonton, however, going back two years for the stones, to realize how the war has taken from Canada her best blood. Not only have the younger sons gone back to fight for the England that sent them out, dying in the trenches as did young Lionel West, but the young Canadians

who brought the grace of the east to the prairie provinces, the Americans who blazed the farthest trails, the Russians, the Frenchmen, and Italians who made life in the West a cosmopolitan holiday,

To those men and women who have performed stayed at home a splendid record of service has been possible. North Alberta has raised more than \$100,000 for the Canadian Patriotic Fund, that official



Presentation of colors to the 51st Battalion at Edmonton, Alberta Province.

Mrs. A. F. Ewing, of the Independent Order of the Daughters of the Empire, presenting the "Kings" and "Regimental" colors on the eve of departure for overseas service. Lieutenant-Colonel George B. McLeod, commanding, appears in the foreground.

have donned the khaki and marched away to the blare of the bands. Remembering what Edmonton was in days before clouds of strife cast their shadow from Europe, is it any wonder that the orchestra at the MacDonald never plays now the famous song of the Saskatchewan? For its phrase,

"It is springtime now in gay Paree,"

holds too much of heartbreak for those who know that springtime in France made green the grass on the grave of many a boy who used to dance by the banks of the Saskatchewan.

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organization founded to aid the wives, children, and other dependent relatives of officers and men, residents of Canada, who are on active service with the Allied armies or waiting in reserve for allotment. The Edmonton Board of Trade raised \$13,000 in one day for Belgian relief and on another day subscribed the money for two machine guns for Edmonton regiments. The local branch of the Red Cross has been working daily on supplies for the soldiers. In July, 1915, this one branch sent 63 cases of supplies to wounded soldiers in France. In these cases more than 11,000 articles, including

every known requirement for the outfitting of hospital patients, had been packed. With the realization that the women who have labored in this work have been among the immediate sufferers from the war, comes the understanding of their immolating idea of devotion. The women of Edmonton, in common with the rest of the women of Canada, have done their part.

In the long run, it is the women of any country who suffer most cruelly from war. The women of Canada have been no exception to the rule. In fact, a canvass of the country would seem to show that the wives, and sisters, and mothers of the Canadians who have gone to war have been burdened with even greater responsibilities than have the women of England. The number of women who are taking men's places on Western farms runs high in the thousands. The courage with which they have looked after these obligations is only equalled by their refusal to consider themselves heroic. A story illustrative of their trials and of their manner of meeting them is told by Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Edmonton, one of the best-beloved as well as of the best-known women of Western Canada.

Mrs. McClung was in the North Market of Edmonton when she met the English girl. The girl, ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed, had driven seventy-five miles to market, coming from the Peace River district. "Are you all alone out there?" Mrs. McClung asked her. "I am now," the girl said. "My brothers went back to the war. My sister was on her way out from the old country, but she was a nurse, and when war came, she felt she should return." "And you're out there alone?" "Well," said the girl consideringly, "some one had to stay by the stuff."

That spirit of "staying by the stuff" has marked the women of Western Canada through the course of this hardest year in the history of the new country. Not only have women taken men's places in the harvesting, not only have they worked on the homesteads, chopping and burning to make clearings, not only have they sent of their finest young women as nurses to the battle-fields, not only are they giving millions of dollars in supplies to the soldiers, not only are they solving the problems of unemployment for women by sending the girls from the cities out to the places where work awaits them, not only are they aiding in the



The 8th Battalion receiving supplies.

This battalion suffered the greatest loss at Ypres of any in action.
For the feeding of war-stunned Europe Western Canada is shipping 200,000,000 bushels of wheat.—Page 85.



Reproduced by permission of the Canadian Northern Railway System.

Artillery crossing the pontoon bridge at Valcartier Military Camp.

This bridge was built in ten hours under direction of Major "Bill" Lindsay.

raising of money for the Patriotic Fund that supplements the governmental allowance for soldiers' families, not only are they working for the Red Cross and the ambulance corps, not only are they knitting and making bandages, but they are also doing the finer deeds of patient waiting and splendid sacrifice in letting their men go from them ungrudgingly.

There is not a woman in Canada who does not realize what her anxiety will be when the man of her family goes to the front; and yet few women in Canada have held back their men. There is, of course, a natural resentment against the enlistment of married men when there are single men at home. There is also a growing feeling of anger against those Englishmen in the old country who have not offered themselves in the war. But, in the main, the spirit of the Canadian woman is one of unprotesting sacrifice, with something of the Spartan ideal in her silence.

Every boat going to England from Canada carries a score of women to wounded sons, or brothers, or husbands. Sometime in September a woman travelled alone from Dawson to Bayeaux to be with her husband. That he died of his

wounds while she was on the ocean added to the poignancy of the tragedy. Mrs. Mercereau, wife of a Harvard professor who returned to his native Canada to enlist, found her husband in the officers' ward of the Royal Free Hospital in London after she had sought him on the fields of France. To many of the women of Canada her lot in being able to find and care for her husband is a happy one, for the corroding knowledge that other women hold the privilege of nursing their men has come to the women of the West.

Another thought, too, has come to some, at least, of the women of the North since the war has taken 120,000 men out of the life of the country. The western provinces have always been so plentifully supplied with men that the question of the unmarried woman has not seriously affected the Dominion. The war, however, has awakened the realization that the scarcity of men will change the status of women. A married woman in Winnipeg, wife of an officer at the front, stated the case of the single woman. "She'll be the aftermath of the tragedy," she said. But a girl in Edmonton, one of the belles of the town's gay days, spurned the commiseration. "We're not the ones to be



The 48th Highlanders of Toronto.

Toronto, more Scottish than Edinburgh, rushes out its curbstone crowds to cry for the Highlanders who go to war.—Page 86.

sorry for," she said. "It's the wives and the mothers of men who'll bear the burden."

The women's patience of determination has been infused into the national flood of patriotism. It is that ideal that animates the men who are going from Canada now, just as it was the thrill of novelty, of high hope, of daring, that took out the men who sped away with the first contingent.

To go to war in the first excitement of bugles and banners; to go with flags flying and crowds cheering; to go in the faith of speedy victories; this is the spirit of the adventurer. But to go to war in the knowledge that you're going to fill the gap in the ranks; to go to war in the thought that the odds are all against your life; to go to war in the certainty of a long, dreary struggle in a strange land; this is the spirit of the hero. This is the spirit in which the men of the West are going now. The flags still fly, the bands still play, but the memory of Festubert and Langemarcke rises from the trenches in front of the boys who answer this summons that flares its purple and white of mourning from every railway station, every hotel, every bank of the West:

*"You're wanted, Sonny!
The Boys at the Front
Are calling you!"*

*There's a gap in the ranks that needs filling.
There's a place for a man in the Khaki
line that stretches across France.*

*A few hundred thousand of Britain's best
are out where the fighting is taking place
and the men in the forefront are wonder-
ing when you are coming.*

*You'll shout, sonny, when the boys come
marching home and curse your luck that
you didn't go. So what are you waiting
for?*

*That place in the line of Khaki needs filling.
Why not by you?*

*Can't you hear the bugle sounding through-
out the Empire, "Fall in!"*

*Can't you hear the boys at the front calling
you?*

*Can't you hear the marching of your pals
who have answered their country's call?*

*Sonny! you're wanted. The Khaki boys in
France are asking for you. There's a
gap in the ranks that needs filling.*

You fill it and join the army now.

God Save the King!"

Why has this West given of men and supplies out of all proportion to her population?

The lure of the West is the lure of the war. Men go to war to increase their possessions or to defend them. They go with the zest of adventure lifting their spears. They go forth in that spirit of

conquest that has driven the human race outward from Asia. Men go to war in the thrilling excitement of awakened emotions as old as the race. For all these reasons men go West.

The trumpet of war, sounding through Eastern Canada, signalled over a middle-aged land, a developed land, a land of set traditions and standard. Its blare aroused the mind, but not the pulse of the listening people. Its blast swept out to the West, to a land of youth, a land of adventure and of adventurers. Men, come into the Canadian West on the wings of promise of gold or grain, heard in the trumpeted note the call of a more stirring adventure. To some few of them it was the summons of the motherland to her sons. To most of them it was another adventure. Men from the Klondike, from the British Columbian mines, from the plains of the territories, made a rush to the enlistment centres that swirled like the crowds of '98 on the Dawson Trail.

One of every ten of the men who have fallen with the Western regiments have their nearest relatives in the United States. Harry Trathe, the sheriff of Deadwood, South Dakota, died with the

Canadians in the battle of the Champagne in September, while scores of men from Washington, Oregon, and Montana were crossing the border to join the reinforcements of the 7th Battalion that was being organized as "The Western Scots." In fact, so great has been the rush of Americans into the Canadian army that the Dominion authorities have been struggling to prevent American enlistments. War makes stranger bedfellows than does politics; and the voluntary enlistments have brought together diverse elements of nationality under one standard of intention.

One may not pass even in cursory survey over Canada's part in the war without mention of two elements of extreme political importance: one is the attitude of the French-Canadians toward the war; the other is the problem of the aliens and the retention camps.

At the outbreak of the conflict all Canada held the belief that the French-Canadian enlistment would be exceptionally large. The fact that it has failed to come up to any large number has aroused more than a little comment. Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself undertook to augment the enlistment among his race.



From a photograph taken at Valcartier Camp.

The 90th Winnipeg Rifles.

The Winnipeg Rifles, whose gallantry and dash had won for them in the Riel Rebellion the sobriquet of "The Little Black Devils," had added to their everlasting glory by their heroism at Ypres.—Page 87.

Since his campaign the enlistment among the French-Canadians has increased, giving color to the theory of those who held that the habitants of Quebec were held back by lack of assurance concerning Canada's part in the war rather than from any lack of sympathy in the cause. For the French-Canadians, coming in first contact with the pro-British sentiment of Ontario before the men of the West swept their Canadian idea of empire across the land, seem to have regarded the war as England's affair rather than theirs. The Western belief that Canada has entered upon the war not for England's sake, but

for the right of small nations against aggrandizement by larger ones, is coalescing the estranged elements of the Dominion.

The question of the aliens has been more pressing. Until there came back to Canada persistent stories of the crucifixion of Canadian officers by German troops Canada was notably free from prejudice against her German colonists. These stories, the story of the *Lusitania*, and the distribution through the Dominion of certain German newspapers published in the United States aroused popular feeling to such a pitch that alien



Recruits of the 66th Battalion from the Peace River settlements.

Most of the recruits travelled two and three weeks to reach the railroad. One man was five weeks going down to Edmonton from the extreme north of the Peace River country.—Page 88.



Wives and dependants of enlisted soldiers whose government allowances are being supplemented by bimonthly payments from the Canadian Patriotic Fund, gathered in the Bijou Theatre, Edmonton, to hear an address by Sir Herbert Ames, the active head of the Fund.

camps for the retention of Germans and Austrians under suspicion were established for the care of these foreigners. For the greater part, however, the aliens in Canada seem to have adopted the Canadian attitude of mind, agreeing with the Chinese boy student in the Winnipeg school who succinctly stated his opinion of the cause of the war: "Germany said to Belgium," wrote the occidentalized youth, "'let me go through you.' Belgium said to Germany, 'I am a nation, not a road.'"

The war has developed through Canada a strong spirit of nationality. One may not go across the northern land in days like these without appreciation of her aroused patriotism. The leaven of Western standards of a Canada that is not a

colony but a nation has been raising the bread of national unity.

Across the forests and mountains of northern British Columbia runs the Dawson telegraph. Along it flashes every day the Associated Press report of the war news. Its operators have the right of bulletining these reports so that every office from Fort George to the Yukon becomes a daily news bureau for the surrounding country. I chanced to be in a station between Fort Saint James and the Omenica on the day when the story of the gains of the Allied armies in the battles around Verdun whizzed up the wires. There were two Canadian prospectors, old "sourdoughs" of the Klondike, already set down for service in Billy Cooke's company; an Amer-

ican timber cruiser; a Scot from Fort McLeod; a Chinese cook; a boy with a German name from lower Ontario; three Hindoos from a road gang; an Irishman from a fur trading-station on Takla Lake; and the telegraph operator from Montreal. To a man—except the cook—they cheered when the news of the Champagne came! It wasn't that England and France had won a victory from Germany; it was that "their boys" were winning. Every click of the telegraph through the northern wilderness was driving in another rivet of Canadian nationality.

For every sacrifice there is a recompense. With her nearest frontier 3,000 miles from the scene of conflict, Canada has borne more than her part in the war she has made her own. She has given of her youth, her

strength, her chivalry. She is earning her reward in the awakened pride of her people. Already she is binding her national-

ity with clamps of steel courage. She knows that her returning soldiers will come back to fling themselves out once more over the land. She is "staying by the stuff" against their return. The great winds of war have torn the dead leaves from the branches of her soul. With the new spring the sap is rising. The West's awake to a call beyond the call to battle. The West's awake to understanding of the great truths of the world; the truth that nations, like men, may not grow strong without

struggle, and the truth that nations, like men, may not dwell in the temples of eternity if they seek to serve both the Mammon of profit and the God of sacrifice.



Reproduced by permission of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Veteran of Riel Rebellion whose three sons have gone to war.

Now he was doing his part by labor he had long since resigned to the three hardy young giants who had gone to France.—Page 88.

THE VOLUNTEER

By William H. Hayne

UNCONQUERED by the thought of death,
Or wounds that ache and bleed,
His veins are filled with throbbing fire
In the vast hour of need.

No selfish caution binds his hands,
Or chains his eager feet—
"On to the front!" his watchword is,
Through triumph or defeat.

A nation has the mighty power
His inmost soul to stir—
He does not deem it sacrifice
To give himself for her.

A MILLION TOO MUCH

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER



BECAUSE he liked the smell of a newspaper-shop, Jerry Trimble had a sort of courtesy desk in the reporters' room of the *Morning Telegraph*; a desk at which he sat during odd hours in the week to compose paragraph reviews of other people's books, at space rates of five dollars the column. He told Honeybunch—otherwise Mrs. Jerry—that he wrote the reviews because he liked to—which was merely a transparent bit of bluff. She knew, and he knew that she knew, that the columnar five dollars was really the crutch upon which they limped along, while the magazine stories over which he toiled and sweated in the back room of their miniature flat on the North Side were largely the ornamental staff.

Jerry was sitting at this desk one hot morning, alone in the big room because nobody else had yet come down, when the lightning struck. A messenger boy played the part of the lead wire, and Jerry signed for the bolt offhand on the postal form, quite as if special-delivery letters were routine affairs in his busy and blameless life—which they were not.

With admirable self-control he refrained from opening the letter until the retreating boy was doing a double-shuffle vamp down the corridor. A summer-forenoon sun was blistering the asphalt in the streets, but from the fifteenth-story window at his elbow he looked out upon the lake dimpling under a northeast breeze. A big excursion boat was clearing the breakwater for its run to Milwaukee, and Jerry's heart smote him. For a month he had been threatening to fling a column or two of the book reviews into a day trip for Honeybunch and himself: she loved the water so, and the city heat was wilting her. But one may hardly take outing trips at the expense of one's landlord or of the humble but vitally necessary meal-ticket.

Confronted once more by the insurmountable obstacle, Jerry turned his back upon the window allurements and opened the envelope, wondering why the business card in the corner,

SIBLEY, SEXTON AND SIBLEY

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

DENVER, COLORADO

seemed vaguely familiar. Then he unfolded the sheet, and the lightning-flash blinded him. The letter ran thus:

"DEAR SIR:

"Having been appointed by the court administrators of the estate of the late Jeremiah Caldwell, intestate, we write to advise you that, after long and patient investigation, it has been proved to our satisfaction that you are the nearest of kin to the said intestate (the connection dating back two generations on your mother's side), and are therefore his legal heir.

"The estate consists of stocks, bonds, and other securities valued, as per schedule filed with the court, at \$1,002,600, together with \$87,600 cash in banks. Please advise disposition of the property, the sum total of which, less our administrators' fees, is now at your disposal.

"Since it seemed inadvisable to awaken hopes which might prove disappointing, we have not communicated with you since our letter of inquiry of last February, preferring to pursue our investigation independently and notifying you only when all doubts were removed.

"Very truly yours,

"SIBLEY, SEXTON AND SIBLEY.

"Per B."

Jerry read the letter once for the words in it, and a second time for the sense. Then something let go in his brain, and he floated off into space. When he came back to earth he found himself staring out of the window at the lake with its

dimpling wavelets flashing in the sun. The lightning-stroke had come out of a clear sky. There had been but the one letter, six months earlier, from the Denver law firm. Giving as a reason for the inquiry some vague reference to a genealogical research they were making, they

wait behind the lawyers' casual inquiry. And now the incredible, the unthinkable, thing had actually come to pass!

Half-absently he turned to the pad of copy paper and began to make figures. Like most men who write, or wish to write, he was diffident in arithmetic; for which cause he left out the odd \$2,600 and the cash in banks, and dealt with the even million. At good sound savings-bank four per cent the income would be—at first he made it four hundred dollars a year, and when that seemed too small he made it four thousand. One more surge put the decimal point in the right place, and again he floated off into the stellar remotenesses. *Forty thousand dollars a year!* The Lord have mercy!

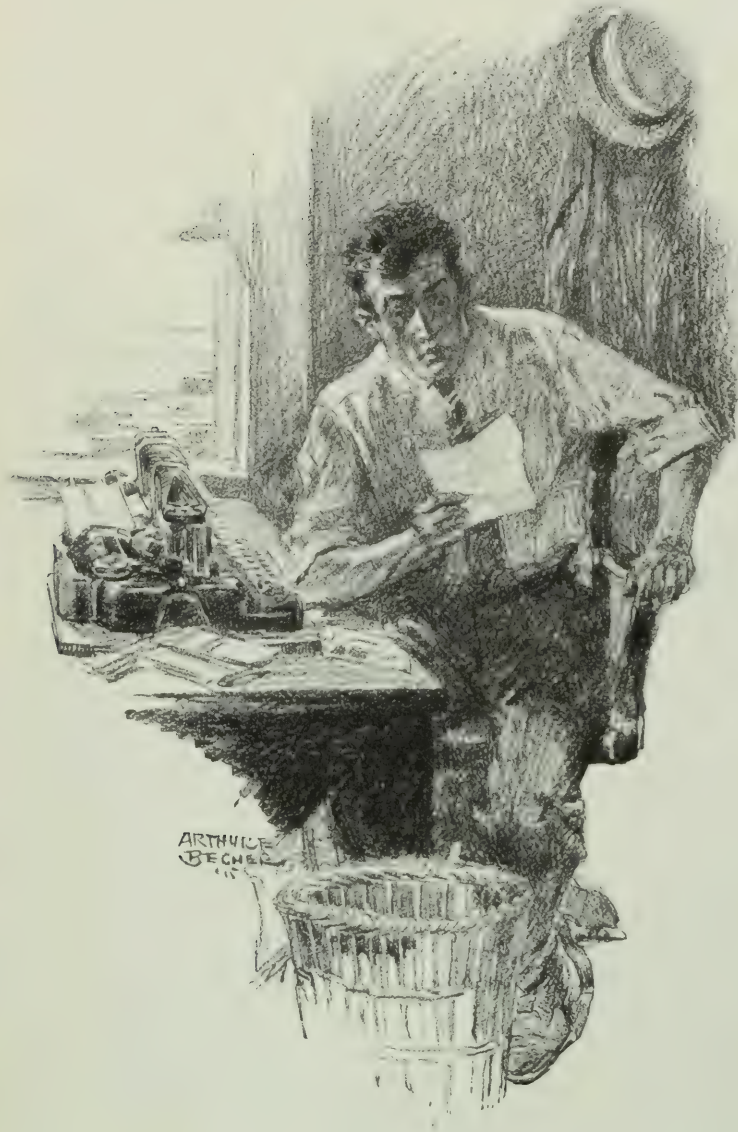
Jerry had read somewhere that, in moments of world wreckings and chaotic cataclysms, the perfectly normal person goes on quietly doing the commonplace task. He had been writing a review of the latest "best-seller" when the lightning had struck, and now he squared himself at the desk and tried to finish it. He might as well have tried to fly without wings. In the midst of a sentence he found himself calculating again—this time with gilt-edged, real-estate, first-mortgage six per cent as the multiple. Again the ciphers and the decimal point confused him, but he finally arrived at the terrifying result—\$60,000 a year. He shut his eyes and strove to

had asked a number of questions about his ancestry, and he had answered them, chiefly because there seemed to be no sufficient reason for being churlish about it.

Having replied to the letter, he remembered how they—he and Honeybunch—had joked over the imaginary fortune which they had pretended was lying in

imagine it. It was as impossible as an attempt to measure the height of Mount Everest with a tailor's tape.

Jerry dropped his pencil. Clearly, paragraph reviews at five or any number of dollars a column were out of the question for the time being. Pocketing the Denver letter, he sought the elevators and had himself lowered to the street



Jerry read the letter once for the words in it, and a second time for the sense.—Page 97.

level. Of course, there must be a mistake, a hideous, monstrous mistake. The letter must have been intended for some other Trimble. Without doubt there were hundreds of William J. Trimbles in the world. Like the rainbow pot of gold, the huge fortune—huge at least to a Jerry Trimble—would vanish into thin air at the first attempt to lay hold of it. For his own peace of mind Jerry resolved to lose no time in applying the vanishing-test.

In the writing-room of the nearest hotel he composed a telegram to Sibley, Sexton and Sibley.

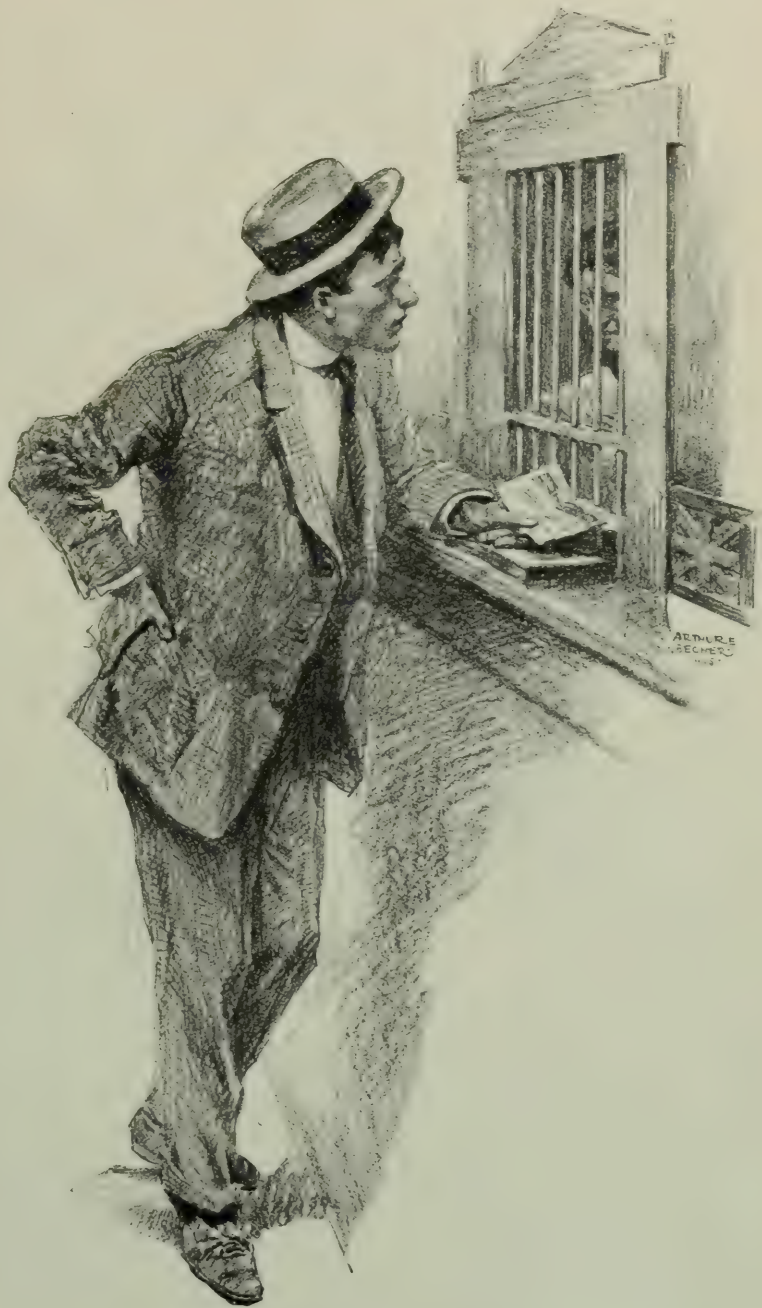
"Letter received. Wire Lakeside Commercial Bank, Chicago, to pay me"—he nibbled the penstaff, debating as to whether he should say one thousand or five thousand, and finally, with an "Oh, what's the odds!" went on—"fifty thousand dollars on demand. Further instructions by letter."

"That will puncture the bubble all right," he mused, going in search of the telegraph desk. But when the young woman operator had counted the words and given him the rate he gasped as one who has had a narrow escape. It took the last nickel he had in his pockets—he felt in all of them—to pay for the message.

It was not until he was turning away from the telegraph alcove that the full realization of what he had done came smashing down upon him. In the long dry spells between story sales they ran frightfully close to the wind, Honeybunch and he. True, it was pay-day at the newspaper office; but pay-day on the *Telegraph* meant pay-night, and the odd change just squandered on the Denver wire should have covered his carfare to the distant North Side flat, and the cost of two modest luncheons at

the Dairy Quick Meal around the corner in Halsted Street—this because they had nibbled the final hole in the meal-ticket for breakfast.

Jerry was horrified. His first impulse



"Read it and see if you think it's good enough to persuade you to lend me a five-spot for a few days."—Page 100.

was to try to recall the telegram and get his money back. He could go without luncheon—it wouldn't be the first time by many—but those few miserable coins meant all the difference between Honeybunch hungry and Honeybunch fed. Wheeling quickly, he saw that the impulse

had come too late. The young woman operator was already sending his message to the central office.

For an instant the mental machinery stopped dead and he saw black. Then he came alive with a shock that hurt. Could a man starve the wife of his bosom? And especially a man who had just been notified, however mistakenly, that he had fallen heir to a million-odd dollars?

He waited, ripe for robbery, arson, or murder, while the young woman was tapping her key. When the clicking ceased he had invented a desperate expedient.

"Have you sent it?" he inquired.

The young woman nodded.

"All right; now please make me a copy, with a signed notation giving the time of sending."

The operator demurred. She had never been asked to do anything like that. The company had no rule covering such things. Jerry, with fear in his heart and honey under his tongue, argued and persuaded. The young woman hesitated, but finally gave him the required duplicate. With the certified copy of the telegram in his pocket, Jerry trudged six squares in the broiling heat to the Lakeside Commercial, the bank where he had a speaking acquaintance with the paying teller, Dabney—Dabney being the person who cashed his infrequent story checks at the usual charge of twenty-five cents each for collection.

It was nearing the noon hour, and there was a lull in the rush of customers when he entered the bank and sought the teller's window.

"Hello, Jerry," said Dabney; "another check? How big is it this time?"

The friendly greeting cut Jerry to the quick. He had come to the bank determined to approach Dabney for a small personal loan, using the magic letter and his telegram merely as a half-joking introduction to the more serious matter. And Dabney was making it hard. Still, the exigencies were biting. A heart-rending picture of Honeybunch going without her luncheon drove him over the brink.

"I haven't any check to-day, Dabney," he whispered. "More than that, I'm broke, and I've got to have a little

money. Read that"—shoving the letter between the rods of the brass grille—"read it and see if you think it's good enough to persuade you to lend me a five-spot for a few days."

Now that the dreadful thing was done and could not be undone he hung his head. If there had been any lingering doubt about the mistaken-identity hypothesis it was slain now, and he saw himself trading with stolen credentials upon the credulity of a friend. It was only the thought of Honeybunch going without her luncheon that enabled him to plunge again without giving himself time to flinch or to take shame for the change that came over Dabney's face at the reading of the letter.

"Look at this, too, while you're at it," Jerry added, pushing the certified copy of his telegram under the wicket.

The teller scarcely glanced at the telegram. Snapping the latch of the wicket he thrust out a hand to the son of sudden fortune.

"Shake, Trimble, old man!" he exclaimed heartily. "You certainly have my congratulations! A full-grown million and then some—great Moses! No more story checks for yours, eh? What was it you were saying just now about a five-spot? Why, my dear fellow, that's absurd! Come around and meet our cashier."

The teller latched his wicket, called the second man to the window, and led the way to the rear, Jerry following outside of the grilles with his brain in a whirl. A moment later Dabney was introducing him to a man at a desk in a railed-in pen; a most luxurious pen with soft-piled rugs on the floor and mahogany furnishings. Then he found himself sitting in a chair beside the desk and realized that Dabney had given the smooth-shaven, cold-eyed cashier the two deceiving documents to read.

He lost count of the number of deaths he died before the cold-eyed gentleman summoned a clerk with a touch of a push-button, gave him the letter with whispered instructions, and then excused himself brusquely to talk with a customer at the railing. Dimly Jerry understood that by some occult process known only to banks and bankers his letter was being tested out for its genuineness. The clerk returned

in due time and put the letter, which had acquired a pinned-on pencilled memorandum in its travels, upon the cashier's desk. The next thing Jerry knew, the cold eyes

"But I take it from this telegram you have sent that you are intending to open one. We'll anticipate for you. How much do you want?"



"How much?" put in the perching listener.—Page 104.

were smiling genially across at him and the man behind them was saying:

"Dabney says you are needing a little tide-over, Mr. Trimble. Have you an account with us?"

"N-no," said Jerry.

For one ridiculous instant Jerry caught himself on the verge of saying: "A five-spot." The ghastly humor of it choked him, and while he hesitated the cashier filled out a promissory note, talking as he wrote.

"We are glad to have you with us, Mr. Trimble, and glad to accommodate you. We'll make it five, and if that isn't enough you may have more. Sign your name right here, if you please." Jerry signed blindly and the blotter in the cashier's hands flicked over the signature. "Now, if you will step around to the bookkeeper's window——"

Jerry saw the cashier scribble a hieroglyph on the corner of the note, saw the paper passed through a wicket in the wire partition to a waiting clerk, and then felt himself going, going, gone. In the next lucid interval he was standing at the bookkeeper's window with a pass-book and a pocket check-book in his hand. He took one peep into the pass-book and his collar grew suddenly tight. The single credit entry was for five thousand dollars, less the bank discount of eight per cent on the loan for thirty days.

Now there is a point beyond which mere jelly-like endurance crystallizes into jaunty daring. Jerry went to a side desk, wrote out a check for a thousand dollars, and a moment later he was shoving it under Dabney's wicket.

"I'll take it in specie, if you please; fives, tens, and twenties," he announced calmly.

Dabney laughed. "A thousand dollars in gold coin? Why, man alive! it'll weigh between three and four pounds!"

"I don't care. Give me one of the fives in silver and put the gold in two sacks."

"You writing chaps are the limit!" chuckled the teller, stripping his gold rack to fill the two bags. "What's the object? What's the use of having a bank-account and a check-book if you have to lug all this pot-metal around with you?"

"It's just a notion," Jerry confided vaguely; and it was—a purely childish notion. Since the attempt to borrow a few dollars had saddled him with five thousand of them—minus the discount—he had impulsively determined to take a pocketful of gold home to Honeybunch, so that she might—oh, well, it was foolishly unexplainable, but so, for that matter, are hundreds of things the most ordinary mortal does every day of the world.

Obsessed with the mental picture of Honeybunch's shocked astoundment when he should pour out the sacks of gold for her benefit, Jerry watched the bag-filling with a fascinated eye. So, quite unheeded of Jerry, did another: a furtive, narrow-chested young fellow who stood on the sidewalk looking on through the plate-glass street window opposite the teller's wicket. When Jerry left the bank, with a hand under each coat pocket to hold the weight of the coin, the lounge met him at the door and shuffled after him to the street crossing.

What happened after this was recallable to Jerry only in its general aspect. He remembered letting three street-cars pass because they were jammed to the platforms, and that he waited, with a pocket in each hand, in the midst of a jumble of sidewalk obstructions in front of a new steel sky-scraper. When the fourth car came it, too, was crowded; but he took it, wedging his way into the aisle jam, and relinquishing his hold upon the weighted pockets only while he was paying his fare out of the loose silver which he had tucked into a waistcoat pocket.

On the way up-town the car crowd thinned out, and when Jerry, still holding his pockets, dropped off at the North Side street, Mrs. Jerry, starched-linened and sweet, with her pretty, girlish face framed in a modish little hat of her own trimming, was waiting for him.

"I was *so* hungry," she said; "and I thought you'd never come. You mustn't, you really *mustn't*, work overtime in that dingy old newspaper office, Jerry, dear."

Burdened with the pockets, Jerry was for going first to the apartment in the side street and having the golden shock over with. But the luncheon delay would be short, and he contrived to keep the weighted pockets—and his feelings—in the background while the "bread-and-milk-for-two, please" was served at a near-by dairy counter. Past this, the pockets troubled him again, but on the way around to the apartment Mrs. Jerry helped out, filling the gap with such a flood of diverting chatter that Jerry, who knew the symptoms, was sure that the postman had brought an unusually big packet of rejected manuscripts on his morning round.



"And now you'll never, *never* write the great American novel!"—Page 105

"Any mail?" he asked, after they had mounted the final flight of tiresome stairs in the flat-house and Honeybunch was unlocking their door.

"Plenty of it," she admitted grudgingly. "But you are not to bother with it until you've had a little rest. No, you needn't scold; I've hid it, and you shan't have it until after I have seen you laugh."

Jerry staggered into the tiny sitting-room, steadying himself with an arm around her waist. At the table where they sometimes ate, playing at house-keeping, he drew the two sacks from his pockets. "Shut your eyes," he com-

manded; and then he emptied the two sacks upon the table and the universe blew up with a jingling crash. By some hideous trick of legerdemain the two white canvas sacks had been transformed into two dirty pockets ripped from some ragman's coat. And at the climaxing moment they had yielded nothing but a double handful of common iron washers, slightly rusted as if they had been exposed to the weather.

"Well?" queried the one who was to have been shocked, opening her eyes at the metallic clatter. She was well used to surprises. Jerry had a habit of digging



"So it was, Trimble; so it was—just about a million too much."—Page 108.

his stories out of all sorts of recondite happenings. "Is it another story?"

Jerry's smile was ghastly.

"It is," he rejoined huskily; "the rippingest story that was ever invented, if—if I could only go on and invent some kind of an ending to it. But I can't—I never can."

"Tell it to me," she urged, sitting upon the arm of his chair and poking the pile of washers with an inquiring finger.

Jerry put his elbows on the table and took the creative clutch on his hair; and this time he did not let her see the ghastly smile.

"It opens with two young people, married, desperately poor, struggling for a living, and all that. Man gets a letter from lawyers telling him that he has fallen heir to an incredible pot of money, and——"

"How much?" put in the perching listener.

"Oh, say a million or more. Man

blows up, of course; goes off his head; knows there must be some horrible mistake—that he *can't* be the rightful heir. Still, he is ass enough to send a telegram. Paying for the wire takes every nickel he has in the world—and his wife is waiting to go to luncheon with him. Climax, first scene."

"Fine!" she applauded, clapping her hands. "How did you ever come to think of such a beautiful situation as that, Jerry, dear?"

"It—it just came to me," he stammered.

"Well, go on."

"Man has a fit when he realizes; tries to stop telegram and get his money back; too late—wire's already been sent. I forgot to say that the wire asked the Denver lawyers to telegraph him fifty thousand to one of the banks; just a bluff, you know, to see how far the ghastly mistake could run before it would trip and fall down. Fit subsides and leaves man cold and

trembly and desperate; no street-car fare and no money to buy wife's luncheon. Get the idea?"

"You are making it seem real enough to bite!" was the shuddery answer from the chair-arm.

"Sure it bites," said Jerry, warming to his task. "Something's got to be done, and done quick. Man gets an idea: makes telegraph operator give him a certified copy of his message, and with that and the letter he goes to the bank, meaning to make a joke of the thing, and on the strength of the joke to borrow a five-spot from the paying teller, whom he knows—just a little. Weakens at last minute and shows teller letter and telegram copy without explaining. Teller blows up; jerks wicket open to shake hands. 'Congratulations! Bully for you, old man! Come around and meet our cashier'—and all that."

"I see!" gurgled the chair-arm delightedly. "And then what?"

"Man has another fit. When he comes out of it he finds that he has met the cashier; that the hideous mistake has been taken for the real thing; that he has had a five-thousand-dollar borrow shoved at him; and that he has signed a thirty-day note for that amount. At that he goes off his head completely."

"Of course he would! Oh, good—splendidly good! What next?"

"Next, he does the most foolish thing ever—as he might under the shock of it. He cashes a check for a thousand dollars, gets it in two sacks of gold coin, and starts for home: mixed motives, of course; has some silly idea of dumping the gold into his wife's lap and letting her play with it for a little while; she was a poor girl, you know—college professor's daughter, or an editor's—and she had never seen that much money at one time in all her life; idiotic notion on the man's part, of course, but entirely human. When he reaches home he finds that the two coin sacks have been mysteriously transformed into two dirty coat pockets containing rusty iron washers. He has been 'frisked' in the crowded street-car. Climax, second scene."

His audience of one slipped an arm around his neck and pressed a soft cheek against the hair-clutching fingers.

"Splendid!" she murmured. "And you have worked it out to the final bit of realism—even to finding a pair of old pockets and filling them with the rusty iron things! How could you invent it all, Jerry, dear?"

Jerry looked around at her with stony eyes.

"I didn't invent it at all," he said soberly. "It all happened just as I've been telling you, and I am the goat," and with that he handed her the Denver lawyers' letter.

If he had missed seeing the shock which should have gone with the dumping of the coin sacks, he had a pretty fair substitute for it now in the widening of the slate-gray eyes, the sudden pallor driving the blood from the pretty cheeks, the breath coming in stifling little gasps.

"J-Jerry!" she faltered, slipping from the chair-arm to stand confronting him. "Do you mean to s-say that we've got a m-million dollars all our own?"

"Hold hard, little woman," he broke in quickly. "It isn't ours; it couldn't by any possibility be ours, you know."

"But it is—I *know* it is!" she sobbed, dropping into a chair to hide her face in the crook of a round arm bent upon the table. "It's ours, and we're disgustingly rich, and now you'll never, *never* write the great American novel! Oh, why couldn't he have left it to an orphan asylum or something it couldn't spoil!"

This was a point of view that hadn't occurred to Jerry, though now he saw the force of it immediately. What man, never so deeply bitten by the writing worm, could ever survive an attack of sixty thousand dollars a year? In an instant he had turned comforter.

"There, there—don't you worry a single minute, Honeybunch," he consoled, kissing the defenseless back of her neck. "It isn't ours, you must remember; I knew it the moment I had opened the letter. But we're in a horrible mess, just the same; almost as bad as if we were going to have sixty thousand a year. I've lost a thousand of the bank's money, and I don't know but what they can send me to Joliet for false pretenses, if they want to."

The prison prospect, or the reference to it, had apparently glanced off when she lifted a pair of April eyes to his.

fairly good stories could portray it. At the climax the cashier broke in abruptly.

"What did your wife say when she read the letter?" he demanded.

"She took it seriously, too, just as Dabney had. She cried and said that the money would spoil us; that I'd never be able to write anything worth while with all that money making it of no use to write. She said it was just a million too much."

By this time the cold-eyed gentleman in the desk-chair was chuckling soberly.

"So it was, Trimble; so it was—just about a million too much. Now that I know how your wife feels about it, I can stick the knife into you without hesitating. We have a wire from the administrators. There was a mistake, a most unaccountable mistake on the part of the stenographer to whom the letter was dictated. They say that the young woman must have been sick or out of her head."

"I see," said Jerry hopelessly; "she didn't address it right. I—perhaps you'd better ring for your policeman and have it over with, Mr. Corbin. I owe you a thousand dollars that I can't pay. I guess 'most any jury will say that I flim-flammed the bank out of it, and——"

"Never mind the thousand dollars," was the snappy interruption. "As I say, the stenographer made a mistake. She took the wrong figures from the pencil memorandum which was given her. The sum total, securities and cash in bank, should have been ten thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars instead of one million ninety thousand six hundred, as she copied it."

Jerry looked up wearily.

"I don't see what difference it makes, if none of it belongs to me," he protested.

"But the smaller total does belong to you," said the cashier, and Jerry was lost in astoundment to find that the smooth-shaven, hard-lined face could actually bend itself to an open laugh. "You are Jeremiah Caldwell's heir without any question of doubt. We've had this matter in hand for some time, you know, though the amount involved had never been mentioned. The lawyers wrote us, asking us to look you up. You are not a millionaire, Mr. Trimble, but you can at

least buy your wife a luncheon when she needs it."

Jerry staggered to his feet. "Ten thousand? And, with the thousand I've lost, it's still nine thousand? Th-that won't spoil us, Mr. Corbin; w-we'll keep just as well as if we'd been pickled in benzoate of soda!" he stammered incoherently. And then: "But the policeman—what made you send him after me?"

The cashier, still laughing, reached into a drawer of the open desk and drew out two bags of coin, chinking them down under Jerry's eyes on the drawn-out slide. "There is your lost thousand, Mr. Trimble. Dabney was afraid you might be taking too many chances, and he had our special officer follow you. When your pockets were picked on the street-car, the officer nabbed the thief and recovered the money. That was one reason why we sent him out to hunt you up. You'll be sensible, now, and put it back into your account, won't you?"

"Not on your life!" said Jerry, once more impulse-mad; "but this time I'll take a cab." And, dropping the sacked coin into his pockets, he rushed out and made a dash for the street.

Half an hour later he had climbed the stairs in the North Side apartment-house and was bursting into the tiny sitting-room.

"Jerry, dear—what is it?" cried the anxious one, who had seen the cab drive up. "Are you running away from the—the——"

"No!" he shouted. "I hurried home to tell you that I got that story all balled up. It was ten thousand that the man fell heir to instead of a sickening million, and that iron-washer business can all be cut out!" And with that he pushed her into a chair and emptied the coin sacks into her lap.

But the shock had been too long delayed. Without touching the yellow burden in her lap, she reached up and drew him down to her. "You foolish, foolish Jerry-boy!" was what she said; and in the street below the taxi-driver glanced at his recorder and wondered if the crazy man he had lately driven from the Lakeside Commercial was made of money or whether he merely had a million too much.

ANDY OF THE TIMOTHY QUARTET

By Arthur Johnson



THE news of Bertram Andresen's début was as exciting to me as anything could be. I read the name over again, letter by letter, to make sure that it was veritably my friend whose accomplishments were being at last so handsomely advertised.

There could be no doubt as to his identity: "In height and splendor of presence he rivalled the late Paul Plançon"; "the range and quality of his tones placed him in the foremost rank of romantic tenors—even remembering the days of Jean de Reszke and Tamagno"; "his histrionic power had caused the King of Sweden himself to stand and applaud publicly the attainments of the young Stockholm virtuoso."

It seemed impossible to wait a whole month for what the event might bring forth. I heard people talk—with off-hand seriousness—about Tristan being his best part, had the fact brought casually home to me that he was "the only Radames who acted and sang like a human being"—the one "convincing" Otello. Everybody took for granted what was to me incredibly marvellous. If I hadn't known who he was, I suppose it would have seemed perfectly natural to have a new opera star be just so suddenly and inexplicably heralded—as if, for any clew there was to his origin, he might have descended from the skies. Though I searched through the daily papers, I could find no authentic reference to the "great artist's" early career. It was, however, clearly emphasized that he had been "secured with great difficulty" and at "unheard-of expense"; that he had been persuaded only through the "remarkable diplomacy of our impresario," Mr. Sanimarregia, to leave Europe "at the very moment after Success had all gloriously placed her crown of laurels upon his Hermean brow." Occasionally I would read a notice about some steamer or other on which he had booked a passage; I would see paragraphs describ-

ing different kinds of cereals he ate for breakfast. . . . And, one by one, things I knew about him would shoot across my memory.

Hopeful as I had been, so long ago, that somehow or other he might have a great future, I hadn't believed it would really happen, any more than I may have believed, for example, in childish imaginings that I should once get to be President of the United States. To think of it! Bertram—"Andy" (as he had said "they" used to call him)—he who had first come to this country a baby immigrant in the steerage—he couldn't be more, now, than twenty-nine—who the last time I saw him . . . poor Andy! How I had pitied him, how I had loved him when he told me! . . . Where was *she* now? What did she know of all this? Did she guess that he had risen so from—? Was she alive to behold his resurrection? What thoughts would she be having—I could almost feel myself in her place—when she should hear of the conqueror's triumphal return?

I

EACH mile of that journey to Great-aunt Emily's funeral had plunged me into deeper gloom—gloom complicated by my anger at having to go and by my consequent regrets for being angry; I experienced almost every kind of irrelevant irritation on account of whatever came to my attention; I remember how savagely I listened to two gossiping women in the seat forward, and that I felt an unruly impulse to snatch a banana from the child opposite. So that when I reached the house I was in no mood to grieve or sympathize; I passed quickly up-stairs to a seat which somebody had been inconsiderate enough to reserve for me. . . . All this seems inseparably associated with my first knowing Andy, for it was there—while gazing out into that desolate little old-fashioned hall—I beheld the members of the Timothy Quartet range themselves.

Each one hemmed a little or hawed, as

if they knew it would be a gentle hint to dispel the inarticulate buzzing of the guests. Then, when the hum partly subsided, the shortest and fattest of the four blew into a tiny pitch-pipe and looked intensely commandingly at the others, bringing his clinched chubby fist upward into a rapid signal that was immediately lost in the embarrassing burst of harmony which followed.

But the first tenor's eyes were on the ceiling. He hadn't lowered them even to catch the officious gesture of the leader. I hardly noticed the quality of the singing, so absorbed was I in watching his expression. He sang as if doing so enabled him to think of wonderful things; a tender smile haunted his thick lips; now and then he seemed on the point of taking a step forward in exasperation at having so unrelievedly to contain himself. . . . Until he followed the others out of my sight. I heard their chairs creak. I waited.

It was a long while before he reappeared, and this time he came alone. He sang "Crossing the Bar," but it was only afterward that I knew what he sang; I simply sat there wondering who in the world he was. How *could* he—with that voice—go about under the guidance of that ridiculous squat conductor? What had he in common with the gaunt stooping second bass, the unruly wabblings of whose Adam's apple I can recall to this day? Their dreadfully fitting frock coats suggested some awful religious order which he—in the heyday of his youth—had been decoyed into joining. Really, just the sight of him towering over those three unmusical hacks was as uncannily affecting as the pale minstrel you see on street corners, tricked out to beg alms for her shameless old fake of a parent. All through the rest of the service I was uncomfortably muddled from thinking of it.

After boarding the train for my return journey, I was about to choose a seat when I spied the tenor alone in the front end of the car—looking back through the window; and I suddenly determined to go and speak to him. . . .

He drew his coat together a little consciously, and smiled up at me—eager, I could see, to rectify whatever I might find the matter with his appearance. "I hate having my 'Sunday clothes' on," he stated

in explanation, moving over to make room; "especially on week-days."

"It is a bore," I said. "I suppose, too, you have to wear them pretty often."

"Well—always in church, of course. I wear them mornings at the Evangelical Methodist, and evenings I sing at the Langdon Street Baptist. And whenever there's a wedding. Funerals—naturally."

"I don't know," I suggested, "which is worse of those two—funerals or weddings!"

"I don't either," he echoed confusedly, apparently only half hearing my remark—as if distracted suddenly by some bothersome thought which had struck him. And then, for the sake of prolonging the conversation, he asked: "Who was it today?"

"Who *was* it?" I repeated, without a clew.

"Yes, I mean—was it a man, or a woman, or—or a child?"

"Oh!" I gasped as the light came. "It was my great-aunt!"

"That is just like me—to be so rude!" he apologized, with a tinge of the taught modulation and the exemplified diction common to his profession. "I'm sorry—really I am. . . . I *never* know, you see; I never *find out*. You wouldn't, either—you couldn't—if you were in this business." He blushed regretfully.

"I should hope *not*!" I reassured him.

"And—it doesn't really matter!" he went on;

"Ashes to ashes, dust unto dust—
As of the unjust so of the just."

I looked quickly at him.

"God's in his heaven, all's well with the world!"

he brought out smilingly, as for still greater emphasis—his theory of artistic abandon so asserting itself. . . . "Do you know that magnificent song of Mrs. Beach's?" . . . He gazed through the window to help himself recollect it; until—victoriously, with the tune-assured singer's unabashedness—he faced me again, his great voice rising above the train's rattle:

"The morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled." . . .

His forehead wrinkled; the lines deepened above his nose; he fixed his eyes powerfully on mine for several minutes after the big volume of his outburst had subsided.

Appreciative though I was, I couldn't help feeling embarrassed at being his one solitary auditor; but, when I nodded my head for recognition—of what I didn't know how otherwise to accept—he slapped me gratefully on the back with: "Oh, it is a wonderful song, isn't it? The words are so lovely. I wish I could tell you—it's gone from me for a moment—who it was wrote them." . . .

"Browning," I said; "Robert Browning."

"Yes—I think you are right. That *is* his name. I knew it began with B."

Solemnly he shook his head over the poem's beauty, glancing at me and murmuring in a low voice to himself. And right then I became aware that something like a wave of unworthiness had stolen upon him. . . . He buttoned his coat; he passed his hand over his hair and tried to open his eyes wider. He seemed suddenly to confront doubts, fears, sorrows—phantoms that made him go pale. I was watching him perhaps too closely, for he said to me—withdrawing his foot from sight: "It's an old pair of shoes I found in a hurry to-day, for I thought it was going to rain, and I had better save my—They're out of style."

But he didn't seem to say it merely because he cared so much what I might think of his personal appearance; the sensitive, serious way he continued to sit there gazing forth into space suggested the mysterious presence of some ideal which his clothes, his face—himself—might be the incidents of his regrettable failure to attain.

"Strew on her roses, roses,
With never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes." . . .

After which he subsided again, nodding his head and turning at last once more to the window.

"Is she dead?" I couldn't help saying.

He looked at me in amazement. "What *do* you mean?" he exclaimed. "But it's remarkable you should have said *that*! . . . No. I was only remembering the words of a solo. We're often asked for it when

young ladies do die, though! . . . All sorts of things, you know, stick in my head. I often catch myself mumbling them. They help me so. They're a prop when you're down—they seem as sad as you seem yourself. If it weren't for them—them and my music—I don't know what I'd do." He hummed the beginning of "Still wie die Nacht." . . .

I saw his big blond face drawn into a frown; his chin lengthened, his mouth contracted so that the cheek-bones stood out more prominently; and at length he gave me a puzzled stare. "I don't know why it is," he said, "I don't know why I do it, but it used to be the same when I was carving. . . . A design would stay in my mind; I'd trace out a bit of it in the air, and change it, and think how beautiful the curves were, and watch the angles quiver."

"Did you 'carve' long?" I asked, trying not to seem surprised.

"Six years. I was born in Sweden, you know. I got to be a master wood-carver." He watched for my astonishment. "It was my father's trade, and my brother's. . . . *I'm* not ashamed of it!" he emphasized, in the face of my silence.

"Why, in God's name, my dear fellow, should you be!" I cried, noting how his tense body had suddenly relaxed, how his face was slowly regaining a look of hopefulness.

"There's no reason," he said. "I'm not afraid of what I am—of what I was—just because I happen to be good enough, now, to sing in the Timothy Quartet!"

He continued to look convincingly at me. But that same gloom that I had visioned as haunting him, still hovered near. He deliberately straightened himself, twitched his trousers up, and fingered his collar and tie into position.

"Anybody who's any good at all would think that's all something to be proud of!" I stated as warmly as I could.

"Who wears 'neath his coat the heart of a man,
He will not hurt you, and no *other* can!"

he quoted approvingly, without a smile.

(I could but wonder what song those words fitted into!)

"How did you come to change from wood-carving to singing?" I asked.

His mouth puckered resolutely. "I had always sung in choirs—since I was

eleven. Ten years ago the organist began giving me lessons. After that, he introduced me to Canino—to whom I owe everything I am, absolutely every note."

"Canino?"

"Why, yes—the teacher of Ben Hodges, and Silas Warren, and May——"

"*Ben Hodges?*" I interrupted; but I decided to pretend I knew everything. . . .

There followed an account of the early days with the Timothy Quartet. They had all been together, now, for two years.

"It's finely run," asserted my companion.

"It's a first-rate, thoroughly reliable, up-to-date organization."

"It's lucky to get *you!*" I cried to him in genuine enthusiasm. "Your voice is different from anything I ever heard. You're too gifted for this kind of business."

"What do you mean?" the young man asked me, obviously at a loss. "Why—I make, well, probably not so much as *you* think of making, but more than I ever dreamed of before—in all my life. Paul says it's lots better for me than opera."

"Paul?"

"Paul Timothy. See here—he'd be ever so glad if you'd come round some day to the studio. . . . And we could have some real singing. I'll try the 'Damnation' for you. It's an oratorio written by Gounod. And it is—at least Paul says it is—greater than 'Faust.'"

II

THE elevator-man directed me down the long corridor. The opaque-glass door-panes were painted over with signs, which mentioned more kinds of vocal training and a greater variety of instrumental instruction than I had ever imagined could exist—to say nothing of the inconceivably conglomerate sounds that these portals did not wholly shut in. A "lesson on mandolin" would echo from my left at the same moment when a violin obligata beset me on the right—both interwoven with a hopeless mixture of piano accompaniments; once I paused, able—with the help of the black letters before me—to make out that I was listening not to a guitar (as one might have supposed) but to a lute; and from "Mrs. Green's Saxophone Parlor" there burst a nightmare of unfam-

iliar harmonies. On my way through the passage I encountered fat seraphic sopranos—silver chatelaines helplessly dangling from their attenuated middles—who scanned me superciliously and rolled their eyes upward with artistic optimism. Contraltos hurried by, their teeth glistening through heavy ruby lips, their necks tastefully muffled against the cold. There was the smell everywhere of lubricating salves and throat-pellets. This building was unquestionably the centre for every kind of second-rate tone-producer.

Outside 412 I stopped and read the sign carefully:

TIMOTHY'S QUARTET

PAUL TIMOTHYMANAGER AND FIRST BASS
JEAN WHITESECOND BASS AND BARYTONE
BERTRAM ANDRESENFIRST TENOR
HAROLD P. ROLANDSECOND TENOR

ENGAGEMENTS FILLED FOR THE CLUB, THE HOME,
AND THE CHURCH. WEDDINGS AND
FUNERALS OUR SPECIALTY

I started back in alarm at the loud gong-ringing which followed the touch I gave the little white bell-button. There were smothered voices, then a decided step across the floor inside. The key was turned and Andy stood beaming down upon me.

"Come in, Mr. Richards," he said. "I am very glad—especially glad—to see you." And he shot a quick glance at the short fat man who was leaning over the concert-grand and talking through a telephone upon it; but the latter didn't look up at us.

Andy's next remark made me recall so vividly the impression he had already made upon me. "How do you feel today?" he queried yawningly. "I'm always apt to be a little depressed on Tuesdays, aren't you?"

"I never thought of it," I answered, concealing a smile. "Monday's *my* bad day."

"Now, I rather like Mondays, as a rule," discriminated Andy. "I know that Sunday is behind me! I hate Sunday evenings particularly. Thursday's about the best day, I think, somehow—I don't know why. Sit down, please, Mr. Richards."

But he still stood there in front of me—gazing as he might have gazed at an au-

dience while singing "The Holy City." Gradually a pleasant scowl shadowed his face; he had the look I had noted before of trying to see through some cloud that seemed ever ready to descend over him. . . .

He was decidedly better-looking in his every-day clothes. The light tweed suit didn't emphasize the colorlessness of his blond hair as did the black funereal uniform in which I had first seen him; the gay necktie suited his healthy complexion; there wasn't a trace of that yeast-fed puffiness—so generally characteristic even of handsome Swedes—which I had remarked to myself the other day. His presence, too, was superb. . . . At length he sat down to converse with me, in a manner genial and comradely; about whatever came into his head—occasionally indicating, by a half-automatic movement of his head, the short fat man still bent over the piano, whose telephone talk I couldn't help listening to.

"What did you say it was that they call yer? *Hagh? Hagh?* Come over to the Elks' Benefit Performance to-night—Daughters of Isis Chapter—and you'll—"

"Paul is the damnedest talker, sometimes," Andy said to me in an undertone. "I wouldn't waste breath on a woman called me up like that without saying who she was, would you?" He snapped his fingers at it.

I was reminded, by the way he didn't take in what I said in reply, of his habitual absent-mindedness; it wasn't that he wasn't mentally alert, nor that he didn't care about hearing everything; but he was subject to spasmodic preoccupations.

"Do you ever feel queer when you wake up in the morning?" he put to me—conscious of his recent lapse. . . . "No—I don't mean that—but astray, kind of? Rather scared of all the things that come crowding in on you? One by one you get to remember things that have happened just before you went to bed, or the day before, the last week—long, long ago—bits of songs, some rhymes—lights and shadows—they all rush back inside you and find you unprepared? . . . I've been that way all day to-day."

(Andy was a real poet. Despite the comical way he had of quoting odds and ends of the verses he had come in con-

tact with, he knew what underlay the genuine article; I had begun to see that in his delightful attitude the first day I talked with him.)

"It's because you haven't found yourself," I suggested—"because you haven't got control of yourself, yet. You aren't sure of your capacity—your possibilities."

"You're remarkably sympathetic, did you know it?" Andy exclaimed.

"I think when you get used to believing you can accomplish your aims—when you really master your profession, you know—"

"Profession?" (The way he grasped desperately at that one word showed me that but for it he had got only the vaguest impression of the others.) "Let's—" he glowered toward where the short fat man was talking—"he'll never stop! Let's—wait a minute while I go find somebody to play."

Judging by the rapidity with which he reappeared, bringing a short-sleeved, willowy youth—whom he didn't introduce, but who sat down offensively at the piano—it was as easy in this caravansary of music to find "somebody to play" as it would have been to find meat in a butcher's shop. . . . Andy sorted pages and searched for pieces—and took off his collar—and at last directed the willowy youth to begin strumming. "It's an old Swedish song," Andy annunciated.

How he sang it! So extreme was the impression he produced that I had more a feeling of pity than of pleasure at the beauty which, so unknown to the world, could come forth right in the midst of such a *milieu* of awfulness. . . .

The short fat man ceased his talking and hung up the receiver—took a step across the floor, then paused in Machiavelian elation—took another step, then gave me a shrewd, angry glance—and so on until he reached the roll-top desk which filled the corner opposite where I sat. Andy faced him, faced me, faced the empty room—addressing a bar to whatever direction he chanced upon. I think he utterly forgot our presence. He was standing back to us, at any rate, when the song was finished—his arms outstretched in supplication.

My words of praise fell jangling on the silence that followed; the willowy youth

kept pointlessly turning over pages. . . . At last Andy looked round. There was a tear rolling down his cheek as he came toward me, smiling and trying to pierce the dimness that bound him. "Did you like it?" he asked mechanically, as from far away. "This is Mr. Timothy, Mr. Richards; Mr. Paul Timothy."

Paul Timothy propelled himself jumpily forward on his stubby legs and shook hands with me. "You're the one's been filling his head with this 'opera' nonsense, are you? Nothing in it for him," he said emphatically under his breath; "*his place's* here with me." And he trudged back—more executively—to the roll-top desk and sat down.

I was too disgusted with his manner and appearance to think up anything for reply; but I did start to tell Andy how surprised I was at his having caught the drift of my opinion so accurately, the other day, and at his having remembered it—when I saw that Andy was absorbed in getting ready to sing again.

"It's perfect quarters we have here, Mr. Richards," Timothy approached me to say in his third-rate undertones; "nice big room, you see—telephone; attractively furnished; centrally located; all the airs and the cantatas." He flourished his arm in the direction of music shelves that here and there lined the walls. "The piano alone cost four hundred! He"—Timothy pointed a thumb over his shoulder at Andy—"he has every advantage and opportunity money or brains can offer."

It was obvious that Timothy was expounding these things more for the retaliatory satisfaction it gave him than with any thought of its being worth while to convince me. He seesawed contemptuously back to the desk. But he couldn't help—after he had sunk once more into his snug retreat—listening to Andy's singing. Restlessly he would take papers from pigeonholes and put them into other pigeonholes, he would remove sheets of music from drawers and slide them into racks—now and then raising his head with a greedy expression as the glory of a crescendo filled the air. The moment Andy finished he started toward him—ruffling, as he went, the leaves of a much dog-eared little note-book. "Remember the 22d, will you, Andy? Four o'clock.

Cutaways." Whereupon he made an entry of some sort and retreated—like an old hen—to his corner, there pretending to immerse himself in "work."

Andy smiled at me—distantly, in that way he had—and looked toward Timothy for any reassurance I might need as to how engagements poured in. . . . He had flung himself, now, into a frenzy of singing; no commendation was required of anybody; it was enough—just letting himself go, like this, to the full. If between selections he might call out a word to me about something he was looking for, it wasn't because he wanted any reply or expected any. . . . "*Prage, prage Maria, per me!*" he ecstatically entreated. . . .

And through it all Paul Timothy sat, like a big round spider, gloating over his prey; or he would start across the floor—a roll of music in his hand—and halt halfway, gazing at Andy's back and listening; he would bring his clinched fist down in the air to express his relish of what he heard; and—to satisfy his inveterate desire for *seeming* busy, even though he had nothing to make him so—he would waddle to a rack, stick the roll in, pull out another, and needlessly rearrange things. Often I could detect a poor flicker of power in those empty eyes of his—each imprisoned in a swollen ring of convoluted flesh. Once he interrupted Andy right in the middle of an aria (solely, I believed, to show me to what extent he dared "handle" him) and repeated idly: "Don't forget Monday evening. Black ties and white waistcoats." . . . And in another ill-chosen moment he slickered up to him with: "Hair cut a little too short this time, Andy—old boy! Remember you're a musician now, and not a wood-carver."

Andy ran his hand over his head rather vaguely, forgot to make any reply, and began showing the willowy youth some error in his accompaniment; he had barely—if at all—got the drift of Paul's affront. . . . He was singing one of Elgar's songs about the sea—as only a genius could sing it. Timothy might hamper his choice of songs but he didn't govern the way Andy sang them. I trembled from excitement. . . . Out of the corner of my eye I could see Timothy, sitting on the edge of his swivel-chair, squalidly proud, bristling with man-

agerial concern—as if, for all the world, he would be ready, in a minute's time, to rise and pass the hat. . . . "That's right—give it to 'em, old top!" he shouted to Andy; "I heard" (he named a famous tenor) "last night. Frankly, I don't see how C—— holds his job."

There was a knock on the door; Timothy opened it. The newcomer—she was frail and forty—stepped in and stood silently, with open mouth, until Andy finished. He walked up to her then, called her "Lill" when he found a breathing interval, and enthusiastically introduced me. She was "Miss Lilly Linstrom," who had been unable, "owing to a cold," to reach high F, and had come to borrow "Paul's lavender gargle." . . .

"It always loosens me up," she explained to me, "in a jiffy."

"You see," Timothy muttered, clearing his basso throat, "the sort of people we associate with! Our life—such it is! They're A Number 1, all of 'em. And they all have to come to me—sooner or later. . . . This isn't like the 'Vocal Union'—don't mistake it—or any of those cheap kind of places!" . . .

As soon as Linstrom went, there came a spooky youth—with a satin stock and dimples—for Timothy to "try" his voice. Glad of this opportunity, I suggested to Andy that we go out somewhere and buy a drink. Timothy was at the telephone again when we left; but he made a deterring gesture, covered the mouthpiece with his pudgy hand, and demanded authoritatively where we were going. I think he was afraid to leave me alone with Andy for an instant. . . .

Daylight had deserted the long corridor; only the stray ripples of an old harp disturbed the gaslit gloom. Andy took my arm, eager to tell me as we proceeded (and without a doubt as to my being interested) something of those whose names we passed by; he particularly designated—opposite the elevator—the "luxurious headquarters" of Ben Hodges, "Canino's prize pupil!"

"Perhaps I shall have a studio of my very own here, some day," Andy murmured; "who knows!"

"And leave Timothy's Quartet?" I asked hopefully.

"Well, Paul's always saying he won't

go on for many years more. It will be a hard pull for me, though, when he stops."

"You'll not starve," I suggested with conviction; "and he'll 'go on,' as you say, as long as ever you stick to him."

"He does like me awfully—I know that," Andy reflected.

We were strolling along side by side. I hadn't realized, before, how he would tower above me. "Let's change places," he said. "This pavement slopes outward and you'd better have the advantage of the high part." . . . I looked at him in amazement. His flashes were as sudden and inexplicable as his drops. How could he be so blind to Timothy's—

"My father and mother are getting old," he said. "My father doesn't earn much—I have to help them; I earn more now—just think—than he ever did. And I'm saving a little all the time."

It was rather appalling to hear these confidences coming from this stalwart figure.

"Oh, I do hope—" He checked himself; I looked up at him. . . . We walked on in silence.

It was as easy to see why he should be so elated over this first stage of his financial independence as it would be difficult to point out to him—if one had the chance—that such a beginning was trifling compared with what his gifts ought to do for him. But—"I think Timothy's humbugging you!" I suddenly risked exclaiming. Then I saw that, by the way he didn't answer me, he had entirely forgotten my presence. I took his arm. "Let's go in here," I said. "Now listen to me," and I repeated my remark.

He glanced quickly round down at me; momentarily it was as though he had all at once donned his frock coat and black funereal regimentals—he was so blond and pale and expressionless. "You mean because he tells me I can make the Quartet famous?" he asked dreamily, with an effort. "Well, I think—anyhow, I'm going to try my hardest to!" He straightened himself up and pulled down his sleeves, and something made him sigh right out.

"I don't mean that!" I cried. "Damn it—can't you see that you're the one mainstay—the one bright spark, to put it mildly—of his battered old scheme?"

Andy beamed on me. "You think, you really do?—I'm as good as that?"

"I know you are. You're 'good' enough to do anything you choose."

We ordered some drinks. That dumb heaviness that descended on him so habitually had for me, in my impatience, the effect of stupidity—especially while I watched the aloof way he raised his glass and put it drearily down again; and when I heard him say, "I'm sorry we forgot to ask Paul to sing. Do you know that César Franck song about the roses——"

"Remember, 'mid winter snows,
How in summer we gathered the rose.'" . . .

"I know it," I said in desperation, "but nothing in the world would ever induce me to hear him sing it!"

He glared forth at me tensely; for once he strained every nerve to get my meaning. . . . The veil between us had fallen. It was as if I had unwittingly produced the touchstone which could bring our minds together. "You—you say *that*?" he uttered, aghast.

"That, and lots else besides," I announced—rather terrified by the clarity with which he began to hear me; and I don't know what, in the fury of my frankness, I might have added, had Andy not brushed—with an irresistible wave of his hand—what I should say aside,—stepping up very close to me to interpolate:

"What you said about that song is almost the very same—word for word—what *she* said, too!"

"What *she* said?" I echoed.

He nodded. Then he moved his head up to speak. . . .

I believe, at that moment, we could have begun to talk on a rational basis and with really mutual understanding; I believe he would have told me everything—would have let me try to help him, if just then Paul Timothy hadn't suddenly appeared from behind me and taken Andy by the shoulders. Perhaps he had been eavesdropping—I didn't know, I was too disgusted to care; I didn't even listen to what he jabbered there to Andy. . . .

They started out of the room together. Andy called to me: "It's that benefit per-

formance—the Elks don't know how to arrange a programme—it'll be rotten—and we've got to wear dress suits!" But when he started back toward me to say good-by, Paul Timothy caught him by the arm.

III

It wasn't so long before I altogether ceased thinking of Andy and the Timothy Quartet. On the day following the events I have just tried to describe, I remember realizing how preposterous, how humorous, it was that I should have become enough interested in a tenor who sang at my great-aunt's funeral to have pursued him into the very penetralia of his existence, there to have upbraided him for reasons I hadn't the slightest ground or right to believe in. . . . Though I admit having an inextinguishable zeal for the human scene; hardly a day passes but what I accidentally do devote at least a good many minutes to observing something unusual with which I have been brought in contact. I seldom have an opportunity to study the thing to its utmost, but I harvest a few seeds now and then. I see faces that set me thinking; I can't help prying at the people opposite me in street-cars; I've often paid more attention—even when there wasn't a single extenuating attraction visible—to the person, man or woman, who has sat beside me at the theatre, than I could ever give to a play.

Once, on my way home from the office, I heard the cymbals and shouts of the Salvation Army approaching, and I instinctively waited until they should come up to the square where I was. Always, since childhood, I have regarded the Salvation Army with insatiable curiosity; just as I have circus-riders, or Shakers, or Yale secret societies. I always want to catch a glimpse of the troupe.

But when they paused and spread round a corner of the square for their meeting, I experienced the same baffling disappointment. What were they like? Whence came they? There was no telling; there was no imaginable clew. The speechifying and the grand hallelujahs never came up to one's expectations, either. . . . I do recall that this particular

regiment shrieked out a lilting, swaying tune of which the refrain ran:

"You can go to heaven in a rocking-chair
If you'll only——"

But after repeatedly failing to catch the last line of it, I moved up the street.

I had hardly turned my back before I heard something that made me swing round in alarm. I pressed my way through to the edge of the curb and stood there, my attention riveted. . . . The members had broken ranks to form a great circle, in the midst of which—hat in hand, wild-eyed, spent, dishevelled—Bertram Andresen was singing. . . .

I reckoned up the time—it was little more than a year since my great-aunt Emily died. . . . I looked to the right of me, to the left of me, obsessed by the desire to tell somebody all about it. . . . That voice again—there! . . .

Andy! Andy! A lump rose in my throat; my mind flew over the incalculable range of possibilities that might have brought him to this. He sang with head thrown back, unrestrainedly, like a man—I don't know why the thought came to me—who tempted the utter doom of insanity to overtake him. . . . He wore no uniform; his clothes were untidy. The way he had unbuttoned his collar in the fervency of his performance made the facts seem so sickeningly real. . . . Slowly I realized that I must get to his side and talk to him.

I waited there shivering until the end of the meeting. Then, just as the Army was forming to march to another battle-field, I stepped right into the thick of it and grasped Andy's hand. . . .

Even if he hadn't recognized me I think I should have done the same; it wasn't so much my interest in his particular qualities—though, of course, it was my idea of him that gave me the courage to act—as it was my having quite definitely presented before me the clear need to rescue a tortured fellow man from I knew not what dangers. . . . I can hear now the inspired remonstrances that were directed at me in the manner of those who were used to driving off disturbers of their sanctity; see the face of that woman who followed me out of the hubbub which ensued—condemning me, begging Andy to "heed the

hand of God" now, once she had shown it to him—sending her heartrending cries round the last corner after us! But Andy looked at me with hopeless dependence; and I didn't waver. I was borne along on the tide of intentions that flooded my initial step. . . .

We walked arm in arm, without speaking, for several miles,—the whole way to my house. I explained to him, then, that the family hadn't yet returned to town (it was near the end of September, I think), and that he was to come in and stay there with me as long as he liked. . . .

Several days went by during which Andy didn't set foot beyond the door. He appeared wearily willing—like one who was ill—to accept my hospitality; not too humbly, and very gratefully, with only an oft-repeated query as to why I wanted to bother so much about him. I could see that he understood well enough, in the background of his perplexities, what this chance for tranquillity might do for him; I left him pretty much to himself—I not asking, and he not offering to tell me anything.

One day, on arriving home, I found him neatly dressed in a new suit of clothes, fresh linen, and bright-red cravat—looking as fit as one can imagine. He wanted to take me out somewhere to dine; invited me to go to a show with him afterward "if I didn't mind being seen in his company." . . . I felt exactly like a doctor rejoicing over his first successful case! I felt perfectly free to joke about it with Andy, too, and there wasn't a vestige of anything like embarrassment between us on account of what had happened. . . . All through those last days he spent with me he was a different person from the one I had once so fortuitously grown to think of his being.

That characteristic heaviness, preoccupation, absent-mindedness, lack of co-ordination, which I have found so hard to describe, had absolutely and completely vanished, without leaving a trace. He was alert and lucid and normal; a weight seemed to have been removed from his mind. And no wonder! . . . But I don't want you to think I got the story all at once; it came from him gradually, piecemeal, however collected I may make my account of it seem. . . .

His father and mother had died, within a week of each other, only a short while after our meeting at Timothy's studio. In the midst of the grief and loneliness which had followed, Andy found himself with no zest for work. He began to realize that, half the time, his mind wasn't on it at all. He would sing perfunctorily. Sometimes, after he finished and took his seat, he would feel a sudden anxiety as to what he had sung come upon him; he would try to recall the words and the music, without any memory of just having rendered them. . . . Can't you picture him, drawing his coat together, making that effort (as his lapses always had the effect of prompting him to do) to look a certain way, not as the result of vanity—I could be sure of that—but because he was haunted by the desire not to fall short of certain standards?

Of course it was *she* who was always haunting him; she was always there—always flitting and hovering through all his moods. . . .

"Why, I'm not the same man I was when you knew me, Mr. Richards," Andy assured me. "*What* could you have thought? I must have behaved like a crazy man—I *was* crazy!" he burst out with. . . . "It was the incessant, awful worry about what she was doing—about where she was—what she thought of me. Had she begun to hate me?—for example; had she found somebody else?"

Andy's head would drop forward a moment after he had spoken, in a way which showed me how easily he could let himself slip back into that mood; but he had a firm grip on himself. . . .

"Half the time I hardly knew where I was for wondering all about her. And after father's death, and mother's—singing—it, that had been my one sure comfort—it went back on me, too; it became just like anything else." . . .

I tried hard—piecing together, as best I could, his erratic utterances concerning her—to picture what she was like; but his standards were all so foreign to mine, his expressions of them might be so misleading, that it was difficult to make up one's mind.

"It wasn't my not having money that made me doubt her," he said in answer to some question. "She was always as poor

as me. We grew up together, you see. She was my kid idol—the one person I ever used to know—have ever known—who gave me any ideas beyond the range of all the other people's I met. But, Mr. Richards" (with a hand on each knee, Andy would lean forward to impress upon me the extraordinariness of it), "there *were*—I could name to you two of them, I could—million-heirs who wanted to marry her! . . . And they all had different kinds of outlooks from mine; they weren't musical, to speak of, or painters, or readers even, or anything like that. You understand, don't you? Oh, she was a genius for being the loveliest person in the world!"

(I could see how difficult it still was for Andy to speak of her—much as he wanted to.)

"She always was so kind to me. My family's been fine and honest and hard-working, but I never had some of the advantages of a bringing-up; and she'd always be trying to make allowances for it, and give me suggestions for how to act and how—well, I can't exactly describe it, but she'd tell me how to do little things I wanted to learn so as to make me more polished. She would look my samples over with me in the hammock before I got new clothes, for instance, and tell me what sort of gloves to wear, and explain that I mustn't turn the wrists down over the hands same's Paul did. She wasn't so stuck on those things as to think they were all there was in life, you know, but she saw how they made a difference to people's minds, and that it would be a help to me in my profession." (Even while he said it, Andy fingered his tie and collar to see if they came up to her ideals.)

"It was she got me to taking Italian lessons, and studying French, evenings; and she taught me lots of English, too, and how not to keep remarking 'I says' instead of 'I said' when I was telling stories in the past tense. . . . She often used to say to me: 'You've got to earn your living, Andy, and save enough money for a rainy day, and your job's all right for now; but don't let yourself get quartettish.' (How that word did hit the nail on the head!) 'Don't try to look like a floor-walker just because you have to sing in a church choir; and don't exclaim "I'm very happy to

meet you indeed!" whenever you're introduced to somebody; and don't be so over-anxious to pay for little things for other people, as if it gave you a sensation to be able to.'

"I don't mean she was conceited, or thought she was anywhere's near perfection herself—but she was!" (Andy buried his face in his hands.) "You see, she'd been abroad twice, in Paris and Italy, studying, and she knew how much I naturally wanted to go work with Lombardi, or Lilli Lehmann even. . . . And she just was always anxious to give me some of the advantages she'd had. She never right out with them, critically, but, in the nicest way, she would point out something in—well—in Paul, or Jean, or Harold P. Roland, that I could see was common and vulgar, and know enough not to try to do it afterward. For instance, she showed me one day how they held their heels close together, and turned their toes too far out, when they sang 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' . . . It's surprising how a business gets a hold on you, and makes you show the effect of doing it; even when I was a little brat—and of course I never chewed tobacco—she imitated how I kept my mouth going all the time I was carving (I was on circles and squares then) the way father and everybody did. . . . And at funerals you're apt to hold your head this way and look—she once told me—like a stuffed undertaker, though you never mind it yourself. She thought Paul had a bad habit of sticking the back of his neck out over the edge of his collar, and protruding his lips, whenever he said the word 'shore' or 'might'—which any one's likely enough to fall into if there's no girl kind enough who knows to help him not do it. . . .

"Musical? Oh, it would make you cry, Mr. Richards, to hear her touch the piano! She treats it as though it was the violin, or some pliable stringed instrument. . . . But she wasn't musical in this meaning of the word:—she never *dressed* at all like a pianist; never too much lace and trimming on her clothes, you know." (Andy's expression was very serious when he told me that; and he looked at me, rather proud of his discernment, glad, too, that he was talking to somebody who he thought understood the fine shades as

well as he did.) "She never crossed her legs or wriggled her feet same as most girls do who have a temperament. And her hair was never the least slouchy. I never once heard her laugh like a pianist,—in those dripping little trills, like this—" (He stated it as if I should be perfectly safe in taking it from him as an absolute fact.) "You would have thought that she had had a house and an automobile on Fifth Avenue all her life.

"Her friends weren't musical, in that sense, either. I don't believe"—Andy spoke slowly, giving due thought to his point—"I don't believe she knew another man, not counting me, who could sing the scale. The people you saw at her mother's house were people you might have met in—in—well—in the most conservative uptown restaurants, or—or at a summer hotel. But she never treated them like inferiors, you know. She could talk on all kinds of subjects as well as though she'd never even heard of the 'Moonlight Sonata.' . . . I've often seen her discuss house-furnishings—describe how you cut out a fringe of pansies and paste it on pale wall-paper for a border, or sew denim onto a couch—just as vividly as if her heart and soul were in it." (I remember how sad the recollection suddenly made him.) "She could cook anything—I don't mean in the kitchen, you understand, but on the chafing-dish, Sunday evenings, after the Langdon Street Baptist was over." . . .

"She wanted you, did she," I probed him one day, "to continue on with the Timothy Quartet?"

"I used to think she did—she did once, I am sure. But she never could bear to hear Paul sing. Isn't that funny? She couldn't endure being in the room when Paul Timothy opened his mouth!" (Andy had gone through so much that he no longer remembered our having touched on this subject once, so long ago—though I do think that talk had influenced him subconsciously to trust me.) "I knew that before she went away the last time. . . . Just think—it is only nine months ago she came back, nine months!"

Andy was silent a long while.

"It was that last time she went changed matters." (He looked up at me to convince me that he really was sure of it.) "It was what I was always having on

my mind, all that time, *might* happen. I must have seemed so queer to you! Why, I hardly took a step without judging if I was doing it to suit her; when I'd speak I'd suddenly hear myself say something I knew she wouldn't like. It was only my singing where I could depend on not doing—I don't mean she didn't like *anything* I did, only I knew how she always saw room for improvement—but in singing she took my word for it. . . . I'd think of her when I sat down, when I stood up, when I walked on the street. . . . She was gone so long!—I was afraid I might be drifting back into being all those ways she'd been kind enough to make me over from. I struggled, at first, not to let it worry me, but it was no use; I gave up and let her come into my mind whenever it happened that I wanted her to—however much I might have to suffer from it. I'd forget myself a few minutes, and then the image of her'd be there, floating, to remind me how to act. . . . I dreaded lest when she came home she'd find me worse than she remembered me—'specially after she had seen so many new sights and people, and had been learning more all the time; it would be enough to expect her to like me, after that, even if I could manage to stay as I had been. . . .

"Then she came. . . . I had a little Swedish air I'd found and been rehearsing to sing to her when she got home. It was in D flat—a pathetic, beautiful thing, about two lovers, in a meadow, by the side of a running brook." (Andy indicated with a glance how much he valued my recognition of the song's suitability for the occasion.) "It went like this . . . and there were words she couldn't know the meaning of. The man said to the woman: 'Oh, let us always stay beside this happy brook and ne'er go back any more to the city, which will bring us only misery.' But the girl, she would return to the city. Nothing he could do prevented her."

Andy opened and shut his eyes very fast.

"She met me the same way she used to do. She let me kiss her cheek. I thought everything was all right—I felt weak all over from sheer relief. . . . But she didn't want me to ask her anything about her travels, her experiences; she said she

couldn't try to tell them to me all at once, and she laughed pleasantly at me for being so anxious to find out about everything. . . . I asked her if I'd changed any, but she didn't answer. . . . After dinner I sang her that song. I remember we had baked beans, and she had used to say it was funny I could like them so much; but she ate a lot herself that night, and I just tasted mine. . . . I was fussed singing for almost the first time in my life. I knew I hadn't been—those last weeks—putting my feelings into it as I ought, but I believed I should begin again as soon as she got back. . . . So when I finished, she just said: 'Sing something else, Andy.' I was disappointed that she hadn't liked the song, but I thought it was because she couldn't understand the words, perhaps; and I sang 'Who Is Sylvia?'

"After a while she said: 'Andy, you've got to get out of Paul Timothy's influence. . . . He's spoiling—spoiling—spoiling you!' . . . She said that to me, Mr. Richards, the first night," stated Andy, looking into my eyes. . . . "I asked her what she meant. . . . That was just the beginning of it. . . .

"Oh, it wasn't right to go do what I did!" Andy remonstrated to me late the next evening. "It wasn't noble—it wasn't decent to *her*. I've been living as if she deserved to repent for something she couldn't help not feeling. . . . And she's made me all I was and all I shall ever be—I see that as clear as day. And she's going to be proud of her accomplishment. . . . She's right up there—now—everywhere, urging me to go ahead and be great. And I'm going to be; I'm going to Europe to do it." . . . He showed me, with those firm nods of the head, eyes darting, how thoroughly in earnest he was. "H'm, h'm, h'm," he let out, as singers do to adjust their throats, and he essayed a brief passage of song to reassure himself that his voice was still there.

"Don't worry about me, now, Mr. Richards; there's nothing to worry about any longer. . . . It was criminal of me, low, vile, disreputable. But, have you ever dreaded lest something, some particular thing you had conceived as possible, would happen to you, which if it came would knock the bottom out of everything? Have you ever waited, not believing it

would come, but fearing it day in and out? And then suddenly had it strike you right here, so that it nearly took the breath out of you? Oh, to remember, afterward, how hideous you had thought it would be when you didn't actually believe it was going to happen! How you had known beforehand it was the end, the definite end, of everything! . . . Of course you ought, then, to be thinking of somebody besides yourself, but you can't. . . .

"I remember the next night. . . . Yes, Mr. Richards, I have done *everything*; I've drunk and drunk, and dissipated myself; I've done things you couldn't imagine it was possible for any human being to do." (Andy squinted unflinchingly at the mental vision which was unfolding itself before him.) . . . "Always, it made me worse, it made suffering harder to bear, until I got to like to suffer, more and more. . . . There's a character in one of Dostoyevski's books—have you read it?—that immensely used to appeal to me. . . . Peter, the hero, discovered his wife was unfaithful to him, and he got to love her more on account of it; he loved her so madly that he could not help doing anything which might make her happier. He would plan to go away, so as to leave them together, though every moment nearly killed him. He *wanted* to suffer! He wanted to bear just everything he could, so as not to forget for a moment! It was only the torture which made it seem possible for him to live. . . . And I was like that." (Andy stared, realizing how few people believed such a tragedy could be founded on "real life.") . . . "I drank—I did everything, *everything*, to make it worse! I kept saying over to myself things she'd said, recalling how she looked and how kind she was when she said them. . . . 'Andy,' she told me, 'we're old, old friends, and we'll never be any different. We can't change *that*—nobody can. And when I need you I shall call to you and you'll come, and when you're in trouble you'll call to me. You're not *ready* to marry any one yet and settle down; you need to have a lot more experience first; you need to travel and have adventures.'"

Andy picked a piece of lint from his coat—trying, in such little ways, still to please her.

"I would force myself to keep thinking:

'She doesn't love anything about you, Andy, really; she never did. You're not the sort of a fellow she would ever think of loving, with your peasant's education and your plain breeding. She's *told* you she's in love with somebody else!—a better sort altogether than you are, probably. You? You sing in a quartet—with that toad-like ass, Paul Timothy, who's the joke of the age—and you've always had it in your head you *were* somebody for doing it!' . . .

"But, Mr. Richards, she had always been my bright star, through everything. In those days when I was getting to be dissatisfied with carving, it was only dwelling on her beautiful remarks that enabled me to pull through the days. . . . My home was not bad—I was never ashamed of it—but I couldn't have managed to be happy there, if I didn't always know how lovely she was, and that I had her—*her*—however unfortunate I might be. . . . When I'd get home late at night—you see, my brother and I had to sleep in the same room, and I'd open a window, perhaps, because he was snoring and the air was bad, and he'd wake right up and tell me how selfish I was to stay out so late and then come there disturbing him; and I'd start to answer him—I'd think, for just a moment, how wretched it all was. Then I would make myself like it by just telling myself that I had her, and picturing how she looked. . . . Can't you see, Mr. Richards? I'd shut the window and get into bed perfectly content. . . . And Sundays, at the Methodist, after the sermon began Paul and all of us'd go out back of the organ, and sometimes when I couldn't stand listening any longer to their poor stories, and smoking, and seeing them go on manicuring their nails, I could always go down by the furnace and call her up." . . .

His eyes were brimming.

"Oh, it's no use—I can't have her!" Andy bravely flashed out with. . . .

"I didn't know how to get away. I shipped for two months before the mast on a Boston boat; I wanted to feel coldness and gloom and misery all around every second; I couldn't bear to see anybody happy. . . . You know I never went back to the studio? Never even to get my silk hat, or my fur coat, or my music? Or to say good-by to Paul, even. I *never*

wanted to see him again. . . . But I shall go see him now, and explain it, if I can." . . .

It was the very last evening we spent together that I asked Andy how long he had been with the Salvation Army.

"Only three days," he answered. "It was like this, Mr. Richards. . . . I had been walking up and down, where I could see her bay window, all night; I saw their shadows on the yellow shade-curtains. . . . I saw him leave the house, and her come to the door and stand looking up at the stars after he went. I was behind a stoop on the other side of the street, crying like a baby—like a little child." (Andy faced the incredulity of it, for a moment.) "I saw her chamber light go on and the windows grow suddenly dark again. . . . I heard every sound in that street all night. . . .

"The next afternoon I was in a saloon on Forty-second Street, when that woman followed me in there, asking for money. I said I'd give her some if they'd sing. I don't know why it got in my head that I wanted to hear somebody sing; I think it was because I knew it would be more sad. . . .

"Their singing reminded me of the Quartet, somehow—only their voices were all so bad, and none of them had had any vocal advantages. . . . I thought how pitiful it was. I was criticising to myself the mistakes they made—and then suddenly the tragedy of my life swept on me with overwhelming force. I suppose I must have staggered, or something—I don't know. But that woman came up and took hold of my arm, and pulled me out into the ranks, and cried to me: 'Sing—sing anything!—for the love of God raise up your voice!'

"And I was dazed. I wasn't sure what had happened until I heard these wonderful words—

" 'I only know I cannot drift beyond thy loving care.'

"They were in a song Paul taught me once—for the Estabrook funeral—but I never knew what they meant before that moment. . . . They seemed like a bright light that spread over everything,—as the sunset does afternoons,—like a fire across the faces watching it! I was wild with a

strange feeling. I kept thinking them, and saying them again and again, and when the verse came round I joined in the chorus. . . .

"Don't you see? It meant that as long as she lived nothing should touch me! That was what I hadn't been able to grasp; I'd thought because she threw me over she was gone out of my life—that I had to give *her* up! But I didn't—I was all wrong. I must go on loving her, and trying to be like the man I ought to have been to please her. I needn't—I wouldn't *ever* give her up. . . . *Wherever* she was, whether I saw her or not, she was alive—alive! And no matter what happened, I could not drift beyond her loving care!"

IV

UNTIL I read that notice in the daily paper I hadn't had a word of Andy for more than three years. I had known, of course, when he went abroad; and for a time afterward he had written to me regularly; and then I had grown careless about answering his letters and our correspondence had fallen off. I often wondered if he was staying over there all that time. I warned him that he would find it—except for study—a more difficult field than America; I half feared lest he might have become one of those luckless singers who drift forgotten around Europe—filling, now and then, a tragic rôle in some scrub company that panders from one small town to another—prowling, betweenwhiles, through desolate arcades—nursing ebbing hopes for a magic opportunity in which to display themselves to the world. . . . But this—it was like the tale of Madame Malibran and the young musician!

As if anything could add to my sense of enchantment, I was invited to go—very fashionably—to hear Andy that first night; and for a time the splendor of such an improbability dazzled me. But as the event got nearer (and dearer) I realized how utterly impossible it would be to endure sitting with a chattering boxful of people on that extraordinary occasion. My interest would be all too personal and intimate to share with those for whom Bertram Andresen was—wonderfully

enough—only a name. So I made perfunctory excuses and got a seat (with great difficulty, I may say, for “everything had been sold out a month in advance”) by myself in the balcony.

It was Monday evening. The opera was the “Manon” of Massenet. I remember how I eyed everybody on the way upstairs trying to catch the drift of popular expectation, just as you do at the polls when a friend of yours is a candidate for office. It seemed absurd that I should feel there was so much at stake.

I really hadn’t formed any preconceived idea of what it might be like; but the mere fact of its being about to *be* agitated me as much as if I had managed the entire thing and vouched for the quality of it. . . . The minutes grew fewer; I underwent, literally, an attack of stage fright; I gazed so timorously toward that glittering burst of footlights—feeling the same irrepressible cynicism one always has when any public manifestation concerns one’s family. . . . Andy? It was all so long ago; he really couldn’t be going to appear there right before this great assemblage!

And all the while I had *her* on my mind! I couldn’t now, to save me, remember her name, although Andy had made a point of telling it to me. When the orchestra started up, my eyes flew over the wide circle of faces, so mysteriously blurred in a distance of dimmed lights.

Through the beginning of the first act I sat there, as ineptly and incongruously present as a chef at a feast, hardly taking in what was happening on the stage, looking all around me for some reassurance. . . . Then I did know that Des Grieux’s entrance was approaching, and that a general movement of apprehension spread over the audience: people shifted their positions, or leaned forward, or fanned themselves rapidly, or looked nervously at a programme. Next moment he was there! I should have recognized him anywhere, under any circumstances. Tall, handsome, with the tread of a prince, he came forward; stared; smiled. Those thick lips, that slight lifting and wrinkling of the cheek round the bone, that friendly squint—I clapped and clapped, and the tears rolled down from sheer excitement. I watched him meet the second wave of applause. I saw him step

back into his part, and then come forward again to acknowledge another rising surge of echoes. I leaned far out over the edge; I took out my handkerchief and waved it at him. I couldn’t help it. . . .

I had never had any doubt about his voice. Of course, it was bigger now, and finer. But I hardly paid so much attention to that and to the art of what he did as I paid to the obvious success he was making; there could be no two opinions as to how much he was being liked; and, while the final certainty of his triumph swept more poignantly through me, while my brain continued to pour out new elements of it to wonder at, I had for once indeed the consciousness that—reckoning it from beginning to end—a miracle had been performed.

I remember how, after the lights came on in the *entr’acte*, I stood up and gazed proudly around! I couldn’t help having for the instant an I-told-you-so attitude—though things were leaving me breathless enough, I admit. I was experiencing, too, a rather cheap glory in Andy’s behalf on account of the way he was getting it back at that girl who had refused to marry him. . . . She might be down there, I thought, in the stalls, with some one of those million-heir husbands. I should have liked to catch a sight of her. I would fancifully pick her out here and there—only to be sure, next moment, what a fool I was for my pains. Andy, likely as not, had forgotten all about her by now. Had he forgotten also about me? I must go back, I planned, at the close and try to see him. . . . Every now and then swept over me afresh the prodigy it was that any of this had really ever happened.

When Andy sang “Le Rêve” he brought the house down. The way he called “Manon, Manon”! . . . At the end of the song I rose and shouted bravos, and everywhere people caught up the cry and repeated it. Then to see him graciously bowing for those laurels! . . . Sprays of orchids were thrown to him, a bunch of violets with a card attached (somebody asking for his autograph, probably), and roses. He waved his arms to the gallery. How many people were there in the audience, I wondered, who had known him five, six years ago?—Salvation-soldiers? Sailors? Sopranos? Harpists? Pianists?

Fiddlers? Was Paul Timothy a witness of this scene? . . . Andy picked up the flowers. He was looking in every direction. I tried, ridiculously enough, to catch his eyes. . . .

I did not intend to wait until his last appearance before the curtain, for I wanted to get round to the stage door in time to see him; but when the fourth act was finished I was still standing there, in spite of myself, joining in the aftermath of enthusiasm. . . . The footlights were turned out; people began to go; but the main body of them turned and paused to lure Andy back once more.

He came. He bowed to the stalls; he gazed toward the balcony, and stretched forth his hand; I could see the little bunch of violets in it. He bowed again to right and left—and the thought came to me that he was searching for somebody. . . . There was a burst of sound. He hesitated. He motioned as if for it to stop; but it lasted on some minutes. He said something. I was afraid he was going to make a speech. He shook his head. . . . Gradually the clapping died away. It was quiet again. . . . I felt responsible for what might happen. I wished he would leave the stage.

Just a moment more he hesitated; then the footlights were turned on; he stepped forward and began to sing:

“Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine.” . . .

Suddenly I saw that everybody was looking to the end of the balcony near the stage. A young woman was hanging over it as if in a swoon; her arms were straight

down in the air and her body was pressed against the rail; she was staring spell-bound at the singer.

“I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.” . . .

Andy's face was turned on hers, with the rapt expression of one who had entirely forgotten everything else. And he was singing like a god:

“But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me.” . . .

He dramatically clutched the bunch of violets. . . .

She wore a simple black dress. I could see the pulsations of her body through my glass. . . .

I found myself standing behind her. A good many others were grouped near by. I saw that, below, the clapping had subsided and that people were going out. The lights were being, one by one, extinguished. I touched her on the shoulder; I touched her again. . . . At length she sat back in her chair.

“Are you Miss Gerald—Miss Katharine Gerald?” I asked. I don't know how it was the name so flew into my head.

She nodded. . . . She had come alone, as I had, to hear Andy sing.

I helped her on with her wrap. She wanted to get to a cab. I hardly think she heard much that I said, or realized I was conducting her round to the stage.

But Andy was waiting there with open arms, and seemed to be expecting both of us.



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I COUNT it an honor that this guest of mine upon the hearth has vouchsafed me a kind of intimacy which has relieved many an otherwise lonely hour. Adrift in the universe, it is well to make friends with the elements if we can, and Brother Fire is the closest friend, as well as the fiercest foe, among them all. It is not only for the comfort and the charm of his presence that I value him, and the sense he brings as of perpetual shining of the sun on darkest nights and grayest days, but for the mental quickening that he affords, for no other acquaintance gives more intellectual and spiritual stimulus. The flickering flame, the swift sparks, have some subtle power of lighting ideas and kindling thought to leaping fire. The warmth on one's fingers and cheeks mounts to one's brain; life and experience, and ideas garnered from books, take on a kindly glow. As a bit of poetic justice I always purchase the firewood for my hearth with points-of-view, for nothing else has ever given me so many points of view, both those that can be written and those too vast to be put into words or mere thoughts, commanding far horizon lines that border the infinite.

It is odd that so much of personality clings to this elemental friend. Where he is, abide rest and comfort; finding him, one finds companionship, and is not alone. Not long ago, entering the sitting-room in early morning, I felt a living presence there, and spoke, asking who it might be, for there was a stir and a whisper, as of life going on. Then I saw that, at an unwonted hour, a fresh-laid fire had inadvertently kindled from old coals beneath the ash, and Brother Fire, an unexpected guest, was making himself merrily at home. In his presence is ever this breath and murmur of being; one learns to converse with him in ancient speech, antedating words.

No one else, perhaps, has ever felt so deeply the comradeship with fire as did St. Francis of Assisi, and in the whole history of imaginative sympathy with so-called inanimate things there is nothing more curious than some phases of this intimacy. "Above

all other creatures wanting reason he loved the sun and fire with most affection," is written in *The Mirror of Perfection*. On a time, the record continues, sitting next the fire, the flame caught his linen clothes or hosen near the knee, but he forbade that it be quenched, saying: "Nay, dearest brother, harm not the fire," and but for a venturesome warden, who disobeyed his bidding and put out the flame, the saint would have perished in that close embrace of his beloved. "For whatever necessity urged him, he would never extinguish a fire, or a lamp, or a candle, with so much pity was he moved toward it." On another occasion, when his cell on Mount Alberna was all aflame, he rescued a certain skin which he wore over him at night, then suffered remorse because, in his avarice, he had refused to let Brother Fire eat the skin for which he yearned; nor would the saint ever cover himself with that skin again. Alas for the complex entangling of human affections! Which of St. Francis's other intimates in the kingdom of his family, the beasts, ox, ass, or wolf, had given up that skin in the first place? But his love of fire was his intensest love, and his great *Canticle of the Sun*—to him fairer than other created things, and "radiant with great splendor"—sings of Brother Wind, and Sister Water, and our Sister, Mother Earth, as dependent upon this central source of life and light and heat:

"For he is beautiful and joyful and robust and strong."

Sitting by the hearth on a cold winter night, sleepily, through half-shut eyes, one sees other fires on other far-off hearths, and follows the path of flame down the long trail of human life. Old camp-fires of shepherd folk on Asian plains rekindle here; what did our Aryan ancestors talk about, one wonders, as they gathered round at night to toast their toes on that prehistoric trek? Here glow again great hearth-fires of Mycenaean kings, and huge war-fires of embattled hosts on wide European plains or in deep valleys of the Caucasus. Here one sees new fires blazing in new human homes in times of

peace, as the "seed of fire" is carried from hearth to hearth, to quicken life afresh.

Eye and imagination alike are spellbound as one watches; even the sparks which run hither and yon in irregular lines, and circles along the soot have ever a wayward charm. Chief among the delights in the companionship of Brother Fire is his beauty, which is inexhaustible and of myriad kinds, of "infinite variety." Whether the resistless charm of leaping flame is more compelling, or the vivid red of glowing coal under gathering clear white ash, is hard to say. Never twice the same, here is a beauty which, like that of music, ceases to be as it comes into being. This vanishing beauty of line and passionate color, gold, red, pure light, with flashes oftentimes of green or of blue, has ever the beckoning appeal of all that is swift and fleet. Flames and waves are alike in their symbolic, spirit-charm, of always coming to be. In both, the remorseless change at the heart of things seems for once—at least in the fires of peace and the waves of sunny weather—not tragic, but a source of exquisite delight, that swift, living thing, the soul, deriving joy from something as swift and vivid as itself.

It is a beauty that I must follow wherever I see it, for it has the challenge of all questing things. I could almost write a point-of-view about "bonfires I have known." Those that I have helped make have served a double purpose, of wise destruction and æsthetic charm. Hoary branches of ancient trees; old papers, outworn and outlawed, have together turned to glory before vanishing into merciful nothingness; so dead flowers, too lovely in memory for any less lovely death. Decadent pieces of contemporary fiction, too inflammable to be kept in the house, have had here one, and one only, moment of cleanliness, as the purifying flame has swept the print from the paper that it but defiled. Was I mistaken, or did the bonfire at this moment have a peculiar, unpleasant odor, as of a soul in decay? Here, too, have perished old, old sacred books, worn and soiled by long and reverent use, Bibles, hymn-books, and books of common prayer; did not the ascending smoke have something of the odor of sanctity as the souls of these volumes returned in flame, out under the open sky, to that pure spiritual impulse that gave them birth?

It is not only my own; I would ever share my neighbor's bonfire, if may be. Oft-

times at nightfall from my window I watch its leaping, golden light against the gathering dusk; sometimes it lights the glimmering green of grass and heavily foliaged trees; sometimes I see its passion of living color against the white radiance of snow. If I but catch a glimpse from far of a bonfire over the hill or down the road, I must follow, watching from a distance. Last night I had great joy in one whose splendid springing fire, in the dusky autumn evening, lighted an orchard corner, etching outlines of bare apple-tree boughs in dark network on barn door and side in ruddy light. Most alluring of all are the autumn fires of leaves along the village streets—when amid the ascending smoke, little creeping flames devour the red and brown glory of the leaves; or when light and flame leap softly against the shadows of an Indian summer night, making another sunshine. In October days, when the haze of my neighbor's bonfires blends with the dim, blue haze of all things, I fall to thinking, not unpleasantly, of that ultimate bonfire, prophesied by science and Scripture alike, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Foreshadowings of this I had but lately, when I saw the great building where my work of life has been done, burning from end to end; so many years of life and work seeming to vanish in smoke; while those friendly windows, sunny spaces in the shaded recesses of an old library, windows over which trailing tendrils of ivy nodded, through which companionable ideas came and went, turned into terrible windows of flame, through which one looked out upon—what?

WE can never wholly escape from a feeling of the sacredness of fire; wherever we see it, it stirs within us something from long ago of the most beautiful of primitive beliefs; like St. Francis, we are fire-worshippers all. The village blacksmith's shop, with the deep glow at its shadowed heart, and its wild shower of sparks as iron is smitten, recalls ancient mysteries; and common bonfires relight the altars of ancient faiths. One I recall from a recent May, when earth was fresh with cool young grass and streams were full, and in recalling it I seem to be remembering something farther back than all the springtimes I have known. In a wide green space the smoke ascends as from an altar fire, and I watch again a primi-

The Divine Spark

tive rite, perhaps a sacrifice to some earth-goddess of wood and stream. Thin gray smoke half veils the soft greens of the wood, and of the meadow-grass, through which slow water trickles. To the clear golden flame in the gathering twilight minister an old man, a leaping child, a gambolling dog. To what goddess do they bring sacrifice? The goddess of Cleanliness—the only one we have now, in exchange for a whole celestial hierarchy; to her they burn rubbish. Perhaps the flames on any altar suffice to keep our souls alive! Long after these ceremonies are over I watch—the smoke-fragrance, with its immemorial suggestions, in my nostrils, while the fire slowly flickers, dies, vanishing like a gigantic firefly. Some large, symbolic suggestion is given by these bonfires of spring, and I do not doubt that they are remnants of pagan worship, celebrating casting off the old, the coming of new life. Watching clouds of smoke pouring upward till they fill my whole sunken meadow with a cloudy grayness, against which the flames spring high; watching my neighbor between two slender cedars as, with a long staff, he ministers to flame, I cannot help seeing leaping sacrificial fires at Ægina, perhaps, or at Delphi, against a blue-green sky.

There is small reason for wonder at our instinctive reverence; our lives are circled by fire, by the splendor and the mystery of the stars. Of this the sun at dawn, rising from the rim of water in the east, reminds us, as does the evening star in the fading rose color of the west. Early legend bears witness to our perpetual concern with flame; no old story is more glorious than that of the Titan Prometheus, stealing fire from the gods and speeding with it in a trail of flying sparks to man. It hints ever of guidance; the torch has marshalled marching hosts of men, and led lone wanderers to safety, flaming against the cloud. Bonfire, it is said, means beacon-fire, and something of beacon significance attaches to light and fire everywhere. Lights in far windows across the intervals, shining out through dusky pine boughs; long lines of light of city streets or village ways, or of wide bridges across dark waters with rippling golden reflections; distant light-houses signalling across dim wastes of sea; the myriad lights of shore cities watched from the receding deck as one sails away—for anywhere—have something of beacon character, as have the many other ways of flame: the fire upon our neighbors'

hearths, the light in certain faces, the light of sun and stars. For light is fire, and fire is—what?

Surely the central heart of us, and of all the universe, the source of all existence, as the source of all destruction. What means this recent carping at the nebular hypothesis, that magnificent conjecture that this infinity of matter started in as living, whirling flame? This new planetesimal theory that earth and other heavenly bodies were evolved by slow accretion out of a cold something or nothingness, seems at first glance less appealing; and yet the idea in the latter of constantly waxing heat may, upon consideration, suit our sense of cosmic fitness better than that other thought of slow waning, until the divine fire has quite died out of our inmost being, and we shall hit against some celestial body and vanish in blessed flame. I dearly love an hypothesis; this exact creature, science, shames us all by the unabashed audacity of her guesses. Surely we may take our choice of the two celestial fairy-stories; in either case, there is something at the heart of us that attests the truth of our nearness to waxing and waning heat; the very working of our minds betrays the ways of fire. Watching the persistent manner in which flame plays smokingly around a place about to kindle, disappearing, reappearing in a single flash, coming more often until it burns with pure, steady blaze, we realize that nothing else in nature so closely resembles the working of the human mind, the human soul. Even thus come and go hope, and faith, and love, fading, failing, persisting, triumphantly burning.

Does this sense of deep intimacy with the fire on the hearth come from our far origin in flame itself, or our slow waxing toward the goal of fire? It is the centre of earthly life; from uncounted ages it has been found the most fitting tribute on altars erected to whatsoever gods; thinkers and poets who have given profound interpretations of existence have found it the most fitting emblem of the enduring life of the soul. No other symbol can perfectly suggest the godhead, from the Hebrew burning bush to the words of Mechtild of Magdeburg: "Our God is a consuming fire, ineffably tending upward above all creatures, endlessly, sweetly, everlastingly burning. As vital heat, holding eternal life in itself, this hath produced all things from itself."

Dante, the poet of the soul, is never so

satisfactorily read as by the fire on the hearth, thought in flame and light. The sun in his burning is the one symbol of the Love which moves through all things; flame is the only perfect figure for intensity and reality of love. Dante's paradise is passionate with flame and light; purgatory has something of it, but shaded and dim; and the inferno is inferno partly from being shut down from light and air and fire. But already in inferno there are hints of enkindling; flamelets show the way toward paradise to the travellers, who at the end are left "pure and disposed to mount unto the stars."

In paradise, the angels' faces are living flame; the angels are described as live sparks. The words, the figures, used to express feeling and processes of thought are words of burning, flaming, mounting upward; there are flames upon the foreheads of the saints in the Rose of the Blessed. Through all this runs something of the terrible joyousness of fire; and the life eternal has the passion and the beauty of mounting flame.

So one's hearth of an evening, through its leaping fire, its soft glow of coal, both brings back that primal glow of light and heat through endless space, and blazes the way to paradise. Gazing at it, we are aware of supreme charm, this ultimate beauty making us forget all other, whatever its appeal of color, outline, fragrance, as something after all cold, external, remote from this consuming central loveliness discovered in naught save fire. There are moments when it seems that, if we were not so drowsy, we might penetrate the utmost mystery and understand this miracle of life in death. This bright, fierce, fearful creature, who destroys with magnificence of utter horror, murmurs sweet songs upon one's hearth, and suggests a something tender and friendly at the heart of the great terror of the universe.

WORDS have a way of falling violently in love with each other.

One may watch sometimes the progress of the affair. A graceful adjective is introduced to a sturdy noun by some careless writer. The two strangers find themselves mutually congenial. There may be a piquancy about the combination—each, perhaps, is torn from his or her usual surroundings. They part, after a while, to take up their ordinary

duties, but it is with a firm resolve to meet again.

They manage it at first through their mutual friend the writer. He does not know why when he writes one word the other instantly appears. He thinks his mental processes are responsible. In reality it is the flirtatious impulses of the enamoured words which joggle his pen. Other people follow suit. The words are thrown together constantly. After a while the wedding is quietly celebrated, and the couple pass from romance to humdrum respectability, becoming such a couple perhaps as "Bitter-End," "Unparalleled-Circumstances," or "Critical-Situation."

Sometimes one is churlish enough to desire divorce for such a pair, as in the case of your contributor and the collocation, "Dear Old-Lady." Why is it that no old lady, not positively vicious, appears in speech or print nowadays without the adjective "dear" announcing her?

Some of us will be—many of us are—old ladies. Must we all be "dear old-ladies"? Must all the pleasing and interesting characteristics it has taken us a lifetime to cultivate be obliterated by this vague, sickly sentimental blanket word? Probably none of the thousands who use it with such satisfaction knows exactly what is meant by it. They associate "dear" with gray hairs and failing strength—that is all. They have never taken the trouble to reflect that there are as many kinds of old ladies as there are girls, men, automobiles, books, and remedies for a cold. There are kindly old ladies, ill-natured old ladies, sharp old ladies, witty old ladies, stupid old ladies, musty-fusty old ladies, dainty old ladies, wise old ladies, silly old ladies, Whistler's mother old ladies, Betsy Trotwood old ladies, white-spatted old ladies, churchly old ladies, sit-by-the-fire old ladies, tangoing old ladies, and old ladies who don't wish to be called old ladies at all!

Nowadays most of them are so busy working in public causes that they have not time to protect their own interests as they should. But let us hope that after a while they will organize a new association, to be called "The Society for the Promotion of Distinctive Characterizations for Old Ladies," and that it will have displayed prominently on its banners the slogan, "Down with the word, 'Dear'!"

THE FIELD OF ART.

J. ALDEN WEIR

President of the National Academy of Design

THE schools of art of every period have had their experimenters. Leonardo was always searching; Sir Joshua was never content with his method. It will always be thus. The impressionable temperament, sensitive to certain appealing aspects of nature and with a longing to express its emotion, is ever confronted with the question of method. How? In the graphic arts alone there are so many media and so many ways of using each: the pencil, the needle, the brush, the wash and the gouache, thin glaze and thick pigment. The very wealth of means and opportunity embarrasses the young enthusiast. He starts out hopefully on one line only to be convinced that another is better. Again and again he is back to the turning of the ways. Uncertain, baffled by the inade-

quacy of materials, checked by the difficulties encountered in the field or with models, he is often on the verge of discouragement. But he never gives up, for has he not from time to time had some taste of the satisfaction—and what words can picture that ecstatic joy—of realizing on his canvas, even if only to a limited extent, that goal for which he strove? He has seen that canvas emit light. Perhaps it has only been realized in a small passage—a reflection of the sky on a leaf, a shadow across the surface of running water—but what a glorious vision has been opened up. Hope reinspires, though mingled still with fears. The ulti-

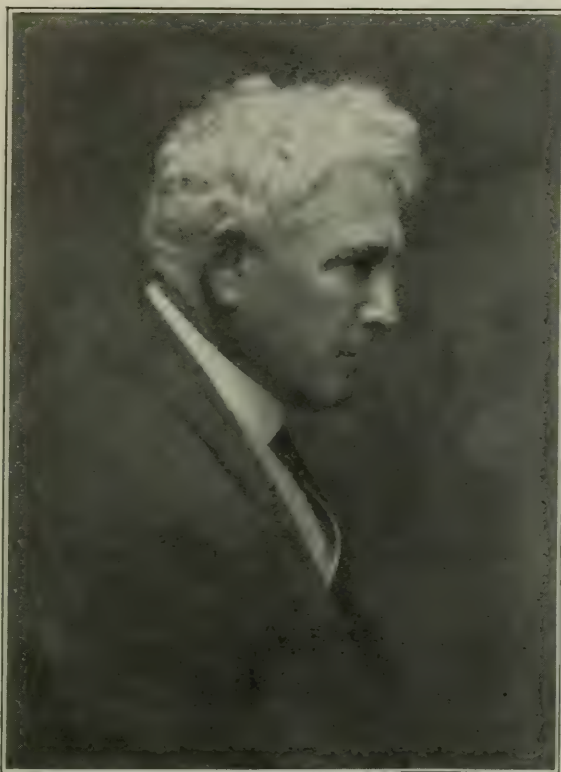
mate end hangs always in the balance. How far away the world seems at such a time.

The experimenter sees the delights and the possibilities of varying styles, but he seldom masters any. He may have “style” but not “a style.” He is too ready for change if aught is thereby to be gained. So how is it possible for him to master a style?

For a style is a goal in itself, admitting no changes of process, having its own method of evolution, requiring often a lifelong singleness of purpose and devotion—sometimes carried through generations. No, these experimenters are wanderers through the realm of fixed technical expression, like comets in a planetary system crossing all the established orbits, often to find themselves lost in the regions of the unknown. They essay the methods of one medium when employing another. They seldom become masters of any one

medium or method. They make poor teachers of *technique*. Nevertheless, they are our greatest artists.

This group stands in contrast with another—the group of technicians. Masters are they of their materials, generally having throughout life but one style, with which they are content, and in which they are so competent that they make few mistakes. You marvel at their accuracy. You call them masters. You admire them as much or more for the superb control of their “*métier*” as for the ideas they wish to express. But when those ideas are feeble or lacking and workmanship alone attracts attention



From a photograph by W. E. Dassonville.

J. Alden Weir.

their art fails. Mechanical accuracy alone does not suffice. It becomes even a drawback to good art. The proficiency of Meissonier, Vibert, and even Barye—skilful beyond compare—has been a restriction on their greatness.

Now of these two classes there can be little

and still he is experimenting. Always willing to discard, always ready to learn, he has carried the traits of youth into the period of his maturity.

Those who cannot divest themselves of the established—the conventional—may complain of this freedom in his work; but

frank truthfulness in line, tone, and composition are always innovations, and it takes an artist to discover and prove the essential beauty of the unconventional. Here lies originality, and we gladly accept Weir's new and fresh view of our land and people even if it sometimes seems unfinished—even crude. We leave his pictures with the thought that he may be right, we wrong, and so comes progress.

But Weir cannot be disposed of by a discussion of his technical methods alone. His work inevitably charms us for reasons far deeper than surface paint. It is as impossible to clothe in words the essence of the painter's art as it is to describe a tune or a musical harmony. His interpretations of femininity—delicate and refined—as typified in his picture, "A Gentlewoman," in the National Gallery at



A Gentlewoman.

In the William T. Evans collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

doubt as to which J. Alden Weir belongs. He is far more typical of the first than of the second. He is true artist. He has the impressionable temperament. He delights in the struggle to express his impressions; but with him the impression is always paramount to the way of rendering it. Weir has tried many media and many methods. Etchings, water-colors, lithographs, pastels, and even engravings on copper, are among his productions, and when we come to review his oils, what changes in method are seen? From early varnished dark to the latest flat lights; from smooth surfaces, through heavily weighted textures, to the present agreeable surfaces—all has he tried

Washington, and in "The Blue Gown," are no less a realization of his conception of the emotional value of his theme than are his renderings of the subtle charms of atmosphere in his New England landscapes. Take, for example, his "Pan and the Wolf." The mystery of night is in the canvas and the still subtler influence of the mythical piper over the wolf. It is the spiritual rather than the technical call that glues you to this idyllic landscape.

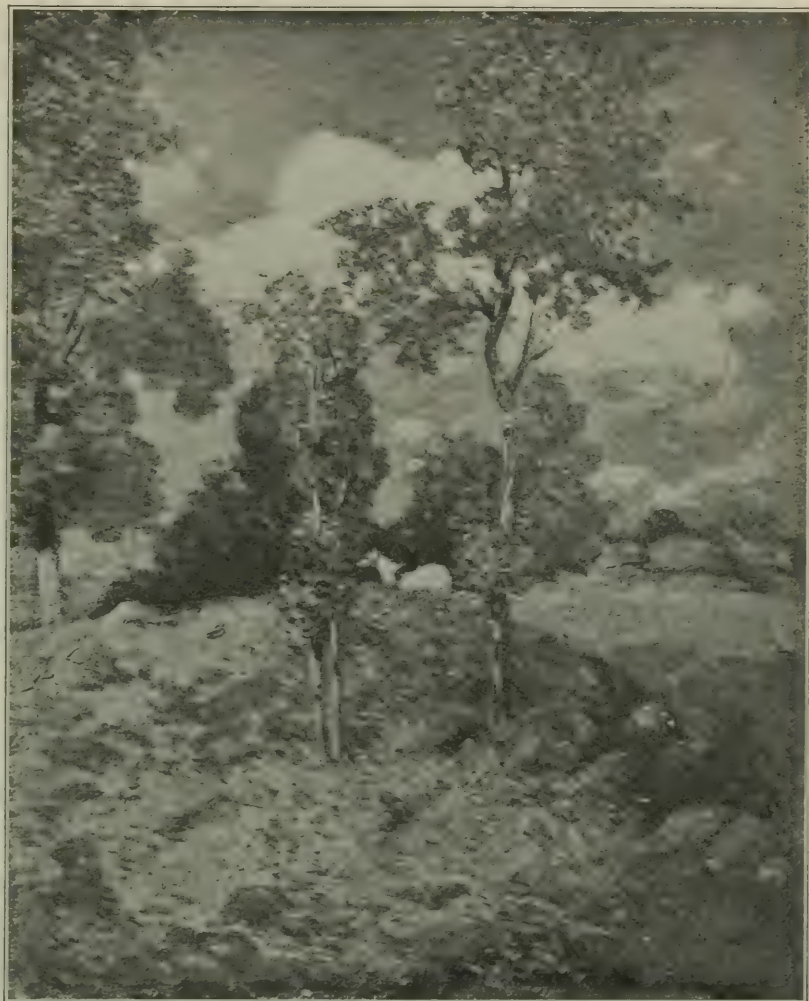
Weir may never have conquered a technical method, but he has come very near it, notably in "The Green Bodice," now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and he has generally gone far enough in his conquests

thoroughly to render his idea—to pass it on to you—and is not that the mission of the artist? It is little detriment to his art that it sometimes seems unfinished. It matters not that his work at times shows evidences of the struggle he has been through, for struggle is always interestingly human and with him it is the struggle of the joyful optimist, with faith in his idea and ever reviving hopefulness—as keen now as in the early days of darks and varnish.

Perhaps Weir would prefer that no allusion be made to that time, but it is a period for which he need have no regrets. I once stood with him before a noble portrait which he had painted in his youth—dark but rich in its tones, still richer in the character which it showed and which had inspired it. I knew what was in his mind when he broke out with “How could I have done it?” He had but a short time before thrown off the mantle of conventional darkness which he had shared with the contemporaries of his youth and emerged into the light of outdoor impressionism. He was all aglow with the new revelation, which, as he handles it to-day, certainly is better suited to his inspirations and his temperament than were the methods of previous days. Perhaps one groundwork of his optimism is the consciousness that he has come into his own country. He has been spared the agony of discovering too late that the “modus” of expression is unsuited to the inspiration. Happy he who has the joy of finding the instrument best fitted to his theme. Chopin for the piano, but imagine Tschaikovsky without an orchestra!

But underlying all his various methods there is the same artistic force which has always been his actuating motive regardless of the means he has employed to express himself. The lighter key, closer range of

values, the purer color, and the pervading tone of the impressionists are far more suited to his temperament than were the former key, color, and contrasts of previous schools. It is his good fortune to be alive at the right time; to have the benefit, as well as to help in the leadership, of the new movement for



Landscape.

which he was so well prepared by his knowledge of the deficiencies of other methods. To him it came as a joyful revelation. He engaged in the new movement with a zeal that startled his friends into the fear that he was going too far.

But he soon had the new method under as great control as the old. Restrained by his fine sense of the artistic, to which with him any method will always be subject, he has been saved from the fate of the majority of modern revolutionists. Weir has always had something to say—a theme to interpret—and the way of saying it, while satisfactory, has always been secondary. The horde of modernists have had little or noth-

ing to say—most of them never felt an impression—and with them the *way* of saying has been everything. So have developed neo-impressionism, cubism, coneism, futurism, and a host of other isms—all striving to outdo each other, resorting to exaggerations

countries, is to come into being, it will be through the influence of such sincere artists, fired with inspirations drawn from their own environments—battling for ways of expression.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the



Idle Hours.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

of method, and when these have failed to attract attention they have sought acclaim by debasing their meagre subject-matter, misfitted to art, and descending to the grotesque, the vulgar, the obscene, and the degenerate. So has the fine movement of impressionism been violated by its exploiters on the Continent. It has fortunately seen less of prostitution here.

In contrast to this debauchery of art stands the work and the influence of J. Alden Weir, no less up to date but of an elevating and spiritual character. The nobility of his inspiration has sobered his technique and kept him from drifting on the rocks against which so many lighter hulks have been shattered.

Now all these traits, exemplified in Weir, are appreciated by his artist friends. In the unformed state of American art the experimenter—as distinguished from the revolutionist—is of great value. More men of this type are needed. They give inspiration of an original kind where the able, foreign-taught technician cannot. If an American school, native, distinct from that of other

modern movements all claim him as their own. The Association of American Painters and Sculptors, an organization which included many extremists, who argued that, because Puvis de Chavannes, Manet, and others had succeeded, their various innovations were destined to like success, offered him the office of president. He declined it.

But not so has he treated the invitation of the National Academy of Design over which he now presides. The academy showed wisdom in this selection. The organization which stands for the best traditions in the art of our country necessarily has to submit to the criticisms of radicals. It must, however, be conservative—its mission is to conserve but it must also welcome the good in all new movements. Its indorsement of Weir's art means no surrender of principle. No; it means acceptance of advanced methods so long as legitimately used. It means also a more true devotion to American subject-matter and American sentiment. It means, above all, a true underlying artistic basis—an ultimate reliance on inspiration.

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.

THE FINANCIAL WORLD

QUESTION OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

Financial Editor of the New York *Evening Post*

WHEN the European war broke out, now nearly a year and a half ago, the question asked with special urgency in American business circles was how the United States could be safeguarded from a period of financial adversity. Eight or ten months later the prospect of immediate financial reaction was conceded to have disappeared, and vague talk began of the business revival which this powerful neutral country might expect after the war. Since then a good deal of water has passed under the mill. A few weeks ago the question was put to one of the most eminent of our practical manufacturers, "Is the United States headed for unprecedented prosperity?" and the reply was, "It is enjoying that prosperity now."

This view of the case has been cordially approved by some excellent authorities in finance and trade, rejected out-of-hand by others, and accepted by still others, though only in a tentative way and with large reservations. Every one who has conversed on the matter with his office or club acquaintances knows that the third group comprises the greater part of the community. At bottom, all of us wish the prompt return of prosperity—even those who foresee difficulties in conducting the next presidential campaign if undeniable prosperity is to be in existence under a political

régime whose presumptive right to be surrounded by it the opposition party denies. To an extent, however, the answer to the question, whether the country has already entered an era of prosperity, must be subject to definitions.

What one merchant, banker, or speculator would call "prosperity," another would dismiss as not measuring up to the title at all. If by prosperity we mean such a period as 1901 or 1906, when every one seemed to be making and spending money lavishly, when the word passed current that "nothing can stop the good times," and when the spirit of hopefulness over any and every kind of business undertaking was apparently under no restraint—then the present state of affairs would certainly not meet the test. But there is prosperity and prosperity; and it may not be without interest to appeal to several perfectly well-known criteria which have long been accepted, in financial and industrial circles, as indicating whether real prosperity does or does not exist.

One of them is historic. The London market, as even the English histories show, has traditionally made great account of the movement of the foreign exchanges, for or against the country whose prosperity is in question. If this were to be the test, the prosperity of the United States would stand unchallenged; it is doubtful if ever before in economic history have

the rates of exchange on all the rest of the world moved so powerfully in one market's favor as they have this time moved in favor of New York. The economic derangement of Europe by the war, however, makes this rather more a test of relative than of actual conditions.

THE stock-market, if its action is sufficiently continuous and emphatic, is another quarter where at least the premonition of prosperity is expected. It is "the pulse," Macaulay said, "which during four generations has continued to indicate the variations of the body politic." It performs this office, first, because a prolonged and general rise in prices should reflect expectation, by the best-informed people in the country, of increasing business profits for the transportation and manufacturing properties whose shares are sold on the Stock Exchange; but second, also, because the same body of experienced investors will not continue to pay advancing prices if they foresee any sudden interruption to the favoring influences.

For obvious reasons, this is a test which must be cautiously applied. Currency inflation will stimulate advancing prices, measured in paper money, when gold values may even be declining. This made the Stock Exchange almost a useless criterion in our Civil War. Experienced people would not take one of those outbursts of wild speculative mania, which at intervals derange the whole financial organism, as prophetic of sound prosperity. On the stock-markets of the past few months, something like that has been witnessed in the extravagant rise of shares of compa-

nies manufacturing war-supplies. But that movement reached and passed its climax; prices of such stocks, after rising 25 to 100 points, lost half of the preceding rise, or more, in a violent collapse. Yet at the same time a long series of railway stocks, in which prices had risen fully 20 per cent since the early months of 1915, held stubbornly to their higher values.

Among these were shares of the most conservative American railway companies—whose fluctuation on the market measures the attitude of serious investors. What was not least remarkable, the home demand which served to bid up prices for these stocks was so obstinate as almost wholly to offset the influence of Europe's sales to us of its own holdings of these shares, in a sum total running to the hundreds of millions of dollars. Europe had been selling back our best railway and industrial bonds also, and it had become a matter of common prediction that a violent fall of prices for American bonds must be inevitable as a result of the high European bid for capital. Yet what happened in November was the largest dealing in bonds that the Stock Exchange had witnessed in half a dozen years, and an advance in prices so rapid as to bring them nearly or quite up to the earlier high level of 1914.

THESE indications showed chiefly what was expected. There are other indications of what must actually have occurred. One very familiar test of active and prosperous trade, financial observers find in what are known as the country's clearing-house exchanges. Every bank, receiving as deposit from a client the checks drawn in his favor

The Stock-Market as a Criterion

The Clearing-Houses as a Test of Prosperity



Painted for Scribner's Magazine by F. Walter Taylor.

DRAFTING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Throughout 1862 President Lincoln was brooding over the question of his duty to his country. On September 22, 1862, he issued a preliminary proclamation, written some two months previously, which had been kept secret within the councils of the Cabinet. This was followed on January 1, 1863, by the final Proclamation of Emancipation.

[The seventh of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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NO. 2

MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

MY FATHER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LORD DUNDREARY



AURA KEENE is reported to have had a bad temper which took possession of her to such an extent that on one occasion she is said to have thrown goldfish about the room in her frenzy. This may or may not be so, and it is not necessary to believe a fish story. However, my father, at that time playing as Mr. Douglas Stewart, became a member of Laura Keene's company about 1857. When this tempestuous lady undertook to discipline that audacious young man, she met her Waterloo. He outmanœuvred her, outflanked her, and, indeed, defeated her completely. Mr. Stewart had incurred Miss Keene's displeasure at a rehearsal. She summoned him to her dressing-room, and as soon as he entered she began a violent tirade. Mr. Stewart stepped quickly to the gas-jet, which illuminated the sacred chamber, and, turning out the gas, plunged the room into darkness.

"What do you mean, sir! How dare you!" stormed the lady.

"Pardon me, Miss Keene," said that impudent Mr. Stewart, "I can't bear to see a pretty woman in a temper"; and under cover of the darkness he made his exit.

It was at Laura Keene's Theatre that "Our American Cousin" was first pro-

duced. The story of this production has often been told, but a new light was thrown upon the history of Lord Dundreary when Joseph Jefferson related to me the following facts.

It appears that Mr. Jefferson was at the time of this production supposed to be suffering from consumption. He told me that his doctors declared that his only hope was to be out in the fresh air as much as possible. That actually his life depended upon it. He was glad, therefore, when my father joined Laura Keene's company, to discover that he was passionately fond of riding. They hired a stable together and purchased two horses. They shared the expense, which was a serious matter as they were both merely stock actors. When the play of "Our American Cousin" was read to the company, as was customary, my father was so disheartened with the part for which he was cast—Lord Dundreary, a second old man with only a few lines—that he determined to throw up his engagement and leave America. He had been acting for ten years and had, he thought, made some impression, and he felt that if his years of labor had brought him no further reward, he would give up the struggle. He told Jefferson that he proposed to return to England and enter his father's office in Liverpool, to devote himself to mercantile pursuits. At once it occurred to Mr. Jefferson that if my father went away he would have to aban-

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don the stable; he could not bear the expense alone. He used all his powers of argument to induce my father not to throw up his part. Joe Jefferson was the leading comedian of the company and he promised my father that with Miss Keene's consent he would permit him any liberty in the scenes they might have together.

"But I have no scenes," said my father; "I have only about ten lines."

"We will have scenes," said Jefferson; "we will make them."

He persuaded the dejected Mr. Stewart to at least attend the first few rehearsals, and he did so. Jefferson was as good as his word, of course, and Miss Keene was induced to allow Lord Dundreary much liberty. My mother played Georgina, the part opposite my father, and she and he worked up many lines and replies at home and were allowed to introduce them into the play. If you have ever seen this comedy you may have remarked that nearly all of Dundreary's scenes are with Asa Trenchard or Georgina. Jefferson worked hard to help his fellow horseman, and day by day Dundreary was, as it were, superimposed upon the play. The success of the character was not so great at first but it grew as the actor felt his way. The printed play as sold by French & Son represents the result of the first two seasons or so of performances. Every season that my father played the piece it was altered and added to—his work on it was constant and unremitting. Many actors played the part; indeed, it was commonly played by the stock companies of the day, but my father always kept ahead with fresh ideas. The play was gradually simplified from a drama of five acts of four scenes each to a play of four acts of one scene each, the scene of the first and last acts being the same. My father each year copied out his own prompt-books, or had them copied, and then wrote in his most recent additions. I have many such prompt-books with most minute notes and directions. When I produced the play nearly thirty years after his death, these manuscripts were so perfect that I had no difficulty in recalling every movement of all the characters. My father's genius was indeed the genius of infinite pains. I have heard him relate that the little skip

he used in his gait in Dundreary originated simply from his habit of trying to keep in step with my mother as they walked up and down at the back of the stage arranging their lines. The skip and the stutter and other business grew and grew from performance to performance. As Jefferson says in his "Life," the character of Dundreary gradually pushed all the other characters out of the play.

Another unpublished incident of the history of this comedy came to me by accident when, one evening while I was playing the piece in America, my manager told me that an old Englishman who kept the gallery door wished to see me. I asked him to come behind the scenes. He had, he said, occupied a position in the great dry-goods store of Marshall & Snellgrove in London at the time of the first production of "Our American Cousin" at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Buckstone was the manager of the Haymarket. It was his habit when business was bad to distribute a number of free seats among the employees of this establishment. One day Mr. Buckstone called and said: "This new play, 'Our American Cousin,' is an absolute failure. The house is empty and I want to make an effort to fill it on Saturday night. I think this man Sothorn is very funny, and if he can get a house I believe he will succeed." A great number of seats were given out, but curiously on that Saturday the fact that Lord Dundreary was an amusing personage had attracted a number of people to the pit. It was the pit that Mr. Buckstone especially desired to fill; for the pit to "rise" at one was then, as now, extremely desirable. Together with free tickets and those who wished to pay, there was such a crush at the pit entrance that a woman was thrown down and trampled to death in a panic which ensued. On Monday the papers were full of this accident. Correspondence ensued, much advertising was the result, and, said my new friend, "the success of the play was assured from that moment." To what untoward circumstance may we not owe our success or failure! That poor woman's death may have actually turned the fortune of the play, for if it had not drawn on the next Monday it was Mr. Buckstone's intention to take it off. The play

ran for four hundred and ninety-six nights at the Haymarket and made the fortune of Mr. Buckstone and of my father.

Two curious circumstances happened during this English engagement. One night, after Dundreary had been triumphant for about a year and my father felt more than assured of his great success, a weary swell in the first row of the stalls arose about the middle of the second act and deliberately put on his coat, stretched himself, yawned audibly, while people murmured "Hush," "Sit down," etc., and started unperturbed up the aisle. My father, greatly nettled but feeling sure of sympathy from the disturbed spectators, went down to the footlights and said: "I beg your pardon, my dear sir, but there are two more acts after this."

"I know," said the weary one, "that's why I'm going."

It is dangerous to step out of one's part.

An old friend of my father, one Doctor Simpson, induced him to go out of town to play one matinée performance of Dundreary. My father, feeling that he was conferring rather a favor on the small community, went with his company. This Simpson was a great joker, and went about telling the rustic auditors that this man Sothern, being an eminent London actor, they must be careful about their demeanor in the theatre. "This is no cheap kind of play," said he. "You must not let this man think we have no manners. Don't applaud, don't laugh; it isn't done; people of taste don't do it. Laugh when you get home, but remember, 'the loud laugh denotes the vacant mind.' If you like

this man's acting, say so quietly when you meet him at the reception after the play."

Never was there such a night. The house was crowded to the doors and not a sound of welcome, not a sound of laughter at this most comic of characters. For two acts my distracted father endured torture, the fiendish Simpson running around to him

every now and again, hitting him on the back and whispering vehemently: "Isn't it great! I never saw such enthusiasm! They're simply mad about it!"

"The devil they are," said my wretched father. "They are as dumb as oysters."

It came to the third act, where there is a long and most arduous monologue of nearly half an hour. Not a sound. My father could endure no more. He arose from the stool whereon he sat, walked down to the footlights, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you don't laugh I can't go

on." Pandemonium broke loose. People shouted and wept. My father for once was nonplussed, but he caught sight of Simpson in a box, self-possessed and smileless, and a light broke in upon his darkness.

I have been nursed on more knees than any other baby in America. While the men and women of my father's generation were yet alive, I would constantly meet elderly people, male and female, who would exclaim: "Why, I nursed you on my knee when you were a baby." Old Couldock, Mrs. Walcot, Joe Jefferson, Stoddard, William Warren, Mrs. Vincent—I could name a thousand in public and private life whose knees had

LAURA KEENE'S NEW THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY.
The necessary arrangements for the production of Tom Taylor's new and original three act comedy having been completed, the management would respectfully inform the public that the first representation of

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN,
which piece has been expressly written for this theatre by one of the most popular dramatists of the period, and
NEVER BEFORE ACTED ON ANY STAGE,
will take place

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 13, 1858,
with new scenery,

Appropriate costumes.
Properties, appointments, &c., &c.,
and a cast comprising within its limits nearly the entire
STRENGTH OF THE COMEDY COMPANY.
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN

Asa Trenchard, a live Yankee.....	Mr. Jefferson
Sir Edward Trenchard, a Hampshire Baronet.....	Mr. Varrey
Lord Dundreary.....	Mr. Sothern
Lieut. Vernon, R. N.....	Mr. Levick
Capt. de Boots.....	Mr. Clinton
Coyle, attorney at law.....	Mr. Burnett
Abel Murcott, his clerk.....	Mr. Couldock
Binney, a butler.....	Mr. Peters
Buddicombe, Lord Dundreary's man.....	Mr. McDouall
Rasper, a groom.....	Mr. Wharton
John Whicker, an under gardener.....	Mr. B. Brown
Florence Trenchard.....	Miss Laura Keene
Mrs. Mountchessington.....	Miss Mary Welles
Augusta.....	Miss Effie Germon
Georgina.....	Mrs. Sothern
Mary Meredith.....	Miss Sara Stevens
Sharpe, Miss Trenchard's maid.....	Miss Flynn
Skilles, Mrs. Mountchessington's maid.....	Mrs. Levick

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I.
SCENE I.—Morning Room at Trenchard Manor..... Almy.
Servants' gossip. An itinerant post office much more expeditious than the official slow coach. An unknown locality. Where is Brattleboro, Vermont? Florence. A trans-Atlantic letter. A dead branch of the genealogical tree resuscitated. An interesting invalid. An unexpected arrival. Our American cousin. Cousinly affection checked. An unsatisfactory luncheon. No chowder. No slapjack. No Nothing. An American drink. Brandy smashes and chain lightning.
SCENE II.—Room in Trenchard Manor..... Thorne.
A model lawyer and a drunken clerk. Debt, the nemesis. A financial panic. An old mortgage, but no release. Fraud in perspective. A terrible price. A daughter's happiness for a father's safety. A female Robin Hood. Hopeless ineptitude. A noble resolution.

Facsimile of part of advertisement in New York Herald,
October 18, 1858, announcing the first production
of "Our American Cousin."

accommodated me. From knee to knee I would seem to have hopped as birds from bough to bough. I must have reposed upon as many bosoms as did Queen Elizabeth on four-post beds. Whether I was nursed thus because I was either beautiful or good, or because the last good Samaritan desired to hand me on rapidly to the next, history sayeth not. Perchance my mother, in her busy life at that time, had constantly to say to the bystanders, "Here! hold the baby!" while she ran to take up her cue at rehearsal; the infant would have to be controlled by an alien hand, while "Ride a cockhorse" and "Pat-a-cake, baker's man" may have been sung in my ear by many an unwilling nurse.

It is not always that one may excite admiration concerning one's personal charms before one has entered upon this stage of fools. Such, however, was my good fortune. I have a letter, written by my father from New Orleans to his sister in England. It says:

"Lytton is the most strictly beautiful child you ever saw. Fan [my mother] is looking over my shoulder as I write and says, 'Of course the baby will be the same.'"

The baby was myself. On December the 6th, 1859, at 79 Bienville Street, New Orleans, the baby appeared. My father, careful to remember unimportant details, made a memorandum in a scrap-book of theatrical notices; among other notes, such as the sum due his landlady and the number and variety of articles of clothing in the wash, he had jotted down: "1859—Dec. 6th, New Orleans—Boy born at 79 Bienville St. at 7 A. M."

One is apt to forget a thing like that; a baby may readily be mislaid and it is always wise to make notes. While the event was still fresh in his memory, the delighted parent wrote with enthusiasm to his friend Cohn, the father of Kate Claxton, whose brother gave me the letter:

"Dear Cohn: The long expected youth has at last arrived. The very first thing he did was to sneeze, so the least we can do is to call him Dundreary Sothern."

At the time of my birth my father was a member of a stock company in New Orleans. It was shortly after the suc-

cessful production of "Our American Cousin" at Laura Keane's Theatre in New York. This present enterprise was my father's venture and the theatre was called for the occasion "Sothern's Varieties." Here a large and varied repertoire was played, my mother doing her share of this work and even adapting a drama from the French, called in English "Suspense," which was a great success. Lawrence Barrett and John T. Raymond were members of the organization.

I left New Orleans as a baby and did not return until I was nineteen and a member of John McCullough's company. I sought out my birthplace and discovered it with some difficulty, for the numbers of the houses had been changed; but at last I found the spot, a strange, foreign-seeming building constructed about a courtyard which was surrounded by galleries like an ancient English inn. The place was still a lodging-house; indeed, the woman who had kept it during my father's time was not long dead. I was able from description often repeated to locate the very rooms my father and mother occupied and the room wherein I first made my entrance. The old St. Charles Hotel was then in existence—the building of the war times. I hied me with much interest to the barroom, for there was the scene of a tragedy whereof I had heard my father speak. In that large and rather gloomy hall, supported by columns, had been fought a duel between an actor named Harry Copeland and one Overall, a newspaper man. My father was present at this conflict—and barely saved his life by jumping behind one of these same columns.

While I was in New Orleans on this visit an old lady gave me a small fawn-colored coat, very old-fashioned, with high collar, bell-shaped cuffs, pearl buttons as large as a half-dollar, much moth-eaten. On the small strap by which coats are hung was the name of Dion Boucicault. When "Our American Cousin" was first produced in New York Boucicault had lent my father this coat to wear in his part; my father had given it to the husband of this woman as a keepsake, and here it was back again with me. When I reached home I looked into the ancient pockets, and behold!



From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward A. Sothern as Lord Dundreary, in "Our American Cousin."

there was a paper and, written in my father's hand, some memoranda:

"Get Peter Parley's Tales for Lytton."

"Lent So-and-so twenty-five dollars; this makes forty-five he owes me."

"Fan's birthday."

"Have part copied."

"Pad for Kinchin and prompt book of 'Flowers of the Forest.'"

"Write to Polly" [his sister].

"Name of baby—Hugh—Edward—John—Edwin—Francis—Askew—also shoes."

"Hair cut."

Here certain sums in arithmetic, evidently profits and losses.

Then comes the startling announcement:

"Today the baby distinctly said DASH IT!"

This epoch-making remark of mine has escaped the eye of contemporaneous historians. It may appear a matter of no moment to the unobservant for one small babe to say "Dash it." One's first observation does not carry the same sig-



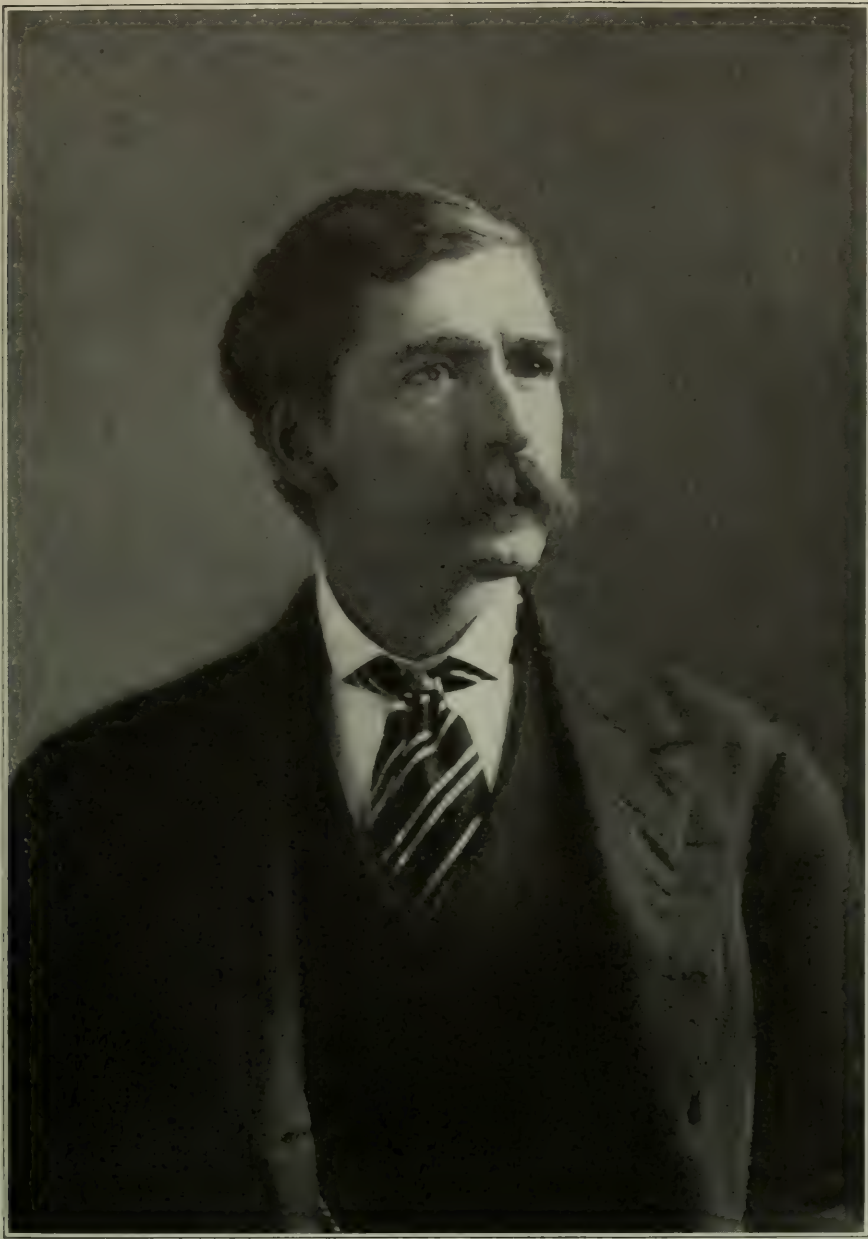
Mother of E. H. Sothern.

nificance as one's last. Whether "Dash it!" was a reminiscence or a criticism or an expletive, whether spoken in the spirit of inquiry, rebuke, comment, contrition, or abuse, joy or grief or pleasure or regret, may not be known. That it was a statement worthy of record is established beyond a doubt. At that time it was an utterance of some consequence; the fate of nurseries depended on it. Evidently it was an event expected and prepared for. Had it not been for the accident of my meeting with the old lady who gave me the coat, this oration might never have been chronicled, and the first address of a distinguished citizen to his native city would have been buried in oblivion.

Whether I was "dashing" the world, or the nurse, or life, or things in general, is not set down; that I even meant what I said is not now to be established. That I "dashed" something was evident. The dashed thing that was dashed must forever remain a mystery.

ALL MIRTH AND NO MATTER

THE practical joke certainly presupposes a victim; somebody has to be put in a foolish and laughable situation. Even a community may be made to look ridiculous. This occurred when my father, playing under the name of Mr. Douglas Stewart, then a member of Laura



From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward A. Sothorn, about 1875.

Keene's company in New York, put an advertisement in the paper and distributed handbills to the effect that Professor Cantellabiglie (can tell a big lie) would fly from the top of Trinity steeple at noon on a certain day in the year 1859. At the appointed hour the crush was so great that traffic was utterly disorganized; a riot seemed imminent. A free fight for coigns of vantage took place in many localities. The police had the greatest difficulty in handling the huge crowds. At last some one, while contemplating the name of the new Icarus, discovered the joke.

"Can tell a big lie!" he shouted. "It's a hoax!"

A roar of rage, another of laughter suc-

ceeded. Then the town laughed at the town, and each man at his neighbor. The joker was not discovered for some days. When Mr. Douglas Stewart announced himself as the perpetrator of the joke, it was admitted that he had done well.

I have met men in recent years who are still laughing at Cantellabiglie. Any man who can provide such perennial amusement is a public benefactor.

When I was at school in London in 1875, my pastors and masters, like most other Englishmen, were persuaded that one shot buffalo in Central Park and that red Indians perambulated on Fifth Avenue, exchanging skins for beads and oc-

casionally shooting with poisoned arrows at offending citizens. One's scalp was supposed to be somewhat unsafe, and to breakfast without one's six-shooter by one's plate and one's bowie-knife in one's boot was to be branded as a reckless fellow. Mr. Phillip Lee, the husband of Miss

number of judges, colonels, major-generals, doctors, senators, professors, and so on. Mr. Lee, being a distinguished foreigner, was to be greeted by the élite of New York.

As a matter of fact, my father had conspired with his friend Dan Bryant,



E. A. Sothorn as The Crushed Tragedian.

Adelaide Neilson, was of these opinions. My father took pains to cultivate such views and, on his arrival in New York, met Mr. Lee at the dock with a brass band, conducted him to the Gramercy Park Hotel, discussed the buffalo hunt for the following day, which was to be accompanied by a band of Sioux Indians, and left his guest to dress himself for a great banquet which was to be given in his honor that same evening. To this occasion had been invited the most eminent men of the United States—a great

the celebrated minstrel man, who arrived at the appointed hour accompanied by about thirty of his comedians, attired in more or less aristocratic if somewhat outré costume. My father had prepared Lee for the primitive manners of the uncouth American; but he was somewhat taken aback at a certain freedom of expression, and became ill at ease when each guest, as he took his place at the dinner-table, placed a six-shooter of great size by his plate.

"It is nothing," whispered my father



David Garrick

The Hon. Sam Slingsby.

Lord Dundreary.

E. A. Sothorn in three characters.

to his guest of honor; "merely custom; very touchy, these people; great sense of honor; let us hope there will be no blood shed."

This humane desire was dashed, however, when, grace having been said, Dan Bryant drank his soup from the plate and demanded a second helping. A guest on the opposite side of the table laughed. Mr. Bryant requested to know what caused the amusement of his honorable friend, Judge Morton. A short colloquy followed which culminated in the Honorable Mr. Bryant shooting across the table at the Honorable Mr. Morton and that agile gentleman jumping on to the table, bowie-knife in hand, loudly avow-

ing his intention of cutting the heart out of the Honorable Mr. Bryant.

Friends adjusted this initial difficulty; explanations were in order, hands were shaken, drinks were taken, apologies to the guest of the evening were made, and the fish was served. Some one made a remark about some one else being "a queer fish."

"A reflection on our host!" cried a major-general; "the fish is first-rate!"

"You lie!" remarked a distinguished senator.

Panic ensued. A fight with bowie-knives at once took everybody from the table. Up and down the room struggled the combatants; now the knives were in

the air, visible above the heads of the crowd; now they were apparently plunged into the bodies of the honorable major-

"No, no!" said several honorable gentlemen, senators, judges, and professors, "we always settle these matters among ourselves. The coroner is a friend of ours; he invariably attends after any important gathering."

The dinner proceeded. Speeches of welcome to Mr. Lee, the distinguished guest, were in order. Replies by my father and Lee were offered amidst great applause and laughter. Lee especially was acclaimed; every word he said was the signal for shouts of appreciation. The conspirators were waiting for a cue to cap the excitement of the night. Lee provided it when he said, with a desire to conciliate everybody and appease the warring factions: "I was born in England, my mother was Irish and my father was Scotch. As an Englishman, I salute you! as a Scotchman, I greet you! as an Irishman, I cry, 'Erin go Bragh!'"

"He means me!" cried a senator, bringing a bowie-knife from the back of his neck. Like a flash a bullet from a doctor of divinity laid him low. A dozen shots rang out. Some one gave a signal and the lights were extinguished. A general battle ensued amid such a turmoil that chaos seemed come again; the table-cloth was pulled from the table with a crash of glass and crockery. A great banging at doors added to the din. Cries of "Murder!" "Kill him!" "Knife him!" rent the air.

When the gas was lit at last and silence was restored, the floor was strewn with victims. Lee was nowhere to be seen. Search revealed him hiding under the table, his teeth chattering, his hair on end, and terror in his eye. He was extricated. The dead men arose and hoped he had not been disturbed by the slight misunderstanding. Law and order were restored and, amid much good feeling, the buffalo hunt was arranged for the following morning.

"NO SONG, NO SUPPER"

I HAVE always envied those people who have the courage and the ability to recite. I never could bring myself to do it. The

SOTHERN'S LYCEUM.

HALIFAX, N. S.

Proprietor and Manager
Stage Manager
Assistant Stage Manager
Scene Artist
Prompter

Mr. Sothorn.
Mr. Dyott.
Mr. Fisher.
Mr. Selwyn.
Mr. R. Spinosa.

Doors open at half-past seven; performance commencing at eight precisely.

N. B.—Police are in constant attendance to preserve order.

FUN! FUN! FUN!!

GREAT ATTRACTION!!!

RAYMOND'S BENEFIT.

THREE NEW PIECES,

In each of which he will appear

Comedy, Vaudeville, and Farce.

First and only time of

"WHACK."

The INDIAN NIGHTINGALE (Whoo-hoo), will appear for this night only.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1857,

First time in this city of Buckstone's Comedy, in three acts, entitled,

Married Life!

MR. CODDLE
MRS. CODDLE
MR. LYNN
MRS. LYNN
MR. YOUNG HUSBAND
MRS. YOUNG HUSBAND
MR. DESMAY
MRS. DESMAY
MR. HENRY DOVE
MRS. HENRY DOVE

MR. CHIPPENDALE
MRS. SILVER-TEE
MR. STORPACT
MRS. MRS. LAYNE
MR. REYNOLDS
MRS. A. TAYLOR
MR. FLEET
MRS. SOUTHERN
MR. RAYMOND
MISS CUSHNIE

SONG,

"MY LOVE HE IS A SOLDIER."

BY THE INDIAN NIGHTINGALE.

BALLAD,

BY MISS CUSHNIE.

After which, a new Farce called,

Raymond Worried

by Sothorn.

In which they will sing the celebrated Duett from

"IL PURITANI."

From the collection of Robert Gould Shaw, Boston.

Programme of August 17, 1857.

general and the honorable senator. Shrieks, curses, demands for fair play shook the chandeliers. At last the honorable senator was slain; his body was taken into the adjoining room, the door closed, the banquet resumed.

Lee was in a highly excited state and suggested the police.

immediate contact with an audience embarrasses me. The deficiency is inherited. My father never could or would recite; he had a sort of constitutional aversion to doing so. Perhaps he fancied people looked funny when reciting; he certainly took a fiendish pleasure in disconcerting reciters. I remember once attending a benefit performance with him and Edwin Adams when John McCullough was to recite. He was billed to declaim a favorite poem of his: "Flynn of Virginia." They say he was quite wonderful at it. On this occasion, my father and Adams selected seats in the middle of the front row of the orchestra and quite upset the proceedings. The recitation begins with the words: "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?"

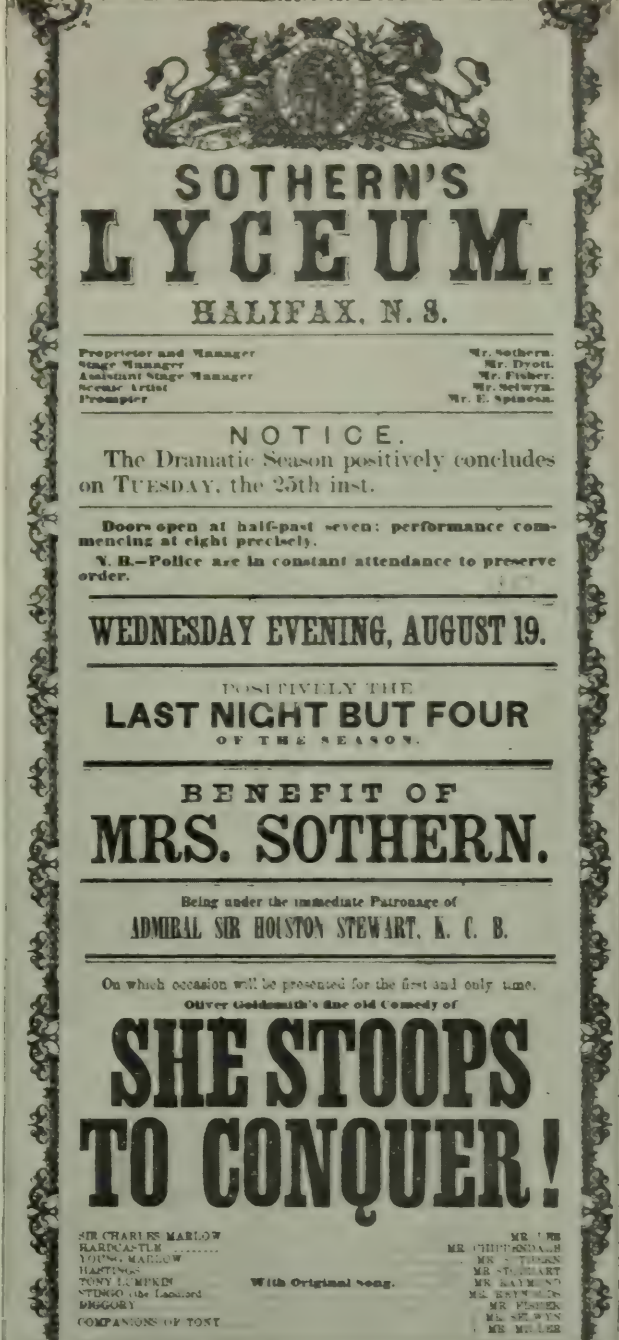
Mr. McCullough came on and was greeted with great applause. He made an impressive pause and began: "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?"

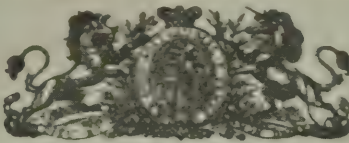
Ned Adams and my father stood up and, looking steadily at McCullough, solemnly shook their heads, as who should say, "No, we never heard of him"; then they solemnly sat down again.

McCullough was disconcerted but went to it again. "You knew Flynn, Flynn of Virginia?" said he. Again the two solemn figures arose, shook their heads sadly, and reseated themselves. This occurred three or four times, each time McCullough finding it more impossible to control his laughter, until at last he could do so no longer and went off the stage hysterical.

While my father was playing Tom Robertson's comedy of "David Garrick" in London, during his first great success in England, he made an engagement that when his tour should open at a certain provincial town he would attend a supper to be given by a militia regiment. The occasion arrived and the supper was an elaborate affair. The colonel of the regiment was a man my father knew quite well in London. The dinner was good, the fun fast and furious, and when the feast was over stories and recitations were in order. Local talent distinguished itself. Great was the applause and enthusiasm, and, as the night wore on, the

heavily laden table, on which shone the regimental glass and silver, rattled again and again with the appreciation of the crowd. At last my father was called upon




**SOTHERN'S
LYCEUM.**
HALIFAX, N. S.

Proprietor and Manager Stage Manager Assistant Stage Manager Secular Artist Prompter	Mr. Sothern Mr. Dyott Mr. Fisher Mr. Selwyn Mr. E. Spence
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NOTICE.
The Dramatic Season positively concludes
on TUESDAY, the 25th inst.

Doors open at half-past seven: performance commencing at eight precisely.
V. R.—Police are in constant attendance to preserve order.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19.

POSITIVELY THE
LAST NIGHT BUT FOUR
OF THE SEASON.

**BENEFIT OF
MRS. SOTHERN.**

Being under the immediate Patronage of
ADMIRAL SIR HOUSTON STEWART, K. C. B.

On which occasion will be presented for the first and only time,
Oliver Goldsmith's fine old Comedy of

**SHE STOOPS
TO CONQUER!**

SIR CHARLES MARLOW HARTCASTLE YOUNG MARLOW HASTINGS TONY L. MURKIN STINGO (the Landlord) BRUGBY COMPANIONS OF TONY MEN HARTCASTLE	MR. T. H. MR. CHITTENDALE MR. TIGGAN MR. ST. MART MR. RAYMOND MR. RAYMOND MR. FISHEN MR. SELWYN MR. MILLER MRS. SOTHERN
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With Original Song.

From the collection of Robert Gould Shaw, Boston.

Programme of August 19, 1857.

for a recitation. He protested that he never had been able to recite; explained his actual inability to do so; that he never had done such a thing and knew nothing to recite. No one seemed to believe him. Shouts of "Oh, you must!" "Come on now!" and much uproar and persistence ensued. Again and again my father de-



From the collection of Robert Coster, Esq.

Laura Keene as Florence Trenchard.

clared he would if he could, but that he was utterly unable to oblige his hosts.

He professed his sincere wish to do anything to add to the entertainment of the night, but regretted that he had this peculiar incapacity. Men gradually became emphatic, and more or less ungracious remarks could be heard among the din; some unruly spirits rather rudely declaring their resentment and disgust. The situation became quite embarrassing and distasteful. At last a climax was reached when one man more flushed and uproarious than the rest cried out: "Oh, come, I say, you must pay for your supper!"

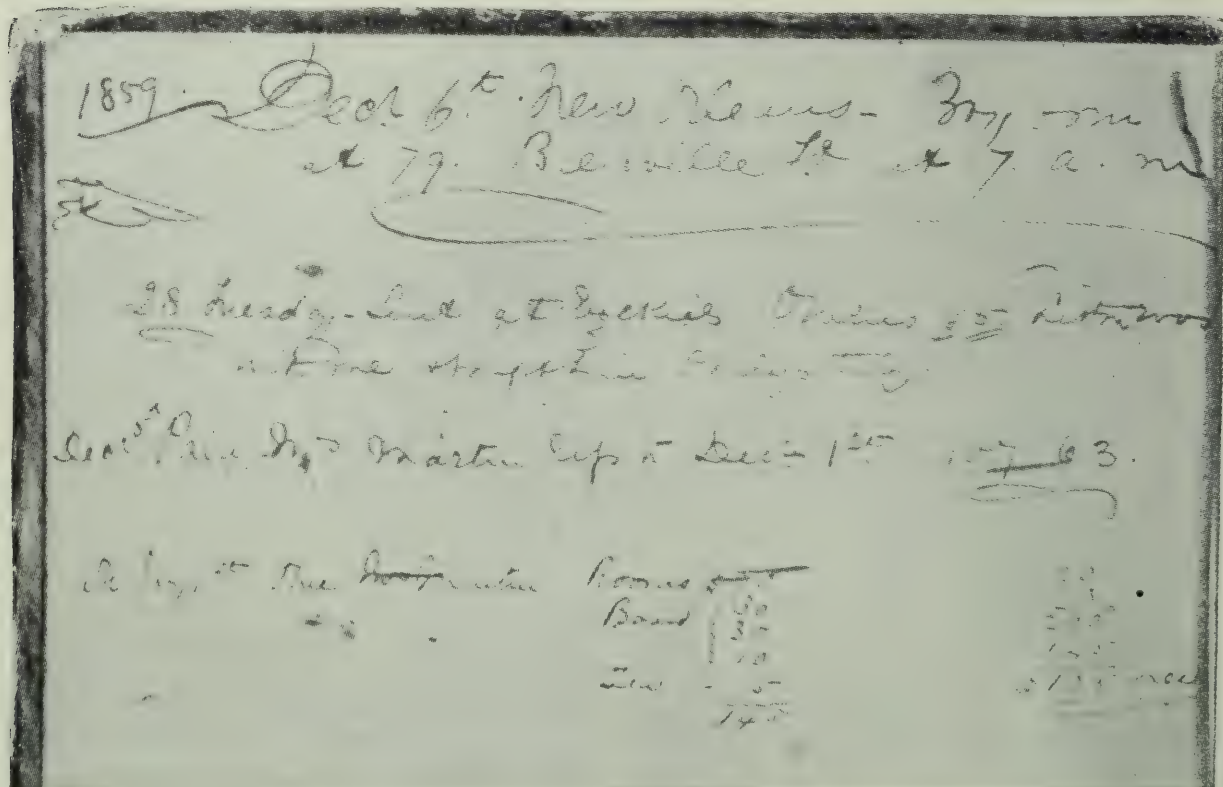
My father got up with sudden resolve. Said he: "All right, I'll pay."

Much acclaim followed, although the colonel and some others seemed to deprecate the general attitude.

Said my father: "I'll pay for my supper, but," he continued, "I can't recite in the usual way; all I can do is to give a scene from one of my plays."

"Good!" "That'll do!" "First-rate!" sang out the voices.

"I'll give you the drunken scene in 'David Garrick,'" said my father; "but I



Facsimile of part of a page in E. A. Sothern's scrap-book noting the birth of his son, Edward H. Sothern.



From a photograph by Sarony in the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell, Esq.

Edward A. Sothern as David Garrick.

must tell you that I can't be responsible when I am acting; I get carried away completely and anything may happen. You may remember," he went on, "that Garrick comes to the house of a common, ill-bred, vulgar city man where he meets a crowd of common, ill-bred, vulgar guests; they cry out to him to act, and he does act, indeed, but not as they anticipate. He pretends to be drunk in order to disgust the heroine, who has fallen in love with his playing. He does disgust her.

She is broken-hearted to think that this drunken fellow is the man who has enchanted her with his performance of Hamlet, and Lear, and Macbeth. He is broken-hearted that he has had to do what he has done—shatter her idol, himself. He is about to leave the room when the common, ill-bred, vulgar crowd cry: 'Turn him out!' 'Kick him out!' Then he turns on them in fury like this, as I do now," and my father turned, as indeed he does in the play, and the lines of

Coriolanus which Garrick speaks in the scene came from his lips red-hot. Cried he:

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
Making not reservation of yourselves,

Still your own foes, deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere."

Here the business of the play is that Garrick seizes the curtains of the opening in the centre of the stage, tears them down in his frenzy, and wraps them around him as he rushes out.

When my father had delivered the speech with great force, he seized the corner of the table-cloth and wrapped it



Courtyard of house in New Orleans where Edward H. Sothern was born, December 6, 1859.



Birthplace of Edward H. Sothorn, 79 Bienville Street, New Orleans.

about his body as he twisted round and round on his way to the door. Crash came all the plate and glass and silver from the table. All the men jumped to their feet, as with his final words my father rushed from the room.

There was a pause, breathless; then he returned. "Dear me!" said he, "what a mess! I fear I was carried away. I was afraid it would be so, but one must pay for one's supper."

It is needless to say that this incident

was not acclaimed with transports of delight. Never had that scene been played to so unresponsive an audience.

The colonel conducted my father to his carriage and assured him that he had taught the younger men a lesson they were not likely to forget. Subsequently this same colonel, and, indeed, many of the others present, became my father's fast friends. The matter, however, was made public and my father was not asked to recite again.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by Paul Meylan.

"Please tell me why you proposed that last rubber?"—Page 151.

THE WIFE OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER

By Edward C. Venable

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

I

I THINK," said Miss Maturin, putting both elbows on the table-cloth, as if for emphasis—"I think this is the most wonderfully beautiful place I've ever eaten anything in."

Her companion smiled properly at this tribute to his taste, and looked about him in a rather proprietary sort of way. Her elbow, as she sat at the table, touched the marble balustrade that crowned the three-hundred-foot cliff rising from the valley. The afternoon sun turned faintly pink the Alpine peaks around them and darkly blue the waters of the lake of The Four Cantons far below. She could have flicked a crumb from the cloth straight down the cliff to the black pines through which the yellow funicular toiled up and down like some laborious yellow bug.

"They say," he began, "that a poet climbed up here first and started the shop. I forget his name. Funny idea for a poet, wasn't it?"

"He was probably hungry after the climb," said Miss Maturin.

"Probably."

"Anyhow," continued Miss Maturin, "he was very human. Most beautiful things are used so. Think of the silver and gold and glass and jewels and buildings and paintings and clothes, all used for eating. Whenever," cried Miss Maturin, growing enthusiastic, "we humans meet with a very beautiful thing we immediately use it to eat with."

"Not always." He turned his eyes from the mountain-tops and looked at her. "Sometimes," he explained, "beautiful things are used for worship."

"I forgot churches," said Miss Maturin crossly.

"So did I," said the viscount.

"Do you mean women?" asked Miss Maturin.

"Not altogether," said the viscount.

"Separately? Oh!" cried Miss Maturin, "do you mean me?"

"Right-o," said his lordship.

Miss Maturin sank back in honest amazement. The viscount turned to frown at a waiter who was approaching with toothpicks. "I always have, you know," he added. "Oh, ever since last March, or sometime of that sort."

He was good-looking, in a lean, weather-beaten sort of way, rather needlessly good-looking, she had always thought, and now a faint tinge of red showed beneath the brown and made him rather better-looking than ever. "I always meant it, Miss Maturin."

He unmistakably meant it then, and in his sincerity he nervously pushed a napkin, lying between them, over the balustrade. He sprang up in a relieved way to look after it.

"It's caught on a tree-top," he called out, bent double over the balustrade. "It's an awfully funny-looking thing; you ought to see it."

"I don't want to," said Miss Maturin.

"It looks like a flag," said his lordship. "Like a flag of truce—really it does."

Miss Maturin impatiently got up and looked. There was a tiny speck among the green below. Then she looked at him. He was a good deal redder now, of course, and also he was looking at her.

"Well," said his lordship.

"Worship," said Miss Maturin. "What can you know about worship?"

He reversed his position and sat on the balustrade. "Not very much, probably, but all I know you taught me."

Miss Maturin slowly grew as pink as the Alps. "I'm sorry." She put out her hand. "But you looked so—so—careless."

"Oh, that's all right. I am scared pink, you see. But how about it?"

"It—it's impossible," said Miss Maturin.

"You mean there's another fellow?"

"I mean there will be one when I get back to New York."

The viscount drummed his heels against the marble. "Let's sit down," he suggested.

They sat awkwardly facing each other through what was conversationally the bleakest moment of their lives, across an absolutely bare table-cloth. There was only a salt-cellar left by the waiter to vary the monotony. Lord Bray, with unshakable faith in the influence of *mise en scène*, phrased the situation as approaching beautifully but falling down on the putt. Miss Maturin stared resentfully at a Swiss officer who was drinking beer at a table across the terrace, an officer in a very tight uniform with a long sword between his legs. Miss Maturin told herself that the officer typified Europe and all its ways, gaudy, restricted, uncomfortable, lugging around a lot of perfectly useless junk. By a very slight effort she encased the soul of Lord Bray in the spiritual replica of that uniform, while his natural form remained before her eyes, comfortably clad in gray flannel, without even a walking-stick.

On the whole, Miss Maturin was puzzled, first, that a man who observed most of the conventionalities of life so well should make love so very badly, and second, that she should have refused him. She was twenty-seven and unfeignedly willing to marry, and he was only thirty, and a viscount, besides being very good-looking and an honest fellow. As for the man in New York, if his name had been demanded instantly she would have had the greatest difficulty in choosing one of three. And while she was puzzling over these problems, over the table, nervously building salt castles on the cloth, his lordship was thinking of the same things and was as frankly nonplussed.

"He must be rather a wonder," he said in all simplicity. "I mean the fellow in New York."

"No, he isn't a bit. He is a very ordinary sort of a person." As that applied to any one of the three, she felt

justified in adding: "Oh, very much so, indeed."

"Then," said the viscount ruefully, "what sort of a fellow am I?"

Miss Maturin pondered carefully. "It isn't at all a question," she said slowly, "what sort of a fellow you are. The thing is, you are an European."

The viscount swept the salt castles into the abyss. "I am also white and a biped, Miss Maturin."

Miss Maturin realized the inadequacy of her distinction. She also realized that, having begun to define, she must continue to some definite end. "I mean, you are not an American."

"I've lots of friends over there," said his lordship hopefully. "Perhaps I know him," he suggested. "What's his name?"

"I can't tell you yet," said Miss Maturin truthfully. "You see, I said I was waiting until I got back to New York."

"Oh, very well," said the viscount. "But what has my being an European got to do with it?"

"Well," said Miss Maturin, "if I married you I would, in a way, don't you see, marry Europe. I mean I'd have to live over here."

"And you wouldn't like that?"

"No," said Miss Maturin, "I wouldn't."

"Why?" said the viscount.

"That's just what I am trying to explain?"

"If it's democracy and that sort of thing," he suggested, "we have all sorts in England now, you know. Half my own tenants cut me on the street, I believe."

"No. It isn't democracy," said Miss Maturin. "It's much more personal than that."

"That's bad," said his lordship. "If it's personal, it's bad. It is much easier to find fault with me than the Continent."

"Then, take you, for example," said Miss Maturin, "and him." She would have said them if she had been quite honest.

"I don't know him," he explained; "but take him, anyway."

"Well," said Miss Maturin, "he works."

"Poor?" said his lordship.

"Not entirely," said Miss Maturin.

"He works because—well, not because he loves it, but because he thinks he should; because he feels a moral obligation."

"What does he do?"

"He's a stock-broker."

"That's odd," said the viscount.

"What?" said Miss Maturin.

"Feeling a moral obligation to be a stock-broker."

Miss Maturin sat up straight. "That is where you misunderstand. It doesn't matter what the work is; it is the fact that it's work that he thinks of, that he is playing a man's part in the world—helping the progress of humanity. And that is what we all feel over there. It is in the air. We must help, push, be in the fight. Over here, it is only get enough, and stop."

She paused. The viscount blew a ring of smoke and watched it float out over the balustrade. Miss Maturin stole a glance at a pocket-mirror and straightened her hat. Then she looked again at the viscount, who seemed still intent on the rings. It gave him a detached air, which piqued her. She felt that she would like to become still more personal; to let, as it were, the eagle scream just a trifle raucously for once. He was certainly not effeminate. No man she knew in New York had so out-of-doors an air about him, and yet she fancied, should she touch him, he would be soft and warm to the touch—soft, as Sheraton carving is soft, and warm, as rare old Ming. That expressed him in all human relationships, she thought. He was finely made and rare, but old and out of date, an heirloom, a curiosity, quite useless to any except connoisseurs in such things. And a connoisseur she was not. She abhorred them, and was, instead, a vigorous young American, slightly flavored with feminism, perhaps, and longing to be of use and weight in the world.

"It sounds tremendously exciting," said the viscount.

"Not exciting," said Miss Maturin, "rather, I should say, *vital*."

She repeated the word to herself, it fitted so well, summed up so neatly what he was not. He was good to look at and he was delightful to be with; he was, even, she had suspected, pleasant to touch, but he was not vital; the world could wag so

unconcernedly without him and his kind. Her mind jumped back to an office she had once visited in Manhattan, where, bent over a desk, under a green-shaded light, Stephen Weld labored at his trade six days each week. There had been nothing impressive about the place except the thought that that particular cell was surrounded by thousands of other similar cells, suggesting, not a prison, but a hive, a place of vast, ceaseless labor. Mr. Weld, too, had been in his shirt-sleeves with his hair rumpled.

"I am an awful ass," said the viscount. "You have your back to the sunset. Let me——"

"I don't want to look at sunsets," said Miss Maturin. The picture of Mr. Stephen Weld, with his hair rumpled, filled her vision. "We must go down now, anyway. I took a chance coming up for tea. It would never do to be late getting back."

"Right-o," said his lordship.

II

MR. WELD returned from the hall with his arms over his head and his mouth open. The departing guests were just entering a taxi-cab at the curb outside.

"Why?" he asked. "Please tell me why you proposed that last rubber? Couldn't you see I was nearly asleep in my chair, and don't you know those two tightwads would sit up all night rather than go to bed ten cents in the hole?"

"Why, Stephen," said Mrs. Weld, "it's barely twelve o'clock."

"Barely twelve!" said Mr. Weld. "If you had been working as hard as I have to-day you wouldn't speak of barely twelve. I am not only, you know, a junior partner these days, I am six clerks and general manager, too. Talk about the trenches; that office is trench enough for me."

"Then go to bed. Quarrelling will not rest you. Is that a letter for me?"

"It is," said Mr. Weld. "And it is fifty pages long, and it's from Madame de Melincourt. If I give it to you you won't go to bed until dawn!"

"On my honor, I will. Give it to me. I'll read it in bed. That won't disturb

you. Truly, I won't touch it until I'm in bed."

"Come up-stairs, then," he demanded, "and get into bed, and then I'll give it to you!" And Mr. Weld pressed a button and put out simultaneously as many as seven lights.

He was a methodical man and owed his junior partnership to that quality. Going to bed involved, therefore, a large part of the labor of getting up. He never, he often told his wife, slept comfortably unless he felt that everything was "ready for the morning." He had developed the trait in early boyhood, and in thirty years or more of daily practise he had perfected a number of ingenious arrangements for saving valuable minutes during his morning toilet. They, however, required a good deal of time at night. They seemed to be interminable to his wife, sitting up in bed, with her elbows on her knees, waiting for her letter. She recognized the value of his methodical characteristics, and was proud of the junior partnership, but, nevertheless, she could not help reflecting that he took a very long time to choose socks.

"Why," she suggested, "could not I be reading while you are choosing socks?"

"One thing at a time," said Mr. Weld, placing two green socks athwart a chair. Then he began to wind his watch.

"Jeanne de Melincourt," she said to herself. The name was whispered through her closed teeth. It was like pulling the latch of a hard-pressed door. A rush of memories dazed her. She lay back with half-closed eyes and stared at the ceiling. She could hear the slippared feet of her husband going their unvarying round. It had been more than three years since she had seen Madame de Melincourt, and in those three years she had married. So the three years stretched in retrospect to thirty, to a lifetime. The soft swish of her husband's razor on the leather in the bathroom soothed her like a lullaby. They had parted in Lucerne, and not in unruffled friendship. She had been in hot haste for America, eager to shake the dust of Europe from her feet, eager to get back to realities. She was slowly sinking to sleep. Suddenly the smack of an envelope on her pillow roused her, and she heard her hus-

band fall heavily on the springs. She put on the night-light at her elbow and sat up.

"Somewhere in Northern France.

"DEAR MILDRED:

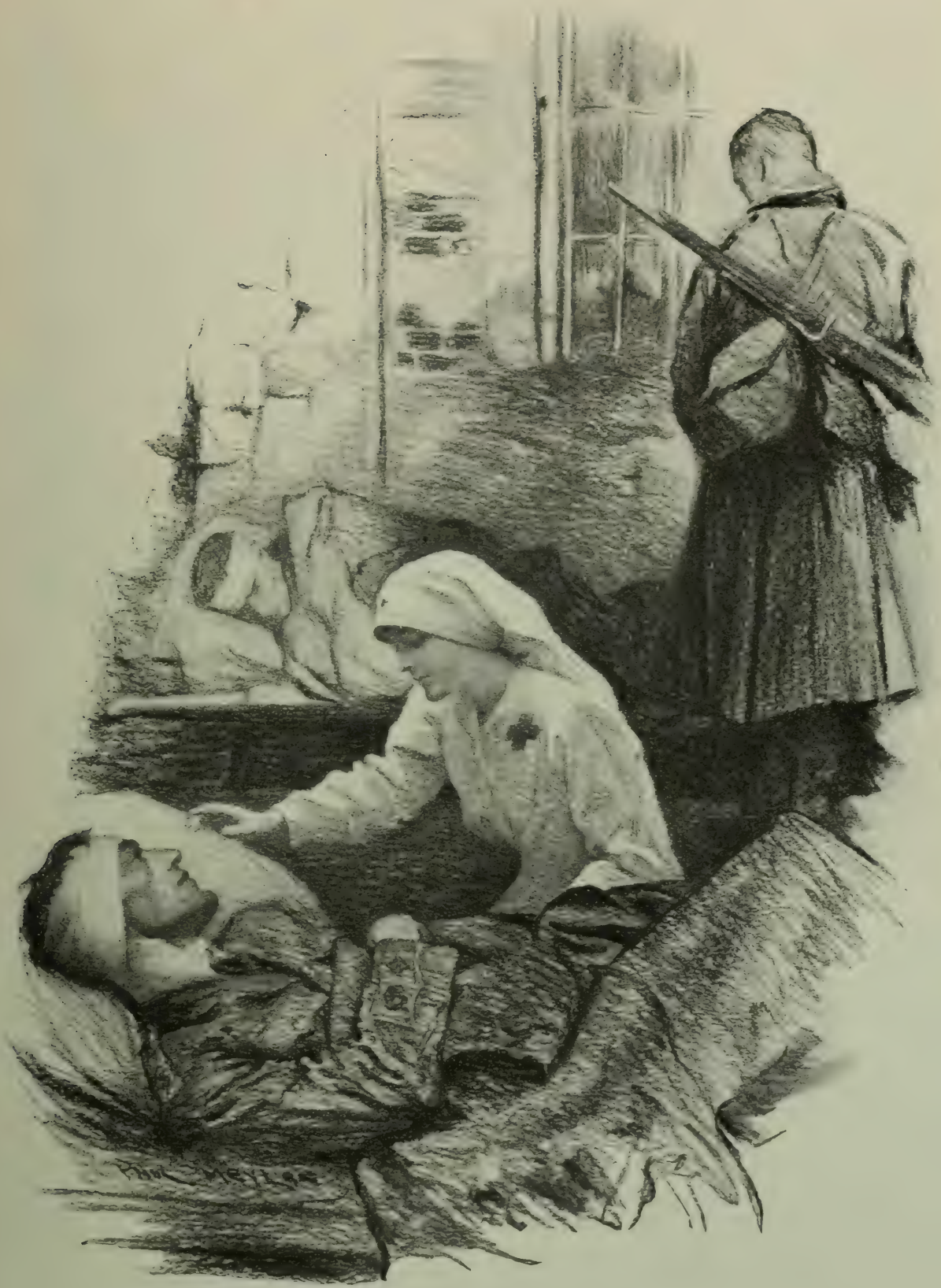
"It sounds, I know, very hackneyed, but this is the first free hour, when I was not too tired to stand, that I have had since August 17, when I got here.

"I suppose you expect me to give a thrilling account of all I have seen and done in that time. I am not going to. I can't, because I've done but one thing, only I've done it several thousand times—hand glittering steel to white-coated men; and I've seen only one thing—suffering. I know that the world has been in the remaking all around me, but I've not had time to look around me and see it. I've had to look at those trays of steel things and try to guess which one to touch next.

"When I started this I intended to write of other matters, of friends, old times, try to forget for an hour or two, and so give my mind and soul a rest. But already I know I can't do it. If I write, I must write of one thing, because there is no thought or feeling of any other sort in my mind or my spirit. My consciousness is saturated with war, war, war, as those ghastly stretchers that come in here are saturated with the blood of brave men.

"I can tell you that I've done daily for five weeks the work of six men. I am not boasting, because every one around me has done the same thing. It is the pace. None of us, I suppose, knew what great, untapped reservoirs of energy we all were until this thing came and tapped us. Sometimes, when I have a moment to think, I feel as though I were surrounded by demigods, Titans. The limits and maximums that we had set up as definitely human have been overthrown, and I fancy none of us could precisely indicate those positions now. I am sure I could not; they are as vague to me as the first steps of my childhood.

"I am afraid, though, writing to you in this way, that I make myself seem pitiable. Indeed, my friend, this is not so. France, indeed, may be pitied, because she is struggling for life, but not the



Drawn by Paul Meylan.

"He said he wanted to chatter because he had done nothing but groan for three days."—Page 154.

women of France, because we strive for something so much greater than life that it makes life only an accident. We live in the shadow of death. Not a day goes by, I suppose, that does not, somewhere, break a Frenchwoman's heart, but we are not to be pitied, nevertheless, for we live in exaltation. And it is the highest exaltation the human spirit can reach to—complete sacrifice. At mass, two days ago, in the chapel in the village here, where the shell-rents in the roof let in the sunset on the altar, I thought of that. It is why it is true what you read—that France has returned to a religion. We believe that the world can be saved by sacrifice. My friend, we have to believe it.

"How much easier it is to fight than to do this! I envy the men who come to us wounded, dying, as many of them are. We try to be cheerful for their sakes, but their cheerfulness springs from the heart. I wish you could see them, and then you would know why the world has spoken of the gayety of our race. And I think too that they have in this way affected the English (or is this pure Chauvinism?). But you must not trust a Frenchwoman to speak of the English; we know too well what we owe to them. Their wounded come to us here, too, though I cannot say any more for fear of losing my whole letter. Among them was Hugh Bray, whom we left—can it be only three years since—at Lucerne? His regiment was in the expedition. He was at Mons, at Charleroi, all through the retreat, and he was hit the week after the battle of the Marne. He called up to me from a stretcher in the yard, where he was lying. We were completely overtaxed then, and many only stopped for a change of dressings and went on through south. I did not know him. He had been shot three days before, and he was still so covered with the mud of Champagne I did not recognize him until I bent over the

stretcher. He was terribly wounded but quite conscious.

"What luck!" he said to me.

"Then I had to tell him he was not to stop, after all. I caught one of our surgeons, though, and we did then what we could to help him. He talked to me all the time, said he wanted to chatter because he had done nothing but groan for three days. I went to the train with him, and gave him all I had, a flask of cologne. He was lieutenant-colonel then and D. S. O. He won both in the retreat. I did not know it until I heard of his death. He just lived to reach England, and died at Folkestone.

"Felix de Melincourt's name is out, too, my husband's cousin. I dare not write that he and my son so far— Ah! Mildred, I know your heart is with us. Where else could it be? If you had married Lord Bray, as I planned, it would be broken. God, in his wisdom, has spared you that suffering. Pray to him that your friend may be spared. Pray for my husband and my son.

"JEANNE DE MELINCOURT."

She could endure not a moment longer. She caught his shoulder. "Wake up," she cried. Her acute nervousness betrayed her voice. "Wake up," she almost shrieked.

He sprang up, jerked from the lowest depths of slumber by the vibrant tone of her call. "What is the matter?"

In the darkness she could still make out his white-clad figure, half-erect among the pillows. "What is the matter?"

His hair was rumpled, just as she had pictured it that afternoon three years ago, above Lucerne.

She could not answer. They sat staring at one another in the darkness, each startled. "What is the matter?" he asked again.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," she said slowly. "I was only dreaming, I suppose."





Bridge over Ste. Anne River.

A CURIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER LAMBERT, M.D.

IN 1915 I spent a little over a fortnight on a private game reserve in the province of Quebec. I had expected to enjoy the great northern woods, and the sight of beaver, moose, and caribou; but I had not expected any hunting experience worth mentioning. Nevertheless, toward the end of my trip, there befell me one of the most curious and interesting adventures with big game that have ever befallen me during the forty years since I first began to know the life of the wilderness.

In both Canada and the United States the theory, and, indeed, the practise, of preserving wild life on protected areas of land have made astonishing headway

since the closing years of the nineteenth century. These protected areas, some of very large size, come in two classes. First, there are those which are public property, where the protection is given by the state. Secondly, there are those where the ownership and the protection are private.

In eastern Canada, as in the eastern United States, there has been far less chance than in the West to create huge governmental wild-life reserves. But there has been a positive increase of the big game during the last two or three decades. This is partly due to the creation and enforcement of wise game laws—although here also it must be admitted that in some of the provinces, as in some of the States, the alien sportsman is judged with Rhadamanthine severity, while the home of-



On the Tourilli River.

fender, and even the home Indian, are but little interfered with. It would be well if in this matter other communities copied the excellent example of Maine and New Brunswick. In addition to the game laws, a large part is played in Canadian game preservation by the hunting and fishing clubs. These clubs have policed, and now police, many thousands of square miles of wooded wilderness, worthless for agriculture, and in consequence of this policing the wild creatures of the wilderness have thriven, and in some cases have multiplied to an extraordinary degree on these club lands.

In September, 1915, I visited the Tourilli Club as the guest of an old friend, Dr. Alexander Lambert, a companion of previous hunting trips in the Louisiana canebrakes, in the Rockies, on the plains bor-

dering the Red River of the south, and among the bad lands through which the Little Missouri flows. The Tourilli Club is an association of Canadian and American sportsmen and lovers of the wilderness. The land, leased from the government by the club, lies northwest of the attractive old-world city of Quebec—the most distinctive city north of the Mexican border, now that the creole element in New Orleans has been almost swamped. The club holds about two hundred and fifty square miles along the main branches and the small tributaries of the Ste. Anne River, just north of the line that separates the last bleak farming land from the forest. It is a hilly, almost mountainous, region, studded with numerous lakes, threaded by rapid, brawling brooks, and covered with an unbroken



Lake Etheleen.

forest growth of spruce, balsam, birch, and maple.

On the evening of the day I left Quebec I camped in a neat log cabin by the edge of a little lake. I had come in on foot over a rough forest trail with my two guides or porters. They were strapping, good-humored French Canadians, self-respecting and courteous; whose attitude toward their employer was so much like that of old-world guides as to be rather interesting to a man accustomed to the absolute and unconscious democracy of the Western cow camps and hunting trails. One vital fact impressed me in connection with them as in connection with my Spanish-speaking and Portuguese-speaking friends in South America. They were always fathers of big families as well as sons of parents with big families; the big family

was normal to their kind, just as it was normal among the men and women I met in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and Paraguay, to a degree far surpassing what is true of native Americans, Australians, and English-speaking Canadians. If the tendencies thus made evident continue to work unchanged, the end of the twentieth century will witness a reversal in the present positions of relative dominance, in the new and newest worlds, held respectively by the people who speak English and the people who speak the three Latin tongues. As I watched my French guides prepare supper I felt that they offered fine stuff out of which to make a nation.

Beside the lake an eagle-owl was hooting from the depths of the spruce forest—hoohoo—h-o-o-o—hoohoo. From the lake itself a loon, floating high on the wa-



Packing with a tump-line over a shaky bridge.

ter, greeted me with eerie laughter. A sweetheart sparrow sang a few plaintive bars among the alders. I felt as if again among old friends.

Next day we tramped to the comfortable camp of the president of the club, Mr. Glen Ford McKinney. Half-way there Lambert met me; and for most of the distance he, or one of the guides, carried a canoe, as the route consisted of lakes connected by portages, sometimes a couple of miles long. When we reached the roomy, comfortable log houses on Lake McKinney, at nightfall, we were quite ready for our supper of delicious moose venison. Lambert, while fishing in his canoe a couple of days previously, had killed a young bull as it stood feeding in a lake, and for some days moose meat was

our staple food. After that it was replaced by messes of freshly caught trout, and once or twice by a birch-partridge. Mrs. Lambert was at the camp, and Mr. and Mrs. McKinney joined us there. A club reserve such as this, with weather-proof cabins scattered here and there beside the lakes, offers the chance for women of the outdoor type, no less than for men no longer in their first youth, to enjoy the life of the wonderful northern wilderness, and yet to enjoy, also, such substantial comforts as warmth, dry clothes, and good food at night, after a hard day in the open.

Such a reserve offers a fine field for observation of the life histories of the more shy and rare wild creatures practically unaffected by man. Many persons do not



Lake Gilbert.

realize how completely on these reserves the wild life is led under natural conditions, wholly unlike those on small artificial reserves. Most wild beasts in the true wilderness lead lives that are artificial in so far as they are primarily conditioned by fear of man. In wilderness reserves like this, on the contrary, there is so much less dread of human persecution that the lives led by such beasts as the moose, caribou, and beaver more closely resemble life in the woods before the appearance of man. As an example, on the Tourilli game reserve, wolves, which did not appear until within a decade, have been much more destructive since then than men, and have more profoundly influenced for evil the lives of the other wild creatures.

The beavers are among the most interesting of all woodland beasts. They had been so trapped out that fifteen years ago there were probably not a dozen individuals left on the reserve. Then they were rigidly protected. After ten years they had increased literally a hundredfold. At the end of that time trapping was permitted for a year; hundreds of skins were taken; and then trapping was again prohibited.

The beaver on the reserve at present number between one and two thousand. We saw their houses and dams everywhere. One dam was six feet high; another dam was built to the height of about a foot and a half, near one of our camping places, in a week's time. The architects were a family of beavers; some of the



Beaver cabin on Lake Lirette.

branches bore the big marks of the teeth of the parent beavers, some the marks of the small teeth of the young ones. It was interesting to see the dams grow; stones being heaped on the up-current side to keep the branches in place. Frequently we came across the animals themselves, swimming a stream or lake, and not much bothered by our presence. When left unmolested they are quite as much diurnal as nocturnal. Again and again, as I sat hidden on the lake banks, beaver swam to and fro close beside me, even at high noon. One, which was swimming across a lake at sunset, would not dive until we paddled the canoe straight for it as hard as we could; whereupon it finally disappeared

with a slap of its tail. Once at evening Lambert paddled his canoe across the approach to a house, barring the way to the owner, a very big beaver. It did not like to dive under the canoe, and swam close up on the surface, literally gritting its teeth; and now and then it would slap the water with its tail, whereupon the heads of other beaver would pop up above the waters of the lake.

The beaver has developed habits more interesting and extraordinary than those of any other rodent—indeed, as interesting as those of any other beast—and its ways of life are such as to enable it to protect itself from its enemies, and to insure itself against failure of food, to a degree

very unusual among animals. It is no wonder that when protected against man it literally swarms in its native forests. Its dams, houses, and canals are all wonderful; and on the Tourilli they were easily studied. The height at which many of the tree trunks had been severed showed that the cutting must have been done in winter when the snow was deep and crusted. One tree which had not fallen showed a deep, spiral groove going twice round the trunk. Evidently the snow had melted faster than the beavers worked; they were never able to make a complete ring, although they had gnawed twice around the tree; and finally the rising temperature beat the teeth, and the task was perforce abandoned.

I was surprised at the complete absence from the Tourilli of the other northern tree eater—bark eater—the porcupine. Inquiry developed the fact that porcupines had been exceedingly numerous until within a score of years or less. Then a mysterious disease smote the slow, clumsy, sluggish creatures, and in the course of two or three years they were absolutely exterminated. In similar fashion from some mysterious disease (or aggregation of diseases, which sometimes all work with virulence when animals become too crowded) almost all the rabbits in the reserve died off some six years ago. In each case it was a universally, or well-nigh universally, fatal epidemic, following a period during which the smitten animals had possessed good health and had flourished and increased greatly in spite of the flesh eaters that preyed on them.

Of course such epidemic disease is only one of many causes that may produce such extermination or reduction in numbers. More efficient food rivals may be a factor; just as sheep drive out cattle from the same pasturage, and as, in Australia, rabbits drive out sheep. Or animal foes may be a cause. Fifteen years ago, in the Tourilli, caribou were far more plentiful than moose. Moose have steadily increased in numbers. But some seven years ago wolves, of which none had been seen in these woods for half a century, made their appearance. They did not seriously molest the full-grown moose (nor the black bears), although they occasionally killed moose calves, and very rarely, when in a

pack, an adult; but they warred on all the other animals, including the lucivees when they could catch them on the ice in winter. They followed the caribou unceasingly, killing many; and in consequence the caribou are now far less common. Barthelmy Lirette, the most experienced hunter and best observer among the guides—even better than his brother Arthur—told me that the wolves usually made no effort to assail the moose, and that never but once had he heard of their killing a grown moose. But they followed any caribou they came across, big or little. Once on snow-shoes he had tracked such a chase all day long. A single wolf had followed a caribou for twenty-five miles before killing it. Evidently the wolf deliberately set about tiring his victim so that it could not resist. In the snow the caribou sank deep. The wolf ran lightly. His tracks showed that he had galloped whenever the caribou had galloped, and walked behind it when it became too tired to run, and then galloped again when under the terror of his approach the hunted thing once more flailed its fading strength into flight. Its strength was utterly gone when its grim follower at last sprang on it and tore out its life.

After a few days, the Lamberts and I shifted to Lambert's home camp, an easy two days' journey, tramping along the portage trails and paddling across the many lakes. It was a very comfortable camp, by a beautiful lake. There were four log cabins, each water-tight and with a stove; and the largest was in effect a sitting-room, with comfortable chairs and shelves of books. They stood in a sunny clearing. The wet, dense forest was all around; the deep mossy ground spangled with bright-red partridge berries. Behind the cabins was a small potato patch. Wild raspberries were always encroaching on this patch and attracted the birds of the neighborhood, including hermit and olive-back thrushes, both now silent. Chickadees were in the woods, and woodpeckers—the arctic, the hairy, and the big log-cock—drummed on the dead trees. One mid-afternoon a great gray owl called repeatedly, uttering a short, loud sound like that of some big wild beast. In front of the main cabin were four graceful mountain ashes, bril-

liant with scarlet berry clusters. On a neighboring lake Coleman Drayton had a camp; the view from it across the lake was very beautiful. He killed a moose on the lake next to his and came over to dinner with us the same evening.

On the way to Lambert's camp I went off by myself for twenty-four hours, with my two guides, Arthur Lirette, one of the game wardens of the club, and Odillon Genest. Arthur was an experienced woodsman, intelligent and responsible, and with the really charming manners that are so much more common among men of French or Spanish blood than among ourselves. Odillon was a strong young fellow, a good paddler and willing worker. I wished to visit a lake which moose were said to frequent. We carried our canoe thither.

After circling the lake in the canoe without seeing anything, we drew it ashore among some bushes and sat down under a clump of big spruces to watch. Although only partially concealed, we were quiet; and it is movement that attracts the eyes of wild things. A beaver house was near by, and the inmates swam about not thirty feet from us; and scaup ducks, and once a grown brood of dusky mallard drifted and swam by only a little farther off. The beaver kept slapping the water with their broad, trowel-tails, evidently in play; when they are wary they often dive without slapping the water. No bull appeared, but a cow moose with two calves came down to the lake, directly opposite us, at one in the afternoon, and spent two hours in the water. Near where the three of them entered the lake was a bed of tall, coarse reed-grass standing well above the water. Earlier in the season this had been grazed by moose, but these three did not touch it. The cow having entered the water did not leave. She fed exclusively with her head under water. Wading out until only the ridge of her back was above the surface, and at times finding that the mud bothered even her long legs, she plunged her huge, homely head to the bottom, coming up with, between her jaws, big tufts of dripping bottom-grass—the moose-grass—or the roots and stems of other plants. After a time she decided to change her station, and, striking off into deep water, she

swam half a mile farther down the lake. She swam well and powerfully, but sunk rather deep in the water, only her head and the ridge of her withers above it. She continued to feed, usually broadside to me, some three hundred and fifty yards off; her big ears flopped forward and back, and her long snout, with the protuberant nostrils, was thrust out, as she turned from time to time to look or smell for her calves. The latter had separated at once from the mother, and spent only a little time in the water, appearing and disappearing among the alders and among the berry bushes on a yielding bog of pink and gray moss. Once they played together for a moment, and then one of them cantered off for a few rods.

When moose calves go at speed they usually canter. By the time they are yearlings, however, they have adopted the trot as their usual gait. When grown they walk, trot when at speed, and sometimes pace; but they gallop so rarely that many good observers say that they never gallop or canter. This is too sweeping, however. I have myself, as will be related, seen a heavy old bull gallop for fifty yards when excited; and I have seen the tracks where a full-grown cow or young bull galloped for a longer distance. Lambert came on one close up in a shallow lake, and in its fright it galloped a-shore, churning through the mud and water. In very deep snow one will sometimes gallop or bound for a dozen leaps; and under sudden fright from an enemy near by even the biggest moose will sometimes break into a gallop which may last for several rods. More often, even under such circumstances, the animal trots off; and the trot is its habitual and, save in exceptional circumstances, its only rapid gait, even when charging.

As the cow and her young ones stood in the water on the bank it was impossible not to be struck by the conspicuously advertising character of the coloration. The moose is one of the few animals of which the body is inversely counter-shaded, being black save for the brownish or grayish of the back. The huge black mass at once attracts the eye, and the whitish or grayish legs are also strikingly visible. The bright-red summer coat of the white-tail deer is, if anything, of even

more advertising quality; but the huge bulk of a moose, added to its blackness, makes it the most conspicuous of all our beasts.

Moose are naturally just as much diurnal as nocturnal. We found them visiting the lakes at every hour of the day. They are so fond of water as to be almost amphibious. In the winter they feed on the buds and twig tips of young spruce and birch and swamp maple, and when there is no snow they feed freely on various ground plants in the forest; but for over half the year they prefer to eat the grasses and other plants which grow either above or under the water in the lakes. They easily wade through mud not more than four feet deep, and take delight in swimming. But until this trip I did not know that moose while swimming dived to get grass from the bottom. Mr. McKinney told me of having seen this feat himself. The moose was swimming to and fro in a small lake; he plunged his head beneath water, and then at once raised it, looking around, evidently to see if any enemy were taking advantage of his head being concealed to approach him. Then he plunged his head down again, threw his rump above water, and dove completely below the surface, coming up with tufts of bottom-grass in his mouth. He repeated this several times, once staying down and out of sight for nearly half a minute.

After the cow moose left the water she spent an hour close to the bank, near the inlet. We came quite near to her in the canoe before she fled; her calves were farther in the woods. It was late when we started to make our last portage; a heavy rain-storm beat on us, speedily drenching us, and the darkness and the driving downpour made our walk over the rough forest trail one of no small difficulty. Next day we went to Lambert's camp.

Some ten miles northwest of Lambert's camp lies a stretch of wild and mountainous country, containing many lakes, which has been but seldom visited. A good cabin has been built on one of the lakes. A couple of years ago Lambert went thither, but saw nothing, and Coleman Drayton was there the same summer; Arthur, my guide, visited the cabin last spring to see if it was in repair; other-

wise the country had been wholly undisturbed. I determined to make a three days' trip to it, with Arthur and Odillon. We were out of meat, and I desired to shoot something for the table. My license permitted me to kill one bull moose. It also permitted me to kill two caribou of either sex; but Lambert felt, and I heartily agreed with him, that no cow ought to be shot.

We left after breakfast one morning. Before we had been gone twenty-five minutes I was able to obtain the wished-for fresh meat. Our course, as usual, lay along a succession of lakes connected by carries or portages. We were almost at the end of the first portage when we caught a glimpse of a caribou feeding in the thick woods some fifty yards to the right of our trail. It was eating the streamers of gray-green moss which hung from the dead lower branches of the spruces. It was a yearling bull. At first I could merely make out a small patch of its flank between two tree trunks, and I missed it; fortunately, for if wounded it would probably have escaped. At the report, instead of running, the foolish young bull shifted his position to look at us, and with the next shot I killed him. While Arthur dressed him Odillon returned to camp and brought out a couple of men. We took a shoulder with us for our provision and sent the rest back to camp. Hour after hour we went forward. We paddled across the lakes. Between them the trails sometimes led up to and down from high divides; at other times they followed the courses of rapid brooks which splashed noisily over smooth stones under the swaying, bending branches of the alders. Off the trail fallen logs and boulders covered the ground, and the moss covered everything ankle-deep or knee-deep.

Early in the afternoon we reached the cabin. The lake, like most of the lakes thereabouts, was surrounded by low, steep mountains, shrouded in unbroken forest. The light-green domes of the birches rose among the sombre spruce spires; on the mountain crests the pointed spruces made a serrated line against the sky. Arthur and I paddled off across the lake in the light canoe we had been carrying. We had hardly shoved off from shore

before we saw a caribou swimming in the middle of the lake. It was a young cow, and doubtless had never before seen a man. The canoe much excited its curiosity. A caribou, thanks probably to its peculiar pelage, is a very buoyant swimmer. Unlike the moose, this caribou carried its whole back, and especially its rump, well out of water; the short tail was held erect, and the white under-surface glistened whenever the swimmer turned away from us. At first, however, it did not swim away, being too much absorbed in the spectacle of the canoe. It kept gazing toward us with its ears thrown forward, wheeling to look at us as lightly and readily as a duck. We passed it at a distance of some seventy-five yards, whereupon it took fright and made off, leaving a wake like a paddle-wheel steamer, and, when it landed, bouncing up the bank with a great splashing of water and cracking of bushes. A caribou swims even better than moose; but whereas a moose not only feeds by preference in the water but half the time with its head under water, the caribou feeds on land, although occasionally cropping water-grass that stands above the surface.

We portaged beside a swampy little stream to the next lake, and circled it in the canoe. Silently we went round every point, alert to find what the bay beyond might hold. But we saw nothing. It was night when we returned. As we paddled across the lake the stars were glorious overhead and the mysterious landscape shimmered in the white radiance of the moonlight. Loons called to one another, not only uttering their goblin laughter, but also those long-drawn, wailing cries, which seem to hold all the fierce and mournful loneliness of the northern wastes. Then we reached camp, and feasted on caribou venison, and slept soundly on our beds of fragrant balsam boughs.

Next morning, on September 19, we started eastward, across a short portage, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, besides which ran a stream, a little shallow river. At the farther end of the portage we launched the canoe in a large lake hemmed in by mountains. The lake twisted and turned, and was indented by many bays. A strong breeze was blowing. Ar-

thur was steersman, Odillon bowsman, while I sat in the middle with my Springfield rifle. We skirted the shores, examining each bay.

Half an hour after starting, as we rounded a point, we saw the huge black body and white shovel antlers of a bull moose. He was close to the alders, wading in the shallow water and deep mud and grazing on a patch of fairly tall water-grass. So absorbed was he that he did not notice us until Arthur had skilfully brought the canoe to within eighty yards of him. Then he saw us, tossed his great antlered head aloft, and for a moment stared at us, a picture of burly majesty. He stood broadside on, and a splendid creature he was, of towering stature, the lord of all the deer tribe, as stately a beast of the chase as walks the round world.

The waves were high, and the canoe danced so on the ripple that my first bullet went wild; but with the second I slew the mighty bull.

We had our work cut out to get the bull out of the mud and on the edge of the dry land. The antlers spread fifty-two inches. Some hours were spent in fixing the head, taking off the hide, and cutting up the carcass. Our canoe was loaded to its full capacity with moose meat when we started toward the beginning of the portage leading from the southeastern corner of the lake toward the Lambert's camp. Here we landed the meat, putting cool moss over it, and left it to be called for on our way back on the morrow.

It was shortly after three when we again pushed off in the canoe and headed for the western end of the lake, for the landing from which the portage led to our cabin. It had been a red-letter day, of the ordinary hunting red-letter type. I had no conception that the real adventure still lay ahead of us.

When half a mile from the landing we saw another big bull moose on the edge of the shore ahead of us. It looked and was, if anything, even bigger bodied than the one I had shot in the morning, with antlers almost as large and rather more palmated. We paddled up to within a hundred yards of it, laughing and talking and remarking how eager we would have been if we had not already got our moose. At first it did not seem to notice us. Then it

looked at us but paid us no further heed. We were rather surprised at this, but paddled on past it; and it then walked along the shore after us. We still supposed that

action, and I could hardly believe the moose meant mischief; but Arthur said it did; and obviously we could not land with the big, black, evil-looking beast



Colonel Roosevelt and Arthur Lurette with antlers of moose shot September 19, 1915.

it did not realize what we were. But another hundred yards put us to windward of it. Instead of turning into the forest when it got our wind, it merely bristled up the hair on its withers, shook its head, and continued to walk after the canoe along the shore. I had heard of bull moose during the rut attacking men unprovoked, if the men were close up, but never of anything as wanton and deliberate as this

coming for us—and of course I was most anxious not to have to shoot it. So we turned the canoe round and paddled on our back track. But the moose promptly turned and followed us along the shore. We yelled at him, and Odillon struck the canoe with his paddle, but with no effect. After going a few hundred yards we again turned and resumed our former course, and as promptly the

moose turned and followed us, shaking his head and threatening us. He seemed to be getting more angry and evidently meant mischief. We now continued our course until we were opposite the portage landing and about a hundred yards away from it; the water was shallow and we did not wish to venture closer lest the moose might catch us if he charged. When he came to the portage trail he turned up it, sniffing at our footsteps of the morning, and walked along it into the woods; and we hoped that now he would become uneasy and go off. After waiting a few minutes we paddled slowly toward the landing, but before reaching it we caught his loom in the shadow, as he stood facing us some distance down the trail. As soon as we stopped he rushed down the trail toward us, coming into the lake, and we backed hastily into deep water. He vented his rage on a small tree, which he wrecked with his antlers. We continued to paddle round the head of the bay, and he followed us; we still hoped we might get him away from the portage and that he would go into the woods. But when we turned he followed us back, and thus went to and fro with us. Where the water was deep, near shore, we pushed the canoe close in to him, and he promptly rushed down to the water's edge, shaking his head, and striking the earth with his fore hoofs. We shouted at him, but with no effect. As he paraded along the shore he opened his mouth, lolling out his tongue; and now and then when he faced us he ran out his tongue and licked the end of his muzzle. Once, with head down, he bounded or galloped round in a half-circle, and from time to time he grunted or uttered a low menacing roar. Now and then he smashed a small tree with his antlers or pounded the ground with one of his mighty fore hooves. Altogether the huge black beast looked like a formidable customer, and was evidently in a most evil rage and bent on man-killing.

For over an hour he thus kept us from the shore, running to meet us wherever we tried to go. The afternoon was waning, and a cold wind began to blow, shifting as it blew. He was not a pleasant-looking beast to meet in the woods in the dusk. We were at our wits' ends what to do. At last he turned, shook his head, and with a

flourish of his heels galloped—not trotted—for fifty yards up beside the little river which paralleled the portage trail. I called Arthur's attention to this, as he had been telling me that a big bull never galloped. Then the moose disappeared at a trot round the bend. We waited a few minutes, cautiously landed, and started along the trail, watching to see if the bull was lying in wait for us; Arthur telling me that if he now attacked us I must shoot him at once or he would kill somebody.

A couple of hundred yards on, the trail led to within a few yards of the little river. As we reached this point a smashing in the brush beyond the opposite bank caused us to wheel, and the great bull came head-long for us, while Arthur called to me to shoot. With a last hope of frightening him I fired over his head, without the slightest effect. At a slashing trot he crossed the river, shaking his head, his ears back, the hair on his withers bristling.

"Tirez, m'sieu, tirez; vite, vite!" called Arthur; and when the bull was not thirty feet off I put a bullet into his chest, in the sticking point. It was a mortal wound and stopped him short; I fired into his chest again, and this wound, too, would by itself have been fatal. He turned and recrossed the stream, falling to a third shot; but as we approached he struggled to his feet, grunting savagely, and I killed him as he came toward us.

I was sorry to have to kill him, but there was no alternative. As it was, I only stopped him in the nick of time, and had I not shot straight at least one of us would have paid forfeit with his life in another second. Even in Africa I have never known anything but a rogue elephant or buffalo, or an occasional rhinoceros, to attack so viciously or with such premeditation, when itself neither wounded nor threatened.

Gentle-voiced Arthur, in his delightful habitant's French, said that the incident was "*pas mal curieux*." He used "*pas mal*" as a superlative. The first time he used it I was completely bewildered. It was hot and sultry, and Arthur remarked that the day was "*pas mal mort*." How the day could be "not badly dead" I could not imagine, but the proper translation turned out to be "a very lifeless day," which was true.

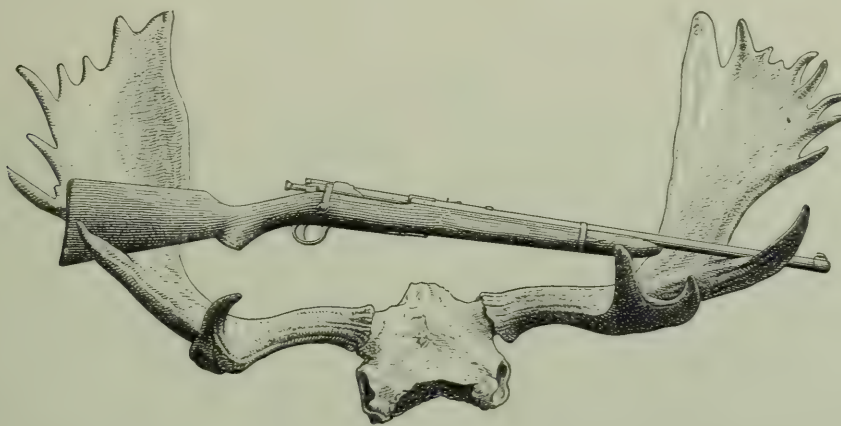
On reaching Lambert's camp Arthur and Odillon made affidavit to the facts as above set forth, and this affidavit I submitted to the distinguished Secretary of Mines and Fisheries of Quebec, who approved what I had done, and who treated me with every courtesy and consideration.

On the day following that on which we killed the two bulls we went back to Lambert's home camp. While crossing one lake, about the middle of the forenoon, a bull moose challenged twice from the forest-clad mountain on our right. We found a pawing place, a pit where one—possibly more than one—bull had pawed up the earth and thrashed the saplings round about with its antlers. The whole of the next day was spent in getting in the meat, skins, and antlers.

I do not believe that this vicious bull moose had ever seen a man. I have never heard of another moose acting with the same determination and perseverance in ferocious malice; it behaved, as I have said, like some of the rare vicious rogues among African elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses. Bull moose during the rut are fierce animals, however, and although there is ordinarily no danger whatever in shooting them, several of my friends have been resolutely charged by wounded moose, and I know of and have elsewhere described one authentic case where the

hunter was killed. A boy carrying mail through the woods to the camp of a friend of mine was forced to climb a tree by a bull which threatened him. My friend Pride, of Island Falls, Maine, was charged while in a canoe at night by a bull moose which he had incautiously approached too near, and the canoe was upset. If followed on snow-shoes in the deep snow, or too closely approached in its winter yard, it is not uncommon for a moose to charge when its pursuer is within a few yards. Once Arthur was charged by a bull which was in company with a cow. He was in a canoe, at dusk, in a stream, and the bull rushed into the water after him, while he paddled hard to get away; but the cow left, and the bull promptly followed her. In none of these cases, however, did the bull act with the malice and cold-blooded purposefulness shown by the bull I was forced to kill.

Two or three days later I left the woods. The weather had grown colder. The loons had begun to gather on the larger lakes in preparation for their southward flight. The nights were frosty. Fall was in the air. Once there was a flurry of snow. Birch and maple were donning the bravery with which they greet the oncoming north—crimson and gold their banners flaunted in the eyes of the dying year.



Antlers of moose shot September 19, 1915, with Springfield rifle No. 6000, Model 1903.

This rifle, now a retired veteran, is not heavy enough for steady use on heavy game; but it is so handy and accurate, has much penetration, and keeps in such good order, that it has been my chief hunting-rifle for the last dozen years on three continents, and has repeatedly killed heavy game. With it I have shot some three hundred head of all kinds, including the following: Lion, hyena, elephant, rhinoceros (square-mouthed and hook-nosed), hippopotamus, zebras of two kinds, wart-hog, giraffe, giant eland, common eland, roan antelope, oryx, wildebeest, topi, white-withered lechwe, waterbucks, hartebeests, kobs, impalla, gerenuk, gazelles, reedbucks, bushbucks, klipspringer, oribis, duikers, steinbok, dikdik, monkeys; jaguar, tapir, big peccary, giant ant-eater, capybara, wood-deer, monkey; cougar, black bear, moose, caribou, white-tail deer; crocodile, cayman, python; ostrich, bustard, wild turkey, crane, pelican, maribou, ibis, whale-head stork, jabiru stork, guinea-fowl, francolin.



"What have you done?" inquired Babbage, grinning.—Page 173.

THE HUMAN EQUATION

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

THOMAS BABBAGE arose from his comfortable arm-chair on the vine-covered veranda of his home and eyed with malevolence a lean, red, rumble-seated motor-car which was effecting a rather noisy stop in front of the house. Through his mind ran the thought that an unpleasant situation loomed. The alert, jaunty poise of his friend Barlow and the demurely amused expression of the attractive woman at his side strengthened the suspicion. Barlow's first words established it beyond debate.

"Thomas," he called, "we've come to take you for a ride."

Babbage arose slowly.

"A ride?" His manner was one of hesitation, and certainly his demeanor lacked graciousness, all of which brought a grin to the motorist's face. He raised his eyebrows at Miss Taddiken and then glanced toward the porch.

"A ride, yes. I want you to try the new car—the Red Rover—eh?" Whether he tried to conceal it or not, the note of triumph was more than an impalpable element in his voice.

Babbage came down the walk and opened the gate.

"How do, Miss Taddiken?" He viewed the light-waisted car with an appraising glance. "Pretty nice, William. I heard you had one—but I—I don't think I'll——"

"Don't think you'll go?" rasped Barlow. "Why?"

The question rang and reverberated in his ears. "Why?"

Any number of perfectly good excuses might have been employed, but Babbage's mental apparatus was not working smoothly, and as he groped for something plausible he was dismayed to find his mind a blank. He blinked and stammered, stopping short with an angry flush as he heard the end of a sentence:

"—of course, if you are timid about it——"

"Timid!" Babbage boomed denial and ended by turning to the house. "Wait until I get my hat."

There was the feeling that he had to go, which was a correct deduction; he had to—pride dictated no other course. Barlow had placed him in the position of accepting his invitation or of showing what virtually amounted to a white feather in the presence of a woman whose favorable opinion he craved. He smouldered with animosity toward the man whose mind had conceived the cunning alternative. It came worse from him, indeed, than from any living person; for the two from boyhood had been rivals, with William Barlow occupying ever the loser's position. In skating, marbles, baseball, and later, when manhood had come, Babbage's prestige as concerned his closest friend had remained untarnished. In the social graces, in hunting, fishing—in everything except business—in which Barlow had shared success no less pronounced than his old chum—Babbage had maintained just that margin of superiority which marks the line between adeptness and mediocrity. Thomas Babbage had inherited horsemanship from his father; he owned several fine horses and drove constantly. A runaway accident in early boyhood had destroyed Barlow's confidence in respect to handling horses, and not a horse but knew it the moment he touched a rein. As a consequence he never drove himself and was always ill at ease when any one else drove. One may condone in him, therefore, a vast amount of satisfaction as he sat in the powerful racer—which he had bought second-hand—and heckled the man who had so often flashed by him on the road, and had found his

fear of horses a never-ending source of amusement and humorous contempt.

He had come to-day to feed the ancient grudge, and this is precisely what he was doing, while Miss Taddiken, whose sensibilities were acute and comprehensive, lost no shade of the amusing irony of the situation.

As for Babbage, his indignant emotions as he entered the hall and seized his hat gradually gave way to more cautious instincts. While, in his fear of motors—magnified by constant reading of the mishaps of reckless automobilists—and in his lack of confidence in his friend's ability to do anything well, he was led to believe his safe return from the venture was problematical, he had the feeling it would be as well to placate the driver. In this way Barlow might be impelled to that caution and consideration for his passengers which he might not otherwise observe. It was a paradoxical position for Babbage to occupy; none the less, such was his plight.

So it was he sent a cheerful hail to the street as he appeared in the doorway, and his self-control, as he climbed into the rumble-seat, was sufficient to render his face a mask. Inwardly, however, his emotions were running riot. He had never been in a motor before, had vowed he never would ride in one so long as his faculties remained in his possession.

"I don't ever propose to be pulled along by anything that can't be talked to," he would say, dissembling the acute dread with which gasoline vehicles filled him. "Not, of course, that I'm nervous, or anything like that. It's constitutional—constitutional. I like horses, that's all. They're company; they're human; it's an art to handle and to drive them. Not every one can learn it. But automobiles—any pinhead can learn to break his neck in them, understand? No man with a particle of sense can help learning all about a car in an hour or two of practice. They hog all the roads, run people down, smash wagons—and they call it fun. Fun!"

Now he had broken his vow. He was in an automobile; he was helplessly perched upon a high, narrow seat, and to Barlow, of all men, was intrusted his safety and well-being!



The fire apparatus was passed and

Whatever Babbage's opinion of the capabilities of the newly fledged motorist was, that man gave every manifestation of complete confidence. His sang-froid as he pulled the starting-crank, his non-chalant poise as the car started forward, at once alarmed and irritated his friend on the rear seat.

"Why don't you keep two hands on that wheel, Barlow?" came at length a querulous demand. Barlow, who had released a hand to emphasize a light remark to Miss Taddiken by a graceful gesture, cast an easy glance at the speaker.

"Oh, don't fret, Babbage. I know perfectly what I'm doing. I'll get you home safely, never fear."

Miss Taddiken smiled and nodded and turned upon Babbage one of those ineffably sweet glances the sex employs to indicate its sympathy and full understanding of another's state of mind while not in any way sharing the mood. It was wormwood and gall to the recipient.

"Oh, I'm not worrying—not me," he declared heatedly. "Only I've got some regard for the courtesy of the road, even if I am riding in an automobile. On a crowded street like this, a man who runs



fell into the background. —Page 178.

a car with one hand is a murderer at heart, that's what he is. You hear of accidents——"

"Crowded road!" Barlow laughed. "There isn't anything in sight except John Timm's sulky—and that's hitched to a post. Crowded!"

Miss Taddiken laughed appreciatively.

"Eh?" Barlow looked at her expectantly, but she had no remark to make, evidently.

"Barlow," fumed Babbage, "will you quit gazing into Miss Taddiken's eyes and watch the road? You nearly ran over Tom Peters's dog then."

"Oh, I saw him," replied the driver.

"You must be able to see through your ears, then. How fast are we going?"

Barlow peered down at the speedometer.

"Not quite forty-five miles an hour."

"Forty-five miles an hour! Railroad-train speed! Forty-five miles! Isn't there a law in this town?"

"Yes, twelve miles an hour; but the road is clear and the policemen don't go on duty until after one o'clock."

"I see; the road is clear, no police, so you——" The interruption was a thank-you-ma'am, to fall into the vernacular of

the golden age of bicycling. The two forward passengers received a fairish jolt, but Babbage simply rose from his springing rumble and, as it seemed to him, soared.

As a matter of truth he did rise a good foot into the air, which any motorist will admit is no agreeable sensation; to Babbage, inexperienced as he was, it was not only disagreeable, but terrifying and uncanny as well. He pawed and clutched, finding in the intangibility of the air additional cause of terror. Descending, he landed in his seat with all the inert helplessness of a man completing a fall from the roof of a sky-scraper. He seized the sides of the rumble and at length opened his eyes. Barlow and Miss Taddiken were talking unconcernedly and the car was rushing ahead with unabated speed. He observed them with a baleful, burning stare for a few minutes, doubting the reality of their obliviousness. When he accepted it as genuine his anger overcame any scruples he had originally entertained regarding the exposure of his timidity before Miss Taddiken and his friend.

"Barlow," he roared, "I want you to slow down; I don't care for myself, but you have a lady in this car——"

Miss Taddiken threw a smile of acknowledgment over her shoulder.

"I beg of you, Mr. Babbage——"

"You mean, speak for myself," snapped Babbage, now beyond any consideration of pose. "Well, I *will* speak for myself. Barlow, slow down, or stop the car and let me out. I'm no criminal."

Now, the truth was that Barlow would have been willing to run at a slower pace, now that he had placed his friend on record, but because of the fact that his engine was geared so high, it was impossible to run at a pace under twenty-five miles an hour. So Barlow merely shook his head.

"Don't be foolish, Babbage. You might as well break in now; after you get used to it, you won't enjoy anything under forty miles an hour. The car's under perfect control—can stop her within her length."

"Well, do it, then," cried the overwrought man. "I—I refuse to permit you to risk Miss——" The disingenuousness of

what he was about to say concerning the woman's safety struck even him, and, biting his lips, he broke off short and settled back, gripping the seat with both hands, with legs and body flexed for the jump for safety which he was convinced must be made sooner or later.

He had heard stories of collisions with telegraph-poles and trees. There was menace in every one that flashed by the car. A fleeting stone wall sent shivers through him, and the rush of the air carried a dolorous threnodical strain. He was fascinated, too, by the impression of the road flowing like a swift mill-race beneath the car. These things came to him thrillingly. He was a man not without imagination and it seized upon every impression and builded upon it and distorted it until it became an incubus of dread. He was waiting, that was all—awaiting the inevitable. And while he sat grim-faced, teeth clinched, Barlow, Bill Barlow, the inept, whom he had always exceeded in everything and patronized and lovingly scorned, was driving his engine of destruction at breakneck speed with the careless grace of a French chauffeur.

Mile after mile, up hill and down, from town to town and county to county, the red car sped, as it were, through the air—at least the semblance of flying would have impressed Babbage had it not been for occasional earthly reminders in the way of bumps and ruts—filling Miss Taddiken and the driver with keen exhilaration of power, of the wind rush, and of the ever-shifting scenic changes, and moving even Babbage, overwrought though he was, to a certain grudging admiration which eventually took the form of words.

"Bill," he called conciliatingly, "you've shown us what you can do. Now slow down a bit and let's have some pleasure out of this ride."

Now, Barlow would have ignored the petition, but the motor, as though it had heard and been moved to considerate instincts, gave forth immediate reply—a sound which rose clear above the throbbing harmony of the smoothly running mechanism. Barlow heard it and recognized the note of pessimism. The next instant the engine stalled and the car rolled to a stop.



In his excitement Barlow had completely forgotten about brakes.—Page 179.

"Well?" There was an unmistakable note of relief in Babbage's voice. "So we've stopped."

Barlow had leaped to the ground.

"I didn't give her enough gas," he explained lightly. "That accelerator works a trifle hard. Oh—well! We'll soon be off."

He came up to the wheel, set everything

for action, and then going to the front of the car reached down and seized the crank. But the engine refused to spark.

His face, reddened with conflicting embarrassment and irritation, appeared over the radiator.

"Now I've done it!" he cried.

"What have you done?" inquired Babbage, grinning.

"Yes, do tell us, Mr. Barlow," urged Miss Taddiken, her face depicting sympathy.

Barlow bent down and labored at the crank for a few minutes before replying. He really did not know what he had done. When he came to the side of the car his face was running perspiration and his collar was wilted.

"Why, you see," he began, "this crank runs from here—the front of the radiator—to the rear of the discharge-valve cam-shaft and it actuates this cam-shaft to open the discharge-valve through the intermediary of a little thing shaped like a steel bullet—a spud, we call it. Now, you see, Miss Taddiken, Babbage, if you push your crank before starting, you drive the rod inward and this causes the spud to drop into the pan—" Barlow, who had not the slightest idea what he was saying, involved in a maze of technical terms which he did not understand, paused.

"And then?" asked Miss Taddiken.

"Why—why, then," he went on, "you can't start. That's what I've done. I've made the spud drop into the pan, and—and—so we're stalled."

In the course of this long explanation, which even had it been mechanically correct would still have been unintelligible to Babbage's unmechanical mind, his small black eyes had roved over the landscape and now were resting upon a pair of horses of Percheron bulk which were drawing a plough across a near-by field. A slight smile wrinkled about his nose as he glanced down at his friend, and within him glowed the first optimistic spark of the day.

"Now that you've said it all, Barlow, what I want to know is whether this thing is going to go or whether it isn't?" The intense wish that those wheels would never again revolve at the behest of motor impulse was illy concealed.

Barlow was too involved in the situation to interpret cadences of expression.

"Well," he replied at length, "it *would* go if I could get hold of a spud about the size of a paper lead-pencil—you know, the kind you peel off—and about an inch long. You don't happen to have anything of the sort about you, Babbage—"

There was a chirrup in Babbage's voice.

"No, I don't carry spuds about with me usually. Then you can't make her go?" His eyes were fastened upon the approaching plough.

The reply was ungracious.

"No, hang it all, if you must know—that is, unless I can get that spud." He fixed an accusing eye upon space. "No one ever seems to have anything that anybody wants."

"I am sorry," Miss Taddiken said sympathetically. "But I really don't use things of the sort you describe—"

"Nor does she use scarabs, nor blue diamonds, nor seven-toed kittens," interjected Babbage, laughing and nodding at the woman, who, however, forbore a smile.

Barlow flushed, but failed to confess he would not have known what to do with his spud should one have been produced.

"You won't be so jolly, Babbage, when you find you've missed your dinner."

His friend, laughing the louder, settled easily in his seat.

"Oh, we'll get home to dinner, Barlow; don't worry." His voice became crisp and businesslike. "When you get ready to turn the situation over to me let me know."

"Eh? Well, you can have it now, so far as I am concerned," snapped the motorist. "I'm through."

"Through!" At the moment the plough had arrived at the rail fence and the driver, in the process of turning, paused as Babbage's hand gestured toward him. "Is that team yours, Mr. Farmer?" There was always something hearty and genial about Babbage's voice and manner that won instant response.

"Yes, they be," was the reply.

Babbage had left the car and was on his way to the fence, which he scaled, approaching the horses with the appraising eye of an equine judge.

"They weren't raised on a farm," he said with decision, running a deft hand over the chest and fore legs of the off horse, bestowing a caress upon the inquisitive nose of the other.

"I got 'em down to New York at a fire-department auction," the farmer vouchsafed. "They ain't really plough horses," he explained. "I been usin' 'em on the truck wagon, drivin' to market mostly; but one of the plough team

tuk sick; the other won't work with a strange horse. I——"

"Look here," interrupted Babbage, "that car out there is stuck——"

"Your'n?"

"Naw!" Babbage's voice indicated

hour. We'll put the horses in the livery-stable till you call, and—I'll give you——"

"Five dollars," interpolated the farmer decisively.

Babbage's hand was withdrawing his wallet upon the word, and in another



"Thank you, Mr. Babbage, but I think I incline to the automobile."—Page 180.

scorn. "I'm no automobilist. Horses are good enough for me, plenty——" He winked and the farmer smiled in sympathy. "Now, here's the proposition," he went on. "We've got to get to a garage at Dover—that's five miles from here. I want to hire that team. How much?"

"I oughta get this field turned up to-day," ruminated the farmer.

But Babbage, not to be diverted from a scheme so filled with possibilities in the way of reversing a situation that had become intolerable, pressed on.

"We can make it in little more than an

minute Barlow, who had been standing sullenly, hands in pockets, watching the group, saw the farmer lean down and detach the trail-hook from the plough, while Babbage busied himself removing the fence rails.

"Well, Barlow," he chuckled, as he took down the last barrier and the horses were driven through, "we're going to get home, and in style—old-fashioned style, so to say."

Thus speaking he caught the trail-hook over the steel rail in front of the radiator, casting an eye upon the dejected Barlow as he settled himself on the rumble-seat.

"Now, you take the wheel, Barlow," he suggested, "and steer just as you would if your trap was under power. I'll attend to the rest."

He clucked at the horses, who obediently moved forward, making as little effort with the light vehicle as may be imagined.

"Fine horses," observed the driver, holding the ribbons jauntily in his left hand and throwing a smiling glance at Miss Taddiken, who had been throughout an interested if silent observer.

"Yes, Mr. Babbage," she said, "they seem to be." With an added note of graciousness, born perhaps of appreciation of Babbage's masterly handling of the situation, together with the forward progress of the car—an agreeable sensation, it must be confessed, after the long delay—"I know of nothing more beautiful than a team of fine horses."

"Ah!" exclaimed Babbage, with a triumphant glance at his friend, who sat staring out over the wheel. "Now we have it. Horses! Beat all your infernal gasoline engines—I rather guess so. There's something to a horse. He knows you—you know him; you can talk to him; he's a companion. But," he shook his head knowingly at the woman, "you've got to know horses. It's an art, driving. Anybody can learn to run an automobile; not every one is a horseman. You must be born to it. Well—well, each to his particular turn. Now, if they were reliable—whoa there, you; steady. Fly got on his ear, I guess. Well, we're going right along."

"Yes," the woman nodded.

Babbage was conversationally inclined. After a moment's silent survey of scenery he glanced at the steersman, whose mien was not inviting. So he again addressed Miss Taddiken.

"Beauty of driving is that you see something. You get all the view, as you may say. In a car you get through too much country—get scenic indigestion—Ha! Ho! Scenic indigestion—what?"

Miss Taddiken leaned back.

"I think I understand," she agreed.

"Yes, quite so," observed Babbage. "Now, driving. You speak of a pair of horses—that doesn't mean two animals just attached to the same wagon, not a

bit of it. It's a pair, a problem, different from driving one horse, understand. Two horses don't have the same disposition every day; you have to understand 'em—know their nature."

A grunt came from behind the wheel and Babbage stopped short.

"Eh?" he asked, staring at the man.

"I didn't say anything," replied Barlow.

"Well—well, what was I talking about?"

"You were speaking——"

"Oh, I know." Babbage waved his disengaged hand at the woman. "Horses in pairs—yes. Well, what I said is true, Miss Taddiken. You shouldn't pole them too tightly. Of course, we haven't any pole now, but if you have you want to be careful about that."

Miss Taddiken followed the horseman with polite interest, casting occasional glances not devoid of sympathy at the set face of the man at the steering-wheel. Babbage needed no encouragement. He ran on without cease, exploring the wide and devious science of driving in pair, a subject hardly less technical, as it seemed to her, than that relating to gasoline engines.

He was now directing his team into the small village of Orion, the main street of which presented to the party an aspect of unwonted activity, not to say excitement.

"They want to do justice to the unusual spectacle," chuckled Babbage, straightening and slapping the reins vigorously upon the horses' backs.

Barlow slumped appreciably over the wheel, but Miss Taddiken, looking ahead with compressed lips, saw a rising tower of black smoke in the distance.

"I should imagine the cause to be a fire," she observed.

"So should I," agreed Barlow, emerging for the moment from the gloom which had invested him since the motive power of his vehicle had changed from gasoline to hoofs.

Miss Taddiken's deduction was correct. There could be no doubt of that now. The community, awakened to feverish commotion, ignored the automobile utterly. A blacksmith, armed with a sledge, ran from his shop to the little square and belabored a locomotive tire, which gave

forth rousing notes out of all proportion to its size. From a livery-stable a pair of horses were being hurried across the street to a fire-house, the doors of which, flung wide, revealed an eager red hose-wagon. At least Miss Taddiken applied to it the sentient quality of eagerness.

She wanted Babbage to stop in order that proceedings might be observed with greater minuteness, but Babbage, who had his own idea of the situation, shook his head.

"No," he said, "we're so late now I think we'd better keep going."

Barlow, whose eyes had remained furiously on the team as the uproar and confusion gathered force in the village square, suggested a turn into a side street and a hitching-post.

Babbage apparently was considering this when the fire-cart caught and passed them—not silently. It went by, in sooth, an uproarious pageant, the very epitome of fire apparatus in action.

Babbage cast an uneasy glance at his steeds, feeling, perhaps, a telegraphic quiver of warning along the reins. He had a subconscious feeling that something was about to happen. And he was right. As the wild, red thing rumbled by, the bell tolling out its alarm to traffic, the horses attached to the automobile stopped suddenly with feet planted sideways in the road. Babbage slapped the reins on their backs.

"Now—now!" he said with the voice of gentle admonition. "Giddap."

The horses had turned expectantly toward the man behind them, and the last word he said, beyond doubt, was the word they awaited. In any event, it had no sooner left his lips than they lowered their heads and bolted. After all their humdrum year in the midst of rural placidity, their time had come once more. Life had reopened and they plunged into it with the abandon of utter delight.

As there was not the slightest doubt that it was the clanging bell, the pungent breath of wood smoke in their nostrils, and the rattle of wheels which had started this great pair of animals off on their unrestrained course, so we take no liberty with the known limitation of nature as applied to horse sense to affirm that Babbage's team were living in imagination

some of the thrilling moments of their urban experience. The notes of the bell had struck within the two a chord vibrant with memories of sheer abandon. Reaction to it had been instinctive. After all the dreary months, the tender of Engine 7 was behind them again; Hartigan was at the reins; and above, swaying with the roll and swing of the wagon, were the silent, helmeted figures gazing ahead over their backs. All this certainly may be postulated from the flight of the animals, as, with heads down, their powerful chest muscles straining and swelling against their collars, their eyes blazing, and their hoofs sending pile-driving blows to the pavement, they thundered up the village street.

Babbage raised himself half to his feet and sawed at the reins, uttering words Miss Taddiken never recalled having heard. Barlow's face had gone dead white, and unconsciously he had seized the woman's arm with a desperate grip. The other hand retained a nerveless grasp on the steering-wheel of the car, which slewed and yawed like a rudderless ship in a seaway.

"Barlow," shouted Babbage, "steer that car, will you? What you trying—Whoa! Whoa!" He pulled and jerked at the reins with feverish energy.

The horses were amazed. In the old days good Dan Hartigan, their driver, had merely started them and then let them run until they came to a place with smoke gushing out and engines pulsing in the street. They didn't like Babbage's behavior a bit, and, finally growing angry, they lost all thoughts of other days and became filled with a fierce, burning desire to get away from that insane person behind who was cutting their mouths with the bits and talking to them like a truckman.

"Now, Danny! Now, Pat!" That was the way Dan Hartigan used to talk, and he let them run as they pleased. The animals, frenzied with rage, threw up their heads and ran wild. The hoof-beats of the great beasts pounded the macadam road with thunderous roll; their eyes glared, their bodies were strained in an ecstasy of high endeavor.

Babbage's cries were drowned in the roar and rattle; for an automobile in the

position of Barlow's car is distinctly out of its element. An ordinary vehicle, when the horses are free, is the least conspicuous part of the spectacle; it drags behind, rocking and reeling incontinently to destruction. But a motor-car has individuality. You can't play horse with it and expect ordinary impressions. Barlow's motor, thus, in its wild flight through the streets of Orion, was nothing man had ever previously beheld. It clanked and clanged and made weird, unusual sounds. A mud-guard, which the high horse had kicked with a flying hoof, hung with one end on the ground, flailing the road, splattering dirt and gravel on all sides. The radiator hood-cover had slipped from its catch, flapping up and down with the crash of cymbals, and clouds of dust arising veiled the scene in an acrid, gray pall.

Miss Taddiken looked back at the driver.

"I don't want to jump, Mr. Babbage——"

"Jump! Of course not," roared the man. "This is a—a—lark!"

"A lark!" echoed Barlow with a throaty squeal of indignation and terror—"a lark! Why don't you stop 'em?"

"Oh, let 'em run till they tire," shouted Babbage with an attempt at a smile. "The road's clear."

"You stop 'em," cried the automobilist, "or I'll jump!" He half arose in his seat, but Miss Taddiken's voice restrained him.

"We're certainly not making forty-five miles an hour, William."

"Eh—eh!" Barlow sank back into his seat. "We're making—well, maybe not, but the car was under control. Stop them, Babbage—I thought you were a horse—" A lurch of the car threw him backward and ended the sentence.

"Control—not under control, Miss Taddiken; can't you see the difference?"

The horses emphasized the point by swerving in toward the curb, side-swiping a tree and leaving a rear mud-guard behind as a souvenir of the contact.

"Not under control," repeated Barlow in a sepulchral voice.

"I quite agree with Mr. Barlow, Mr. Babbage," said Miss Taddiken, turning back and facing the driver.

Babbage scowled. He had no reply,

simply because he, too, agreed with his friend.

A pedestrian ran out into the street and flapped his arms, beating a precipitate retreat as the horses came upon him. The fire apparatus was passed and fell into the background like the figment of a nightmare. The staring faces of the firemen came afterward as a dim recollection.

In another minute the barn with its roof aflame appeared around a turn in the road. Barlow, urged by a warning shout from the driver, negotiated the curve with his steering-wheel, while the horses, ignoring Babbage's desperate effort to guide them into a soft, furrowed field, unprotected by a fence, kept to the thoroughfare, went around the corner like chariot steeds, and continued their wild career past the burning building, facing a gently rising hill, toward which they ramped with a spirit which began to dispel Babbage's vague hope that here at least they would find incentive to diminish the ardor of their gait.

He had, in truth, tossed a few encouraging words embodying this idea to the two persons in front of him. His cheerful speech, with some return of his old, jaunty confidence, was in part intended to correct a picture of himself which he feared had begun to formulate in the minds of his friends, and in part—perhaps in greater part—to sustain himself. For, truth to tell, his equine experience, wide though it was, had not sufficient scope to include fire-horses, let alone runaway fire-horses with sufficient strength to pound breathlessly along a mile or two of highway, making as little of the cumbrous mass of junk behind them as though it were a grocer's wagon.

He viewed the approaching grade with yearning gaze, and when it arrived, and the animals, slightly lowering their heads, took it with no perceptible diminution of speed, Babbage's jaw dropped. He had worked at the reins until his arms were lead and his fingers nerveless.

Barlow's colorless face was turned toward him.

"Can you stop 'em, or can't you?"

"Stop! No, I can't stop 'em. No one living can. They'll take this hill like——"

Miss Taddiken's calm voice interposed.

"And when they arrive at the top—then——"

"Then," shouted Barlow, "they'll go *down-hill*. Down-hill! Do you understand that, Babbage? Down-hill! And you have a lady——"

"I didn't make the hill," roared Babbage. "What are you talking about! Can't *you* do something?" His eyes glistened, the idea of brakes suddenly occurring. "Ha! Hasn't this old rattle-trap got any brakes?"

"Certainly it has. I've been try——" The car slewed across a bump, balanced on two wheels at right angles to the horses, and then squared away on its proper course behind the animals.

The crest of the hill was very near, and distant perspectives of farm and meadowland at a vastly lower level intimated that the descent was to be neither slight nor short. The idea of brakes filled Babbage's mind, bereft as it was of any other expedient for saving the bones of himself and party.

"Your brakes—if you don't know what the brake is, find it. Pull everything, stamp on everything. Don't be a fool!"

Barlow's reply was a growl; none the less, his feet and disengaged hand were experimenting as the car topped the rise and the animals, relieved of much of the pull, bounded forward with accelerated impulse.

In his excitement Barlow had completely forgotten about brakes, the fact of the horses running away having established in his mind the illusion that he was not in a motor-car at all. Now, in compliance with Babbage's suggestion, he applied the emergency-brake only to find it had shaken itself out of commission; at least it gave no response to the man's vigorous pull. The foot-brakes remained, but he overlooked them, chiefly for the reason that a recent lesson of his demonstrator had suddenly flung itself clearly upon the canvas of his overwrought mind. A cautious way to descend a grade, so ran the argument, was to employ compression of cylinders.

Casting a swift smile, half of triumph, half of doubt, at Miss Taddiken, he threw his gear-shift lever slightly forward. Very little happened. The heads of the horses rose and fell in the dusty murk, the car swayed and clattered and clanged, but

Barlow was oblivious. The fervor of mechanics gripped him, and he studied the various levers and switches.

Under the cowl the magnetic switch had been set and forgotten. The spark had been advanced and the gas lever opened up. These facts he now overlooked because his mind was occupied with the knowledge that by engaging the first-speed gears the momentum of the car could be retarded. This he attempted to do. In the excitement attending his effort he thrust the gear-shift lever past first speed and all the way into reverse.

Happenings immediately attending merit consideration. Deep down under the seat Barlow felt a life impulse. The engine had sparked. There was a whir, a rumble, and then, as an insane burst of joy came from Barlow's lips, a spasm occurred in the vitals of the Red Rover, an upheaval, as though some mighty sleeper were casting off chains. The next instant the wheels of that execrated automobile were revolving at full speed reverse. Only the special construction of the Red Rover's gears could have stood the terrific strain, but the teeth held.

And now, in the twinkling of an eye, William Barlow, neophyte in the realm of practical mechanics, was favored with the inestimable privilege of a front seat at an exhaustive demonstration of the application of theoretical horse-power as opposed to the power of horses in the flesh.

The working out of the problem was far more interesting and thrilling than one would have thought, considering the immense discrepancy in the relative capacity of the conflicting forces. For Barlow's car was rated at thirty horse-power, while the opposing animate element was two. But it should be borne in mind that the car was going down-hill at appreciable headway and that the energy of a motor in like circumstance gathers deliberately.

Thus, for a few seconds, while Barlow sat at the wheel, immobile, staring in wide-eyed expectancy, not a great deal happened—not a great deal in the way of definite result at least. The motor throbbed, the wheels whirled backward, biting up the road and scattering fragments of stone and dirt—and yet slid ahead. But only for a few seconds. Then, as the beasts, enraged now beyond

all bounds at the uncanny sounds behind and the resistance to their course which the backward-turning wheels had asserted, laid themselves down to even greater effort, they felt a jerk on their traces.

For the next few minutes that team was picturesque. To the party seated breathlessly in the motor it appeared as though the animals had miraculously been gifted with a centipede's wealth of feet. Hoofs appeared everywhere; they darted in and out, from side to side, and front and back; the road rang with the heavy tattoo—quivering, foaming backs, wildly tossing heads completed the picture, and the air was filled with snortings and stertorous breathings. Barlow lifted his head and shouted joyously.

"They're coming; I'm in charge——"

Casting a quick glance behind, he bent over the wheel, tooling the car delicately back toward the brow of the hill, the horses following now perforce, not, however, relinquishing their dogged efforts to proceed forward—their hoofs geared to full speed ahead, yet carrying them inexorably astern.

Barlow's satisfaction was ineffable; he proclaimed it without reserve, smiling and nudging his companion and winking over his shoulder at the silent Babbage.

"Thought they'd run away with this car, eh! Huh! Bided my time; that's all. Wanted to give you a sample of Tom's horsemanship—eh, Miss Taddiken? Well, Tom—ha! ha! You were funny! I guess I am a pretty good actor—what? Had 'em in hand all the time—every minute. I——"

"Look out—look out, you lunatic, do you want to kill those horses?" Babbage's finger was directed toward the off horse, which, having given up the fight and attempting to walk backward with the car, had been pulled until he was half sitting on the steel rail in front of the radiator, pawing the road with his front hoofs. At the moment the mate was drawn in also, a fact which permitted the trail-hook to disengage itself from the guard-rail and fall to the ground.

Barlow excitedly shut off the magneto switch, whereat the detonation of a three-pounder Maxim gun occurred from the rear. Race-horses never left the post with celerity more pronounced than that which

marked the leap of the fire-horses from the radiator of Barlow's motor-car. The first jump was instinctive; the second was born of the knowledge that they were no longer restricted. Their further flight down the hill was a superb display of disordered volition until, as they neared the bottom, a sense that at last they were free of that wild thing, to escape from which they had exhausted their utmost endeavor, gained stature and filled them with a large and growing peace. Their plunge subsided into a lope, their lope into a run, their run into a walk. A nearby field fresh and gleaming with green grass reminded them of hunger and suggested contentment. They turned into it and began to graze.

In the meantime Barlow had piloted his car safely up the hill, disconnecting his gear in time to avoid running down a team attached to a runabout—just in time, however, as the rearing horses and the sharp admonition of the driver attested.

"So you *could* stop," snarled Babbage. "Hello, Phil," he called to the horseman in a more amiable voice; "have you room for Miss Taddiken and me? We've had about enough of this car. There's a team that's turned into the field below I want to get, too."

Phillip Frazer, Orion's hotel-keeper, grinned comprehensively, having quieted his horses.

"Sure," he replied. "Howdy, Miss Taddiken. Jump in."

Babbage leaped from his seat to the ground and stood at the side of the car, holding up his hand for the woman, who was smiling enigmatically.

"Thank you, Mr. Babbage," she smiled, "but I shall complete this ride with Mr. Barlow."

"With Barlow!" Babbage glanced at the motorist, who sat gazing doubtfully at the radiator, whence small clouds of smoke were beginning to rise from the racing-engine. "In *that* thing! Miss Taddiken—I insist."

But Miss Taddiken shook her head placidly.

"Thank you, Mr. Babbage, but I think I incline to the automobile. It appears less hazardous—less conducive to profanity." As Barlow leaned forward with the rigidity of an automaton and jerked the starting-lever, she added, with a smile

ing glance at her companion: "You have that ability to emerge gracefully from disaster, William, which inspires confidence—and" (in a lower, softer voice) —"admiration."

Wherefore, who can find it in him to

censure William Barlow for the fact that, in the first few seconds of headway, he escaped a ditch on three wheels before he found the centre of the road and started the Red Rover on her serene homeward way?

THE FUTURE OF GOOD ROADS IN STATE AND NATION

BY EDWIN A. STEVENS

Commissioner of Public Roads, State of New Jersey



IN no country has the growth of the highway problem in importance and in difficulties been greater than in the United States, and in none does it seem likely to be greater in the future. Our motor-vehicle registry is already the largest in the world.

There appears to be no near limit to the ingenuity of automobile-designers, to the enterprise of manufacturers, nor to the capital that is being poured into the business.

The effect of these industrial phenomena on our roads is worthy of most careful thought. The problem in its most simple and general statement is one of transportation. The cost of transporting one ton a mile at any given speed will divide itself naturally into two parts: first, the cost of providing and running the vehicle,

including up-keep, fuel, and lubricants; second, the cost of providing and maintaining the roadway in such shape that the sum of both parts of the cost of transportation shall be a minimum. The latter is the special province of highway administration. To discharge this duty, provision must be made for the future traffic.

To do this intelligently we must form some idea of the traffic of to-day and of its past growth. The horse-drawn traffic is practically unknown; it will probably not show any material increase, though, in the minds of many authorities, it is not likely to decrease. It is also less trying on our road surfaces. The following statistics as to automobile registration in ten States that have undertaken the systematic improvement of their roads affords us a means of foretelling what is to be expected within the next few years for the nation:

MOTOR-VEHICLE REGISTRATION AND POPULATION

State	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	Estimated, 1915	Population, 1915	Inhabitants per motor vehicle
Mass.	31,360	38,907	50,132	62,660	77,246	99,000	3,700,000	37.4
R. I.	5,911	7,262	9,357	11,312	13,530	15,600	618,000	39.6
Conn.	11,789	16,372	21,371	26,560	32,790	39,000	1,235,000	31.6
New York	*62,655	83,969	105,749	132,928	168,428	222,000	10,300,000	46.4
New Jersey	49,478	55,913	54,317	61,075	70,910	91,500	2,960,000	32.4
Penn.	37,180	48,108	65,519	89,584	125,189	180,000	8,500,000	47.2
Maryland.	†5,000	7,273	9,749	12,997	20,238	33,000	1,350,000	40.9
Virginia ..	†2,800	4,020	5,760	9,022	13,984	22,000	2,180,000	99
Ohio	32,000	45,788	63,124	86,156	122,504	184,000	5,100,000	27.7
Illinois ...	†30,000	42,615	77,250	106,839	145,992	190,000	6,100,000	32.1
Totals..	268,173	350,227	462,328	599,133	790,811	1,076,100	42,043,000	†39

* Part of year.

† Estimated.

‡ Average.

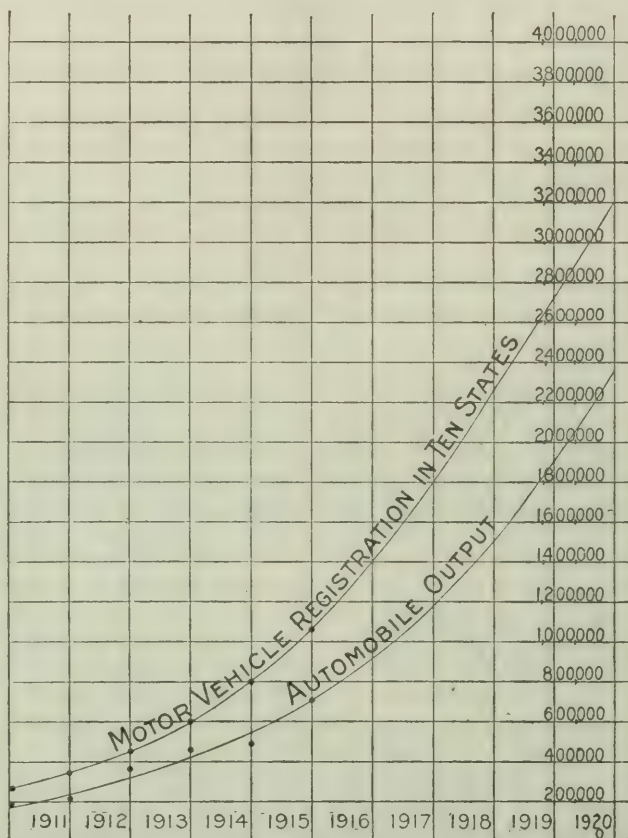
At the date of writing, the figures for 1915 can be closely estimated. The conditions in the States chosen may not to-day be representative of the whole country. In those States, however, where little or no road work has been done registration will take sudden increases, when good roads become available, as shown for Virginia and Illinois.

The ten States named register to-day over 1,000,000 of the 2,000,000 cars usually accepted as the number owned at this time in the country at large. From the curve I estimate for them a possible total automobile registration of 3,300,000 in 1920, and for the country from 6,000,000 to 6,500,000. To check this estimate we may use the figures of automobile output. These, as generally given, will not plot in any fair curve, but the conclusion seems warranted that an output of 2,350,000 may well be attained by 1920. Men well posted in the business estimate that within a short period a market can be made for from 1,640,000 to 3,800,000 cars a year. For our present purpose we must make some allowance for a rapidly growing export trade.

If the average life of a car be three years, it seems possible that by 1920 we shall have on our highways a total of not less than 6,000,000 motor-vehicles, or one for every twenty inhabitants. This is about three times our present registration. In the ten States the increase in five years has been fourfold. Massachusetts registered one motor-vehicle for every 108 persons in 1910 and one for every 37.4 in 1915. In 1910 the population per car in Ohio was 149; to-day it is 27.7.

To care for this traffic we have in the United States about 2,125,000 miles of country roads, not counting streets. What mileage has been "improved" it is impossible to say, for the word has no standard meaning. We are probably safe in assuming that for a satisfactory system not less than 1,250,000 miles of road must still be improved. With the ever-growing traffic and with the consequent demand

for better construction, the ultimate cost of this system will not fall short of \$10,000,000,000, and its construction will probably cover a period of not less than forty years. These figures do not overstate the case. Many roads have been and will be built too narrow, too crooked, with excessive grades and inadequate pavements. These should be widened, straightened, regraded, and repaved. They will also have to be provided with



bridges designed for the increasing weight of vehicles. However this may be, it seems safe to say that we have a big job on our hands, and that if we are to plan for its execution we must do so in a big way.

One would naturally look for experience to Europe. European conditions and customs are so different from ours that data derived from them are of but limited value. We must remember, too, that they are in a much more backward state of motor-vehicle development even if more advanced in road administration.

However much or little we may take from them, we shall also have to consider our problem in the light of what seems to be in store for us.

Let us consider the full extent of the problem—what we are now doing to solve

it and what is needed to obtain good roads.

Assuming for a moment that in 1920 we shall have 6,000,000 motor-vehicles and 6,000,000 teams using our roads, that the motors will average 200 days at 30 miles and the teams 180 days at 15 miles, we have totals of 36,000,000 motor-vehicle miles and 16,200,000 team miles. The difference in cost of operation on an improved as against an unimproved road may be safely put at not less than 6 cents per mile for both motor and teams. On this basis we would have 52,200,000,000 vehicle miles at 6 cents, or \$3,120,000,000—the total yearly saving.

I need only allude to the other gains due to good roads—the opening up of the country, the development of industries, the improvement of the conditions of agricultural life. These cannot be readily estimated in figures, but the value is certainly not less than the reduction in cost of haulage and probably exceeds it many-fold.

The importance of the interests involved would seem to warrant the expense of scientific and businesslike administration. Such administration we lack; we seem to have formed but a faint idea of our woful state of unpreparedness and of the seriousness of the results. Our present methods of road administration are inadequate.

While most of the States have preserved the common-law doctrine of the king's highway, the treatment accorded to our roads has not matched the dignity of their title. Generally, the roads, except in the case of city streets, are in the hands of some local body or of a turnpike company. The care they have received is such as might have been expected in a community descended from pioneer ancestry. The traditions still survive of the days when each man raised his own food, built his own house, and looked to no policeman to enforce his rights. Any man, in those days, was supposed to be able to build and keep a road, and this belief is by no means dead. It shows itself in the underlying idea of our road administration, the turning over to township committees, selectmen, or by whatever name they may be known, the man-

agement of the greater part of our road systems. In most of our States we have placed bridges under the care of somebody other than that in charge of the road.

On this substructure many of the States have built, each in its own way to provide for our increasing highway traffic. The laws passed for this object may be grouped into two general classes, following the lead set by the two States that first took up road improvement as a field for State activity, namely, New Jersey and Massachusetts. The former undertook to aid counties in the building of improved roads, leaving the care of the roads thus built to the county authorities; Massachusetts, on the other hand, set herself to building and maintaining a system of State roads made up of the most important through lines of traffic. Both of these represent correct principles. The State should care for the important through lines. Local bodies should be encouraged to improve roads of secondary importance. Neither of these States, however, undertook to thoroughly provide for the proper care of all of its country roads, nor, as far as I know, has any other State. Nothing less than this will meet the need. Every public road should be insured such intelligent care as to furnish the best service of which it is capable.

My own experience as a road official may be enlightening. A mechanical engineer by training, with scanty knowledge of road-work and even less experience in public office, I was appointed five years ago head of the New Jersey Road Department. The appointment, I believe, was considered a good one.

I expected to find very simple engineering, an ill-organized repair system, and more or less "graft." I found the engineering by no means simple, that proper reorganization of the repair system would require voluntary co-operation and acceptance of State control by the counties, many of which were jealous of each other and of the influence of the department. I found no legal evidence of "graft" and no reason for suspicion against the force under my control. This force had been formed and had worked under department heads not one of whom had any previous engineering experience;

it was personally well fitted for its work, but hardly large enough for its statutory duties and utterly insufficient for the work necessary to insure thoroughness. There was much duplication of work between the State and county forces and ill-located responsibility. While I cannot complain of any lack of good will, the work has been and is being done under conditions that exclude any high standard of attainment and with the knowledge that no one expects results to measure up to any such standard.

I may be slow-witted. I have had to waste much time in planning how to get the work done under legislation both unreasonably restrictive and often inconsistent and in learning to tie the red tape thereby required into the regulation bow-knots.

Whatever the cause, it has taken me time to "size up" my ever-growing job, to recognize the underlying causes of our shortcomings, and to formulate the principles that must guide any satisfactory reform. I have, in consequence, met with but little success in impressing the needs of the service on the people of the State and on the legislature.

During my term of office almost every one of our neighboring States has changed the head of its road department. This brings us to a most serious defect of our road administration, namely, that the head, whether a commissioner or a board, is a political appointee, usually unskilled in road-work and frequently without any engineering training. Holding office for a term of years, subjected to great political pressure, and intrusted with wide powers, it would, indeed, be wonderful if these men did not frequently yield to considerations other than the best interests of our roads and err by dabbling in engineering matters.

Instead of appreciation of the seriousness and the needs of the situation, one generally finds in our legislatures a faith in the efficacy of certain pet remedies and a leaning to numerous checks, safeguards, and investigations, the outgrowth of lack of confidence in the road administration, fruitful sources of delay, red tape, and waste, and godsend for the muckraker.

I have never seen a palladium, or if I have I did not recognize it. It seems,

however, that the particular palladium that holds or guards our liberties is likewise the shrine in which we cherish these methods of insuring inefficiency.

Over our road-work there is too often cast the baleful shadow of politics. The "scientific distribution of patronage," as it was once described to me by a very earnest, upright, and capable politician who believes himself a progressive, plays havoc with efficiency. The only refuge seems to be in the civil service, as generally administered, a somewhat cumbersome and usually inelastic method, but still the best now available. Patronage, however, is not the only line along which politics makes its attacks. Roads have been improved or repaired because certain men with "pulls" lived along the line, because certain contractors had plants in the neighborhood for which they wanted employment, or because some other work of importance could not otherwise get the necessary backing. I am not now alluding to any so-called "graft." This is always hard, generally impossible, to prove. The direct loss therefrom is, I am persuaded, small compared to that due to inefficient administration; indirectly, however, it works immeasurable evil by depriving our road officials of the public confidence they must have if we are to get results. These must be based on personal responsibility enforced by a strict discipline. Responsibility implies power, and power will not be conferred if there be a lack of confidence. This confidence must not be in the individual head only, for he may and will change, but in the organization, and not only in its moral but also in its technical fitness for the work. It must be earned by actual results and cannot be created by legislative enactment. Such enactment, however, is the only means that can create organizations under conditions which will make these results possible. We must look to an awakened public opinion to demand the necessary legislation and a fair chance to "make good" thereunder without unnecessary interference.

I have said that European experience is of but limited value to us in the solution of our problem. The weight given in Europe to the administration of

their roads is, however, instructive. The French Republic has been the classic example of road administration. It compares with our ten States as follows, the French motor-vehicle figures being for the period before the great war:

	Road mileage	Area	Population	Motor-vehicles
France ...	357,000	207,000	40,000,000	122,000
Ten States	457,000	261,000	42,000,000	1,076,000

In France all national roads and most of the departmental roads are under the care of the celebrated "Ponts et Chaussées" corps. This corps is the best and most thoroughly trained body of civil engineers in the world. Their men are especially trained for the work from boyhood, as are cadets and midshipmen. Their life-work is in the corps. Their instruction covers the engineering, the administrative detail, and the law referring to the subject. The standing of the corps personally and professionally is of the highest.

Contrast for a moment our conditions. There is no legal standard of qualifications for an engineer, least of all a highway engineer. The job is seldom permanent. There is but little confidence in the ability and but too often in the integrity of highway officials. This is hardly to be wondered at when we recall that we are trying to care for a fast-growing motor traffic, to-day sixteen times that of the French Republic, under the leadership of political appointees holding office for limited terms and working under laws that make efficiency impossible.

To avoid any misunderstanding as to our highway engineers, let me, in this connection, bear witness to the devotion and ability of those with whom I have been thrown in contact. There are, of course, lamentable exceptions, but as a whole they are morally and technically of higher class than one would expect under the conditions. There is, however, little organization, no recognized standard of qualifications, and practically no interstate co-operation. Road societies there are, but these are organized to "boost" the cause of roads and only incidentally to afford technical training and interchange of data.

The very evident cure for our present evils and the best provision for the future is such legislation as will establish in each State a highway force that will command respect and confidence in its ability. We must then state our problem, and this, too, will generally require legislation. Even in the smallest and in the sparsely settled States the cost and importance of the work will warrant thorough preparatory study. But little of this has been done. We have tackled the job of improving our roads with an insouciance that would be almost laughable if its results were less ominous. Few, if any, States have any accurate idea of their country-road mileage, much less of its proper and economical development, and, I may add, practically none at all of the ultimate cost nor of the duration of the period of improvement. Yet all these can at least be approximately ascertained, and the public which pays the bill is entitled to the information. We are, however, embarked on a programme involving an unknown expenditure for an unknown period, and we do not know what we shall have at the end. If we are to accomplish anything we must "size up" our job and, remembering Davy Crockett's advice before it is too late, be sure we are right before we go much further.

For this purpose we should lay out a road system for each State. Such a system will include roads of all classes. If national roads become a fact they will form a separate class. There will also be the main lines of intra-State traffic, then roads of secondary importance furnishing the principal feeder lines for the State highways and connecting towns of secondary importance, and, lastly, the lesser roads corresponding to the capillaries in the system of blood circulation. Each of these classes will call for different features of design and for different types of paving. For our greatest roads it would seem that the best will be none too good, for the smallest our means will demand that we adopt the most economical construction. Without thorough preliminary study and planning we shall, beyond doubt, build roads, some insufficient for their loads and others more costly than their traffic will warrant. I

may here point out that the permanent investment in a road is made up of the cost of the right of way and of grading. Drainage works and foundation courses may be or may not be permanent; the same is true of bridges; but surfaces are never permanent. If, however, we secure enough land and grade it properly at the outset, our investment to that extent is secure. Land can always be had more cheaply before improvement than for subsequent widening and straightening. Regrading disturbs conditions along the road, inflicting at times considerable loss, and disturbs more or less previous work. Hence, it is wasteful and should be avoided by giving location and grading full consideration in the original design. This consideration cannot be given without knowledge as to the importance of the road. Our railroads have found that on main trunk lines it pays to reduce grades and eliminate curves at almost any cost. "*Mutatis mutandis*," the same is true of the highway.

Our legislation should extend to all country roads. Streets present another problem. Just as physically and commercially all roads in a State form part of one system, so the State must provide that they be administered under uniform laws and in co-ordination. The public has a right to expect and the State should provide that every road be so kept as to give the best service of which it is capable.

There must be a strict, uniform, and scientific system of accounting and audit, including an accurate census of road traffic. The resulting data must be carefully analyzed to enable those in charge not only to make comparisons but also clearly to account for the discharge of the trust imposed on them.

We must, in all cases, have such elasticity in statutory provisions as will cut the red tape down to a minimum.

The importance of the work to be done will justify provisions that will make highway engineering a career that will attract and hold young men of ability and energy. Material of this character can be trained to high efficiency if politics be excluded, if promotion follow on proven fitness and discipline be rigidly enforced. All higher positions must be

filled by promotion so as to exclude diletanti administration and freak engineering and provide an incentive to continued effort. A force organized on these lines and public confidence therein are the important matters. Given these, the rest will follow. But such a force in any adequate number does not exist to-day, and it can only be created by establishing the proper conditions for its development and allowing sufficient time therefor. Even in such a small State as New Jersey, there would be needed for the State-wide oversight of roads more men than are fitted and available for the work. Even if men were available in sufficient numbers, they must be moulded into an organization, a living and growing organism with an "*esprit de corps*" and traditions.

This will require time. In almost every State that has taken up road-work seriously there is a nucleus around which the force necessary for State-wide administration can be gathered and trained.

Road-work calls for analytical study requiring the combination of experience, common sense, and technical training. It involves also, in the higher grades, difficult administrative work, which cannot be readily separated from the engineering and executive ability of no mean order. This always demands and must receive good pay. A high professional standard for such a force gives the members a pride in their organization and a confidence in its ability to do its work, without which it is useless to expect any full measure of success or of public trust. This latter, I repeat again, is essential to any satisfactory solution of our problem. Without it the public will not insist on the exclusion of politics from road-work, and before they will so insist the people must know that their business is being handled by experts and honest men.

The technical work to be performed by such a body should consist, in addition to the preliminary study needed for the laying out of road systems, of design, construction, and maintenance.

"Safety first," of which we have heard much of late, needed but little consideration in the road design of the ante-automobile age. Any road was safe enough if it was good enough. Guard-rails on high embankments, avoidance of sharp turns

at the foot of steep grades, and a little care at approaches to bridges were enough to make a road reasonably safe at the speed and weights for which they were designed, say ten miles an hour and about three tons. It is no wonder that they have become "death-traps" when called on to carry traffic at 40 miles with maximum loads of from 12 to 15 tons. The solution of the guard-rail question is yet open. Any obstruction to the view within a distance of from 350 to 400 feet is highly dangerous. Curves on or at the lower end of steep grades, narrowness, excessive crown, unprotected ditches, badly placed trees or poles, and even the pipes often used to carry water across entrances, have become dangers that are taking a heavy toll of human life.

The most apparent dangers on our highways are the crossings over railroad and trolley tracks at grade. The elimination of these death-traps should never be overlooked. The cost of this work will form no small part of our future highway disbursements. Even when elimination is impossible, much may be done to decrease danger at crossings.

As to pavements, for minor roads this will always depend on the relative costs of locally available materials. Gravel, oyster-shells, and macadam will probably always be able to provide for a considerable mileage of the lesser roads. Macadam with a blanket coat of tar or asphalt, well maintained, will carry a considerable traffic, but only at a fairly high maintenance cost. For more important roads Portland cement concrete and bituminous concretes seem the most promising solution. Block pavements, brick, wood, asphalt block, and granite on a concrete base will be required for the heaviest traffic and for such grades on bituminous concrete roads as may be found too steep for that material.

Roads must be designed for the speed and weights that will be used on them. Whether there be a statutory speed limit or not, it is not seriously regarded and will in time probably disappear. Any prudent designer to-day will count on not less than 40 miles. There is little use in providing a surface suited for such a speed without giving the corresponding widths and curvatures. Without knowl-

edge of weights to be carried, bridge design is but guesswork. Pavements and foundation courses must also be suited to the weights to be carried. These should be regulated by legislation uniform in all the States. The paved way for important roads should not be less than 18 feet on tangents; curves should have radii of not less than 1,000 feet with increased widths of paved surface.

Grades are a matter of both economy and safety; with bituminous surfaces anything in excess of 5 per cent becomes too slippery for horses; automobiles will also skid dangerously thereon.

Many of the minor appurtenances of our roads deserve and should receive more thorough study than has generally been given them. Road signs, for example, should be legible from whatever side approached. Running beyond a sign before being able to read it destroys, to a great extent, its usefulness and is a source of actual danger. Dust in excessive quantities is not only a nuisance, but has become a serious danger.

The correct placing of shade-trees and the selection of the species used are matters of importance. Trees must not be placed so near the driveway as to be dangerous. The same is true of telegraph-poles, sign-posts, etc.

The military features of our roads have been all but entirely overlooked. A few years ago a request for the views and advice of the War Department met with a polite but entirely unenlightening answer. Strategically, roads must connect points of military importance. Tactically, they must be designed to carry necessary military traffic. In the light of the experience of the great war, this means that very heavy loads, guns of 6 and 8 inch calibre, heavy motor-trucks, high-speed cars, cavalry and infantry must be accommodated. Less than three lines of traffic will hardly meet the requirements. Nothing less than 30 feet of graded width will do. Bridges must also be strengthened. It may well be that screening will be required.

The designer must also carefully weigh the advantages of any proposed feature of design against its cost. He must bear in mind that the total road cost is divided into three parts: interest on the first cost;

depreciation and up-keep, including the overhead charges due to administration, use of machinery, and, what is usually called the repair charge, the cost of the actual labor and materials used in repair. What he now has in most cases is the repair charge only and that without traffic data. This charge may be easily kept low by an expensive construction. It may well be that a low-priced road with comparatively high repair charge will be the cheapest solution. Yet, on the other hand, too cheap a construction is sure to prove wasteful. It can easily be imagined that the designer has ample field in which to show his ability.

We have generally built good roads as far as construction work is concerned. We have probably been a little too impatient for results and too easy-going to obtain all the accuracy in following a specification that we find abroad. Our inspection, too, in many cases, may have lacked in intelligence and thoroughness, but on the whole we have not done badly in this respect.

The up-keep of our roads has, on the whole, been disappointing. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions. If we are to have good roads we must provide a system that will make good minute defects as soon as they appear. This cannot be done without constant and competent inspection. The best way to provide this service will vary with roads of different materials and subject to different traffic intensities. Whatever method, however, is adopted, the importance of accurate accounting for all maintenance expenditures will remain undiminished. Such accounting in connection with traffic census furnishes the only test of the economy of road types and will supply indispensable data for scientific design. In the analysis of road accounts we must take account of speed as well as weight. As yet the unit giving the proper weight to each of these elements of wear has not been agreed on. The value of such a unit and of road accounts generally depends, in great measure, on uniformity of method.

Our task is such a huge one that for success we must have team-work. Our federal scheme of government is a hindrance in securing the interstate co-opera-

tion that the situation demands. It is not only in the planning of interstate lines of traffic and in securing uniform laws as to classification of vehicles and regulation of traffic that this need exists. We should have standardization of nomenclature so that, for instance, "improved road" will mean the same thing in Indiana and in New Jersey; standard system of road signs, standard methods of accounting, standard units of traffic and wear, and, in general, co-operation and co-ordination between our forty-eight State-road forces and the federal government.

That this co-ordination and the leadership needed for any team-work can be supplied only by the general government is, to my mind, the unanswerable argument for federal aid. The gain by united and concerted effort will be greater than that due to any federal appropriation.

The financial problem involved is by no means the least of the many road questions that we must settle. I have already estimated the job as involving 1,250,000 miles of road to be improved at a cost of about \$10,000,000,000, and that it will take forty years to do this work. This is not all we shall have to finance. While building and after having finished the work, we shall have to keep up the roads already built. This will involve a tremendous outlay. The present total road repair charge in this country is unknown, but we do know that much of it is wasted on unintelligent work.

Our data are so insufficient that no satisfactory financial plan can be worked out in detail. Let us, however, try an illustration, using for this purpose the above assumptions as to cost and mileage of construction and distributing the work evenly over the estimated period of construction. Let us also assume that we are to-day spending on the road repairs \$150,000,000 and that each new mile of road built will add \$400 a year to our expenditure. Our construction will average 31,667 miles a year and will cost about \$250,000,000. Our repair charge on present roads is, say, \$150,000,000. Our yearly increase in repair charge will be $31,667 \times \$400$, or about \$12,500,000. Our first year's outlay would be \$400,000,000.

If we build our average mileage each

year, we would have spent in the forty years about \$26,000,000,000.

We must evidently look to our sources of revenue. Benefits are conferred by road improvement on both the landowner and the user of the road. The former pays through the ordinary tax levy. The latter pays a so-called license fee for his automobile only and nothing for his horses. It seems rational to look to the business on the roads for part of the cost of building and maintaining them. Let us look for a moment at these costs.

At the prices now prevalent in the North Atlantic States, a mile of macadam road including a bituminous dressing can be built for about \$12,000 where the grading and drainage are not excessive; the latter may increase the cost to \$18,000 or more. Such a road can be maintained under an average daily load of 400 vehicles of mixed highway traffic, averaging about 1.7 tons in weight, at a yearly repair charge of about \$600 a mile. To this yearly charge should be added about \$200 as a depreciation charge to take care of extraordinary repairs which would be needed about once in five years. Add also 4 per cent interest on cost, or, say, \$500, and we have a total yearly cost of \$1,300 a mile. The yearly ton mileage would be 248,000. The cost divided by the ton mileage gives .524 of a cent per ton mile, or 89 cents per mile of the average vehicle. An automobile, therefore, making an average yearly mileage of 6,000 at an average weight of 3,400 pounds would receive a road service costing about \$53.40 and would do approximately \$33 worth of damage to roads of this character. For a team which, with its wagon, averages loaded and light about the same weight and does 1,500 miles a year the cost of service and damage done would be one-fourth ($\frac{1}{4}$) of the above. In both cases no allowance is made for speed. Considering speed as a factor, the figures for automobiles would increase and for the horse-drawn traffic would decrease. There is no question that both classes of traffic receive benefits far in excess of the cost of service. The example chosen may represent heavier traffic and a more costly construction than the average. With lighter traffic and cheaper roads the ton-

mile cost will tend to increase. Railroad experience leads to the same conclusion.

Now, going back to our very rough estimates as to yearly expenditures and as to increase in motor-vehicles, we should have at the end of five years of our construction a yearly outlay of about \$450,000,000. We should also have about 6,000,000 motor-cars. The horse-drawn traffic, as I have said, is unknown. In New Jersey it seems to approximate about 40 per cent of the total. Remembering that New Jersey is pretty well automobilized and that many vehicles use more than one horse, let us assume for our present purposes a total of 6,000,000 teams or say 10,000,000 horses. (In 1914 there were 25,000,000 horses and mules on farms in the United States.) If the average automobile motor rates at 25 H. P. and we tax on H. P. basis at \$1.50 a unit, we should raise from motor-vehicles \$225,000,000 and from horses \$15,000,000, a total of \$240,000,000, or almost 55 per cent of our estimated outlay.

Enough has been said to outline roughly, indeed, the many and very serious problems suggested by a forecast of our road-work. The lesson to be drawn therefrom is the need of thorough organization of our road forces and of careful preliminary study. The interests affected are among the most important to the welfare of the nation. The investment will be gigantic in size, but can be made to return a benefit far beyond its cost if we will handle it as a business proposition. If, on the other hand, we rush into work of unparalleled magnitude without adequate preparation, if we continue to intrust its execution to men unskilled in the work, chosen mainly on account of past political services and lacking public confidence, and if we keep changing them as various parties may command popular pluralities, we shall pay the price of our folly.

To those acquainted with the political conditions affecting not only our roads but our whole system of government, the remedy proposed may seem to belong to the land of dreams and ideals. I cannot see why what has been accomplished in removing our schools out of politics and in providing a trained staff and proper

material cannot also be repeated in the case of our roads. I will cheerfully plead guilty to any charge of being a "bull" on the prospects of these United States and on the ability of my fellow citizens to organize and put through any job from the Panama Canal up. If, however, I am wrong, if in work of such vital importance we cannot rid ourselves of political inter-

ference, if we cannot find ways to do the job thoroughly, it would seem that the time has come for us to admit that, however well our democratic system may have been suited to a small community living under the most simple conditions, it cannot provide the necessary government for a highly organized world power. This I, for one, am not ready to admit.

MOTORING THROUGH PORTO RICO

BY A. HYATT VERRILL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



PORTO RICO has frequently been called the "Isle of Enchantment" or the "Treasure Isle," but it would be far more appropriate to call it the "Isle of Good Roads." Although but eighty-five miles in length by thirty-five in breadth, this little island can boast of over eight hundred miles of perfect automobile roads, which encircle the island, connect all the important towns, and form a network over which the island's products and imports are carried by bull carts, mule teams, and auto-trucks.

While the Americans have done much to beautify and improve the island, yet we cannot claim the honor of having first paved the way for Porto Rico's wonderful road system. It is true that we have built many roads and have constructed splendid bridges, but the wonderful Military Road—the best and most important highway of the island—is to-day the same famous road constructed by the Spaniards and will ever remain an enduring monument to the engineering skill and far-sightedness of Spanish engineers.

With its splendid roads, its wonderful fertility, its magnificent scenery, and its healthy, pleasant climate, Porto Rico offers an exceptionally attractive field for autoists. It is easily reached by a pleasant four or five day sail on comfortable steamers, and there are no vexatious cus-

toms, expensive crating, or other inconveniences attached to transporting an automobile from the United States to our West Indian colony.

The steamships of the New York and Porto Rico line make a specialty of carrying automobiles, and accept them uncrated and ready to run, the only requirement being that the gasoline must be drawn off from the tanks. On some of the ships the machines are run directly into the hold through a side port, while on the smaller ships the machines are hoisted aboard with specially designed slings and placed in the hold beneath the hatches. As machines thus shipped are taken at owner's risk, it is well to insure expensive cars, and, to prevent rust or corrosion by salt air, covers should be placed over the brass or nickel work.

On arrival at Porto Rico an insular license is required before the car is used. This is obtained at the Intendencia Building on the Plaza Principal at San Juan. The fee is five dollars a year for any private machine, but a special transient license may be procured for two dollars per month. The automobile laws are very lenient in Porto Rico, the speed being unlimited in outlying districts, and at each town or village a sign is placed beside the road directing drivers to reduce speed to sixteen kilometres per hour. When leaving a machine in a town a boy or some other person should be left in charge, as

there is an ordinance forbidding drivers to leave machines unattended on the streets.

Garages, repair-shops, accessory dealers, and automobile agencies are numerous throughout the island, and charges are very reasonable, and the work is as good as in New York. Gasolene costs from twenty-four to fifty cents per gallon, depending upon the locality, most of the coast towns charging the lower rate, while the distant interior towns charge as high as sixty cents. For this reason the autoist in Porto Rico should always carry an extra tank or tin of gasolene when starting on an extended trip, for the climate and the mountain grades eat up fuel very rapidly and a car will seldom give more than two-thirds as much mileage to the gallon as in the United States. A large portion of the traffic and freighting in Porto Rico is carried on by automobile, and a constant stream of pleasure-cars, trucks, and public buses is met wherever one travels. Several regular lines of automobiles are operated on the island and the cars make daily trips over scheduled runs, while others may be rented by the day or hour. Even about San Juan itself the autoist can find much of interest, and the various historical spots, quaint and picturesque parts of the town, and the well-stocked shops and stores may all be reached with less exertion and in greater comfort in an automobile than by any other means.

Every one drives with the top up in Porto Rico, for the sun beats down with true tropical fervor and showers are so frequent and so sudden that some protection is always necessary. The autoist, accustomed to driving his car through our broad American streets and around our ample corners will at first find it quite a task to turn and twist through the busy traffic of Porto Rico's capital, especially as little dependence can be placed upon the gestures and signals of the denim-clad traffic officers. These police mean well, and no doubt in their own minds they know full well what their motions are intended to convey, but they do not speak English, and if slightly excited or hurried they are as likely to use Spanish as English signals, or, worse yet, a mixture of both. If one sees an officer frantically grasping at the air in the direction of an approaching machine it signifies that the

way is clear, for the odd motion is the Spanish equivalent for beckoning. On the other hand, a gentle wiggling of the finger-tips does not of necessity mean to proceed, for to the Spanish-American this gesture means to wait. Moreover, in rounding corners do not hug the right-hand curb too closely or swing too far to the opposite side if turning to the left. If you follow out this accustomed procedure you may run down the innocent guardian of the peace, for Porto Rican police have a peculiar habit of stepping to one side or the other of the street as a vehicle turns, instead of maintaining post in the centre of things.

In Porto Rico one may leave a machine on either side of the street or road regardless of the direction in which it is headed, for the law merely requires drivers to place their cars "as near the edge of the highway as possible." In certain sections of the streets in San Juan one-way traffic rules are maintained, and the newcomer should take care not to travel west on a street devoted to easterly traffic, or vice versa. Unfortunately, these streets are not posted at every corner, and the stranger is quite apt to turn into such a thoroughfare in perfect innocence, only to be held up and ordered back by a policeman, and, as turning about in these narrow streets is impossible, the unfortunate driver may be compelled to reverse through several hundred yards of closely packed vehicles or even up some steep and narrow hill—for San Juan's streets are mostly hills, and steep hills at that.

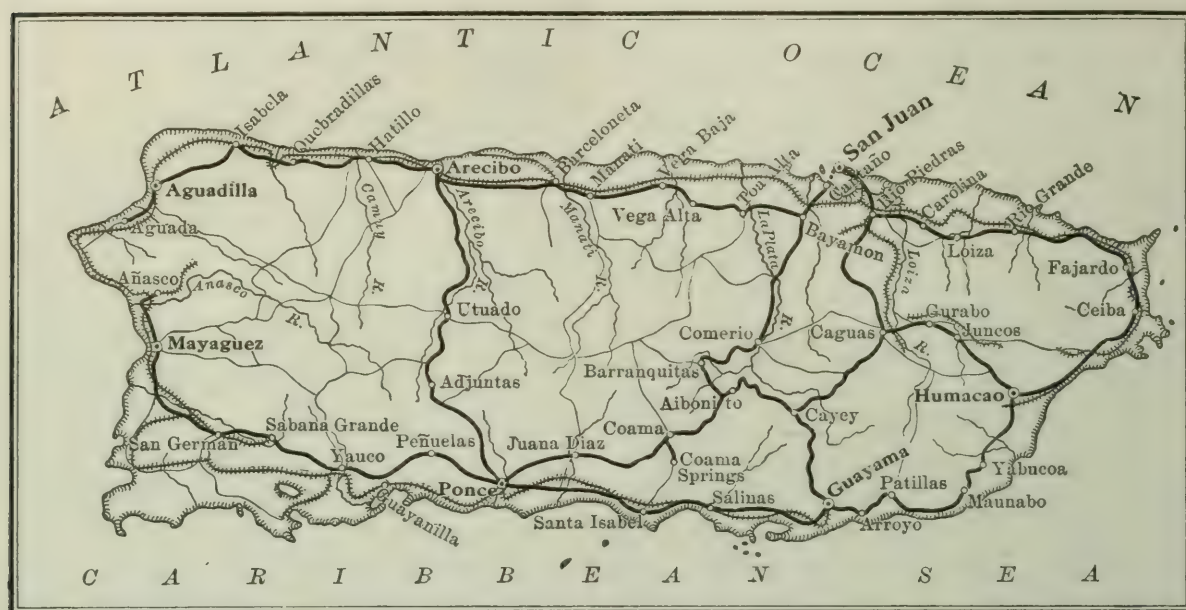
The police, as a rule, however, are very courteous and obliging, and realize that strangers cannot be expected to know all the ins and outs of the local vehicle laws, and arrests for petty or unintentional violations of the law seldom or never occur.

Outside of the town and the urban speed-limit lines there is no trouble, for each traveller uses his or her own best judgment, and the common rules of the road hold good. The native Porto Rican chauffeurs are reckless, daredevil drivers, and should be given a wide berth, especially on curves and near bridges, while the lumbering ox carts and huge auto-trucks take plenty of time to get out of the way and cannot be frightened, bullied, or coaxed into prompt response to signal or horn.

The most important and best-known road in Porto Rico is the famous Military Road, constructed by the Spaniards long before the American occupation, and still the best and most popular overland route from San Juan on the north to Ponce on the southeastern coast.

This splendid macadam highway leads across the very centre or backbone of the island and passes through many interesting interior towns, through rich agricultural districts, and through magnificent

passes over this road, for it is the sole and only highway leading from the capital. Great, lumbering bull carts, pannier-laden horses, six-mule army wagons, huge auto-trucks, and two-wheeled, horse-drawn drays are passed by scores, while barefooted natives laden with trays and baskets of vegetables, fruits, eggs, live fowl, and every imaginable native product give a touch of character and local color to the throngs. Queerest of all, however, are the funny little stores on wheels, some



Map of Porto Rico showing motor routes.

mountain scenery. Leaving San Juan, a splendid asphalt boulevard leads past the railway station, the Y. M. C. A. building, and the theatre, passing under the frowning walls of old Fort San Cristobal and to the little outlying suburb of Puerta Tierra. At this point the true Military Road commences, and a mile or so beyond crosses the splendid San Antonio bridge with the quaint fort of San Geronimo to the left and the half-hidden remains of the old walls and moats to the right. Crossing the bridge the island of San Juan is left behind and the mainland of Porto Rico is reached at the pretty residential suburb of Santurce. This comparatively new section is very attractive, with its numerous handsome concrete houses, its fine hotels, and its palm-embowered gardens, while the never-ending procession of people, vehicles, and animals upon the road is most interesting. From all the interior districts the traffic to San Juan

made in the forms of miniature houses—chimneys and all—others fashioned in the shape of steamships, others like little trolley-cars, but each and every one filled with bottles of soft drinks, odd cakes, loaves of bread, or other simple commodities, and each of the owners literally doing a “pushing business.”

Beyond Santurce the road curves through broad meadows covered with cocoanut groves, over the beautiful Martin Peña bridge, through the outlying barrio of Hato Rey, and at last enters the little town of Rio Piedras.

This town is far more Spanish-American in appearance than San Juan, but possesses all the modern improvements and has many new and handsome buildings, while the Capuchin Monastery, the Municipal Hospital, the Insular Normal School, and the University of Porto Rico are all situated here, as well as the reservoir from which San Juan derives its



The Plaza Principal at San Juan.

water-supply and the repair-shops of the Caguas Railway and the San Juan trolley-line. The old summer palace of the Spanish governors-general of Porto Rico was formerly at Rio Piedras, but the buildings have been demolished and the grounds converted into a public park and botanical garden. The Military Road continues straight through the town and extends across an almost level plain, while to south and east the foot-hills rise in broken spurs and cone-shaped eminences, gradually rising higher and more rugged to the towering mountains of the Luquilla range, with their cloud-wreathed summits purple and hazy in the distance. Soon the road commences to ascend the hills, winding by graceful curves and easy grades, the road-bed always smooth, always well kept, and in many places with an asphalt surface, and gradually mounting higher and higher, but so gradually that one scarcely realizes there is any grade whatever.

Here and there along the roadside great feathery clumps of bamboo wave and rustle in the breeze, while towering royal palms shade the highway, and through the foliage one glimpses deep valleys and steep hillsides, all clothed in rich green verdure, with picturesque thatched huts nestling half-hidden among the banner-like leaves of plantains and bananas.

Each moment new and more lovely scenery opens to the view, until, swinging

about a curve and crossing an ancient Spanish bridge, the half-way house of La Muda is reached, and a little later the last rise is topped and one looks down upon the magnificent Caguas valley, with the little red-roofed town nestling in the midst of broad cane and tobacco fields between the silver ribbons of the Turabo and Caguas Rivers.

Caguas is a thriving town of some twenty-seven thousand inhabitants, situated about twenty-five miles from San Juan, and in the centre of a rich tobacco district. On every hand stretch the broad tobacco-fields, the great thatched drying-sheds standing in their midst, while during growing time the ground appears as if covered with snow, owing to the immense areas of cheese-cloth stretched above the fields. There are a number of large tobacco warehouses and packing-houses at Caguas, and a visit to one of these is well worth while.

Caguas has well-kept streets and shops, two hotels, several restaurants, a pretty plaza, and a picturesque church. One of the finest of the insular schools is in this town, and in addition there are fourteen graded and eleven rural schools, a good library, a hospital, a splendid water system, and electric lights in all the houses and streets. A telephone-line connects the town with the rest of the island, a railway runs to Rio Piedras, and in every

way the people are provided with modern appliances, conveniences, and improvements.

Beyond Caguas the road crosses a fairly level valley, the roadside bordered by glorious, scarlet-flowered Poinciana-

ring and hum with the change of atmospheric pressure.

As the mountain top is approached beautiful tree-ferns appear beside the roadway, while tropic vegetation of innumerable forms—air-plants, orchids, trailing ferns, and gorgeous flowers—greet the traveller at every turn. Once over the summit of the divide the road leads rapidly downward to a smiling green valley, within which lies the little town of Cayey, with the immense military barracks prominent upon a low hilltop in the foreground.

Cayey, founded in 1774, is situated at an



Santurce with its American hotels.

trees, forming an arch of living fire and casting welcome shade across the highway. Beyond the confines of the circular valley the road again ascends the farther foothills, and presently we find ourselves winding round and round the mountainside in sweeping serpentine curves. In a few minutes we rise far above the valley and look down upon silvery rivers, broad green fields, verdure-filled valleys, and palm-clothed hillsides far beneath us. Ever upward climbs the road, crossing deep barrancas on ancient Spanish bridges, swinging around the very brinks of precipices, turning in sharp, hairpin curves around jutting mountain spurs and beetling cliffs—a marvel of engineering skill and as smooth, well-kept, and hard-surfaced as a city boulevard.

While the grade is at no place sharp, yet the ascent of the mountain is accomplished in fifteen miles, and at the crest of the ridge the road has risen two thousand feet above the valley, and one's ears



Native hut and "pushing store," Bayamon.

elevation of about one thousand three hundred feet above the sea. The town is cool, healthy, and clean, and is devoted to coffee and tobacco growing, and although picturesque and quaint is of little interest to tourists. Leaving behind the rough and uneven streets of this mountain town, the traveller soon commences the ascent of a second range of mountains even loftier than the one over which he has just passed.

At every turn one marvels at the stupendous labor which must have been expended in constructing the road, while the glorious panorama is beyond all description.



San Juan harbor with the plaza in the foreground.

Creeping around precipitous mountainsides, skirting cliffs and precipices, stretching across narrow "hogback" ridges, but ever climbing upward, the road stretches, until at an altitude of nearly three thousand feet one looks down upon Aibonito sleeping on a green and rolling plain girt round with lofty mountain peaks. Aibonito, at an altitude of some two thousand feet above the sea, is an important coffee and tobacco town, with hospitals, hotels, many schools, and well-kept streets and stores.

Beyond the town the road again climbs upward through dense groves of coffee, riotous tropical vegetation, and deep, wood-

ed ravines, until at Aibonito Pass, three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, we look upon a scene of marvellous beauty, vast mountain heights, and magnificent distances. On every hand stretch rich green valleys, towering peaks, and verdure-covered hills. In the dim and shadowy depths of cool ravines we catch glimpses of sparkling mountain streams; tiny wattled huts peep from bowers of bananas and palms, or perch on the very brinks of dizzy precipices, and, turning southward, we see the distant Caribbean Sea, a line of shimmering blue beyond the far-off hazy foot-hills.

From this lofty mountain pass the



Insular police.



Martin Peña bridge, Rio Piedras.

road dips sharply down in marvellous, sinuous curves, sharp turns, and spiral twists, and within six miles Coamo is reached, a bare five hundred feet above sea-level. Coamo, founded in 1606, has a hospital, many schools, a splendid water system, a pretty plaza, neat houses, and well-kept streets, and produces coffee, sugar, fruits, and vegetables. The traveller in Porto Rico will soon notice that all these smaller interior towns look much alike. There are always the same straight, well-kept main streets, the narrower, rougher cross streets, the bright-tinted stucco and concrete houses, the same red-tiled roofs, and invariably a central open square or plaza with the attendant church. But in one feature each and every town is distinct, for no two of the churches are alike, and any town on the island may be readily identified by its church.

A few miles from Coamo are the famed Coamo Springs, the waters of which are noted for their wonderful medicinal properties. Here there are a large and splendidly equipped hotel, a sanitarium, and baths which are the Mecca of all Porto Ricans afflicted with rheumatic and other ailments.



Old Spanish bridge near La Muda.

The descent from Aibonito Pass to the lowlands of the southern slopes is marked by great changes in the vegetation, and as

one travels onward toward Ponce moss, ferns, and other tropical growths disappear, and the tourist passes through a scene which reminds one of a New England road through the Berkshires or the Litchfield Hills. Thick, leafy trees have replaced the tree-ferns, palms and bamboo have disappeared, broad-spreading shade-trees border the roadside, and on every hand stretch meadows, plains, and hill-

ance from San Juan that it might well be in a different country. San Juan is built on a hillside and there is scarcely a level street in the town, while three, four, or even six story buildings give it a modern appearance. Ponce, on the other hand, is level as a floor and not a hilly street can be seen, while buildings of more than two stories in height are rare. In character Ponce is decidedly more Spanish-



Tobacco-fields under cheese-cloth, Cayey.

sides covered with a dense growth of waving green grass wherein sleek cattle and quiet ponies graze in peace. Soon we pass through the little town of Juana Diaz, and a little later we cross the level coastal plain beneath long arches of glorious Poinciana-trees and speed over the perfect macadam road which leads to the outlying streets of Ponce.

Compared with San Juan there is little of interest in Ponce, but it is so distinctive in character and so different from the capital that a day or so may be profitably spent in the town. There are several good hotels in Ponce, the best and most expensive being the Frances, while the Melia and Inglaterra are clean, comfortable, and entirely satisfactory if one cares for Spanish cooking and native dishes.

Ponce is so utterly distinct in appear-

American and in many ways is more attractive. The streets are fairly wide and are mainly smooth and well kept, the town is regularly laid out, and the buildings, of Spanish architecture and tinted in bright colors, give the town a tropical, foreign atmosphere that is quite lacking in more Americanized San Juan. The climate, however, is far hotter than in the capital, and little relief from the heat is afforded by the nights, although the sea-breezes prevail throughout the greater portion of the year. The large, shaded plaza forms the central feature of the city, with an ornamental kiosk in which the band plays in the evening, an imposing cathedral, and a fearfully and wonderfully designed and marvellously painted fire-engine house.

This odd structure is perhaps the most



The Arecibo road.

striking feature of Ponce. Situated at one corner of the plaza and painted in brilliant red, blue, black, and white, it attracts attention immediately. The fire department consists of hand-engines and hose-carts, and the "bomberos," or firemen, stand about in the palpitating heat clothed in red-flannel shirts, enormous helmets, and jack-boots, expectantly waiting for a fire. As there are sometimes as many as five fires a year, patience must be the prime requisite in securing an appointment to the Ponce fire brigade.

Although Ponce is both industrially and commercially one of the foremost cities on the island and is the shipping port for the principal coffee and sugar districts, the casual visitor sees little of its commerce or business.

This is due to the fact that the "playa," or shore, and the docks, or "muelle," are at some two miles from the centre of the town and are reached by trolley or a broad macadam highroad.

Ponce has many magnificent private residences, several hospitals and asylums, numerous clubs, telephone and electric-light systems, an ice factory, cigar and cigarette factories, a hippodrome and baseball ground, and a splendid theatre known as "La Perla." The people are pleasant, sociable, and hospitable, and are passionately fond of flowers. There is scarce a patio, balcony, or garden that is not gorgeous with blooming shrubs and vines, tropical flowers and palms. The climate seems very favorable to vegetation, and the visitor is filled with wonder at seeing the tele-

graph and telephone wires everywhere covered with a luxuriant growth of orchid-like air-plants which grow in bunches and

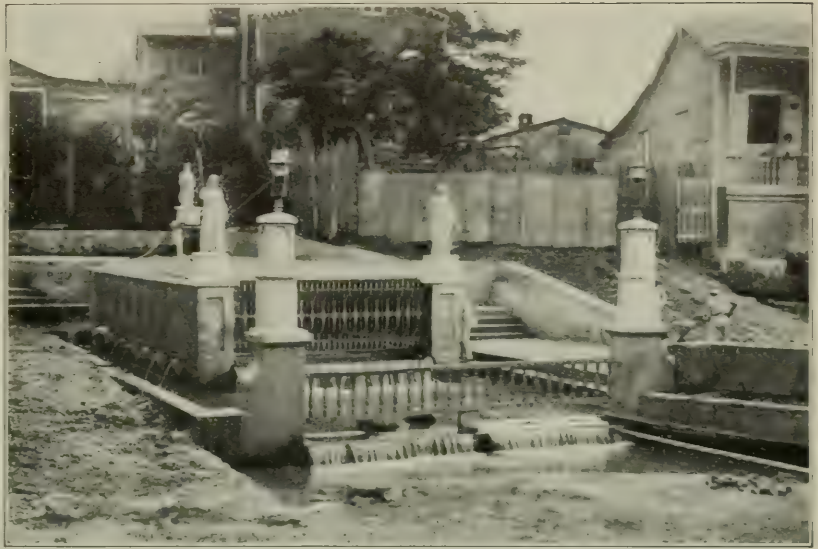


Tree-ferns on the Arecibo road.

give the wires the appearance of being decorated with innumerable birds' nests.

From Ponce the autoist may select numerous routes to other towns. To the west a road leads through Penuelas, Yauco, Sabana Grande, San German, and other towns to Mayaguez. To the north a splendid highway carries the tourist through Adjuntas and Utuado to Arecibo, while easterly one may travel through the shore towns to Guayama and Humacao and from either of these towns turn inland to Cayey or Caguas. The Mayaguez road is not of the best, and the country through which it passes is rather flat, uninteresting, and monotonous, and if one is limited for time the trip may well be omitted. The Arecibo road is very beautiful and, if possible, the trip should be taken, for it carries one through some of the few remaining patches of virgin forest on the island.

Some twelve miles from Ponce the road passes through Adjuntas, a little mountain town at an elevation of one thousand seven hundred feet above the sea and in the midst of a great coffee district. Adjuntas is located in a charming valley surrounded by lofty mountains some three thousand feet in height, and from some of these the traveller may gaze north upon the Atlantic, and by turning about may



Columbus spring, "Ojo de Agua," Aguadilla.



Rio Plata bridge near Gurabo.



Bridge across the Rio Grande at Juncos.

look upon the Caribbean to the south, while to east and west and stretching from coast to coast is the whole vast panorama of the island spread like a map beneath one's feet.

From Adjuntas the road climbs steadily upward over even loftier heights to Utuado, a thriving town of thirty thousand inhabitants, lighted by electricity, with a splendid water-supply, hospitals, a library, and fifty-one public schools. In this district the mountain scenery is very grand and rugged, and many naked rocky

to San Juan through Manati, Vega Baja, and Bayamon. The latter trip traverses a rich tobacco and fruit growing district, but the road is flat and the scenery monotonous and uninteresting. The Aguadilla road is also of little interest, although Aguadilla itself is so intimately associated with Columbus and the early history of Porto Rico that many people find it very interesting. It was here that the great discoverer first landed on the island and from a spring which gushed forth filled his water-casks. The spring, which is



The Comerio road . . . rises and falls over low, rolling hills.—Page 204.

peaks may be seen projecting far above the masses of verdure, while dashing mountain streams foam in roaring cataracts amid the luxurious tropical vegetation of shadowy ravines.

Between Utuado and Arecibo the scenery is also beautiful, while Arecibo itself is a very old and interesting town and well worth a visit. It was founded in 1537, has a population of about forty-three thousand, and is probably the most typically Spanish-American town on the island. In former years the town was surrounded by extensive swamps which are now being drained and converted into excellent sugar plantations.

From Arecibo the autoist may turn westward to Aguadilla, or eastward and

known as the "Ojo de Agua," is now covered by an ornate commemorative fountain. Aguadilla is a town of some twenty-two thousand inhabitants and has a delightful climate with a refreshing ocean breeze during the day and cool nights. The surrounding country is very densely populated, and is cultivated in coffee, cane, tobacco, oranges, pineapples, and other fruits.

Another very interesting trip from Ponce is the Guayama-Humacao road, which passes along the southern coast and through Caguas to San Juan. For many miles after leaving Ponce this road runs through a flat plain which is of a very different character from any other part of the island. In many places there are exten-



Comerio-Barranquitas, near Comerio.

sive salt deserts on which thorny scrub and giant cacti grow in profusion, thus giving the land the appearance of a bit of Arizona or New Mexico rather than of the West In-

turquoise sea beyond and the Berberia and Muertos Islands in the distance.

In many places one sees the great irrigation system that was designed to trans-



Comerio Dam.

dies. Farther on these sterile lands give way to enormous cane-fields that stretch for miles from the level road to the distant mountains, while here and there huge "centrals," or sugar-mills, rear their great chimneys far above the waving cane. For nearly fifty miles the road lies level and smooth as a floor, following close along the shore, the white beaches shaded by rows of feathery cocoa-palms, with the

form these sun-scorched, dry southern lands into fertile cane plantations, and many interesting little towns and villages are passed. Salinas with its neat and attractive school and shaded streets, Santa Isabel with its beautiful, palm-encircled plaza, and thriving, many-tinted Guayama with its great domed church. Here the road branches and the traveller may strike inland over a splendid highway to



Royal palms on the hillside near Comerio.

Cayey or may continue onward to Humacao and hence to Caguas. The scenery between Guayama and Cayey is very attractive, with glimpses of sea, valley, and mountain, wonderful shadowy gorges and dizzy heights, but the Humacao route has more variety and, in the mind of the writer, is the better road to follow, although several good-sized rivers must be forded.

Leaving Guayama the road passes through Patillas and Arroyo, the latter of interest as having been the first place to employ the telegraph in Porto Rico, a line having been installed by Samuel F. B. Morse while on a visit to members of his family who were interested in a neighboring sugar estate. From Patillas the road gradually ascends the side of a cliff, and for some miles the tourist travels along the brink of a precipice with the white, palm-bordered beach beneath him and the wonderfully blue sea stretching away to the dim and wraith-like form of Culebra Island to the southeast. Rounding the last cliff the road descends to a broad and fertile valley and soon afterward passes through the town of Maunabo. Beyond this little town the highway climbs up the mountains, winding around and about and affording most charming

vistas of deep valleys, lofty peaks, and tumbling mountain streams. Beyond the crest of the ridge the road sweeps in great serpentine turns down to the lovely valley of Yabucoa. Here it is necessary to make a *détour* through the grounds of the "Central Mercedes" and across the private bridge in order to avoid fording the river, which is usually impassable for autos. Beyond Yabucoa the road is splendid to Humacao save for several small rivers which must be forded, but only one of these—in the very outskirts of Humacao—is apt to be at all troublesome.

Humacao is a beautifully situated and rather attractive town and has a very good hotel—the Hotel Maxim—where one may stop without discomfort. From Humacao the road passes through some very attractive mountain scenery to Juncos, where the river is crossed on a remarkable bridge consisting of two parallel planks supported on short posts, and hence to Gurabo over the splendid iron bridge across the Rio Grande, with its lush meadows and bamboo groves, and hence to Caguas.

There are so many splendid roads and such a wealth of beautiful scenery in Porto Rico that it is difficult to say which route is the most attractive. If you can

make but a single trip, by all means take the San Juan-Ponce road across the island and return via Guayama, but for a short one-day trip none is more desirable than the so-called Comerio road. Leaving San Juan by the ferry, which sails hourly from the slip near the new Federal Building, we

over one thousand people and turns out millions of cigars monthly.

At Bayamon the road forks, the right-hand road leading along the coast to Arecibo, while the left-hand branch, or Comerio road, turns inland and for several miles rises and falls over low, rolling



Entrance to Ponce.

cross the bay and land at Cantaño, a typical West Indian hamlet surrounded by extensive mangrove swamps. From Cantaño the road crosses the swamps on a high and broad causeway and leads to the town of Bayamon. This town is noteworthy as having been founded in 1509 by Ponce de Leon, and, moreover, is close to the site of the first settlement in Porto Rico—the “Villa de Caparra,” which later became the capital of the island and was known as the “City of Puerto Rico.” In 1521 the site was abandoned and the settlers moved across the bay and founded the present city of San Juan. The country surrounding Bayamon is mainly devoted to fruit culture and is being rapidly developed by American planters who ship large quantities of grapefruit, oranges, and pineapples. Bayamon itself is prosperous and progressive, with an ice-plant, brick and match factories, electric lights, and an immense cigar factory which employs

hills until the Rio Plata bridge is crossed. Here the highway commences its upward climb over the mountains, following the valley, and with the gleaming Rio Plata tumbling seaward in its rock bed between the emerald mountainsides. Gradually the road mounts higher and higher above the river until the stream seems but a mere silver thread deep within its gorge. Presently one comes within sight of the great dam of the Porto Rico Lighting and Power Company, which furnishes the power for the trolley-lines and electric lights in many of the towns and cities of the island.

Over the lofty dam an immense volume of water roars to the rocky bed far below, while above the vast artificial lake lies placid and calm between the towering mountains that surround it on every side.

A few miles above this beautiful lake Comerio is reached—a mountain town of some twelve thousand inhabitants for-

merly known as "Sabana del Palma," or Palm Meadow, owing to the numerous groves of royal palms on the neighboring hillsides. From Comerio the road winds about the precipitous mountainsides, rounding jutting promontories, clinging like a twining vine to the cliffs and by wonderful curves and marvellous feats of engineering surmounting the mountains, while at every turn the traveller gazes into vast gorges on one side and looks upward to cloud-topped peaks on the other.

When at last the devious windings, hair-pin turns, and innumerable loops come to an end and the traveller emerges upon the wind-swept mountain-top he feels well repaid for the trip by the glorious panorama stretching away in every direction—a view unequalled in any other portion of the island: a marvellous array of rugged, towering peaks, deep valleys, broad plateaus, and terrific gorges of a thousand tints of green; golden in the sunshine, indigo beneath the shadows of passing clouds, and opalescent, purple, mauve, and lavender in the distance. From this highest point the road swings in broad curves through groves of coffee, tangled jungles of tropical plants, and immense groves of royal palms to Barranquitas, known as the coolest town on the island and the centre of the coffee district. Here in the evening overcoats and blankets are in order and even at midday the air is deliciously cool. From Barranquitas the road descends somewhat, passes through deep shady groves of coffee and tangled tropical vegetation, and emerges on the

main military road a mile or two above Aibonito.

To describe in detail every automobile road on the island or even to attempt to convey an adequate idea of the charm and novelty of touring Porto Rico by auto is impossible. It is not alone the natural scenery that attracts nor the splendid roads nor even the balmy air and tropic vegetation, but in addition a wonderfully fascinating and indefinable sensation of being in some remote corner of the world or on another planet. It is hard indeed to realize that one is still on American soil and scarcely farther from New York than Des Moines, Ia. Moreover, there is a charm in the incongruity one meets at every turn. We speed in high-powered automobiles over roads and bridges built by Spanish slaves three hundred years ago, the grim old battle-scarred walls of Christobal and Morro echo to the clang of trolley-cars and shriek of locomotive-whistle, thundering auto-trucks crowd ancient, lumbering bull-carts to one side, while barefooted peons till their land with crooked sticks across the road from huge steam-ploughs. On every hand the old rubs elbows with the new, there is no intermediate state, there has been no transition period. The space of four centuries has been bridged almost in a night. Between the ancient and the modern, Porto Rico is being ground as between two millstones, to emerge—let us hope—with a new civilization, a new prosperity, and the brilliant future which she so justly deserves.



AMERICAN MOTORS AND THE WAR

BY CHARLES A. SELDEN



EVEN the epigrams have failed to stand the test of the world's greatest war. Napoleon's remark that an army travels on its stomach must be revised to read that an army travels on its gasolene.

The gasolene makes better and surer provision for the army's stomach than it ever had before. The troops have suffered many new horrors that soldiers of previous generations never dreamed of (asphyxiation, for example), but the familiar old story of scant food or bad food has no place in the present-day reports from the front, from any of the fronts, thanks to the unfailing supply made possible by the motor-truck convoys. Thanks also to the same new but perfected method of transportation, there is no shortage of the figurative food for cannon in an emergency calling for the quick shift of a body of men from one point in the line to another. And with them goes the literal food of the cannon in the shape of adequate stores of ammunition.

Again, to enumerate at the outset all of the four chief things to be credited to the motor-truck, thousands of lives, otherwise lost, have been saved by the ever-ready ambulances which have wrought as wonderful an advance in the humane work of warfare as in its capacity for destruction.

Geese may or may not have saved Rome, but the honking taxicabs and motor-buses of Paris saved the capital of France, for without them the armies of General Joffre could not have been strengthened to the winning-point for the great test of the battle of the Marne.

Whether or no it was the result of that wonderful demonstration of the efficiency in war of power-driven vehicles, it was about that time that orders from England, France, and Russia began to pour in for American-made motor-trucks. And

thereby hangs the story of a new export trade for this country, created overnight, a trade already representing many millions of dollars and with the end, not even the peak, in sight; in fact, a trade that may permanently survive the war, that surely is destined to continue in great volume through Europe's period of reconstruction after peace is declared.

Figures are significant. In the course of the first complete year following the war, that is, the twelve months beginning August 1, 1914, there were 16,415 motor-trucks, valued at \$45,835,283, exported from this country, practically all of them for the Allies. In the preceding year only 1,009 American-made motor-trucks, valued at \$1,686,807, were sent abroad. Anybody who loves arithmetic can figure out percentages of increase, the daily average output, and various other things, but any sum you can do with those export figures will yield an impressive answer.

In the month preceding the war fifty trucks were exported. In the first month of hostilities sixty-six went over. By that time the foreign governments realized that the home supplies, including all the subsidized and commandeered trucks, would not be a drop in the bucket, and the buying in America began. In September the August figure of shipments was doubled. In October it was more than ten times as great as in August, and by December the motor-truck export business had got into its war stride and passed well beyond the thousand mark. The record month of that first war year, that is, from August 1, 1914, to August 1, 1915, was June, 1915, when 2,990 trucks, valued at \$8,578,802, were exported by the American manufacturers. Then came a slight decline, but it by no means meant the beginning of the end of war orders. Late in the fall there was an order for 3,000 trucks in New York which had not even been parcelled out among the fac-

tories, and the various makers have running contracts for so many cars a month that will extend well into the spring of 1916.

In those same first twelve months of war the exports of American-made passenger automobiles were 26,733 vehicles, valued at \$23,805,881, but that was a gain of something less than a thousand cars and a falling off of about a million dollars in value from the record of the previous year. Many of these passenger cars were also for war purposes. At least six thousand of these high-powered touring-vehicles have been for the use of the officers in the armies of the Allies. General Joffre himself has made many of his famous visits to the trenches and firing-lines in an American car. As a rule, the passenger machines receive rougher treatment than the trucks because of the speed at which they are driven. Time is a more important factor with an officer rushing to take command of a brigade or division than with the driver of a load of provisions or wounded men.

In addition to the trucks and cars, American manufacturers have also supplied several thousand motorcycles for the scouts. Five hundred of these machines went in one shipment for Russia.

On this side of the Atlantic the shipping departments of the export concerns, not the truck-makers themselves, have had many difficulties to meet. There have been railroad strikes, ship strikes, and dock strikes in the course of the year and a half of the war business, and at times there has been a shortage of vessels available for the work. Only one manufacturing company, the Locomobile at Bridgeport, has sent its trucks to New York under their own power. The other concerns, most of them in the Middle West, have shipped the trucks, boxed or unboxed, to the water's edge on freight-cars, which has involved an immense amount of extra handling at the port of departure, and made towing of dead cars from railroad terminals to piers necessary. The shipping man for one export firm tried to save time by towing two or three cars at a time, and was promptly arrested by a New York policeman for violating a city traffic ordinance which limits towing operations within the city to one dead

vehicle. After that experience the shipper conformed to the ordinance, and found that by working day and night he could get less than a hundred trucks from the railroad terminal to the dock within the twenty-four hours. There are sometimes more than three hundred trucks in one ship-load. All cars for the British army go unboxed; those for Russia must be boxed; while the trucks for France are either boxed or unboxed according to whether they are shipped to Havre or Marseilles, another detail that adds much to the troubles of the exporter.

But nothing that has happened on the American side of the sea has equalled the delays in getting rid of cargo and freeing ships to come back for more which have been experienced at Archangel. One vessel, the *Joseph W. Fordney*, with a cargo of three hundred and thirty-nine automobiles and other war-supplies, was held at that port forty-one days before it could finish the job of unloading. The skipper explained that the work was done by a company of Russian soldiers without an officer to boss them, and that they divided their time between working and loafing, according to their own whim. Furthermore, there are no derrick facilities at this port, and every ship has to carry its own apparatus for getting out cargo. But Archangel was, nevertheless, greatly improved for the second winter of the war by the installation of three ice-crushers in place of the one that had failed to keep the port open in the winter of 1914-15.

Inside this story of the exports is another of the vitalizing of an industry that was in such a very bad way in the United States that some of the concerns engaged in it were on the verge of failure in 1914. But they are now working with doubled forces to keep up with their foreign-war orders; and also, much more significant of the future health and stability of the industry, to keep up with the gradually increasing domestic demand for motor-trucks for normal commercial purposes.

The war has advertised the motor-truck as it was never advertised before. Manufacturers, farmers, the delivery and traffic heads of industrial and commercial concerns who had been immune to the lures of the annual commercial vehicle ex-

hibits and demonstrations, who had continued to pin their faith to oats rather than gasoline, despite the progressive example of a few neighbors, have been convinced—at least greatly interested—by the spectacular test and demonstration of war. The little, isolated foreign despatches about the remarkable performances of two and three and five ton trucks, tucked away in the newspapers to fill chinks between the long stories of battle and diplomacy, have worn away prejudice and broken through indifference to such a degree that some of the domestic orders for trucks from entirely new sources are about as insistent on immediate delivery as were the almost frantic demands from the foreign governments in the first autumn and winter of the war.

Manufacturers assume that this domestic demand will steadily increase, subject, of course, to the usual periods of depression in industry; and they find one of the chief reasons for their optimism in the terrific wastage of horses and mules, American horses and mules, which the European war has caused. At the risk of detracting something from the impressiveness of the truck-export statistics already given, it may be relevant to show the figures for animal exports. They are very much to the point so far as the domestic use of motor-trucks in the United States is concerned. So, in the first year of the war this country exported 335,793 horses, valued at \$73,780,514, and 84,598 mules, valued at \$15,526,616, or a total of 420,391 working animals taken away from the fields and business-traffic service of the country. The exports of such animals in the year before the war were less than 35,000 head. The country cannot stand any such depletion as that, say the truck-makers, without driving a good many horse-users to gasoline. It would certainly seem so. Furthermore, it takes as many years to bring a draft-horse to working age as it takes months to convert raw material into a motor-truck.

Those earliest calls from abroad certainly were emphatic. They were for trucks and trucks, and then more trucks, regardless of make, and with little or nothing in the way of hard-and-fast specifications as to details of construction. Speed in getting the trucks to the front was the chief and, at first, the only consideration.

For example, the first contract for the delivery of Packard trucks did not cover more than half a sheet of note-paper. It said in substance: "Rush us all the trucks you've got, and you'll get your money before the machines leave the American port." Later, after the buyers abroad and the makers at home had caught their breath, the matter became more formal, and the half sheet lengthened out into many sheets of foolscap filled with minute specifications as to material, design of body, construction of chassis, and what-not. But the cars themselves sent in response to the later orders were substantially the same as those of the first rush shipments. In other words, the American manufacturers of trucks have made no changes in their product, save in one or two very minor details, to meet abnormal conditions of war use. Among the trivial exceptions to the rule were the placing of towing-hooks at both ends of all trucks, the attaching of sprags on the rear ends of some of them as a precaution against their sliding backward on steep grades. A wider seat has been placed on the cars made by the Locomobile Company for England, and in some of these vehicles the tubular has been substituted for the honeycomb radiator. There have been no motor changes, no alterations of working parts, no adding to the clearance, no important modification of bodies. Such changes have not been necessary because, since the inevitable weeding-out process, soon after the rush began, all makes of American trucks that survived the weeding have stood up under the test of the armies.

Then why the lengthening of the half-sheet I.O.U. sort of a document into many sheets of specifications? That increase certainly was not necessary to assure the presence of towing-hooks and sprags.

"No," replied the Packard man. "But the specifications seem to please the foreign buyers. They are astonished to discover what they never realized before, that the United States can produce motor-vehicles as good as those of the continent of Europe and England. Such discovery may hurt professional or national pride a bit, and there is perhaps some balm in laying down a long and exacting list of details as imperative, although they know they will get them anyway."

It detracts nothing from the splendid showing of the American-made cars to make further passing reference, for the sake of complete frankness, to the early elimination of some trucks that did not have the stuff and power in them for war, regardless of their qualifications for the work for which they had been built. There were several such in the first rush. A few of them got to the front and failed in action. Others failed before they reached the front because of the severe tryout tests imposed in England. At one such trial in November, 1914, under the direction of British army officers, fifteen trucks of American make were entered in competition. The requirement was to go seventy-five miles, each car loaded to its full capacity, over perfectly smooth, hard roads but with terrific grades. More than half the cars failed. One had a broken axle, another a broken crank-shaft, one or two sheared off gears, others had motor troubles, and so on through the long list of mishaps that may come to motor-trucks under strain when they are not all that they should be. Some of the machines could not climb the hills, and never got back to the starting-point at Woolwich arsenal. English buying since that day has been based on the result of that test.

France and Russia had their weeding out too, principally by tests and examinations at the factories and on the roads in this country. Then the truck-export business settled down with the war orders practically limited to the following makes: Packard, Locomobile, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, White, Saurer, Kelley-Springfield, and Jeffery. And to this list should be added the Ford light trucks, many of which are rendering first-class service as field ambulances.

For the most part the trucks are used simply as trucks, running in convoys of ten, twenty, sometimes thirty cars each, with railroad schedule regularity, from the bases of supplies to the several fronts with munitions and food-supplies, returning with the sick and wounded men. Occasionally they are used as transports for the quick shifting of infantry, and, of course, they have become indispensable in artillery operations; for without gasoline the astonishing use of big guns which has characterized this war would be out of the

question. Many cars are used as fighting-machines themselves, carrying their own armament, and entire convoys of the Pierce-Arrow truck have been equipped with up-shooting guns to fight aeroplanes. Then, too, there are the machine-shops and kitchens, and little emergency field-hospitals, all on wheels, and motor-driven.

Perhaps no more interesting truck news has come from the front than that contained in the private letters of Richard Norton, the organizer and commander of the American Motor Ambulance Corps, which has sixty American-made auto-trucks in constant service in France. In fact, the French Government has turned over the entire ambulance work of its Eleventh Army Corps to this group of Americans and their cars made in the United States. In the first year of the work this group of cars alone removed twenty-eight thousand wounded men from the field, and in the battle of Champagne it handled six thousand cases.

Concerning that battle Mr. Norton wrote to his brother:

When we were sent forward, our base became the village of La Croix, where two large hospitals had been erected. Seven of the ambulances were stationed here, two others at Somme Tourbe, five at La Salle, and finally two groups were sent to the woods, where we camped out in tents and dugouts, and carried the wounded of the twenty-first and twenty-second divisions from trenches Nos. 7 and 5, which had been dug for the purpose of bringing them out of the firing-line.

The whole countryside had been most carefully prepared. One main road had been cut from St. Jean over the rolling chalk hills to the villages of Herlus and Mesnil, which were between the French batteries and the front trenches, and from which other roads ran further north. Besides this main road there were many tracks and trails over the chalk desert, and these as the days passed became more and more clearly marked. But the instant the rain began to fall, which it did the first day of the battle, and continued off and on for many days, they became as near impassable as could be. It was not only the enormous amount of traffic which made driving difficult, but the slightest rain turns this chalky soil into a mixture so slippery that a car standing quiet on the crown of the road would not infrequently slide gently but surely into the gutter, which was, of course, deep in mud. At night we had to drive without lights, which increased our difficulty. Besides the making of the road mentioned, narrow-gauge railways had been laid to carry munitions and other supplies to the fighting line, and for miles the land was scored with deep-dug trenches.

One of the incidents which stands out clearly in my mind is of a nightmare drive to Herlus. I received orders late one evening to take two cars

to this village at 1 A. M. Not being able to find the divisional doctor to tell him that I considered it impossible to take ambulances by night, without lights, in the pouring rain over the shell-holed road which led to the village, I had to try it. Mr. Joseph Whitwell with his car and chauffeur accompanied me. On my car I had George Tate, a most capable man. As he is a better driver than I am, he held the wheel while I (as so it seems now) spent my whole time wading through knee-deep mud trying, by the faint light of an electric lamp, to find the way round shell-holes and bogs or pushing the car out of the gutter. It shows how difficult the journey was that to cover the six kilometres there and back took us two hours and a half. We had the satisfaction of getting the wounded safely to the hospitals, and perhaps it was not entirely low-minded of us to be pleased next morning when we heard that some French cars had refused to make the same journey.

Some of the American concerns are selling to England, France, and Russia. All of them are selling to at least two of those countries. It is customary for the orders to come for so many vehicles, to be supplied by different concerns according to their ability to give quick deliveries, with tentative preferences for this or that make named in the order. The bulk of the business has been through the munitions-buying department of J. P. Morgan & Company and the export concern of Gaston, Williams, & Wigmore, which was born with the war for war business, so that the responsibility of the manufacturers has ended with the delivery of the trucks at the steamship piers on this side of the Atlantic. Some contracts have been direct between foreign governments and the makers, but all the truck factories are wide open to the accredited representatives of the various war departments for daily and hourly inspection of every part of every car, regardless of the agency by which the selling transaction is accomplished.

"We have a British army captain here all the time," said the head of one concern to the writer. "And he is not only welcome but we look upon his vigilance as an added safeguard against any accidental deviation from the standards we set for ourselves for every part of every car sent out, whether it be for foreign or domestic use. He roams at will about the factory and has the right to take a piece of metal out of a workman's hands at any moment to subject it to test."

Here, as abroad, the French and Russian inspectors are much less rigid. They do not spend much time in the factories. A French officer will occasionally show up and ask for a ride on a heavily loaded truck over a difficult stretch of road. The Russian is much more perfunctory than that. His factory calls are brief and infrequent. He generally looks at a truck or two. Sometimes he pokes the body of one gently with his cane. If he is in a very severe mood some day he asks that a truck be run around the block, and he will even wait to see it come back. His chief concern is not with the trucks at all but with the big passenger automobiles which the Russian Government is buying in large quantities for the use of officers, and as to them his only care is that they shall be painted the exact shade of olive-green which the Russian war office has decreed.

Fortunately for Russia, she is buying only the same reliable makes that are going to her allies. That they do not serve her as well or last as long is due to the country's undeveloped mechanical genius. At the outbreak of the war there was only one automobile factory in all Russia, and that was merely the Petrograd branch of a foreign concern. One of the earliest American shipments of trucks to Russia was a lot of sixty Packards. So eager was the representative of the government to get the lot to Archangel before ice closed the port that the cars were literally dumped into the hold of the vessel, and then the spaces between were filled with coal to keep them from banging about too much. The requirements for repairs on that consignment were greater even than for a lot of forty trucks that were shipped as deck-load on a vessel bound for Havre early in the war, and which were badly smashed in a series of storms. But the Frenchmen at Havre could repair those cars, which was more than the Russians could do. Needless to say in which army the truck wastage is the greatest because of the lack of skill and experience on the part of chauffeurs and the helplessness of the mechanics when anything beyond the simplest repairs are needed.

"All the armies are putting the American trucks to the severest tests," said one manufacturer, "but they are fair. For illustration, our trucks are governed to run

twelve miles an hour. They could throw off those governors and get fifteen and eighteen miles an hour, but they don't do it. The French and the English don't do it because their mechanical sense tells them that it would not be the best thing for the machines in the long run. The Russians don't do it because they would not know where to look for the governors. They are children in mechanics and engineering, but they are a coming people. When this war is over they will take a big jump forward, and the American-made motor-truck is going to be a big factor in their material progress."

Italy has not been in the market because in the nine months that she stayed out of the war she did not neglect the making of her own motor-trucks in the general work of preparation. Italy, by the way, had had previous experience in Tripoli with motor-vehicles in war, and knew just what she wanted. None of the Balkan states has been a truck-buyer in this country, and only Roumania has sent an agent over here to talk about the matter and get prices.

Germany and Austria, of course, have not been purchasers in the American truck-market because the goods could not be delivered, but that does not mean that the Teutonic troops have not had a good many American cars. Russia bought them, and then Germany took them away from her in the campaigns in Galicia. That fact gives a new twist and puts the laugh in another place in a good story that has been going the rounds since just before the war.

"Why," asked the German officer of the Russian officer, "are you buying so many auto-trucks? Your roads are not suitable for them."

"No, but yours are," replied the Russian.

There is another motor story made in Germany worth telling, although it has no direct bearing on the question of the American motor in the European war. There were practically no armored cars in Germany up to the very outbreak of hostilities. Then, presto, the country seemed to be filled with them. Where did they come from? Well, several weeks, perhaps months, preceding August 1, 1914, the Mercedes Company announced that it had devised something in the way of an

improved attachment to its car, and asked all owners of Mercedes automobiles to turn them in at the factories and various repair shops of the concern to have the new device put on. The response was general, hundreds of cars were turned in to the makers and then restored to the owners within a day or two, apparently no different except for the addition of some triviality to the mechanism. But certain small holes had been bored in the hidden frames of every one of those cars, and when the machines were placed at the disposal of the government, automatically, at the beginning of war, there were armor plates all made for them with fastenings that just fitted those holes so that the conversion of each automobile into a war-machine was a matter of minutes.

To return to the American truck. As the machine sold abroad has been the same in design as that for the domestic purchaser, so have prices been the same. The foreign governments have been able to buy at the regular catalogue prices with the customary discounts allowed on large lots. No attempt has been made in this country to take advantage of the desperate straits of the customers to jack up prices or to charge extra for quick delivery. But, on the contrary, because of the emergency character of the business the manufacturers have been confronted with a material increase in the cost of production due to overtime pay for labor. One concern has been turning out thirty cars a day for months, twenty of them for the filling of war orders, ten for domestic trade. This company employed five thousand men before the war, and had a capacity for fourteen trucks a day. Now it employs nine thousand men, and the plant is running overtime.

"Does that mean," the president of this particular company was asked, "that you would find yourself with too much money invested in plant equipment if the war orders should suddenly stop?"

"No," he replied. "An output of thirty trucks a day means an abnormal strain, a constant crowding of the plant and the organization to their utmost capacity. We would be very comfortably and profitably busy with an output of twenty-five or even twenty a day. I expect to have a demand for that number after the war is

over. The present domestic demand is a big improvement over that of a year ago. I believe it will go much higher with continued improvement of business in this country. And the export business for American motor-truck manufacturers which practically began with the war will not end with it. It will not materially decrease in the first year or two of peace and reconstruction. Continental Europe has got to rebuild, and England will have to help. Roads and bridges are destroyed. Buildings by the townful are gone. The motor-truck is going to be as important a factor in the period of rehabilitation as it has been in the business of destruction. It is all one to a truck. There will be no horses and no mules. There will not be enough whole men for a long time to come to enable the foreign countries to build their own motor-vehicles as rapidly as they will need them. And the answer to all that is the truck made in America.

"We are not worrying about the second-hand trucks that will survive the war, though no doubt there will be some. There are trucks still in service that were shipped from America at the very outset of the war, but not many. The life of a car is increasing as the army chauffeurs are learning better to care for them. The decrease in the call for extra parts indicates that. We don't know what the life of a car in warfare is. They don't know over there. It has been put at two weeks. Two months would be as good a guess, probably a much better one. The life of a

horse at the front is estimated at nine days, but that is guesswork, too.

"Neither is the manufacturer in this country borrowing trouble about future tariffs against him. Such a policy of attempted exclusion of American trucks will not be tolerated by the foreign publics, because they will need the goods and know that they need them to make their countries livable once more.

"The war has taught the manufacturer in the United States very little that is technical; that is, about the construction of the truck itself. Although, put a footnote right there as to the four-wheel-drive car. I believe there is something being written on the wall for all of us to think about concerning the truck with power carried to all four wheels, and we are watching the Jeffery trucks of that type in the war with great interest. There is some work, especially that of the farm, that a four-wheel drive can do better than the other kind. Because of the showing made by this still unusual type of car in Europe it has been adopted already to drag ore from a mine in the West which had been abandoned because of the difficult road. Now the mine is being worked at a profit.

"More obviously we have learned a good deal about the selling end of our business, and factory organization. We have derived a great lesson from the war business as to the importance of knowing accurately the plant-product capacity. And we have got the export habit."

GOOD TO WALK THE WORLD WITH

By Carroll Aikins

Good to walk the world with,
Such a mate!
Good to love and live with,
Soon and late.

Good to take God's sending,
Though it be
But a by-path wending
To the sea.

Good to walk the path with,
Such a friend!
Good to sail the sea with,
At the end.

TARPON-FISHING AT BOCA GRANDE

By John Fox, Jr.



THE ride down was very dusty. The second morning from New York we awakened on a bridge with the waters of Boca Grande underneath us. The air was still cool. The sun was rising and red rays, reflected in the water, swayed lazily with its swell. A house-boat was at anchor a few hundred yards away. A little ride in a corn-popping motor and we climbed the gangway to a commodious deck with every comfort and luxury above and below. Breakfast at once and then we were away to the fishing-grounds, every man in his own motor-boat with his own guide; comfortably seated in a swivel chair in the stern, protected from the sun with a white helmet underlined with green, and a huge umbrella with a like color scheme. The bait was white strips of split mullet, six inches long and fish-shaped. Each boat raced for the grounds far out in the narrow pass. The waters of this pass connect with Charlotte Harbor and the great fish go in and out with the tide to feed.

I had thought tarpon-fishing a long, patient job before the strike, and a long, wearisome job after it—landing him; but already I saw a commotion in the water far ahead.

"What's that?"

"Tarpon!"

Nonsense! there weren't that many tarpon in the sea. But there were. In twos, threes, dozens, they were flashing and sporting everywhere. The pass was filled with them—hundreds, thousands, curving their flexible bodies with exquisite grace in flashing parabolas out of the water and in again, with never head and tail at the same time visible.

Within a few minutes the host of the house-boat struck and a shining mass of silver sprang writhing into the air, and with an angry toss of head and tail splashed back and started away—the fisherman's stout rod bending like a willow. Another motor-boat was coming

athwart the line, the guide in that boat busy with his engine and the fisherman with his face to the stern—neither able to hear the frantic cries of warning. Afoul the line that boat went, snapping it, and then Boca Grande shook with mighty oaths, for there were bets among the fishermen on the first fish caught.

A yell had burst from the throat of every man in every boat and, taken up, had been carried across and up and down the pass—such is the comradeship of the sport—and the host's fish was on and off again before the cries had ceased.

We were all fairly close together now, riding the low swells. All around us schools of tarpon were playing with indescribable grace and swiftness—close around us, within a few yards—it was incredible. The Englishman got a strike, jerked, missed, and went over backward to the bottom of his boat. Another of the party struck. Every guide began rowing away from the boat of the lucky man.

"What are they doing that for?"

"To git out o' the way of the damn thing," said my guide. "He might come up under this boat, and then where'd we be?"

So everybody pulls away to give sea-room, to get out of danger, and everybody yells:

"Stick to him—y-e-e-epp!"

And the very air thrills. Twice, thrice, the gleaming monster sprang into the air and dropped back into a bed of spray and sparkling water drops—a jewelled bed of his own making. Then I saw the fisherman, with the butt of his pole in a socket in the bottom of his chair, lean back with all his weight and, as he pulled the fish a few feet toward him, wind in rapidly. Again he pulled and wound, and he kept on pulling and winding, the boatman rowing as hard as he could toward the shore. Gently then the boatman started his motor—chug—chug—chug—chug—chug—chug! They had him going now, and the fisherman, with both thumbs on the leathern guard of his reel, sat tight, and toward the

white beach they went towing the fish shoreward. We saw the fisherman spring out of his boat on the sand, there was a short fight, the gaff in the guide's hands rose and fell, and a triumphant yell told that the tarpon was landed. So that was the way it was done. Where was the titanic struggle, lasting for hours, of which I had heard tales? It looked easy. A few minutes later we saw the man to whom luck had come first, streaking across the water for the house-boat, towing his prize thither—one tarpon and the first was enough for him that morning. We followed soon, for it was after twelve o'clock, and we saw the only prize of the day hanging like a solid column of silver to the stern of the boat. For we caught nothing more that day—the fish had mysteriously disappeared and the surface of the pass lay unbroken.

Early the next day we were at it again. Fishing for tarpon at Boca Grande is done only when the tide is running in or out. The boatman would chug seaward and row against the tide, or *vice versa*, thus letting the mullet drag slowly along behind the stern, while he would regulate the length of the line for the fisherman, according to the depth which each guide seemed to know at every point in the pass. The sun was hot, but always, so far, there was a breeze; so that, with the huge umbrella as a shade, it was cool, drowsy work rocking on the swells, and lazy work, too, for there was no need to watch your line. It was only necessary to be on guard, when the strike came, to see that the rod was not jerked out of your hands and you possibly with it. Being a beginner, I held my rod clinched in both hands, with the butt of it always in the socket, and always, at first, I was looking to see that the butt was in the socket and that my thumb was not overlapping that leathern guard on the reel to be badly burned if the line were spun out suddenly. So that in an hour or two, my hands were numb and I was tired out with rigidity and watchfulness. And then I noticed that the Big Chief had his legs crossed, his reel in his lap, and his rod lying easily over one knee, but it was two days before I dared do that. I saw one man even reading a book. Meanwhile, the Big Chief was ever talking of "Ole Bill,"

whom he was after—no little tarpon for him. Old Bill was the mythical big one that had hitherto defied man—the biggest the sea had ever given forth; so that with every strike, every man expected Big Bill to flash a silver-mine into the air. The Big Chief struck.

"Big Bill!" he grunted. "Come to papa!" And he lay back with his six-foot four and two hundred pounds—reeling swiftly. The tarpon rose, shattering the sunlight, and he was big, but not Old Bill. The Big Chief was an expert. He gave that tarpon no chance at all. In two minutes, it seemed to me, he had the fish reeled in, his motor started, and he was sweeping by me grinning and saying affectionately:

"Come to papa!" And like a wilful, struggling child that tarpon went with papa swiftly shoreward.

Then I turned to watch my own line. Suddenly the water was convulsed within ten feet of the stern of my boat, a huge head appeared, with a huge, wide-open mouth, looked at me with a pair of great goggle eyes, and with a hissing hoot at me disappeared, making the water boil. I was almost paralyzed.

"Good God, what was that?"

The guide was shaking with laughter.

"Nothin' but a turtle."

Later I saw a picture of some such turtle walking up the beach with four men on his back. Just then I caught my hook in the State of Florida. It was very firm at first and immovable—the State of Florida. Then an earthquake started, and Florida seemed to have started suddenly for the Gulf of Mexico. My line whizzed. Before my amazed eyes a column of polished silver was catapulted from the water—straight and solid it seemed. Then with a kind of grunt it came to a life of writhing terrific energy, and with a sidelong, shaking leap fell back whence it came, and once more the Palmetto State sped from beneath me. Surely that was Old Bill! I heard the yells that I had given to others given now to me. I had both brakes on the reel and both thumbs on that leather guard, but my Old Bill sped on.

"Reel him in!"

"Reel him in!"

One after another each idiot of the fishing fleet shouted that. Reel him in, in-

deed! I wonder what they thought I was trying to do. It was like trying to stop a motor by putting your foot on a tire—like stopping a hurricane with a handful of feathers. By and by that tarpon leaped into the air a hundred yards away, it seemed. Then I began to lie back on that rod and reel as the fish was dragged a little bit toward me; to lie back and heave and reel like the Big Chief, who in size and strength would have made one and a half of me. But, panting, I got him close enough for the boatman to start very gingerly his motor. Hooray! The brakes and guard held and the tarpon was being towed. Then he started again and the boat had to stop. This time the fish himself was making for the shore in a wide curve and toward a little pier in front of the life-saving station, on which stood a woman and a bare-legged guard watching me.

"He's going around that pier," I shouted. The guide shook his head.

"No tarpon has ever gone around that pier," he said. Because no one had, no one ever would, was his argument.

"Well, this one is," I shouted back, but the boatman went on shaking his head obstinately and I saw that his face looked puzzled.

"Reel him in!" shouted that bare-legged guard, and I made up my mind if another idiot shouted that again he would have trouble. On went that tarpon and toward that pier. Of course the line would be broken and I would lose him. And he did go around that pier and stopped. The guard got a pole and punched in the water and actually scared the tarpon outside the piles again. I reeled in as fast as my numbed hands would allow, but again he started for the middle of the pass, turned suddenly, and ran straight again for the shore. That tarpon was crazy, but the guide sprang to his feet.

"There's a shark after him," he shouted.

The tarpon came to the top and there was a terrible convulsion just under the surface of the water.

"He got him," shouted the guide. "No, he didn't."

Again that tarpon appeared on the surface—surely within twenty feet of the

shore. Then there was another frightful, convulsive struggle. The tarpon disappeared and at the spot the water turned red with blood—a circle of blood six feet in diameter—and my line went seaward steadily, irresistibly, and snapped. With and within that shark, my tarpon was gone. That was enough for me that day and I put for the house-boat.

Life on that house-boat was mighty hard. There were ice and mineral waters and things to go with them a-plenty. There were lounging-chairs on deck, and a card-table. There was a cabin as big as an ordinary drawing-room, and in it there were a piano, a graphophone, and books and magazines. Below were quite commodious staterooms, a dining-room, and a bathroom. And, incidentally, there was a most excellent cook. There were no mosquitoes and there was always a breeze. Birds were always flying around the boat—gulls, men-of-war, pelicans—and when we weren't fishing we were potting at them with a Winchester 22. The Big Chief was a wizard with a rifle, and even skimming swallows were none too swift or small for his Deadeye Dick precision of aim. After cutting down a sailing man-of-war two hundred yards above the water and surely three hundred yards away, he formed a man-of-war's club. Anybody who killed one flying was entitled to membership. The Big Chief was president, secretary, board of directors, and sole member, until one day at lunch the Englishman suddenly left the table, went out on deck, and a moment later came back and sat down without a word. I was told later by one of the crew that he cut down a man-of-war from mid-air, but the Englishman never mentioned the fact.

Next day, the guides said the tide would not be right until an hour or so before midnight. So we went out as the moon was going down, and a more eerie, beautiful, and thrilling sport I never knew than fishing for tarpon was in the black darkness of that night. It was dangerous, too, but that element naturally gave only more of a thrill to the game. The tide was running in swiftly. The wind was against it and the water was rougher than it had ever been. It was full of phosphorescence that trailed like a jewelled scarf behind each boat. One by one we

HIS MITHER'S HAIRT

By L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON



HERE was no sound in the clean little kitchen save the thump of Jessie's rolling-pin as she rolled out the dough of her scones, pressed them into neat rounds with the cutter, and set them with a slap on the girdle.

But there was a most delicious smell in that kitchen: the smell of baking scones, scones made with buttermilk: a smell, individual, pungent, charged with agreeable anticipation—and only to be savored in the Land o' Cakes itself.

Jessie worked with the absorbed concentration of the artist, but her fresh, wholesome face was too grave for her twenty years, and her dress, almost completely covered by the large, coarse apron, was black.

An almost solemn hush seemed to pervade the cottage, and the atmosphere of the trim kitchen was permeated with sorrow. And this, in spite of the fact that the fire under the big iron "girdle" was clear and hot, and the kitchen—with its well-kept furniture, shining tins, and a dresser stacked with neatly arranged cups and plates—a most cheerful place, with gay chintz curtains drawn across the box bed in the wall, and a big, comfortable armchair covered with horsehair and adorned by a crochet "antimacassar" at the side of the fire.

As she stood by the hearth, poking her scones with a meditative forefinger, she heard a feeble, faltering step pass the window, and turned her head just as the door was opened and a little, frail, old woman came into the room carrying a newspaper in her hand. Jessie ran to meet her and led her tenderly to the chair by the fire, saying:

"Ye're sune back—ye didna' gae far, Mistress Macintosh."

The little old woman sat down heavily.

"No, Jess, I wasna' able tae gae the

hale lenth wi' my brither; my auld legs wadna' carry my heavy hairt."

She untied her bonnet-strings and leaned back in the chair, white-faced and spent.

"I tell't ye I thocht ye was no fit to gae," Jess murmured reproachfully. "Hoo far did ye get?"

"Just tae the post-office. Adam bocht some snuff frae Mistress Guthrie, an' I bocht a paper—here 'tis."

Jess was back at the fire again, turning her scones with a slap. "I haena' the time tae look at it the noo," she said, "an' the best thing *you* can dae is to tak a bit rest on yer bed up the stair till I get the tea. Ye can tak a read at the same time. Wait till I wash my hands and I'll hap ye up."

The old woman rose hastily and moved toward the door, saying almost querulously: "Ye'll dae naething o' the kind, Jess. I can gae fine my ain sel'. Ye just wait on me hand and foot—and what'll I dae when ye gang back tae yer place? Noo Jamie's awa' I hae naebody, an' I maun just thole't. *He* was aye ready to carry me up the stair in his airms if I was tired—he was awfu' strong, the laddie."

Jess swallowed hastily and kept her back turned to Mrs. Macintosh as she remarked almost grumpily: "Ye'll always hae me for the askin'; tho' I'm no yer daughter I *might* hae been."

Mrs. Macintosh paused at the door to say solemnly: "Ah, they Germans has a lot tae answer for."

As the old woman shut the staircase door Jess hastily wiped her eyes with her apron, calling out, "Hap yersel' up noo," and lifted the scones that were baked onto an upturned sieve, ranging them neatly round the edge so that they got the air all round.

Just then there came a smart rap at the door leading to the street.

"Come ben, wha'ever ye are," Jess called, "I canna leave ma bakin'."

An elderly woman, brisk, rather youthfully dressed, stout, and important, came in, carefully shutting the door behind her. She crossed the room on tiptoe with an ostentatious air of mystery, as Jess said: "Oh, it's just you, Mistress Guthrie. Take a seat an' I'll attend to ye the noo. This is the last o' the batch and we'll can hae a crack."

Mrs. Guthrie, still radiating some untold secret of highest import, moved majestically to the fire beside Jess and poked at the scones herself with an inquisitive forefinger.

"Ye're getting a lighter hand, Jess," she remarked patronizingly. "These is no sae sad as yer last."

"I'm sorry my scones is no to yer likin', Mistress Guthrie," Jess remarked, ruffled by this reflection on her baking, "but ye're no compelled tae eat them."

"Hoots, lassie," Mrs. Guthrie said cheerfully, "I didna' come here tae comment upon yer scones. I've ither and far larger fish to fry nor yon, I can tell ye."

As she spoke she drew a letter from her hand-bag. "Whaur's Mistress Macintosh?"

"She's up the stair, takin' a bit rest, and I'll no disturb her for ony pairson," said Jess, by no means appeased. "The doctor said she was to be spared excitement of ony kind, so if yer letter's for her it can just wait till she comes down again. She's gey and frail, puir auld buddy—an' no even tae ken whaur Jamie's laid preys on her mind . . . folks mean well writing, but every letter just brings it all back."

"Just catch a hold o' this, Jess, and I'm thinkin' you'll sing a different chune," said Mrs. Guthrie in a penetrating stage whisper. "Of course, by rights it ought not to be delivered till the evening wi' the gerrl—but I brocht it mysel' oot o' hoors—though guid kens if I'm committing a felony so to do."

Jess took the letter, and opened her mouth when Mrs. Guthrie clapped her hand over it, exclaiming: "Dinna skirl noo, lassie! For yer life dinna skirl!"

Jess knocked away Mrs. Guthrie's hand, and stuffed her own apron into her mouth. Then she seized her visitor by the shoulder, exclaiming in a loud whisper:

"It's Jamie's hand! Wumman, *what* dae ye ken?"

"The letter's no all," Mrs. Guthrie responded excitedly. "I'm thinking ye didna' see wha' cam off the steamer: did ye no gae doon wi' Mr. Adam?"

"Speak, wumman," cried Jess, shaking her vigorously. "Dinna keep me in suspense. *What* dae ye ken?"

"I canna—speak—wi' you shakin' the life out o' me," Mrs. Guthrie gasped.

Jess let go and gazed at the letter hungrily.

"It cows a' that he didn't come face to face wi' his Uncle Adam."

"*Who* come face to face?" Jess cried, wringing her hands. "Oh, speak out, wumman, or I'll gae dementit."

"Listen, Jess," Mrs. Guthrie said impressively. "Jamie's nae mair deid nor you an' me. He's in my east room this instant, wi' his airm in a sling an' twa splints, waiting for me tae come here helter-skelter to break the news tae his mither."

Jess dropped into a chair by the kitchen table, leaned her head on her arms, and sobbed softly.

"Dinna greet, Jess. He'll no *lose* his airm, it's daein' fine, an' he'll hae the ither roond *your* waist afore ye're much older. He's rampin' round my east room like a caged lion an' foot-marks everywhere, for he's daft tae get beside his mither. He was aye one tae think a heap o' his mither."

"He was that," Jess agreed tearfully. "An' he was swiert tae leave the auld buddy for a' he was sae eident to get at they Germans, an' him just a peacefu' mason."

Mrs. Guthrie went and patted Jess on the shoulder. "Dinna greet, Jess, dinna greet. He speired for you very first thing."

"I ken fine he'd speir for me," Jess said proudly.

"Mercy! they scones is scorching!" cried Mrs. Guthrie, rushing to the fire. "Will I lift them, or you?"

Jess pushed her aside and lifted the girdle off the fire. "Pity but what I'd kent he'd be here to his tea this day. I'd hae pit sultanas in them, an' a wee piece lemon-peel."

As she spoke she turned down her

sleeves and took off her coarse apron, deftly removing all traces of her baking from the little table by the fire.

"It's well ye didna' ken, then," Mrs. Guthrie said severely. "The best sultanas is ninepence a poond the noo. But awa' wi' ye, lassie, up the stair, an' mind ye're no like Jeanie Latta at the level-crossing——"

"What did she dae?" asked Jess, but without much interest.

"When her man got his foot crushed—it was that bad the doctor had to amputate it—and he said tae Jeanie: 'Be sure ye break it to him gentle when he comes round frae the chloroform. . . .'"

"Ah, *puir* buddy!" cried Jess. "What did she dae?"

"She waited," said Mrs. Guthrie, and paused impressively, "till he kenn't her; an' then she said, 'Jim, yer fit's aff'—and he fented."

"Mercy, what a like thing to say," Jess exclaimed. "But I'm no for tellin' Mistress Macintosh aboot Jamie—you'd better tell her yersel'. Her hairt goes louter-scammer at the least thing, an' the doctor said we maun be unco' canny. Auld age never comes its lane."

Jess was standing by the table facing the window, and at that moment somebody passed who caused Jess to rush to Mrs. Guthrie and hold on to her as though for support as she whispered, "If thon's no Jamie Macintosh it's his ghaist," and even as she spoke there came a very gentle tap at the street door.

Jess flew to open it, and was thereupon seized and loudly kissed by a tall young man in a khaki kilt, with his right arm in a sling.

As Mrs. Guthrie had foretold, the other arm was round Jess in no time, and they came into the centre of the little kitchen together.

"Be quate now," Mrs. Guthrie admonished them. "Remember *her*, you two! Bussin's an awfu' penetrating soond, and yer mither, Jamie, has lugs like a leveret."

"Jess," said Jamie, holding her at arm's length that he might look at her, "ye're wearin' yer blacks . . . for me?"

Half-laughing, half-sobbing, she nodded, and he clasped her again, then drew her over beside the fire. "Eh, but they scones has an awfu' guid smell," he

said, and seized one, taking a big bite. "There's fine food in they hospitals," he went on, munching between his words, "but no the like o' these."

With a sigh of satisfaction he dropped into the big armchair and stretched his legs to the fire. Jess, on her knees beside him, devoured him with adoring eyes.

"Comfort's a grand thing," Jamie continued. "And whaur's my mither?"

"Whisht noo, Jamie!" Mrs. Guthrie whispered reprovingly. "Man, yer voice is like a pen-gun. I'm aye tellin' ye yer *puir* mither thinks ye're deid, an' missin', and wounded, and in your grave these six weeks . . . an' she wi' a wammly hairt."

"An' I tell't ye to break it tae her," Jamie whispered back reproachfully. "I canna' *stay* deid because her hairt's wammly, *puir* buddy."

"Ye'll just *hae* to stay deid while we think what's tae be done," Jess said decidedly. "Whit way did ye no let us ken sooner, Jamie?"

"First I was wounded," said Jamie, still munching scones, "and a prisoner; then I escaped and was wounded again; and for a while I was deaved-like in a hospital wi' bits o' shrapnel all over me—an' I couldna' write wi' ma left hand . . . and I'm no the only James Macintosh in the British army. . . . Oh, it's a long, long story. . . ."

"Which ye certainly canna tell the noo," interrupted Mrs. Guthrie. "Man, I hear yer mither moving overhead. . . . Mercy goodness! What'll we dae wi' him?" She and Jess looked round wildly for some hiding-place in which to bestow Jamie. "He mauna' be seen, or the shock may kill her."

Jamie rose to his feet, looking much alarmed. There was no article of furniture large enough to hide behind.

Jess came to the rescue. "Quick, the box bed!" she cried, and hustled Jamie into it, drawing the curtains so that he was successfully concealed. "Losh behairs, I hear her on the stair. Don't make a soond, man, an' we'll break it to her gradual."

The two women withdrew to the fire-place, trying to look natural and unconcerned as they listened to slow footsteps descending the steep stair.

An awful thought struck Jess, and she

was fain to whisper to Mrs. Guthrie: "His Uncle Adam slept there last nicht, and he's much addicted to the snuff."

"Jamie must just thole't," Mrs. Guth-

dalized amazement of Jess and Mrs. Guthrie she wore a scarlet knitted shawl over her shoulders. She crossed the room quite briskly, and Jess noted that she still



"Ye'll always hae me for the askin'; tho' I'm no yer daughter
I *might* hae been."—Page 218.

rie whispered back. "There's naething else tae be done. My certy, but *my* hairt's wammly onny wye."

She sat down in the armchair while Jess went to the stair-foot to receive Mrs. Macintosh. The old lady had removed her bonnet and dolman, and donned her widow's cap with weepers and stitched muslin collar and cuffs; but to the scan-

held in her hand the newspaper she had taken up with her.

"Come away, Mistress Macintosh," Jess said, with a somewhat labored air of cheerful ease. "Here's Mistress Guthrie come roond to hae a crack wi' you. Ye've no ta'en much o' a rest, but I daursay ye haird her voice."

"I hope we didna' disturb ye wi' our

clash," said Mrs. Guthrie, getting up to give the older woman the armchair. "Did ye hear us, Mistress Macintosh?"

"Oo ay, I haird ye," Mrs. Macintosh replied tranquilly as she seated herself. "Neither you nor Jess is the ones to let the unruly member rust for lack o' use, . . . but I wasna' sleepin'. Sit ye doon, Mistress Guthrie."

Mrs. Guthrie drew up a Windsor chair to the other side of the fire and sat down, at the same time keeping a keen eye upon the box bed, which was directly behind her hostess.

The old lady most certainly appeared much the better for her rest. There was about her an indefinable poise and serenity wholly lacking in the frail, sad-faced little mourner of half an hour ago. The change was so marked that Jess was puzzled, and asked suspiciously: "Did ye take a bit read o' the paper?"

"I might hae ta'en a glance at it."

"I did that mysel' soon after ye got it at the post-office, but there didna' seem to be onny vera startlin' news frae the war, though I was too flustered to read it careful," said Mrs. Guthrie.

"An' what flustered ye?" Mrs. Macintosh inquired. "There didna' seem much business daein' when I looked in."

"No, indeed!" groaned Mrs. Guthrie. "It's an awfu' thing this war. It's a mercy fightin's no for women-folk."

"It is that," Mrs. Macintosh agreed. "Ye might get the cups oot, Jess, and gie us our teas."

Obediently Jess went to the dresser, took down cups and plates, and somewhat absent-mindedly laid four places. The old mother watched her with eyes that missed no crease in the table-cloth, but she made no comment.

"And yet, ye ken," Mrs. Guthrie remarked in a detached, impersonal sort of way, "there's sometimes surprises."

Mrs. Macintosh suddenly drew her spectacles from their case hanging at her waist, placed them firmly on her nose, and regarded Mrs. Guthrie with keen scrutiny.

"Ower monny for maist o' us," she said dryly, "though they dinna come on yon printed post-cards frae the Front."

"But I wasna' meaning yon kind," Mrs. Guthrie explained. "There's wonderfu' pleasant surprises for some."

"Mebbe," Mrs. Macintosh agreed.

"Just lately I've haird the most astonishing things mysel'."

Jess moved the kettle noisily, and frowned at Mrs. Guthrie to hurry up her explanation, and at the same moment Jamie thrust his head through the curtains of the box bed, making faces to a similar effect.

"Yon War Office makes mistakes like ony ither buddy, whiles," Jess threw in to help things on.

"I think the gentlemen does their best," Mrs. Macintosh said tolerantly. "Their letter to me aboot my poor Jamie was maist considerate. They said . . ."

"I've no doubt it was," Mrs. Guthrie interrupted. "I've seen faur too many o' they letters—but sometimes, ye ken, they're what they ca' premachoor."

"Some folks," said Jess, with her eyes fixed on the red shawl, "has bocht their blacks a' for naething."

At that moment there sounded a smothered but quite audible sneeze from the box bed. Jess wrung her hands, while Mrs. Guthrie coughed loudly to drown it.

Mrs. Macintosh, plainly startled, exclaimed: "Mercy goodness! what's yon?"

"Did Jess no tell you?" Mrs. Guthrie said hastily. "Your brother, Mister Adam, lost the steamer, an,' feelin' tired-like, he thocht he'd take a bit snooze till the next yin."

"If he snoozes till then he'll be well rested. There's no anither till the morn's morn."

The old lady spoke with an air of quiet triumph.

"Dear me, dear me!" Mrs. Guthrie muttered, much confused. "To think o' me forgettin' that. My memory's no what it was—an' me a post-mistress."

"Ye was sayin'," Jess remarked, "that ye'd haird some surprisin' things, Mistress Guthrie?"

Before Mrs. Guthrie could retail them there was another loud sneeze from the bed.

"Like ourselves," Mrs. Macintosh said quietly—referring to the sneeze. "I'm afraid Adam's taken a bad cold . . . perhaps that accounts for his step."

"His step?" the bewildered Mrs. Guthrie repeated.

"He cam walkin' down the street sae saft and carefu'. If I hadna' been through the watery days I hae . . ." her voice

"The mannie was vexed he lost the boat," Mrs. Guthrie continued; "that would make him walk saft. But, as I



"Remember *her*, you two! Bussin's an awfu' penetrating soond, and yer mither, Jamie, has lugs like a leveret."—Page 220.

broke . . . "I could ha' declared it was my Jamie's step."

"Steps, like nebs, rins in families," Mrs. Guthrie said sententiously.

"This yin didna' rin—it came jimpey and wee, and"—raising her voice—"it was the very wey Jamie used to come back frae the 'Canty Wife' on a Saturday night . . . when he was late and hoped I wadna' hear him. . . . A mason's is a dry trade."

was sayin', steps rins in families. . . . I mind . . ."

But what extraordinary similarity in footsteps it was that Mrs. Guthrie remembered we shall never know, for her voice was drowned by another loud sneeze from the bed.

This time Mrs. Macintosh did not start; she merely said: "Jess, ye maun gae to the chemist for some eucalyptus. But I doubt



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"My hairt wad hae tell't me."—Page 225.

it'll be a matter of time before ye'll get Adam to take it!"

"It's mebbe the difference in the snuff," Jess suggested. "Ye said he bocht some on the way tae the pier."

"The snuff was never mulled wad gar my brither Adam sneeze like yon," Mrs. Macintosh cried scornfully; and, to the horror of the other two women, she burst into peals of hysterical laughter.

They ran one to each side of her, patting her shoulders and rubbing her hands, but she continued to laugh, ejaculating breathlessly: "An' it a' in the paper, an' they thinkin' tae hoodwink me wi' their steps, an' noses, and sneechin'!"

"Dae ye think her mind's giving way?" Jess whispered anxiously to Mrs. Guthrie. "Did ye obsairve the red shawl?"

"I did that," Mrs. Guthrie replied impressively. "Goodness!"—as another tornado of sneezes broke from the box bed—"auld Adam must hae fair poothered yon pillow in snuff! Pity but what we'd made him pit his feet whaur his neb is." And to her horror she saw that Jamie, overcome by this last paroxysm, had thrust his feet into view where they waved wildly.

At this critical moment his old mother seemed suddenly imbued with new strength, for she shook off the soothing

hands, rose to her feet, and turned right round to view the signalling feet.

"What kin' o' buits is them Adam's gotten?" she asked in a tone of polite interest. "Yon's never *his* buits, and him a wee smitch o' a man takkin' sixes!"

"He'll just hae got a lend of them frae some bigger buddy takin' tens, mebbe," Mrs. Guthrie suggested hastily. "Likely as not his ain was weet an' him wi' such a hoast . . ."

"Of a' the haverin' weemen," Mrs. Macintosh murmured impatiently—then, very loudly and distinctly: "James Macintosh, come oot frae yon bed. Ye didna' decht yer feet as ye came ben."

And Jamie, very tousled about the head, tumbled out of the bed, and before the startled women could do more than clutch each other his little old mother had her arms round his neck and he was kissing her for all he was worth.

"Hoo did ye ken it was him?" Jess asked in a frightened whisper, when things had quieted down a bit. "An' us just terrified to tell ye, because of yer hairt."

"My hairt wad hae tell't me that wi'oot the newspaper, an' it the very first thing I read. It's a deaf mither doesna' ken her ain son's sneech."

WINTER

By David Morton

THIS is the woods we walked through in that summer,
Finding a dream's worth in this hallowed place;
This is the stillness that had held your laughter,
And held the flowery vision of your face.

Here were you more to me than all swift summers,
More than the promise of their glow and gleam;
Here did the dusk lay strange, dim hands upon us,
And still us with the magic of the dream.

This is the woods—but no warm winds come hither,
Nor bud nor bloom nor little dream at dusk:
Winter in woods—and in my heart the winter,
Blown blossoms and a dream's too bitter husk.

A VILLAGE IN THE WAR ZONE

MAREUIL SUR OURCQ (OISE) 1914-1915

By Mary King Waddington

MAREUIL, *Thursday*, November 5th, 1914.



AM writing in my own room, in one corner of our house which has been disinfected and thoroughly cleaned. The servants

have made it as comfortable as they could with the chairs and tables the boches have left me. I have an excellent lamp which I brought down with me, and a bright, crackling wood-fire, with pieces of wood about as big as matches which come from the sawmill opposite. The little girl brings them in her apron. It is the first time I have fully realized what the German occupation meant, and how much can be taken *out* of a house and how much dirt left *in* in eight days.

Mareuil is a peaceful, sleepy little village of about five hundred inhabitants, in the heart of the great farming country of France. It is directly on the high-road between Meaux and Soissons, about twenty miles from each. It is surrounded by big farms and woods. The fields stretch away to the horizon on one side; on the other, to the great forest of Villers-Cotterets. There are no local industries, no factories; the men work in the fields and woods. The women do nothing but look after their houses and children.

About the end of September we heard through a friend who had been there, that our house was completely sacked, the four walls standing, but everything taken out of it.

We had gone to the country, to a quiet little village in the Sarthe for three weeks, but as soon as I got back to Paris I determined to come down here. It wasn't easy—impossible by rail, as the bridges were blown up, and no private conveyances were allowed on the road. I applied to Ambassador Herrick, who, as usual, did all he could to help me, and

gave me one of his automobiles, with a young American officer as escort, Lt. G.

Meaux looked just the same; the beautiful old cathedral untouched and the old mills on the river intact. I was afraid they had gone. They are so picturesque, built on a bridge. Every one goes to see them; they are quite a feature of Meaux. The other bridges were destroyed.

About half-way between Meaux and Mareuil, we began to see signs of fighting; all the big trees down, their branches blown off, lying on the road—roofless houses, holes and gaps in stone walls, fields cut up and trampled over, barricades across the roads, trenches and mounds in the fields, a few dead horses. Soldiers everywhere, the whole road guarded.

We were stopped once or twice, but the officer's pass and the embassy carriage were all-powerful, and we came straight to our gates. From the outside, one saw nothing changed. The four walls were intact, the iron gates standing, but inside—

We had not been able to send word to the concierge, neither telegraph nor telephone worked (don't yet for civilians), and the post was most irregular. She heard the auto and came to the gates, not knowing who it was. The poor woman looked twenty years older. She and her son, a boy of eighteen, had gone away with all the village.

We began our "tournée d'inspection" at once. In the garage, Jean Sallandrouze's auto had been taken, ours left, but smashed. It seemed they could not make it go at once, so they broke it. They had also left a light trotting-wagon.

The inside of the house was a desolation. It had been cleaned—four women working hard. Mme. G. said the dirt and smells were something awful. The bedding was in a filthy state. For twenty-four hours after they had begun to clean they couldn't eat anything. "Si madame

avait vu la saleté, jamais plus madame n'aurait mis pied à la maison!"

Perhaps it is just as well that madame didn't see all, as the actual state was bad enough.

She had sent me by a messenger a first statement of what was missing. Everything in the kitchen (except the range, which they couldn't move), twenty-nine lamps, china, silver, forks, spoons, and a tea-pot that were forgotten in the hurry of moving, glass, sheets and blankets, coverlids, pillows, rugs, pictures, old English engravings, family miniatures, linen—all my son's and daughter's clothes; and what they did not take, they spoiled. A satin dress and lace dress of C.'s on the floor with great cuts in them.

Mme. G. had left two rooms, C.'s boudoir and Francis's dressing-room, just as she found them when she came back after her ten days' wandering. The floors were covered up to our ankles with papers and books. In some of the books pages were torn out in the middle—such useless, wanton destruction.

I had no time to look into everything, but of course I went all over the house. Some of the hiding-places had not been discovered. We found the silver and some old china just where C. had hidden it. It seems the officers slept in the house, the men on straw in the garage. The names Schneider, Reinsach, etc., were written on the doors of the bedrooms and on the shutters of the drawing-room in German writing. "Geschäftszimmer"—with the names and number of the regiment. In another part, "zwanzig Männer." I told Mme. G. to leave the writing so that when Francis comes back—if he comes back—he can see in what state the Germans left his house.

After we had been through the house, Mme. G. weeping alongside of me and telling me all she had gone through, we went into the garden, which was too awful. They had kept their horses there. Lawns and flower-beds all trampled over and destroyed, a few climbing roses left on the walls.

It was a beautiful day, a clear blue sky, yet all the time we heard the rumbling of thunder. I said to the young officer: "How extraordinary to hear thunder with that cloudless summer sky!" "Don't you

know what it is, madame, cannon—about twenty miles away."

I had visits from the curé, the mayor, and one of the conseillers municipaux—all full of their exodus and the weary days and nights of tramping along the road.

No other house in the village seems to have been treated like mine—except the poor peasants' where they stole and broke everything. When a French peasant marries his first investment is a large wooden bedstead and "armoire" which is the pride of his heart. These the boches couldn't carry away, but they broke them up for fire-wood, and carried off every poor little pot and pan they possessed.

The mayor was very blue, and I don't know how we shall get through the winter with all these women and children with no work nor money and no clothes.

I promised to come down again as soon as possible, but I could not manage it until to-day. I could not come alone; was obliged to wait until I could find someone willing to go into the "war zone," and was not sure if the railway would accept the quantity of luggage I would have. Everything had to be brought from Paris. I couldn't come by our usual line, the *Est*, as the bridges are not yet mended, and the journey was much longer by the *Nord*. I went to the Gare du Nord and had some difficulty in getting the necessary information.

We started this morning—Maggie, the boy's English nurse, who is now nursing at the American Ambulance, and an Englishman, one of our humble friends, out of place for the moment and very glad to do any odd job. He speaks French well, having lived many years in Paris. We had two cabs—Barling in one with piles of bundles and cases around him, as we had to take down everything—among others, a large case of Quaker oats which Dr. Watson sent me, a basket of china, another of groceries, two big bundles of blankets and linen, a trunk of clothes which friends had sent me, also one from my *ouvroir*. Maggie and I in another with a bundle of clothes Mrs. Watson had sent me from her *ouvroir*, cartons with lamps and shades, a basket of vegetables,

another of sauce-pans and kitchen things, a valise of knives and forks and spoons, and a hold-all full of things sent at the last moment—bandages, woollen socks, etc.

Mareuil is "occupé militairement"—soldiers at the gare and a poste on the highroad, just at the entrance of the village. They stopped me and wanted to know where I was going and who I was—but the brigadier de gendarmerie who was lodged at our house, and had seen me at the station, hurried up and explained.

Mme. G. had not received my letter, and was much flustered at the arrival of three people.

The dining-room and fumoir were fairly comfortable though very bare; still there were chairs and tables. I dined alone and am finishing my evening in my own room. The stillness and darkness are oppressive. There is not a light in the village or station—no trains passing—not a sound on the road. I am haunted by the thought of those brutes in our house.

Friday, Novr. 6th.

It has been a beautiful, bright, mild day—extraordinarily clear, hardly any mist on the hills and woods. One sees a great distance. I have had a procession of visitors—first the curé with a list of the most miserable people, and all day the women and children. It is a pitiable sight. They have no clothes but what they stand in, as they went away at very short notice, and could only take a very few things tied up in bundles (which some threw away en route, as they could not carry them).

There is nothing left of their cottages but the four walls. The village houses are all stone, not easy to burn. But the Germans took all they could carry off and destroyed what they couldn't take—broke furniture, chairs, tables, all the beds. The women sleep on straw and club together to make their soup in a marmite, like the soldiers. They have no clothes. When the woman washes her chemise she lies in bed (on the straw) until it dries.

All the afternoon we spent going over the house and seeing what was left. They seem to have made a clean sweep

of all the small things that accumulate in a house—pens, pencils, scissors, frames, pincushions, fancy boxes and bags. Some of the trunks in the garret are untouched. They were locked, but of course could easily have been forced open. All the silver things that had not been hidden have gone: inkstands, frames, vases.

The concierge has lost everything, even her wedding wreath carefully preserved under a glass.

We still hear the cannon, but more faintly. I don't feel now as if ever I could be gay or happy again in the place, but perhaps that feeling will pass when the war is over and "the troops are marching home again with gay and gallant tread"—but when?

Saturday, Novr. 7th, '14.

It was foggy but not cold this morning. I walked about the village a little after breakfast; always the same story of pillage and misery. Most of the women and children have no clothes left and no money to buy any. Everybody was very sad, as a funeral service was going on for one of the village boys, twenty years old, a little shepherd, "tué à l'ennemi." Of course we all think of our own at the front, and hardly dare to pray that they may come back.

The curé has made me a first list of one hundred children ranging from one year old to twelve, boys and girls, all wanting warm clothes. I found some flannel in the village which will make shirts and petticoats; that will give the women something to do; they will be glad to earn a little more, and it will be easier for me than buying the things in Paris, particularly as they don't send anything yet by rail.

The curé came to dinner, and he sat afterward for about an hour in the fumoir, and he told me of their hurried flight from Mareuil, and the fatigues of the journey, the whole party sleeping in the fields, under haystacks, with very little to eat or drink, hardly daring to stop at night for five or six hours to rest for fear of being caught by the Germans. In some of the villages the Germans forced the fugitives they met on the road to go back to work for them. One poor old

man in our village was not quick enough, nor strong enough to carry some wood. They pricked him with the bayonet, telling him he wouldn't die yet; he would live long enough to become a German.

The villagers were away for thirteen days wandering along the roads, delighted when they could get a bundle of straw in a barn to sleep on.

Sunday, November 8th.

I didn't go to church as the service was early, eight o'clock, but I walked about the village and found more flannel and cotton which I can leave here. The women can make chemises and petticoats for themselves. The poor people look dreadfully depressed without work or money. It is very difficult to know how to help them. However, I promised to come down about Christmas and bring some warm clothes. I would like to start a knitting class but the curé tells me so few people knit.

MAREUIL, *Friday, December 18, 1914.*

I am writing at night. Although it is only ten o'clock the whole household is wrapped in slumber as we have had a tiring day. We left Paris, Charlotte, her boys, the maid and I, at 9:30, still with a fair amount of packages, provisions generally, as Mme. Gaillard wrote us we could not get anything at Mareuil but bread, butter and apples.

The curé came to tea, and we plunged instantly into lists: warm clothes, blankets, etc. He had two hundred and odd children on his list (he had been to every cottage in the village to make sure that no child was left out); also about sixteen or eighteen young mothers with babies in their arms, girls and boys up to eighteen, all the old people. It seemed rather an undertaking to clothe so many people, but our bundles and trunks held a great deal.

We decided to make our distribution Sunday, as we really needed all day Saturday to sort out the things; besides I had promised to go to Laferté in the afternoon to see the Abbé Debignes and take some wool to the sisters. The house was cold, though there were fires everywhere—but such fires! Still no coal, only little blocks and ends of wood we got from the saw-

mill, and it has naturally an empty, uncomfortable look.

We put all the rugs and blankets we possessed on the beds. There weren't many, as the Germans had carried everything off.

Saturday, December 19th, '14.

It has been again a lovely day, the sun shining in at all the windows, showing us more distinctly even than yesterday all that has been taken. Still we are comfortable enough in our corner, and I suppose ought to be thankful that we have anything left.

We had people all the morning asking for warm clothes and looking, I must say, utterly wretched, half starved and frozen. Our village was not so perfectly miserable, but some of the refugees from the environs of Soissons and Reims were in a pitiable condition, weary and cold and terror-stricken. They had been chased out of their villages, their cottages burned, all the old people, grandfathers and grandmothers, left to die probably on the roadside. Even in our village some people have never come back. No one knows what has become of them. The children had a frightened look in their eyes, which was heart-rending to see. The mothers didn't complain; were very grateful for anything we gave them, but all had a hopeless expression on their faces; a quiet, half-dazed acceptance of the ruin which had come upon them.

Sunday, 20th.

We have made our distribution, and I think have not only given pleasure but encouraged the people. We went to church this morning, and the curé announced from the pulpit that there would be a distribution of warm clothes at the château . . . to which every child in Mareuil was bidden, also the girls and young men still in the village. He hoped they would all assemble quietly and punctually in the court-yard at a quarter to three, directly after vespers.

First came the schoolboys, marshalled by the curé (the schoolmaster is mobilized, but a youth of nineteen comes every day from a village near and takes the class). The boys were rather shy and awkward; didn't say much, but I think

they were pleased. Every one got a pair of trousers or warm cape with a hood like what they all wear here. The little ones got a suit, and all got two cakes and a big piece of chocolate. Then came the school-girls, led by the schoolmistress and her "adjointe"—about one hundred. They, too, got each one a dress, cloak or warm petticoat. Then they trooped out, and another hundred arrived—boys and girls mixed—mostly little waifs and strays—not school children; and at the same time, young mothers with babies in their arms. Then there was a fine pandemonium. The women talked, the babies cried. Various children whose names were on the list didn't appear, and there were several quite unknown children, refugees, or from the neighboring hamlets, who had heard of the distribution. They were in rags, sorely needed clothes, and all got something.

Then came boys and girls from twelve to seventeen. Some of the boys looked like men, so tall and broad. C. said she felt quite shy offering them chocolate and cakes, but they all took them.

It was after five when the distribution was over.

The children had all remained in the court-yard, and there was a fine noise of clattering sabots and shrill little voices.

Monday, 21st.

Charlotte had her "tricoteuses" this morning early—about twenty. Of course we supplied the needles and wool, which was carefully weighed, each woman receiving the same quantity. Some of the older ones knew how to knit socks, but the younger ones were a little unwilling—could make "cache-nez," but that we absolutely refused. Charlotte was very severe with them; told them she didn't know either how to knit stockings until the war, but she had learned, and now made all her husband's socks.

The Abbé Debignes, curé de Laferté, came to breakfast, and was most interesting. He is a very clever, cultivated man, a good earnest priest, devoted to his church, but very large-minded, understanding beliefs he doesn't share, and never intolerant. He behaved splendidly all through the German occupation. They had Germans for ten days at La-

ferté. Almost all the official people—conseil municipal, percepteur—went away. The mayor was arrested at once, kept in prison, and the curé and one conseiller municipal had all the responsibility. He said on the whole they behaved well; but their revolvers were always pointed at one, if there was the slightest discussion or delay.

They began by asking a ransom of twenty thousand francs, which the little town couldn't possibly pay. The curé asked for a little patience; said he would do what he could, and, escorted by four German soldiers with fixed bayonets, made the round of the town, knocking at every door. He got seven thousand francs, with which they were satisfied. He had soldiers at the Presbytère, and in his churches; there are two fine old churches at Laferté which he asked them to respect, and they did; remained at the bottom of the church, didn't go up to the high altar. He thought once or twice his last hour had come, when some of the officers either didn't understand all he said (though he said most of them spoke French well), or were not satisfied. Instantly the revolver was pointed at him, and a curt order given to the men. He waited calmly and bravely, merely thinking that if he was to be shot, he would ask to be shot on the Calvaire, the cross near the woods—which we all know well—have often sat, and rested on the steps after a walk in the woods—until he heard the welcome words: "Vous êtes libre, monsieur le curé."

The last day, while the soldiers were getting ready to start, a young officer came in whom he hadn't seen before. He saw at once that he was a "personnage." The men seemed petrified. He gave a few instructions, then turned to the curé, drew up an armchair, and sat down, saying, "Causons un peu, monsieur le curé." (Let us talk a little); and instantly plunged into a discussion on the war. "What do you think of the war, M. le curé?" "Monsieur, what do you expect a priest to say; a war is a wicked thing." "Yes, but war is *war*, and you would have it—we didn't want the war." Then turning to his men: "That is true, isn't it, my men? We Germans didn't want the war; it was forced upon us." There was growl of assent from the men. He

then continued: "War always brings horrors, and misery. Have you any complaints to make of my men?" "None whatever; they respected my church, didn't molest the women and children." "I am glad to hear you say that, M. le curé." Then he got up, and put out his hand, saying: "Au revoir"; but that was too much for the abbé: "That, madame, I could not do, give my hand to a German. I stood up, looked him full in the face, and made the 'salut militaire.' He stepped back, hesitated a moment, and then gave the military salute, very stiffly, saying: 'Je vous comprends, monsieur l'abbé,' turned on his heel, and left the room."

He heard afterward that it was Prince Eitel Fritz, whom he had never seen—the first time in his life, probably, that any one had refused his hand.

The boys, of course, sat speechless, their eyes fixed on the abbé. He told us hundreds of details too long to write; but said there were no atrocities nor violence of any kind at Laferté, though in some of the farms and villages near awful things had been done, but he personally hadn't seen any acts of cruelty. He has certainly made a fine record. When the war is over, all his friends will try to have some public recognition of what he has done for Laferté.

The curé came in after dinner, and we made all our arrangements for the women's work, sewing and knitting. He says the village is very pleased with our coming down—not only the material help, but the encouragement. One old woman, the widow of a carpenter, who had done much work for us, came to say that she would cut out the shirts. Her father had been a "chemisier" in the rue de la Paix, and she knew all about it; would also look over the women's work and see that it was well done. She wanted no pay (at our Paris *ouvroir*, we give a tailor five sous for cutting out a shirt), was very happy to do that for the soldiers. We leave to-morrow, early.

MAREUIL, *Saturday*, Febr. 13, 1915.

We got down yesterday at 2:30. The boys had a holiday for Mardi Gras, and of course wanted to come to Mareuil. It was a cold, boring journey. We had the

same long wait at Ormoy, but we did not mind it so much this time as the station was crowded with soldiers. Two military trains with dragoons and cuirassiers arrived just after us; all of them, officers, men, and horses, looked very well and cheerful.

The country looked still very desolate, and the work of repairing goes very slowly; but there was a little more movement—some women in the fields, one with a plough and a donkey, trying to turn up the ground a little. Soldiers, of course, everywhere. Even the little country line from Ormoy to Mareuil is strictly guarded, particularly at all bridges and tunnels. I think they must be afraid of spies still, for no troops pass on that line.

We have very few Belgians in the village, though we are so near the frontier, and they are all very quiet and grateful for whatever is done for them. In Paris we heard complaints. At one big Belgian *ouvroir* the refugees declined the clothes that were given to them, wanted to go to the "vestiaire" and choose for themselves.

Sunday, February 14, '15.

It was lovely to-day—a bright sun. It was so cold in the church; we had to change our seats and even then could hardly stay. A large pane of glass is out in the window just over our pew, and there is no glass in the country and no workman to put it in if there was any.

We took a long walk after breakfast through the big quarries on the Laferté road, coming out on the Montigny hill. We had the fields to ourselves. Not a soul to be seen. The quarries are enormous, stretching far into the woods, and one can understand perfectly how strongly the Germans are intrenched in the Soissons quarries which we stupidly and thoughtlessly put at the disposal of a delightful German "en civil"—(some people say it was General Von Kluck, who settled some time in Soissons. He took a house there, made himself charming to all the inhabitants, rode all over the country, and finally obtained permission to grow mushrooms in the quarries.) Of

course, as one looks back now, our naïveté seems "colossal," to use the German's pet word.

They have carried off many French women and children, who live with them in the quarries, cook for them and go into Soissons to buy food, the Germans threatening them with terrible reprisals if they don't come back, keeping their children as hostages.

It was warm walking, and the sunset lovely. The curé came to dinner and told us more details of their wanderings, which seem already ancient history—events have gone so quickly since. He told us that for nights after their return to Mareuil he couldn't sleep; all night he heard the trample of cattle and the roll of heavy cart wagons on the hard roads. He said the women were wonderful. Many of the farmers' wives led their caravan of women, children and beasts. The village travelled for days alongside of one large, well-known farm. The "fermière" led the procession in a cabriolet with an old horse the Germans didn't think worth taking; beside her, an equally old "contre-maître" (foreman); oxen, cows, sheep and geese directly behind. Then a train of farm wagons filled with women and children. When they came to a "carrefour" (a square place where several roads meet), she made signs to her "troupeau" (flock) with a red parasol over the top of her cabriolet. They halted at night—all drawn up on one side of the road, and she and her contre-maître went off to see if they could find food or shelter in a hamlet or farm—happy if they could be taken in in a barn or a wood-shed. My poor women slept two nights in a field under the haystacks.

Monday, Febr. 15th.

It was an awful morning, hail and frozen snow and an icy wind in the house. We all shivered even with our coats on, and an expedition to Laferté seemed impossible; but it cleared up bright and mild at twelve o'clock, and we started directly after breakfast—always in bourgeois' "tapissière"—the only available vehicle.

We went to see one of our friends, Mr. C., and rang a loud peal at the doorbell, not noticing—as the door was wide

open—that a notice was posted up: "Etat Major." There were one or two soldiers in the court-yard, and two officers came running up to ask what we wanted. We explained that we wanted to pay a visit to Mr. C. They said he was not there, and that the staff were occupying his house, but wouldn't we come in and pay them a visit, and what could they do for us? That we declined but talked to them a little while and asked them if there was any news. We met them again as we were talking to some of the lorry drivers, who told us the lorries were all American, marvellously light and easily managed, turned so well in the narrow streets. They were evidently very curious to know who we were, suddenly appearing in Laferté, where certainly no "femmes du monde" were to be seen in these days.

We went into all the shops, buying what we could and hearing each one's experience during the German occupation. They really didn't suffer very much. They had time to hide money and valuables of every kind, as the British passed through twenty-four hours before the Germans and told them they were coming. It was more the dread of what might happen. Some of the people left, and their houses were sacked, but nothing was done to those who remained.

We left about 4:30. It was curious to hear such a noise and racket of military life in the quiet little town—a continual rumbling of heavy munition and provision autos, small detachments of cavalry, every now and then a military auto filled with officers dashing full speed through the narrow street, men carrying large marmites of soup and baskets of bread, and girls standing at the doors, laughing and talking with the soldiers. I rather tremble for the morals of Laferté with so many good-looking young soldiers about, but it is difficult to do anything: "On ne peut rien refuser au soldat!" is the phrase on everybody's lips.

Mardi Gras, Febr. 16th.

It has been a bright, beautiful day. One could hardly believe it after the cold rain and hail of yesterday. We walked about the garden in the morning—if garden it can be called. All the lawns and

flower-beds have been dug up. The house stands in the middle of ploughed fields. We are debating what we shall plant—potatoes and beans I think, so that we can have our vegetables in winter as well as improve the earth. They say potatoes purify the soil, and perhaps next year, if the war is over, we can have new lawns, but we shan't do anything to the house and garden until the Germans are out of France—when?

After breakfast, we walked up the Montigny hill. The boys wanted to see what was left of a German aeroplane which had caught fire and burned on the hillside. The sun was really too hot on our backs. We had to take our coats off. As we were passing a field where a very old man, with a very old horse, was ploughing, he called out to us. We couldn't hear what he said, thought he wanted something, and told the boys to run across the field and see what he wanted. They raced off as fast as they could, talked to him for a few moments, then dashed up the hill across the ploughed field. We saw them poking at something with their sticks; then they came galloping back with red cheeks and eyes shining with excitement, calling out to us, "Mother, Danny, come and see, there is a dead boche up there; they have just turned him up with the plough." We were silent for a moment, declining their proposal to go and see; and then Charlotte said: "Ah, think boys, perhaps somewhere in Germany, far away, a mother and her two boys are walking along the road, just like us to-day, talking of the father whom they may never see again." The boys were not in the least moved—rather surprised: "Why, mother, it is only a boche"—as if it was a rat. I suppose all the ugly sights they have seen, bridges and houses blown up, and the quantities of miserable, half-starved, half-clothed children, have hardened their childish hearts. I wonder if all this will have an effect upon the mentality of the young generation. Will they grow up hard and cruel?

There are many Germans buried in the fields around us, quite close to the surface. Sometimes one sees a rustic cross made of sticks, sometimes a stick standing straight up, just to mark the

spot. There will be thousands of those lonely soldier graves all over France.

We found the wreck of the aeroplane on the top of the hill. There wasn't much left—some linen and bits of steel which the boys carried away as a souvenir.

It was lovely sitting on the hillside; the sun through the trees making little patterns of light on the white roads, and the beautiful valley of the Ourcq stretching away into the blue distance; it should have been a peaceful, happy scene, but the country is quite deserted; no passing, no workers in the fields, nor children playing about while their mothers worked. A cloud of sadness hovers over everything, and we always hear the dull, steady growl of the cannon, which means mourning and anguish for so many of us.

It seems centuries since I galloped over those hills with W., listening to his recollections of '70, and the first time we saw a "pickel-haube" (German helmet) appearing in the twilight of the window of his library at Bourneville—a disagreeable moment.

Ash Wednesday, Febr'y. 17th.

We have had a cold, raw day, which we didn't expect after the beautiful summer day of yesterday. The night, too, was beautiful, bright starlight. I love a starlight night in the country; the stars always seem so much nearer than in town.

It didn't rain, so we turned the boys loose in the garden and made a depressing and exhausting tour of the up-stairs rooms, missing something at every turn. The wardrobe where we keep our reserve of poor clothes had been opened and everything taken. We both of us feel so strongly that our house has been soiled, can never be the same to us again. I hope the feeling will pass. We have been so fond of our quiet country home, have had so many happy hours there. Perhaps when the war is over and Francis comes home it will be different.

We decided to move the best furniture and trunks, boxes, etc., into two of the rooms and lock them. I don't think we shall have any more Germans. We are not on their way home; but perhaps British and French. One must be prepared for any surprises.

The Abbé Debigne came to breakfast. It seemed almost the old times to see his little cart coming to the gate. He was, as usual, most interesting. He was amusing over a "belle dame de la Croix Rouge" who came down to Laferté to take charge of an ambulance established in the Ecole Maternelle. She looked very nice in her infirmière dress, and gave a great many orders, and didn't find any of the arrangements satisfactory; but she wouldn't touch a wounded soldier, neither wash him nor dress his wounds, nor take off his rags—for clothes they could hardly be called—when the poor fellows were just out of the trenches, or had been lying for days on straw in a shed, waiting to be taken to a hospital. Whenever there was a badly wounded man or a fever patient she wanted him sent to the Hôtel Dieu, where the poor sisters had more than they could attend to; when the abbé and the mayor remonstrated, the lady's husband appeared on the scene, saying: "Ma femme n'est pas habituée à retirer les chaussettes des pieds sales d'un soldat, ne de leur laver les pieds!" Then their patience gave out. They had the sick and wounded men wrapped up in blankets and carried them off to the Hôtel Dieu, where the sisters gave up their réfectoire and lingerie, and then the authorities closed the hospital.

We gave him some warm shirts and drawers, and said we would go and see them the next time he came down.

The Croix Rouge has done, and is doing such splendid work, that one is sorry such disagreeable incidents occur; but of course in all large societies, there must be all kinds, and alongside of some of the volunteer nurses who have given their time and their strength, and sometimes their *lives*, there are women who only want the notoriety and right to wear the nurse's dress, which is becoming. The poor abbé was quite put out.

While we were at breakfast, they brought us the news that Mr. Profit, a young farmer of the village, was wounded; they said "grièvement blessé." It will be a great loss if he is killed, as he is one of the best men in Mareuil, has had a very good education, and has travelled a little.

We went to see Mme. Profit after the abbé went. She was very agitated, but

brave and helpful, was going off at once. We went afterward to see the miller's wife, also one of our friends. They had had Germans in their house, but they hadn't done much harm; drank up all the wine they could find (they had hidden their best), and carried off blankets and coverlids.

Our curé came to dinner as we are leaving to-morrow morning early, and we spent all our evening making lists and prices of the work to be done. We had brought down several pieces of stuff which we left with Mme. Gaillard to be cut out and given to the women, also weighed the wool so that each woman might have the same amount for her stockings.

We leave to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and by the Est this time.

MAREUIL, *Thursday*, June 3rd.

We came down yesterday. For the last week we have been getting letters from the curé, from Mme. Gaillard, telling us the house was always full of French soldiers who behaved very badly, the officer ordering all the rooms opened, established himself in my bedroom, and wished to put his orderly in one of the good "chambers d'ami" next to him. They wanted extra blankets, and lamps, and Mme. G. to do their cooking. At last the poor woman came up to Paris, saying she couldn't take such a responsibility and face the situation alone. Her son has just been "mobilisé." She is alone with one young maid in the house. That morning's mail had brought me a letter from an officer saying my servants were very impolite, etc., so we thought we had better go down.

I wrote to the officer and the mayor, saying what rooms I would give and, above all, what rooms I *wouldn't*; and agreed to go down as soon as I could. I also gave Mme. G. a letter that she could show to the officer, telling her what rooms to give, and that we were coming down as soon as I could get away from my work in Paris—and here we are.

We took the 5:30 train in the afternoon and got down a little before eight. Though we are no longer in the military zone, we still had soldiers at the station and had to show our "sauf-conduits." Our first surprise was seeing Mme. G. at

the station with a rather smart-looking ordonnance and her wheelbarrow—the well-known wheelbarrow which we always use for carrying the small parcels backward and forward.

The court-yard of the station was full of big American lorries and auto-buses. It seems the “Corps de Ravitaillement” is stationed here and our “militaires” are the gentlemen chauffeurs of the autos. We walked to the house, rather wondering what we should find, and were met just inside the gate by a young officer in uniform, who introduced himself as Lieutenant D. (the gentleman with whom I had corresponded). He asked me if he could do anything for us. He had wanted to send his automobile to the station, but Mme. G. told him we always walked, that his ordonnance had gone. He thanked us for our hospitality; said he and his comrades would give us as little trouble as possible, and retired by the garden entrance. It was too dark to see his face, but he had a gentleman’s voice and manner. All the same, it seemed funny to be welcomed in our own court-yard by a perfect stranger, and to see the garage and kitchen lighted, and silhouettes of soldiers everywhere.

We went into the house to see what arrangements we could make. The table was laid for us in the dining-room, and Mme. G. told us the gentlemen hoped we would allow them to send us some “filet de bœuf and asperges” for our dinner; also a bottle of good wine. I wanted some soap and went into the office to see if my bag was there; a very good-looking young soldier, tall, fair, rather like an Englishman, was standing there lighting a lamp. He came forward introducing himself—had a good easy manner. “What could he do for me? Would I allow him to send me some soap?” I said I had some in my bag. He went to look for it. Through the half-open door I saw soldiers in the kitchen, and there seemed to be about seven or eight dining in the small court-yard just outside the office.

We made the best arrangements we could for the night, and when we went down to dinner found the boys in a wild state of delight. They had made acquaintance with all the seven soldiers who were dining. My eldest grandson,

aged ten, said: “They were all very polite, Danny, got up when we came into the court, and Mme. Gaillard told them we were ‘les jeunes maîtres de maison,’ and the lieutenant introduced all of them to us.”

After dinner Charlotte and I went out to speak to them. They are a nice-looking set of young fellows. We asked them all to dine with us to-morrow. We are comfortable in the old house. I sleep in the nursery, which is my old room and is still full of the boys’ toys and books.

The house is very still; we don’t hear a sound; would never imagine it was full of men.

Thursday, June 3rd.

It has been a lovely warm day. It was delicious to be waked up in the morning by the smell of roses climbing into the windows. The roses are lovely,—quantities of them, and all the trees and bushes grown enormously,—but the lawns planted with potatoes, beans, and peas look too awful, but there was nothing else to do; they had been so cut up and trampled upon with horses picketed on them that the only hope of ever having decent lawns again was to dig them all up and plant potatoes.

By seven o’clock, the boys were in the garden, playing about with some of the young men. They sent us their chauffeur to help move some of our heavy furniture. We shall settle ourselves for the present in the old house, as we shall always be liable to have French troops or British, so long as the war lasts.

We have put up a curtain at the end of the corridor, in the wing, so we are quite shut off, and none of the men ever come up the big staircase or into our part. The lieutenant uses Francis’s “fumoir” as his bureau, and they take all their meals outside on the children’s lawn or playground, the only one which has not been cut up, under the big pear-tree.

We invited all the gentlemen to dine to-night. We had brought down chickens and ham, vegetables and fruit from Paris, and they accepted with pleasure, sending us word by Mme. G. that they had a “filet de bœuf” which they begged we would accept. We asked them all seven, and the two little maids were rather

nervous as to how they could serve so many people. We would be eleven, and we were rather nervous, too, as to knives and forks and spoons, as we have not replaced what the Germans had taken—bringing down merely what we wanted ourselves. But about four o'clock, the lieutenant sent us word there would only be four of them, the others were "de service." (The maids told us they were too shy to come.)

The dinner went very well. The chauffeur helped in the office. The lieutenant was the only regular officer. He had been wounded at Charleroi, left rather delicate and a little deaf, and had been given this place for a rest. The other men were sons of rich "industriels," two from Lille (which is now occupied by the Germans; they have had no news of their family for months)—one, a nice young fellow, Pinto D'Arringo, son of a Brazilian naturalized Frenchman with an English grandmother. They had all seen a little service. One broad-shouldered, nice young man had been in the fighting all around us at Varedes-Barcy. They were a little shy at first, but the boys helped us. They asked so many questions and were so intensely interested in everything the young men said that it put them at their ease.

Saturday, June 5th.

We had a most strenuous and interesting day yesterday. With much difficulty we got "sauf-conduits" to go to Villers-Cotterets, about fourteen miles from us. We heroically decided to take again the grocer's "tapissière,"—that most uncomfortable, narrow, springless four-wheeled cart, but he had a good horse, and we thought we were quite safe with our "sauf-conduits,"—but the grocer hadn't any! We hadn't thought of him. We consulted our lieutenant, suggesting that he might perhaps take us in *his* auto. But he was overwhelmed at the mere idea. He couldn't take any *civil* in his car, and above all, no woman—not even his own wife if she were there, or a Red Cross nurse. However, he did what he could; said he was going into Villers-Cotterets on duty, Saturday morning, and would come back as soon as he could; but not before 10:30. So we gave him rendez-

vous at the bottom of the Bourneville hill, where the poste des gendarmes is stationed, and started at ten in our most ramshackle vehicle.

Our lieutenant appeared very punctually at 10:30 with the grocer's "sauf-conduit," and we started. It was very hot creeping up the long hill just out of Laferté, but once in the forest it was delightful. The big trees made a perfect thick shade. It was very still, not a sign of life or culture. We met nothing but military autos and trains of lorries and auto-buses, which made long trails of dust and filled the air with the smell of petroleum. We were certainly the only *civils* on the road. At the entrance of the town, just before we crossed the railroad, two mitrailleuses, most sinister-looking objects, were stationed. Villers was bristling with soldiers, as it is the headquarters of the 6^{me} armée.

We started off to see if we could find an officer of the Etat Major and get a permission to go nearer the front behind the last line of trenches and distribute some clothes and food to the poor people. Many of the peasants went back to their ruined villages, once the Germans were out of them, and were encamped there in absolute misery, living in wagons or sheds—any sort of shelter they had been able to find. We wanted very much to get to them, but the officer whom we interviewed wouldn't hear of it. He was much surprised at seeing us at Villers-Cotterets, and thought that we should not have been given a "sauf-conduit." "It was no place for *civils*, nor women and children. Had we come from Paris?" "No, by road from Mareuil." That surprised him still more. "Did we meet any *civils* on the road?" "No, not one." He again repeated that it was no place for women, and advised us to get back at once before nightfall; said there was no possibility of getting any nearer the front these days, with fighting going on all around us.

We meant to go to the hospital to see what they wanted there. We had already sent several boxes of bandages and hospital shirts from the *ouvroir*, but were advised not to, as there were several cases of typhus, and it was very hot. We loitered a little in the town (hearing the cannon much nearer and louder than at Ma-

reuil. The people say they are accustomed to it now; don't mind it. What they don't like are the shells.) We talked to some of the shop people, and bought pens and briquets made by the soldiers in the trenches out of pieces of German shells. As a rule the people did not complain of the Germans; said they behaved well when people remained in their houses; but it was a reign of terror; all the mothers terrified to have their boys playing about, as they made short work with boys if they got in their way or didn't instantly guide them to any place they wanted to go to or answer their questions. They shot so many in Belgium—boys of eight and ten years old—who certainly did them no harm.

The drive home was lovely. The country looks beautiful, but one felt so strongly the tragic stillness and absence of life and movement. We stopped at Laferté and had tea with the abbé in his garden, which was green and quiet and peaceful; such a contrast to the street, quite choked up with lorries and heavy carts and wagons and all the paraphernalia of war.

Our curé came to dinner—a most frugal meal. We sat until ten o'clock in the garden and our "militaires" came and talked to us. They were interesting, telling their experiences and the horrors they had seen. One young man, son of a rich bourgeois, was much impressed by the war; said he could never forget the first dead he saw after the battle of the Marne in a village near us; fifty Germans lying dead in the fields—and that was nothing to what he felt when he came a little later upon forty or fifty Frenchmen lying in heaps, some with such expressions of suffering on their faces. He said he could hardly get past the bodies. As he turned into a court-yard of an old château he suddenly came upon a German soldier who was terror-stricken, unarmed, throwing up his hands, begging for life. "I couldn't kill him, madame, there in cold blood, a perfectly helpless unarmed man—though I suppose I should have done it with the bodies of my comrades lying so near. But I couldn't. I took him prisoner and handed him over to the authorities."

They all said what we often do, that no

one who had been through this war could ever be the same again; the entire mentality must change.

The boys listened with rapt attention, and later, when he was going to bed, the eldest one, Willy, said to me: "Why didn't he kill the wicked German, Danny, who had killed so many Frenchmen?"

This morning we hear the cannon distinctly, about twenty miles away, the "militaires" say. They went off early at four this morning to take food to the men in the trenches, near Soissons, and said it was infernal—the sky a blaze of fire, and the steady roar of the big guns. And here it is the Fête Dieu. The children came early to the garden and carried off as many roses as they could find, and one or two "reposoirs," dressed with flowers, have been arranged on the road on the route of the procession; and the girls in their white frocks will scatter roses before the sacrament "Le BON DIEU qui passe," as they say in the country, and all ought to be peaceful and smiling.

During the mass, every time there was a silence in the church we heard the long, steady growl of the cannon, and we wonder who will be missing at the roll-call.

We are taking the last train this evening for Paris. It would be impossible to travel in the daytime in this heat.

I am writing in my room, leaving *written* instructions to Mme. G. and the mayor as to what rooms I will give. I hear voices and laughter in the garden, and see the boys having a fine game of ball with Pinto, and Charlotte being photographed under the little "pergola C" by one of the young men. It has been curious and interesting living there three or four days with the army. It has brought us into such direct contact with the soldiers. We have thought and talked of nothing but the war. The autos and motor-cycles came in and out of the court-yard all day, and we always heard the rumble of the big auto-buses as they went backward and forward.

We sent our letters off by the military autos. They passed twice a day and took our letters, if we left them at the "poste." The postal service is very irregular, the telephone cut entirely, and the telegraph reserved for the army. It was MAREUIL under a very different aspect.

Our soldiers told us they expected and hoped to remain still ten days or a fortnight at Mareuil, and they would certainly take care of the property. We begged them to use the dining-room when we had gone. As long as we were there they dined outside in the court-yard under the office windows; but it didn't disturb us

at all, as they dined much earlier than we did. Mme. G. and the chauffeur did their cooking; and I imagine the chauffeur did ours too. They were all on the best of terms.

I wonder what the next turn of the wheel will bring, and when and how we shall see MAREUIL again!

THE MAD LADY

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD



CERTAINLY there was a house there, half-way up Great Hill, a mansion of pale cream-colored stone, built with pillared porch and wings, vines growing over some parts of it, a sward like velvet surrounding it; the sun was flashing back from the windows—but— Why? Why had none of the Godsdale people seen that house before? Could the work of building have gone on sheltered by the thick wood in front, the laborers and the materials coming up the other side of the hill? It would not be visible now if, overnight, vistas had not been cut in the wood.

The Godsdale people seldom climbed the hill; there were rumors of ill-doing there in long past days, there were perhaps rattlesnakes, it was difficult except from the other side, there was nothing to see when you arrived, and few ever wandered that way. Why any one should wish to build there was a mystery. As the villagers stared at the place they saw, or thought they saw, swarthy turbaned servitors moving about, but so far off as to be indistinct. In fact, it was all very indistinct; so much so that Parson Solewise even declared there was no house there at all. But when Mr. Duncceby, the schoolmaster, opened his spy-glass and saw a lady—who, he said, was tall, was dark, was beautiful, with flowing draperies about her of black and filmy stuff—come down the terrace-steps and enter a

waiting automobile that speedily passed round the scarp of the hill and went down the other side, the thing was proved. Mr. Ditton, the village lawyer, also saw it without having recourse to the spy-glass; but as Mr. Ditton had but lately had what he called a nip, and indeed several of them, he was in that happy state of sweet good nature which agrees with the last speaker.

Every day for several days, even weeks, the lady was seen to enter the automobile, and be taken round the side of the hill and down to the plain intersected by many roads and ending in a marsh bounded by the great river. The car would go some distance, and then, apparently at an order given through the long speaking-tube, would turn about and take a different course, only to be as quickly reversed and sent to another road on the right or on the left. Sometimes it would seem to certain of the adventurous youth coming and going on the great plain that the chauffeur remonstrated, but evidently the more she insisted, and the car went on swiftly in the new direction, wrecklessly plunging and rocking over deep-rutted places as if both driver and passenger were mad. Indeed, they came to call the woman the Mad Lady. She seemed to be on a wild search for something that lay she knew not where, or for the right road to it in all the tangle of roads. One day, it was Mr. Duncceby and Mr. Ditton who, coming from a fishing-trip—Mr. Ditton's flask quite empty—saw a ride which they

averred was the wildest piece of daredevilry ever known, or would have been but for the black tragedy at its end.

The car was speeding down Springwood way, as if running a race with the wind, when suddenly it swerved, backed, and turned about, going diagonally opposite into Blueberry lane, crossed over from that by a short cut to Commoners, only to reverse again—the lady inside, as well as they could see, giving contradictory and excited orders—and after one or two more turns and returns and zigzags, the car shot forward with incredible swiftness, as if the right way were found at last, straight down the long dike or causeway over which the farmers hauled their salt hay from the marsh in winter—the marsh now swollen to a morass by the high tides and recent rains. And then, as if in the accelerating speed the chauffeur found himself helpless, they saw the car bound into the air—at least Mr. Ditton did—the lady fling the door open, crying: “It is here! It is here!” pitching forward at the words and tossed out like a leaf, the chauffeur thrown off as violently, and all plunged into the morass, sucked down by the quicksand, and seen no more.

When a deputation of the Godsdale people, the constable, the parson, the schoolmaster, Mr. Ditton, and some others, climbed the path to Great Hill top, they found the house there quite empty, no living soul to be seen, and without furnishing of any kind. Was it possible that every one had absconded during the time in which the people had exclaimed and discussed and delayed, and that they had taken rugs and hangings and paintings and statuary with them? Or, as Parson Solewise conjectured, had there never been anything of the sort there? Yet there were others who, on returning to the village, vowed that the rich rugs, the soft draperies, the wonderful pictures they had seen were something not known by them to exist before, and that turbaned slaves were packing them away with celerity.

One thing certainly was strange: a wing of the house had vanished, the porch and the eastern wing were there, but there was no west wing; if there ever had been the grass was growing over it. The schoolmaster said it was due to the per-

spective; they would see it when down in the village again. And so they did. Mr. Ditton, however, went back to review the case; but, on the spot again, there was no western wing to that strange building.

The automobile was raised by some friendly hands, chiefly boys, cleansed, and taken up Great Hill and left in its place. After that, for some years the good people of Godsdale talked of the mansion, and marvelled, and borrowed the schoolmaster’s spy-glass to look at it. But at last it was as an old story, and half forgotten at that; and then one and another had died; and no one came to claim the place; and other things filled the mind.

It so chanced that Mary Solewise, the old parson’s daughter, one afternoon in her rambles with her lover, came out on the half-forgotten house and, stepping across the terrace, looked in at one of the windows that at a little distance had seemed to stare at them. Her lover was the young poet who had come to Godsdale for the sake of its quiet, that he might finish his epic to the resonance of no other noise than the tune in his thought. The epic is quite unknown now; but we all know and sing his songs, which are pieces of perfection. But he himself said Mary Solewise was the best poem he had found.

With a little money, some talent, and plenty of time, he was content till this song of Mary began to sing in his heart; and then when he found she was his for this life and all life to come, he found also that his small income needed to be trebled; it was too narrow a mantle to stretch over himself and Mary too. He could, after a fashion, make the little money sufficient, perhaps his verses would bring in something—verse had made more poets than Tennyson rich—but there was no roof to shelter her. And so in the midst of his happiness he was wretched. He could not enjoy the sunshine for fear of a weather-breeder. Of course if he chose to go back, if he chose to submit—but that sacrifice of honor was not to be dreamed. He lived in the hope that his epic would bring immediate fame and fortune, but, alas, his life and thought were so taken up by Mary that he could

not work on the epic at all. They went off and sat down on the edge of the terrace. The great house, in the flickering afternoon sunshine through the shadows of leaves, seemed to tremble. One felt it might melt away. There was to the poet something really appealing about it. "This forsaken place has a personality," he said. "It seems as if it were asking some one to come and companion it, to save it from itself and the doom of forsaken things."

It was very evidently, indeed, by way of falling to pieces: bricks had toppled from the chimney-stacks, spiders had spun their webs everywhere, and one might expect to find a brother to dragons in the great halls. "To live in it?" asked Mary. "Why, the very thing! Let the creepers cover all the main part and hold it up with their strong ropes if need be. But there in the east wing the rooms are reasonable. You have such a knack with carpentry and machines and things, you could turn that long window into a door, we could bolt off the main part—and—and there we are!"

"It is God-given!" said the lover. "But would you not be afraid of ghosts? This is a place to be known of these shadowy people."

"I would give anything to see one!" she exclaimed, and then began to shiver as if fearing to be taken at her word. Her hair had fallen down in her struggles with bushes and boughs and briars on the way up; she was braiding it in a shining rope of gold.

"It will grow and shroud you in gold in your grave," he said, passing a tress of it across his lips.

The color mounted in her cheeks, exquisite as that on a rose-petal; nothing could be more the opposite of ghostliness than she, the very picture of vital strength.

All at once it seemed to the poet that here was a way to put fresh being into this dead place, to suspend its decay, till it gathered force and new meaning and became instead of a suspected apparition a thing glowing with life. He went to the window and looked in; it gave way under his hand, and he stepped across. "This shall be the door," he said.

"And this the living-room," she replied. And they went through the wing.

"It is quite ample enough," he exclaimed.

"More than enough," she said.

"It will do very well," he continued. "I will come up with old Will and brooms and pails, and clear out the dust and cobwebs and litter, and mop and scour. I can do it."

"And I can help. Oh, how I can help!"

"Here will be your sewing-room. Here will be my writing-room—only you will sit there, too. Here is our own room. How fine a great fire roaring up this chimney will be! Here can be pantry and kitchen. See—there is water running from some spring higher up the hill. It is really quite perfect. Why did we never think of it before? No one claims it. We shall be married now the moment it is ready to receive a bride. A fine place, those great halls, for children to romp in. I hear them now with their piping silver voices!"

"And I will have a garden on this side, with rows of lilies, with rows of roses, with white sweet-william against blue larkspur, with gillyflowers and pansies—oh, why *didn't* we think of this before!"

"We will need some furnishing——"

"Not a great deal. Mother and father will give us things they don't use. And we can make tables and dressers—you can."

"And I shall be paid for my verses the *Magazine of Light* accepted, some time."

"And there is the old automobile—though I don't know if I would like to ride in that, even if I could."

"I think I can furbish it up. I'll take a look at it. I always had a way with tools. Oh, yes, you will like to ride in it. It won't be quite—the same—may need some new parts."

"But—the poor Mad Lady—won't we be afraid?"

"Of what? She wouldn't hurt us if she could, and she couldn't if she would. She will be glad to have her limousine give pleasure to a young wife and her adoring man-at-arms. Oh, Mary, we have a home! But it's too good to be true. Come, let us hurry down before the whole thing fades like a dream!"

The parson and the schoolmaster and Mr. Ditton all went up the next day to look over the possibilities, and they all

agreed that the plan was feasible. "The main building," said the schoolmaster, "could be used for a boarding-school,"

"A place for much revelry unseen by the curious. I wonder it has not been utilized," said Mr. Ditton. And then



The schoolmaster saw a lady with flowing draperies about her come down the terrace-steps.—Page 238.

and he pictured himself a delighted headmaster there in no time.

"A fine place for one of those retreats where people invite heaven into their souls," said the parson.

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they all did their kind best to help the poet and his sweetheart.

It was the prettiest wedding under the sun. All the village took note, and part

of the people followed the pleasant procession up the hill. They had turned out in a body two or three weeks before and made the path up the hill wide and smooth; and all the furnishings and belongings had been taken up some days ago. The bridegroom, dark and straight, prouder that morning than if the Iliad had been his achievement, walked with his wife who, a little pale, found some strength in leaning on his arm, her veil flowing about her, half veil, half scarf, the rose in her hair the beginning of a long garland of roses that the school-children had braided for her, that fell on her shoulder and trailed to her feet. A group of the children followed, marshalled by the schoolmaster, all prettily demure, but full of the suspended spirit of gambol and outcry. Then came the glad young friends and companions, and next them the parson and his wife, solemn as if they were ascending the mount of sacrifice, which indeed they were doing in giving their child to an almost unknown man. After these came all who wished them well sufficiently to climb the steep; while the music of a flute-blower went all the way along from the sheltering wood.

A passing cloud obscured the main building, but the sun lay full on the east wing, which seemed to give a smiling welcome. On the terrace was a fine banquet spread, and a wedding-cake for the bride to cut; and after the dainties had been enjoyed and Billy Biggs's pockets stuffed as full as his stomach, and the flute-blower had come out of the wood, they all swarmed through the east wing and over the great house; and the schoolmaster formed a class there and told them in his own way the story of a wedding where one of the guests, a person of deific quality, had turned jars of water into wine. "That," said he, "is what marriage does. It gives to those who have drunk only water the wine of life." It is to be doubted if the little people understood him, but the poet did.

After this came dancing; and presently sunset was casting ruby fires over all the world. And the old parson went to the new husband and wife, and blessed them as if all power were given him to bless, and he kissed them both, and led the way home.

Then Mary went inside and divested herself of her lovely finery, and made the tea, and they supped together, and then sat on the door-stone and watched the moon come up and silver the great morass in the distance; and at last they went inside, and the husband locked the door. "Oh," said Mary, "when I heard you turn the key I knew that we had left the world outside!"

"And that you and I are one!" said her husband.

The poet did not do much with his epic, after all, that year; but he gave us that charming masque of "Mornings in Arcady" that haunts its lovers as remembered strains of music do. And he made the beginnings of his wife's garden, and he wrought with his carpentry tools, and did some repairing on the motor-car; sooth to say, it needed a good deal of renewing, and it took all the amount of the check for his poem to replace the useless parts, and from other verses, too.

And by and by came the little child, as if a small angel had wandered out of heaven. And Mary began to have a strange foreboding about the main building, as of some baleful influence there that might harm the child. So her husband took the child with her and went all over the main building, and showed her there was nothing there but emptiness, not even gloom; for how could gloom live in a place flooded with sunshine through all its many windows? After the twin babies came, Mary had the clothes hung there to dry.

Sometimes now they had the flute-blower come up, and all their friends from the village, to make merry in the spacious places of the main building, which seemed to put on a brighter face in welcome. And again, when there was rumor of war the women gathered there to scrape lint and roll bandages, while their children played about. Sometimes in summer the Sunday-school received their lessons there and sang their hymns, and had their festa. And the poet had his wish of seeing his children at play there. Once in a while the visiting village children found themselves storm-bound there, staying for days together, and the wide rooms rang with their glad voices. The place was full of life.



Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"This shall be the door," he said. —Page 240.

One day when her mother was there, the poet came to his wife, heralded by a great puffing and blowing, sliding to the door in the motor-car. "It is quite regenerated," he said. "I have run it down the road and back to make assurance doubly sure. Now mother will keep the babies, and we will follow the poor Mad Lady's way. Oh, I have had motors before. I could have them again if I chose to accept the conditions."

"Oh, I shall be afraid!" she said.

"Of what?" he asked, as he had asked before. "The machine is all right. Shabby, but can go like blazes. A pity I had not attended to it when we first set up our gods here. What a thing it is to have a wife!" as she obediently took her seat.

"What a thing it is to have a limousine," she answered, "and a chauffeur!"

As the car slid along Mary idly took up the speaking-tube through which one gives orders to the man outside. It seemed to her that she heard murmurs in it like a voice. At first faint, then the murmurs swelled till they were not only distinct but startling. Mary dropped the tube, but caught it up again, and put it to her ear. It was a woman's voice evidently. "Down this way," it seemed to say. "No, no, try the first turn to the left. Oh, did I say the left? I mean the right. Don't go by it! Now straight ahead. Oh, stop, stop, let me think—this is not right! The Springwood way, the Commoners, now the third from the forks. Why should it be so difficult to reach the road where they bring in the hay? Oh, shall we never arrive? Shall we never find it? It might be lost! It might be water-soaked! It is at the roots of the big tree that leans over the marsh. Oh, here, here! Put on more speed! Hurry, hurry, faster! It is precious, it is priceless, lives depend upon it!"

It was Mary's turn to try to say "Stop!" But she could not bring herself to use that speaking-tube. She flung herself against the glass between herself and her husband. He turned and saw her terror, and stopped instantly. "What is it, what is it?" he cried. "Oh, Mary, what is the matter?"

"The car is haunted! By the Mad Lady's voice!" she exclaimed. "I hear it in the tube there! Oh, it is dreadful!"

"Nonsense, my darlingest! It is the wind you hear. Let me try it. I hear nothing. You see we are not moving now."

"Then move!" cried Mary, "and put your ear where you would hear me if I used it. I will go and sit with you."

She did so, and he reseated himself, and the car moved on, and the poet listened. "By George, it is saying something," he exclaimed presently. "'The third from the forks.' Why, that is just where we are. 'It is such a small thing it might be lost.' By George, Mary, what does this mean? There it goes again, 'Speed, hurry, hurry, it is precious, it is priceless, lives depend—' This is the weirdest thing I ever came across," he said, as he wiped his forehead. "Look here, suppose we obey the directions, go where she says and see what will happen?"

Mary was trembling in every limb; her teeth chattered, but she tried not to have it seen. They began to go forward, turning the corner, coming out on the straight road to the marsh.

It was a season of low tides, and except for a short but terrific thunder-storm there had been no rain for weeks, so that the marsh had visibly shrunk. "There's no danger, we won't go out on the marsh, of course. That chauffeur, the Mad Lady's, must have lost control, he was going at such a horrific rate, they say."

"There is the big tree on the edge!" cried Mary, still in a tremor, her very voice shaking.

"Let us look. We will find some sticks and turn up the earth," said her husband.

"Oh, it is the most awful thing!" murmured Mary. "I feel as if we were meddling in some terrible conspiracy, as if—as if——"

"As if the Prince of the Powers of the Air had it in for you. Never fear, sweetheart, I'm here."

He worked out the foot-rest of the car and began to break with it the soil about the roots of the tree. And then he saw that the earth had been torn up by a thunderbolt fallen there not long since, stripping the bark off the tree, too, but making his work more easy.

"There's nothing there at all!" cried Mary. "It's all our imagination."

"There's nothing like effort," he replied. "Aha, what is this?" And there resounded a slight metallic clang, and he wrenched out and brought to light a small japanned box covered with rust and mould.

"It may contain a fortune in precious stones," he said.

"She said it was priceless," Mary answered. But they had nothing with which to open it; and he turned the car and they went home, feeling as if they had a weight of lead with them.

The parson had come up for his wife, and was as interested as Mary and the poet. It took only a few minutes with a chisel to open the box. Inside was a fast-locked ebony casket. "It is too bad to break it," said Mary.

"There is nothing else to do," he said, prying it open. They found then a lock of curling hair, a slender gold ring, and a piece of thin parchment on which was written something illegible, neither name nor place being decipherable, but yet which had an air of marriage lines.

"Now what does this mean?" asked the poet. "A house takes shape out of the air apparently, a woman lives in it, and drives round wildly in search of this box that has perhaps been stolen from her, whose contents were needed to prove

innocence, descent, rights to property, and what-not, and loses her life searching for it. We must get out of this, Mary! The whole thing is a baseless fabric and will melt away, and for all I know melt us with it."

The schoolmaster and Mr. Ditton coming up on their afternoon stroll in which they usually discussed points of the cabala, had heard the poet's words. "You are doubting the stability of the house?" said the schoolmaster. "You need not. It is written in the Zohar that thought is the source of all that is, and searching the Sephiroth we find that matter is only a form of thought. In fact the soul builds the body——"

"Many a castle in the air has been made solid by putting in the underpinning," said Mr. Ditton.

"My children," said the parson, "if the Mad Lady was able to project herself and her palace to this spot, for reasons of her own, you have projected into it yourselves. Your innocent and happy lives have filled it with vitality, and have fixed a dream into a home. It is as strong as the foundations of the earth. Stay here in safety, the house and the home are permanent. The poor Mad Lady! Come, wife."

But Mary was still trembling a little.





Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

The Race.

REMATING TIME

II

THE HAPPY DIVORCE. SHOWING HOW TRUE MATES WHO HAD
BEEN MISMATED WERE AT LAST REMATED

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH



ORDINARILY even the kindest husband is unsympathetic when his wife announces her engagement to be married, but when Mary led her fiancé, the blushing Bill, to her husband, and shyly told him that she had found great happiness, Leonard beamed upon the attractive pair and gave them his blessing. For he, too, yearned for sympathy and approbation. "My dear," he said to his wife, "I understand just how you feel about it. I also have pleasant news," and turning he bowed gallantly to Bill's wife, who had modestly remained in the background.

Evadne lowered her beautiful eyelashes. "Yes, duckie," she murmured in sweet confusion to her present husband as she clung to the arm of her future husband, "we wanted you two dear people to be the first to know of it."

"Well, well!" cried Bill, turning to his own betrothed; "Mary, I always thought that you were wonderful—now I am sure of it!" For she had predicted this very coincidence.

Yes, to all of them it was, as it were, a beautiful dream coming true. They looked at one another as if still in a strange vision of unreality. Then they looked away again. No one knew just what to say next; until Mary suddenly remembered that it was her turn and Bill's to offer congratulations to Leonard and Evadne, which they now did right heartily. "Be good to her, my boy," said Bill, a conventional fellow; "be good to her!"

The poet intimated to Bill with manly earnestness that so long as he had breath in his body it would be the one object of his existence to prove himself worthy of Bill's wife. And so with mutual felicita-

tions and friendly banter they all wended their way homeward together through the sheltering woods in the fragrant fading twilight to dress for dinner.

Engaged couples are all alike in wanting their friends to go and do likewise, but in this instance, in addition to the ordinary gratification each felt at seeing his or her nearest and dearest friend happy—and well fixed—there was also a double sense of relief, for each pair had naturally dreaded telling the other. Not that either had anything to be ashamed of; all four of these mismated persons had been honorable and upright. They still were. They meant to remain so. But being also kind and considerate, they did not like to cause each other pain by getting engaged. For had they not caused each other enough already? Yes, by getting married.

But, as in the case of so many of life's anticipated ordeals, the obstacles to remarriage had magically vanished for the time being, and all the beautiful world now seemed so full to the brim with their great happiness that there was no room left for the ugly little passion of jealousy. And yet the unkind world's dishonest attitude toward getting unmarried always makes honesty and kindness so difficult—as they were to discover later. But, like all true lovers in the first rosy glow of gladness, they liked even the unworthy world and thought it a suitable place to live in.

II

"ISN'T love wonderful!" sighed Leonard ecstatically as he hooked his wife's dress.

"And what a blessing," returned Mary as she buttoned his collar for him, "what a blessing in disguise that you and I never

really loved each other! Raise your chin a little higher, dear."

"Precisely," agreed her husband, raising his chin a little higher. "That would somehow make this wrong. As it is, it makes it right! The only wrong we ever committed was marriage. Do you know, Mary, I never really understood the difference between right and wrong until this very day. Evadne showed me. Thanks, I can fix the tie."

Mary nodded understandingly. "Billy has taught her much," she said. "Oh, Leonard, isn't he splendid? So stalwart, so strong!"

"Yes," said Leonard, adding, "yes, indeed," and putting the finishing touches on his tie—"he certainly is."

Mary, having a true woman's tact, hastily added, "Evadne is such a dear, she has had such a softening influence on him. He used to be hard and domineering."

"I see," said Leonard.

There was a little pause.

"Mary, are you quite sure you never really loved me?"

"I am—now," she whispered, a wonderful new light in her ardent eyes, "quite, quite sure."

He had always admired her eyes, and turning he brushed his hair vigorously.

But, if he felt the polygamous pang, he had gained character enough through monogamy to control it—the triumph of civilization.

"Mary," asked Leonard, having finished brushing his hair, "why did you ever marry me?"

"For the same reason that you married me," answered Mary, picking out a handkerchief; "I did not marry my mate, the man I really loved, so I married the man I told myself I loved."

Leonard nodded sympathetically. It was the simple truth. Many marriages are made in that way, but very few married people are free to tell the truth about it. This happy pair could actually be honest without being unkind. They looked at each other with new eyes, opened and unashamed. A strange peace fell upon them, the peace of perfect understanding.

"And have I really a right," asked Leonard in a low, vibrant voice, "to say, 'I do not love you'?"

"No one has a better right," murmured Mary, giving him a look of complete trust.

That was true, too. And yet it all seemed too good to be true.

"Mary," said Leonard, opening the door for her, "I feel as if we had begun to know each other for the first time. I shall miss you dreadfully, dear."

"You must write often," said Mary, lingering at the threshold.

"I hope you will be very, very happy in your new life, Mary."

"I shall follow your career with deepest interest, Leonard"; she held out her hand. He pressed it to his lips. She started down the stairs.

"But, Mary, wait!" said Leonard. She stopped. They faced each other. "Aren't we to see each other sometimes? Don't put me out of your life entirely."

"Never fear," whispered his wife over her shoulder; "we shall never drift apart entirely. We still have much in common—the dear children, Leonard."

Mutual understanding, common interest, full sympathy, and complete respect—very few husbands and wives were in more perfect accord than this pair about to be divorced—for the benefit not only of those immediately concerned but of society, which is still more concerned.

And so, with the peace of conscience which comes only of consecration to duty, husband and wife descended the broad staircase arm in arm to the mellow, tapestry-hung hall where, by a crackling fire, the other honest couple were waiting to give them a glad welcome.

III

Now this was all very beautiful and idyllic, but it was not divorce. The time had come for action.

It goes without saying that all four of these high-minded persons wanted nothing unpleasant about their respective and respectable divorces. But the laws of the land were not made for high-minded people but for low-minded people.

"After all it's a practical world," as was well said by Bill, the business man, now seated at the head of the congenial dinner-table.

"Yes, and this is a practical proposi-



Drawn by Henry Raleigh.

"Be good to her, my boy," said Bill; "be good to her!"—Page 247.

tion," said Leonard, looking as business-like as he could.

"So let's get right down to business," said Bill incisively. He was a man of action and had great executive ability. No wonder Mary admired him.

"Where there's a will there's a way," murmured Mary, as she returned the pressure of his hand under the table.

"Love will find a way," whispered Evadne to Leonard, as her dainty slipper sought his instep, engaged couples being all alike.

"Well, there's no time like the present," said Bill, taking the bull by the horns; "on what grounds shall we be divorced? What do you say, Leonard?"

"It seems to me," said the poet gallantly, "that we might better refer the question to the ladies."

The two wives looked at each other, then at their husbands, and finally at their future husbands. It was a hard question.

"What would you say to cruelty?" said Mary to Evadne.

Silvery laughter (which thrilled Leonard) was the answer. "That would be too absurd! My husband is the kindest fellow in the world," she said.

"So's mine!" retaliated Mary, "but, as your husband says, this is a practical world."

"But we have the best grounds in the world for separating," cried impractical Evadne. "We don't love our husbands; they don't love us."

"That shows how little you know the world," returned her husband; "that's the one thing we can't get divorced for."

"I have it!" cried the poet enthusiastically; "non-support! My wife, at least, can honestly say I don't support her."

"Humph!" said Bill, "so can mine! As a matter of fact, you always supported your wife until recently, whereas I never supported mine at all. But it isn't a question of being honest, but of being lawful. We have never sought to avoid our legal responsibilities, we have never treated our wives badly in any way. If we had blackened their eyes, or if they had played us false, we should have an easy time of it. As it is now, our cases would be indignantly thrown out of court. So non-support won't go either."

That gave them pause. The future looked bad because their past had been good. This matter of getting divorced was not the simple detail it seemed only that afternoon during love's young dream.

"I'm afraid it is necessary to do something," said Mary courageously. "Would desertion be agreeable to the rest of you?"

"Fine!" shouted Bill, "that's practical."

"Wonderful!" cried Leonard; "I knew my wife would find a way."

"Desertion would be agreeable to all of us, I'm sure," put in Evadne, not to be outdone.

"The question now arises," said Bill, for in the stress and strain of this crisis he became the natural leader, "shall you girls desert us, or shall we desert you?" He addressed this question to his wife, as seemed proper under the circumstances, but as it happened she was oblivious of her husband for the moment, gazing with a wonderful look in her eyes at Bill's future wife's husband, Leonard. "Evadne, wake up," said Bill, rapping on the table, "do you want to get divorced or not?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, dear; what were you saying?"

No wonder she drove him to drink at times. So vague, so maddening, so lacking in Mary's good plain common sense. But, like Leonard, like Evadne herself, like all of them, he had learned patience. So, very gently, he repeated his question: "Do you want to desert me, Baby, or shall I desert you?"

"Just as you say, little Billee," she replied amiably, and turned her attention to the poet again, confident that her divorce was in good hands, for her efficient husband always attended to practical details, like checking baggage and changing cars. She did not like practical details. He loved them.

"If I may suggest," said Mary to Bill, and now leaving the hopelessly impractical pair out of the discussion entirely, "there are no two sides to this question. You and Leonard will, of course, desert Evadne and me."

But Leonard overheard. "I beg your pardon!" he cried, springing to his feet,



"Isn't love wonderful!" sighed Leonard ecstatically as he hooked his wife's dress.—Page 247.

instincts of chivalry outraged, "we shall do nothing of the sort!"

"Wait a moment, wait a moment!" put in Mary, for she knew how to fix him. "Leonard, I'm sure you would do even that for our sakes. You see, if we deserted you, you would have to bring suit against us, and that would not be gallant. Sit down, dear, and leave it all to Bill and me."

Leonard sat down. "Oh, I see," he said; "you are right, Mary; you are always right."

"Isn't your wife wonderful!" whispered Evadne.

"Ah, but so is your husband," said Leonard. "They were just made for each other."

Bill rapped for order again. "So that's all settled," he announced like a



"I beg your pardon!" he cried, springing to his feet, "we shall do nothing of the sort."—Page 250.

man of action. "Leonard and I will do the deserting and our wives will do the suing."

It seemed a proper division of labor.

Thus a difficult situation was bravely met, frankly discussed, and finally solved.

"Now for the minor details," Bill resumed. "There is no time like the present. The girls had better leave for Nevada to-morrow. Understand, Baby?"

"No, I don't at all," Evadne replied, her soft brow puckered; "you just said that you boys were going to desert *us*."

"We are, we are," said her husband patiently. "So do just as I say and have your trunks all packed up by luncheon to-morrow."

"But if we are to be deserted," said Evadne, toying with her coffee-cup, "why should we pack up and leave? Why

don't you go?" She was a true woman and loved her home.

"Because—don't you see?" cried Bill, controlling himself with difficulty, "then you could not sue us for desertion!"

"But why not, if you desert us?"

"Because desertion is not grounds for divorce in this State. Therefore, to sue us for desertion *you* must desert, and we must stay at home."

This made it clear to her, and it was so decided. For they were determined to respect the law. The law is the bulwark of civilization, and is opposed to honesty in such matters just as much as to decency. As there was no decent way to be divorced in their State, they had to be dishonest in order to remain decent.

The next day there was a touching scene at parting. It seemed a pity to be parted, but they were philosophical and made the best of it, to wit: the two suing wives were to share not only their sorrows but a house together out west, which businesslike Bill secured for them by telegraph; and the two deserting husbands were to stay together at Evadne's house so as to bear each other company in comfort.

It seemed a practical plan, for Mary would need all the money Leonard could raise on his life-insurance in order to divorce him and support the children at the same time. Moreover, there was naught to offend the poet's pride in accepting his future wife's hospitality, since it was his insurance money that was to make her his future wife. Besides, there should be no sordid considerations of money between those who truly love. They had made that mistake once before and it nearly wrecked their lives. Bill had just as much pride as Leonard and yet he did not hesitate to live at Evadne's house, though he and she did not love each other at all. They were merely man and wife.

Well, the two deserting husbands came down to the train to bid the two abandoned wives God-speed, each husband laden down with presents of flowers and candy and books for the other's wife. Leonard had been of invaluable aid to Bill in the selection of these gifts, and likewise Bill to Leonard. "No, old man," said the poet, "I shouldn't give

her that. My wife doesn't care for trashy novels." And in reciprocation, Bill: "Mixed bonbons. She's outgrown her love for chocolates since you first knew her. In fact, they always give her indigestion."

But each had brazenly bought a little present for his own wife too, and when the moment for parting came all four bade an affectionate farewell, not only to his or her friend's wife or husband, but to his or her own. If lovers' partings are sweet sadness, think how much more poignant it is to separate not only from your true mate but your true spouse at the same time and train.

"I don't see how I can do without you, dear!" said Leonard, his beautiful blinking eyes averted.

"Oh, Bill will look after you," said Mary confidently.

"I don't mean you, dear," said Leonard hastily, "I mean you, dear." Then, realizing all that his good wife meant to him, he added considerably, and truthfully too, as he looked from one to the other of these splendid women, "I don't see how I can do without either of you, you dear sweet things, you." Yes, Leonard loved all women.

"Ah, but it's only for a few months," whispered the woman, the one woman, he wanted for his very own; "and think, my poet, of all the many, many years we have waited for each other."

And at that Mary and Bill nodded sympathetically, for had not they too suffered? Ah, yes, they knew and they could understand. For that matter, the onlooking other passengers thought that they too understood. Travellers are invariably interested in the farewells of fiancés. All the world loves a lover.

"Billy, dear," said Mary, just before the train started, "don't forget to make Leonard wear his rubbers—he's so frightfully absent-minded."

"Don't worry, Mary," he answered; "I'd do anything for your sake, even take care of your husband. By the way"—he lowered his voice—"my wife's such a flighty person. You are so sensible. Don't let her fall a victim to any of those mining promoters out there."

Evadne laughed and made a face at her present husband, which utterly bewitched

her future husband. "Leonard," she said, "do keep an eye on Bill. Remember, only two Scotches at dinner." Then she added, for fear this reference to good old Bill's failing might hurt him, "I really don't think he'll be so bad now that I'm not there to drive him to it." And this time her low laugh was like spun gold to the poet.

"I'll do my best," said Leonard, throwing a protecting arm about Bill's shoulder for Evadne's sake.

And then, as the train drew out, the two wives weeping and waving their handkerchiefs and the deserted, though deserting, husbands resolutely smiling and waving their hats, Leonard breathed a deep sigh and gripped Bill's arm.

"Isn't she wonderful!" he said ecstatically.

"Which one?"

"Both," proclaimed the poet.

IV

UPON a lovely day in June, when the robins were building their nests and all nature was glad, the day the divorce decrees were signed, a pretty double wedding was celebrated at the city hall.

The two happy pairs blithely tossed a coin to see which should be married first. Bill and Mary won, so Leonard acted as

Bill's best man, with Evadne as matron of honor to Mary, and then the other way around.

Ah, such happiness you never saw!

The best and most lasting happiness always comes after suffering.

Each new husband embraced his new wife. Then the new wives embraced each other. And then the two husbands—well, as they couldn't very well kiss each other, they kissed each other's wives instead, that is to say, each kissed his former wife quite as if they had not been divorced, except that it was now done with zest and sincerity.

Then, with many a heartfelt "God bless you," each couple went its way rejoicing, not only in its own happiness, which would be selfish, but also in that truest joy, the joy of making others happy.

Thus each, with new hope, new courage, and a new spouse, took up the broken threads of life and bravely began a new start, despite the difficulties put in their paths by society's laws, customs, and ideals. It was the triumph of right over wrong.

Therefore, many blessings ensued. Bill stopped drinking, Leonard resumed writing, Mary grew young and rosy, Evadne grew radiant and contented.

For true mates who had been mismated were now remated.

(To be concluded in March.)

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT is an inestimable advantage to a country for it to possess one or more heroes whose virtues are beyond reproach and whose vices do not need to be explained away. For example, we Americans may count ourselves fortunate beyond other peoples because the two foremost figures in our history are of clear renown. Washington was not

the marble demigod of popular legend, but a very human man, capable of wrath and on occasion of the profanity whereby wrath relieves itself. Lincoln is even more

human, with the pungent humor which alleviated his abiding melancholy.

They had their faults, no doubt, but they abide our question. We can assure ourselves that they were "towers of strength, foursquare to all the winds that blow"; and we know that "whatever records leap to light they never shall be shamed." Each in his turn was a "strong, still man in a blatant land"; and Washington, no less than Lincoln, "was a type of the true elder race." We may gaze at either and feel that "one of Plutarch's men talked with

us face to face." No American lad will go wrong if he patterns himself upon the one or the other. And even though they led us in turn through the darkness and the danger of prolonged war they were neither of them soldiers by profession, even if Washington was on occasion a soldier by necessity. They were both abidingly peace-loving and their final victories were civic.

So far as we can judge at this dim distance the earliest of the national heroes of England, Alfred, was a man of like character, a man of valor and sagacity and capacity, a man of patience and resource, a worthy model for the youth of all time, in his own country and out of it. Yet the fame of Alfred has necessarily faded with the passage of time; and there are later British heroes of a less unspotted renown, although perhaps of a more audacious and compelling individuality. The Black Prince is one and Henry the Fifth is another, men of might, picturesque personalities, seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth and not free from the customary vices of the military hero. In their conduct they were no better and no worse than other soldiers of their own day; and we are willing enough to listen to the pleas which may be urged in their exculpation. Alfred, however, needed no defense, and his fame abides without deduction.

It may be disputable whether Cromwell is a national hero or only a party leader; but it is beyond dispute that when we study his character and consider his career we find that we need to make allowances, and not a few of them. As for Nelson, the latest commanding figure in the history of the British Empire, what shall be said of him? He was the greatest of sea fighters, no doubt, yet looked at merely as a man he is disclosed as a pitiful creature, vain, egotistic, selfish, avid of glory, insubordinate, intolerant of control, and regardless of the elementary dictates of domestic morality. His genius was his own; it perished with him; it cannot be transmitted by imitation; and his character, no matter how we seek to palliate it, affords no pattern for the youth of the island unconquered because of his skill and his prowess as an admiral.

It may be questioned whether the French are any more fortunate in their heroes than the British. There is Henry of Navarre,

first and foremost, endowed with qualities endearing to the Gallic temper, making war as gayly and as ardently as he made love. But is not Henry IV, like Cromwell, rather a party-leader than a truly national hero? Richelieu is a more representative figure, even if he had to patch the lion's skin (in which the hero is expected to wrap himself) with the hide of the less scrupulous fox. Richelieu made the throne of France solid for Louis XIV, a most unheroic leader of men, a great king it may be, but a small man physically, mentally, morally—the least promising pattern that any one could copy, as a host of German princelings and kinglets found to their cost and to the enduring misery of their peoples. The most outstanding personality in the history of France in the past two hundred years is Napoleon; and Napoleon was not a Frenchman either by nativity or by character. Though he led the armies of the French Republic to glorious conquest, as he was later to lead the armies of the French Empire to inglorious defeat, he was never a representative of the French people; rather was he what Taine termed him—a belated survival of the predatory tyrant of the Italian Renaissance. When all is said the noblest and the most typical of the heroes of France is a heroine, Jeanne d'Arc. And it is not easy to propose as a model to the young men of France the character or the career of the Maid of Orleans.

THE Spanish have for their adoration the Cid, who has not a few weak spots in his armor. The Dutch can rightly admire the sturdy and stalwart William of Orange. The Swiss can give devotion to William Tell, regardless of any doubt as to whether he ever existed; and even if Tell is a myth, at least Arnold von Winkelried was a man. Russia may hesitate before paying homage either to Peter or to Catherine, mighty monarchs both of them, empire-builders, deserving well of their people, but impossible as patterns even to the sovereigns who succeeded them. It is interesting to speculate on the exact weight of the influence these racial heroes may have exerted upon their royal successors and also on the exact extent of the pressure of the example they set upon the humbler mem-

Idols with Clay Feet

bers of the race. Yet even if this speculation may be interesting it is not likely to lead to any solid result. The experts in experimental psychology have invented many ingenious appliances and have devised many subtle tests for the evaluation of our unsuspected predilections and peculiarities; not yet have they been able to set up any machine delicate enough to measure the hidden effects of hero-worship in the successive generations of a nation's life.

Perhaps it is in Germany that this national hero-worship has been most persistent and most insistent, and it is in Germany that its effects are most clearly disclosed. There are only two personalities which stand out in the history of Germany in the last two hundred years. They are the great king who made Prussia and the great chancellor who united Germany. Frederick was one of the half-dozen greatest soldiers in all the long history of war; and Bismarck was one of the most sagacious as he was one of the most successful masters of statecraft. That they both possessed commanding powers of mind is beyond discussion; and no one can question that they both demand regard for their services in the strengthening and solidifying of their native land. It is no wonder that later kings of Prussia have loudly proclaimed their resolution to pattern themselves upon Frederick the Great; and it is a pity that later chancellors of Germany have not more carefully modelled their conduct of public affairs upon Bismarck's.

If we feel safe in believing that whatever records leap to light Washington and Lincoln never shall be shamed, the German can entertain no such belief in regard to Frederick or to Bismarck. The records that shame Bismarck and Frederick leaped

to light at their own will. The great chancellor was no hypocrite; and he had no hesitation in avowing that he had tampered with the text of a document for the deliberate purpose of bringing about a war for which Prussia was prepared and for which France was not prepared. The great king was equally frank. As Macaulay has put it, Frederick "pretended to no more virtue than he had," and the English historian quotes the German king's own words—"ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day, and I decided for war."

As a result of this decision, "the whole world sprang to arms," and the verdict that Macaulay passed upon this act has been the verdict of mankind. "On the head of Frederick is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and in order that he might rob a neighbor whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the Great Lakes of North America." This abides as the verdict of humanity, although Carlyle vainly moved to have it set aside, adopting the tone of hectoring bluster appropriate to a police-court attorney trying to becloud the issue in the hope of setting free a defendant whom he knows to be guilty.

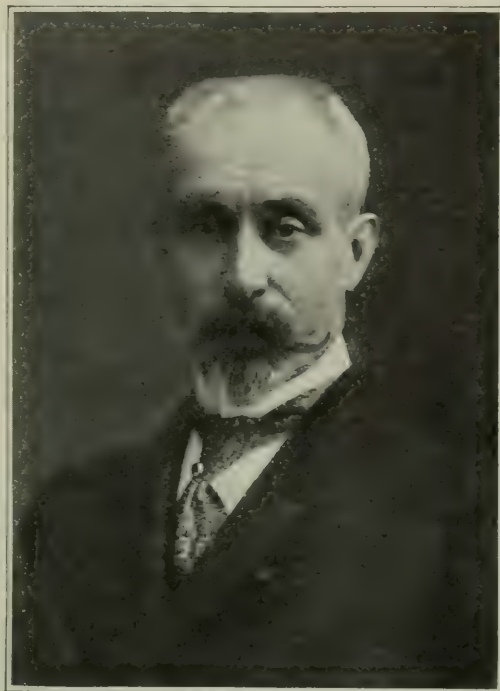
Bismarck was born on April 1 and Frederick was born on January 24, and both days are held in honor by the Germans. But, when all is said, these anniversaries lack not a little of the loftiness of February 22 and of February 12.



· THE FIELD OF ART ·

A BELGIAN SCULPTOR

IN a corner of the atelier of Godefroid Devreese, at Brussels, is a group of figures that, in certain aspects, is perhaps the most significant of the Belgian sculptor's work. The statement is, to be sure, hesitant, and hedged about by many saving qualifications, since it is by no means the most important work that has come from the artist's hands, nor does it represent him in the plenitude of his powers. But, the question of its intrinsic interest and artistic value wholly apart, it is significant as showing the point from which the sculptor set out on his long and honorable career. For it is youth, it is joy, it is—Flanders. The mass is formed by a huge tun surmounted by a Flemish piper, and at his feet, round and round, circle the peasants to whom he is piping the "Boerendans." It depicts a living scene that has characterized the Flemish kermesse for centuries, and it shows, with Flemish abandon, that life the Flemish folk have so unrestrainedly lived, down through the centuries. It is, in many of its moods, a life of free, whole-hearted gayety, impossible to any other northern race; it is as objective, if not as graceful, as that of the Greeks, and as joyous, though doubtless not so uninterruptedly joyous, as we like to think that of the French or the Italians. It is, to be sure, a joy wholly material, the joy of eating, of drinking, of mad and fiddling frolic, the life that Jordaens and Steen and Teniers had such evident gusto in reproducing. The "Boerendans" of Mr. Devreese is of their *genre*, and he is, or was before he became wholly and originally himself, of their line, in direct descent.



Godefroid Devreese.

All of this is but a manner of saying that what I like best in the work of this conscientious realist is that he took the life he found about him, and reproduced it honestly, with that sincerity which is the first requisite of any art, and if he did it with a touch of humor, it was always with a reverent, un-

derstanding humor, wholly loving. This humor is in the "Boerendans," and the artist has kept its original cast beside him through all the long years of his labors. The same touch of humor, too, is in the quaint figures of the dry, droll fishermen, one of which is to be seen in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris. The artist renews his acquaintance with these fishermen every summer when he goes for his holiday. It is a holiday only in that it is a change of scene—he leaves the gray light of his lofty studio for the more luminous light of the Belgian lit-

toral. He never goes far from home and he never rests; he stays in Flanders and he works incessantly. He has found art enough at home, where any one may find it; he has made it his life, and for a third of a century he has toiled faithfully and honestly, evermore taking pains.

Flemish though he is, and Flemish must remain in character and in expression, it is not to say that he has not developed beyond his origin, or that in his daily toil he has not had his reward in those visions that come with the broadening of the artist's spirit. He has had the refining influence of contact with the French school; and in this he has remained the avatar of his land, for Belgium is what it is because of the contact of the Flemish spirit with the French—sometimes, it must be confessed, because of the conflict between the two. The in-

tensively cultivated civilization and the refining influence of the French spirit is shown in all of Mr. Devreese's later work, as, to select a typical instance, in his "La Dentelière." To feel this growth, this transition, one has but to compare the earlier figures



"Boerendans"—Flemish kermesse.

of the fishermen, for instance, with this of the lace-maker, her pillow before her, swiftly, deftly plying her bobbins—if that is what they are—in another art the Flemish long ago mastered; this influence is revealed in the gentle grace, the pensive delicacy with which the happy result is wrought. There is in this later work more discipline, more restraint, more of human dignity than in the earlier work, just as these qualities are more in evidence in the work of any French painter of the last quarter of a century than they were in Teniers or others of the somewhat too robust school of Flan-

ders. The process in Mr. Devreese comes to its final effect in the massive marble vase that adorns the grounds of the old château of Mariemont, that beautiful park which Rodin and other contemporary artists have adorned with their works as their forerunners of the Louis adorned it in their times. The vase is ornamented by a relief of bacchanalian figures; it is the "Boerendans" all over again, purified, refined, elevated and chastened in spirit, marking the long way the artist has come.

The works of Mr. Devreese are to be seen all over his native land. One encounters them everywhere in the capital that was made beautiful by the inspiration and the restless energy of Leopold II. There are, for instance, the enormous sea-horses and the monstrous triton on the Guild House of the Boatmen in the Grande Place; the ornamental fountain of the Botanical Gardens; the fantastic animals and the lovely fountain in the garden at the Mont des Arts;



Figures on the fountain, Mont des Arts, Brussels.

the Apollo at the King's summer palace at Laeken. And then there are his striking Chimères on the monument in the great Boulevard Anspach, that bears the name of

that burgomaster whose artistic appreciation not only preserved for Brussels so many of the results of her past art, but prefigured her future in such a way that she might continue to be built along the lines



Medals made for the Numismatic Society of New York.

that would best express her communal life and the artistic aspirations of a proud, free city. Mr. Devreese, too, modelled the figures for the monument at Henricot at Court St. Etienne—an old mechanician instructing his young apprentice, a thoughtful group of manifold implications.

But perhaps his chef-d'œuvre, the piece of his own work that he himself likes best—unless it is the bust of his father or, it may be, even that “Boerendans” which he did so long ago in the enthusiasm of his youth—is the monument that he made to commemorate the battle of the Golden Spurs, at Courtrai. It is a proud monument, commemorating a proud moment in the history of his native city, and the sculptor himself is proud to have

obtained the commission, not because it was the city of his birth, but only after a competition in which all the principal artists of his land participated.

Mr. Devreese was born in Courtrai, the 19th August, 1861. His father, Constant Devreese, was a sculptor of distinction before him, and it was in his father's studio that he had his first lessons. He left his native province at the age of twenty, and completed his studies, so well begun under the paternal tutelage, at the Académie Royale des Beaux Arts, in Brussels, and he had as a teacher, at first the old master of his father, Eugene Simonis, and afterward Charles van der Stappen, the distinguished Brussels sculptor, who was an intimate friend of Roty.

When the name of Roty is mentioned one thinks of medals. The beautiful art of the *médailleur* is scarcely appreciated in other lands than those of France and Belgium, and in this branch of sculpture—if

it is sculpture—Mr. Devreese has found a most congenial and delicate means of expression, a *métier* in which he has had a



“Chimères”—on the Anspach Monument, Brussels.

brilliant success. In this work especially has he indubitably felt the effects of the French school. The art of the *médailleur*, in the renaissance it has enjoyed of late

years, has found in Belgium a particularly congenial soil. The whole history of Belgium may be said, indeed, to have been told in medals, and there is much history in Belgium to be told. Mr. Devreese was chosen among all the medallists of the world to receive the special prize of three



Marble vase in the park of the château of Mariemont.

thousand dollars, and to model the commemorative medal for the exposition of 1909 of the Numismatic Society of New York, an organization which, under the influence of Mr. Huntington, has done so much to extend the knowledge and appreciation of this beautiful art in our own country, and has helped to enhance the artistic quality of our coins, since Saint-Gaudens modelled the new gold pieces, and Mr. Brenner engraved on the pennies of our land that noble head of Lincoln.

Mr. Devreese has won many other prizes in various other artistic tournaments, exhibited in most of the expositions during recent years. He bore away the second prize of Rome for sculpture in 1885, and four years later he obtained, by unanimous choice, the first prize for sculpture after nature in the triennial *concours* of the Académie Royale des Beaux Arts at Brussels. He exhibited at the salon in Paris, and since

1885 has been a member of the National Society of Beaux Arts of France.

In 1910 he was charged by the Belgian Government to engrave the effigy of King Albert on the new gold and silver coins, and the King has decorated him with the Order of Leopold II.

I have insisted, and I think not too strongly, on the patient industry of this artist. It is one of the secrets of his success. And any day he may be found at his work. The shock-headed boy, responsive like all Flemish boys to the appellation of "Manneke," who opens the door to the visitor in the rue des Ailes, in the faubourg of



"The Lace-Maker."

Schaerbeek, will push back the heavy curtain and there, in the lofty atelier, reveal the kindly little man with the gray hair, gray mustache and imperial, and the blue eyes that smile so humorously and see so much of life—so much that is beautiful, so much that is amusing, so much that is consoling, so much, even, that is hopeful. All about him are the trophies of his industry and his art, and in his vigor, his enthusiasm, his democratic spirit there is the promise of other, perhaps even better, things to come.

BRAND WHITLOCK.



Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Sidney H. Riesenberg.

Standing figures, left to right: Col. Orville E. Babcock, Maj.-Gen. E. O. C. Ord, Col. Horace Porter, Col. Charles Marshall.
Seated figures, left to right: Brev. Maj.-Gen. J. G. Barnard, Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, Col. T. S. Bowers, Col. E. S. Parker, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

**GENERAL LEE ACCEPTS TERMS OF SURRENDER IN THE MCLEAN HOUSE,
APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865.**

[American Historical Events, Frontispiece Series.]

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THE BIRD REFUGES OF LOUISIANA

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERBERT K. JOB AND J. H. COQUILLE



ON June 7, 1915, I was the guest of my friend John M. Parker, of New Orleans, at his house at Pass Christian, Mississippi. For many miles west, and especially east, of Pass Christian, there are small towns where the low, comfortable, singularly picturesque and attractive houses are owned, some by Mississippi plant-

ers, some by city folk who come hither from the great Southern cities, and more and more in winter time from the great Northern cities also, to pass a few months. The houses, those that are isolated and those in the little towns, stand in what is really one long row; a row broken by long, vacant reaches, but as a whole stretching for sixty miles, with the bright waters of the Gulf lapping the beach in front of them, and behind them leagues of pine forest. Between the Gulf and the waters lies a low ridge or beach of white sand. It is hard to make anything grow in this sand; but the owners of the houses have succeeded, using dead leaves and what manure is available; and in this

leaf-mould the trees and grasses and flowers grow in profusion. Long, flimsy wooden docks stretch out into the waters of the Gulf; there is not much bad weather, as a rule, but every few years there comes a terrible storm which wrecks buildings and bridges, destroys human lives by the thousand, washes the small Gulf sailing craft ashore, and sweeps away all the docks.

Our host's house was cool and airy, with broad, covered verandas, and mosquito screens on the doors and the big windows. The trees in front were live-oaks; and others of his own planting—magnolias, pecans, palms, and a beautiful mimosa. The blooming oleanders and hydrangeas were a delight to the eye. Behind, the place stretched like a long ribbon to the edge of the fragrant pine forest, where the long-leaved and loblolly pines rose like tall columns out of the needle-covered sand. Five pairs of mocking-birds and one pair of thrashers had just finished nesting; at dawn, when the crescent of the dying moon had risen above the growing light in the east, the mockers sang wonderfully, and after a while the thrasher chimed in. Only the singing of nightingales where they are plentiful, as in some Italian woods, can compare in strength and ecstasy and passion, in volume and intricate change and continuity, with the challenging love-songs of many mockers, rivalling one another, as they perch and balance and spring upward and float downward through the branches of live-

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oak or magnolia, after sunset and before sunrise, and in the warm, still, brilliant moonlight of spring and early summer.

There were other birds. The soldierly looking red-headed woodpeckers, in their striking black, red, and white uniform, were much in evidence. Gaudy painted finches, or "nonpareils," were less conspicuous only because of their small size. Blue jays had raised their young in front of the house, and, as I was informed, had been successfully beaten off by the mockers and thrashers when they attempted assaults on the eggs and nestlings of the latter. Purple martins darted through the air. King-birds chased the big grackles and the numerous small fish-crows—not so very much bigger than the grackles—which uttered queer, hoarse croakings. A pair of crested flycatchers had their nest in a hollow in a tree; the five boldly marked eggs rested, as usual, partly on a shed snake skin. How, I wonder, through the immemorial ages, and why, did this particular bird develop its strange determination always, where possible, to use a snake's cast-off skin in building its nest? Every season, I was told, this flycatcher nested in the same hollow; and every season the hollow was previously nested in by a tufted titmouse. Loggerhead shrikes were plentiful. Insects were their usual food, but they also pounced on small birds, mice, and lizards, and once on a little chicken. They impale their prey on locust thorns and on the spines of other trees and bushes; and I have known a barbed-wire fence to be decorated with the remains of their victims. There were red cardinal birds; and we saw another red bird also, a summer tanager.

Pass Christian is an ideal place for a man to go who wishes to get away from the Northern cold for a few weeks, and be where climate, people, and surroundings are all delightful, and the fishing and shooting excellent. There is a good chance, too, that the fish and game will be preserved for use instead of recklessly exterminated; for during the last dozen years Louisiana and Mississippi, like the rest of the Union, have waked to the criminality of marring and ruining a beautiful heritage which should be left, and through wise use (not non-use) can be left, undiminished, to the generations that are to

come after us. As yet the Gulf in front of the houses swarms with fish of many kinds up to the great tarpon, the mailed and leaping giant of the warm seas; and with the rapid growth of wisdom in dealing with nature we may hope that there will soon be action looking toward the regulation of seining and to protection of the fish at certain seasons. On land the quail have increased in the neighborhood of Pass Christian during the last few years. This is largely due to the activity of my host and his two sons as hunters. They have a pack of beagles, trained to night work, and this pack has to its credit nearly four hundred coons and possums—together with an occasional skunk!—and, moreover, has chivied the gray foxes almost out of the country; and all these animals are the inveterate enemies of all small game, and especially of ground-nesting birds. To save interesting creatures, it is often necessary not merely to refrain from killing them but also to war on their enemies.

One of the sons runs the Parker stock-farm in upper Louisiana, beside the Mississippi. There are about four thousand acres, half of it highland, the other half subject to flood if the levees break. Five years ago such a break absolutely destroyed the Parker plantations, then exclusively on low land. Now, in event of flood, the stock can be driven, and the human beings escape, to the higher ground. Young Parker, now twenty-two years old, has run the plantation since he was sixteen. The horses, cattle, and sheep are all of the highest grade; the improvement in the stock of Louisiana and Mississippi during the last two decades has been really noteworthy. Game, and wild things generally, have increased in numbers on this big stock-farm. There is no wanton molestation of any animal permitted, no plundering of nests, no shooting save within strictly defined limits, and so far as possible all rare things are given every chance to increase. As an example, when, in clearing a tract of swamp land, a heron's nest was discovered, the bushes round about were left undisturbed, and the heron family was reared in safety. Wild turkeys have somewhat, and quail very markedly, increased. The great horned owls, which

destroyed the ducks, have to be warred against, and the beasts of prey likewise. Surely it will ultimately again be recognized in our country that life on a plantation, on a great stock-farm or ranch, is

as bird refuges by the National and State Governments. On this boat—which had a wretched engine, almost worthless—went Mr. Herbert K. Job and Mr. Frank M. Miller. Mr. Miller was at one time



From a photograph by J. H. Coquille.

The Royal Tern, property of the Audubon Society.

Allotted to the work of cruising among and protecting the bird colonies on those islands set apart as bird refuges by the National and State Governments.

one of the most interesting, and, from the standpoint of both body and soul, one of the most healthy, of all ways of earning a living.

At four on the morning of the 8th our party started from the wharf in front of Pass Christian. We were in two boats. One, good-sized and comfortable, under the command of Captain Lewis Young, was the property of the State Conservation Commission of Louisiana, the commission having most courteously placed it at our disposal. On this boat were my host, his two sons, John, Jr., and Tom, myself, and a photographer, Mr. Coquille, of New Orleans. The other boat, named the *Royal Tern*, was the property of the Audubon Society, being allotted to the work of cruising among and protecting the bird colonies on those islands set apart

president of the Louisiana Conservation Commission, and the founder of the Louisiana State Audubon Society, and is one of the group of men to whom she owes it that she, the home State of Audubon, of our first great naturalist, is now thoroughly awake to the danger of reckless waste and destruction of all the natural resources of the State, including the birds. Mr. Herbert K. Job is known to all who care for bird study and bird preservation. He is a naturalist who has made of bird-photography a sport, a science, and an art. His pictures, and his books in which these pictures appear, are fascinating both to the scientific ornithologist and to all lovers of the wild creatures of the open. Like the other field naturalists I have known, like the men who were with me in Africa and South America, Mr. Job is



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Brown pelicans in flight.

As we approached they rose and flapped lazily out to sea for a few hundred yards before again lighting.—Page 268.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Brown pelican colony, East Trinbalier Island, Louisiana.

The big birds were sitting on a sand-spit, enjoying a noontide rest.—Page 268.

The State Conservation Commission owes its existence to the wise public spirit and far-sightedness of the Louisiana legislature. The Audubon Society, which has done far more than any other single agency in creating and fostering an enlightened public sentiment for the preservation of our useful and attractive birds, is a purely voluntary organization, consisting of men and women who in these matters look further ahead than their fellows, and who have the precious gift of sympathetic imagination, so that they are able to see, and to wish to preserve for their children's children, the beauty

an exceptionally hardy, resolute, and resourceful man, following his wilderness work with single-minded devotion, and continually, and in matter-of-fact manner, facing and overcoming hardship, wearing toil, and risk which worthy stay-at-home people have no means whatever of even gauging. I owed the pleasure of Mr. Job's company to Mr. Frank M. Chapman, at whose suggestion he was sent with me by the National Audubon Society.

and wonder of nature. (During the year preceding this trip, by the way, the society enrolled one hundred and fifty-one thousand boys and girls in its junior bird clubs, all of which give systematic instruction in the value of bird life.) It was the Audubon Society which started the movement for the establishment of bird refuges. The society now protects and polices about one hundred of these refuges, which, of course, are worthless unless thus protected.

The *Royal Tern* is commanded by Captain William Sprinkle, born and bred on this Gulf coast, who knows the sea-fowl, and the islands where they breed and dwell, as he knows the winds and the lovely, smiling, treacherous Gulf waters. He is game warden, and he and the *Royal*

combine the running of "blind pigs" with highway robbery and murder for hire. In Florida one of the best game wardens of the Audubon Society was killed by these sordid bird butchers. A fearless man and a good boat are needed to keep such gentry in awe. Captain Sprinkle



Habitat group of brown pelicans in the American Museum of Natural History.

Studies made on Pelican Island, Florida.

Tern are the police force for over five hundred square miles of sand-bars, shallow waters, and intricate channels. The man and the boat are two of the chief obstacles in the way of the poachers, the plume-hunters and eggers, who always threaten these bird sanctuaries.

Many of these poachers are at heart good men, who follow their fathers' business, just as respectable men on the sea-coast once followed the business of wrecking. But when times change and a once acknowledged trade comes under the ban of the law the character of those following it also changes for the worse. Wreckers are no longer respectable, and plume-hunters and eggers are sinking to the same level. The illegal business of killing breeding birds, of leaving nestlings to starve wholesale, and of general ruthless extermination, more and more tends to attract men of the same moral category as those who sell whiskey to Indians and

meets the first requirement, the hull of the *Royal Tern* the second. But the engines of the *Tern* are worthless; she can catch no freebooter; she is safe only in the mildest weather. Is there not some bird lover of means and imagination who will put a good engine in her? Such a service would be very real. As for Captain Sprinkle, his services are, of course, underpaid, his salary bearing no relation to their value. The Biological Survey does its best with its limited means; the Audubon Society adds something extra; but this very efficient and disinterested laborer is worth a good deal more than the hire he receives. The government pays many of its servants, usually those with rather easy jobs, too much; but the best men, who do the hardest work, the men in the life-saving and lighthouse service, the forest rangers, and those who patrol and protect the reserves of wild life, are almost always underpaid.

Yet, in spite of all the disadvantages, much has been accomplished. This particular reservation was set apart by presidential proclamation in 1905. Captain Sprinkle was at once put in charge. Of the five chief birds, the royal terns, Cas-

Gulf itself. The Gulf was calm, and the still water teemed with life. Each school of mullets or sardines could be told by the queer effect on the water, as of a cloud shadow. Continually we caught glimpses of other fish; and always they



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

The snowy egret—a species of bird being protected by the Audubon Reservation.

pian terns, Cabot's terns, laughing gulls, and skimmers, there were that season about one thousand nests. This season, ten years later, there are about thirty-five thousand nests. The brown pelicans and Louisiana herons also show a marked increase. The least tern, which had been completely exterminated or driven away, has returned and is breeding in fair numbers.

As we steamed away from the Pass Christian dock dawn was turning to daylight under the still brilliant crescent moon. Soon we saw the red disk of the sun rising behind the pine forest. We left Mississippi Sound, and then were on the

were fleeing from death or ravenously seeking to inflict death on the weak. Nature is ruthless, and where her sway is uncontested there is no peace save the peace of death; and the fecund stream of life, especially of life on the lower levels, flows like an immense torrent out of non-existence for but the briefest moment before the enormous majority of the beings composing it are engulfed in the jaws of death, and again go out into the shadow.

Huge rays sprang out of the water and fell back with a resounding splash. Devil-fish, which made the rays look like dwarfs, swam slowly near the surface; some had their mouths wide open as they followed

their prey. Globular jellyfish, as big as pumpkins, with translucent bodies, pulsed through the waters; little fishes and crabs swam among their short, thick tentacles and in between the waving walls into which the body was divided. Once we

a planter informed me that on one occasion in a flood he met a log sailing down the swollen Mississippi with no less than eleven coons aboard. Sooner or later castaway coons land on every considerable island off the coast, and if there is



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Louisiana heron at nest. McIlhenny estate, Avery Island, Louisiana.

The characteristic flimsy heron nests were placed in the thick brush, taller than a man's head.

—Page 271.

saw the head of a turtle above water; it was a loggerhead turtle, and the head was as large as the head of a man; when I first saw it, above the still water, I had no idea what it was.

By noon we were among the islands of the reservation. We had already passed other and larger islands, for the most part well wooded. On these there were great numbers of coons and minks, and therefore none of these sea-birds which rest on the ground or in low bushes. The coons are more common than the minks and muskrats. In the inundations they are continually being carried out to sea on logs;

fresh water, and even sometimes if there is none, they thrive; and where there are many coons, the gulls, terns, skimmers, and other such birds have very little chance to bring up their young. Coons are fond of rambling along beaches; at low tide they devour shell-fish; and they explore the grass tufts and bushes, and eat nestlings, eggs, and even the sitting birds. If on any island we found numerous coon tracks there were usually few nesting sea-fowl, save possibly on some isolated point. The birds breed most plentifully in the numberless smaller islands—some of considerable size—where

there is no water, and usually not a tree. Some of these islands are nothing but sand, with banks and ramparts of shells, while others are fringed with marsh-grass and covered with scrub mangrove. But

a noontide rest. As we approached they rose and flapped lazily out to sea for a few hundred yards before again lighting. Later in the afternoon they began to fly to the fishing-grounds, and back and



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

The base of operations in photographing wild bird life.

He went off to get his umbrella-house, and when he returned the other egg was hatching, and another little chick, much distressed by the heat, appeared.—Page 272.

the occasional fierce tropical storms not only change the channels and alter the shape of many of the islands, but may even break up some very big island. In such case an island with trees and water may for years be entirely uninhabited by coons, and the birds may form huge rookeries thereon. The government should exterminate the coons and minks on all the large islands, so as to enable the birds to breed on them; for on the small islands the storms and tides work huge havoc with the nests.

Captain Young proved himself not only a first-class captain but a first-class pilot through the shifting and tangled maze of channels and islands. The *Royal Tern*, her engines breaking down intermittently, fell so far in the rear that in the early afternoon we anchored, to wait for her, off an island to which a band of pelicans resorted—they had nested, earlier in the year, on another island some leagues distant. The big birds, forty or thereabouts in number, were sitting on a sand-spit which projected into the water, enjoying

forth, singly and in small groups. In flying they usually gave a dozen rapid wing-beats, and then sailed for a few seconds. If several were together the leader gave the "time" to the others; they all flapped together, and then all glided together. The neck was carried in a curve, like a heron's; it was only stretched out straight like a stork's or bustard's when the bird was diving. Some of the fishing was done, singly or in parties, in the water, the pelicans surrounding shoals of sardines and shrimps, and scooping them up in their capacious bags. But, although such a large, heavy bird, the brown pelican is an expert wing-fisherman also. A pair would soar round in circles, the bill perhaps pointing downward, instead of, as usual, being held horizontally. Then when the fish was spied the bird plunged down, almost perpendicularly, the neck stretched straight and rigid, and disappeared below the surface of the water with a thump and splash, and in a couple of seconds emerged, rose with some labor, and flew off with its prey. At this point

the pelicans had finished breeding before my arrival—although a fortnight later Mr. Job found thousands of fresh eggs in their great rookeries west of the mouth of the Mississippi. The herons had well-grown nestlings; whereas the terns and gulls were in the midst of the breeding; and the skimmers had only just begun. The pelicans often flew only a few yards, or even feet, above the water, but also at times soared or wheeled twenty or thirty rods in the air, or higher. They are handsome, interesting birds, and add immensely, by their presence, to the pleasure of being out on these waters; they should be completely protected everywhere—as, indeed, should most of these sea-birds.

The two Park-er boys—the elder of whom had for years been doing a man's work in the best fashion, and the younger of whom had just received an appointment to Annapolis—kept us supplied with fish; caught with the hook and rod, except the flounders, which were harpooned. The two boys were untiring; nothing impaired their energy, and no chance of fatigue and exertion, at any time of the day or night, appealed to them save as an exhilarating piece of good fortune. At a time when so large a section of our people, including especially those who claim in a special sense to be the guardians of cultivation, philanthropy, and religion, deliberately make a cult of pacifism, poltroonery, sentimentality, and neurotic emotionalism, it was refreshing to see

the fine, healthy, manly young fellows who were emphatically neither "too proud to fight" nor too proud to work, and with whom hard work, and gentle regard for the rights of others, and the joy of life, all went hand in hand.

Toward evening of our first day the weather changed for the worse; the fishers among the party were recalled, and just before night-fall we ran off, and after much groping in the dark we made a reasonably safe anchorage. By midnight the wind fell, dense swarms of mosquitoes came aboard, and, as our mosquito-nets were not well up (thanks partly to our own improvidence, and partly to the violence of the wind, for we were sleeping on deck because of the great heat), we lived in torment until morning. On the subsequent nights we fixed our



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

On some of the islands we found where green turtles had crawled up the beaches to bury their eggs in the sand.—Page 274.

mosquito-bars so carefully that there was no trouble. Mosquitoes and huge, green-headed horse-flies swarm on most of the islands. I witnessed one curious incident in connection with one of these big, biting horse-flies. A kind of wasp preys on them, and is locally known as the "horse-guard," or "sheriff-fly" accordingly. These horse-guards are formidable-looking things and at first rather alarm strangers, hovering round them and their horses; but they never assail beast or man unless themselves molested, when they are ready enough to use their powerful sting. The horses and cattle speedily recognize these big, humming, hornet-like horse-guards as the foes of their tormentors.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Black skimmers, Brattledore Island, Louisiana.

They hovered over our heads with the same noisy protest against our presence.—Page 274.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Black skimmers returning to their nests.

As we approached their nesting-places all these birds rose, and clamored loudly, lighting not far off, and returning to their nests as we moved away.—Page 275.

world of invertebrates, where the automaton-like actions of both prey and prey tend to make each case resemble all others in its details. But on one occasion the greenhead managed to turn, so that he fronted his assailant and promptly grappled with him, sinking his evil lancet into the wasp's body and holding the wasp so tight that the latter could not thrust with its sting. They grappled thus for several minutes. The horse-guard at last succeeded in stabbing its antagonist, and promptly dropped the dead body. Evidently it had suffered much, for it vigorously rubbed the wounded spot with its third pair of legs,

As we walked over the islands, and the green-headed flies followed us, horse-guards also joined us; and many greenheads and some horse-guards came on board. Usually when the horse-guard secured the greenhead it was pounced on from behind, and there was practically no struggle—the absence of struggle being usual in the

walked hunched up, and was altogether a very sick creature.

On the following day we visited two or three islands which the man-of-war birds were using as roosts. These birds are the most wonderful fliers in the world. No other bird has such an expanse of wing in proportion to the body weight.

No other bird of its size seems so absolutely at home in the air. Frigate-birds—as they are also called—hardly ever light on the water, yet they are sometimes seen in mid-ocean. But they like to live in companies, near some coast. They have very long tails, usually carried closed, looking like a marlinspike, but at times open, like a great pair of scissors, in the course of their indescribably graceful aerial evolutions. We saw

flier; the tern towered, ascending so high we could hardly see it, but in great spirals its pursuers rose still faster, until one was above it; and then the tern dropped the fish, which was snatched in mid-air by one of the bandits. Captain Sprinkle had found these frigate-birds breeding on one of the islands the previous year, each nest being placed in a bush and containing two eggs. We visited the island; the big birds—the old males jet



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Nest of black skimmers.

There was no nest at all, nothing but a slight hollow in the sand or gravel or shell débris.—Page 275.

them soaring for hours at a time, sometimes to all seeming absolutely motionless as they faced the wind. They sometimes caught fish for themselves, just rippling the water to seize surface swimmers, or pouncing with startling speed on any fish which for a moment leaped into the air to avoid another shape of ravenous death below. If the frigate-bird caught the fish transversely, it rose, dropped its prey, and seized it again by the head before it struck the water. But it also obtained its food in less honorable fashion, by robbing other birds. The pelicans were plundered by *all* their fish-eating neighbors, even the big terns; but the man-of-war bird robbed the robbers. We saw three chase a royal tern, a very strong

black, the females with white breasts, the young males with white heads—were there in numbers, perched on the bushes, and rising at our approach. But there were no nests, and, although we found one fresh egg, it was evidently a case of sporadic laying, having nothing to do with home building.

On another island, where we also found a big colony of frigate-birds roosting on the mangrove and gulf tamarisk scrub, there was a small heronry of the Louisiana heron. The characteristic flimsy heron nests were placed in the thick brush, which was rather taller than a man's head. The young ones had left the nests, but were still too young for anything in the nature of sustained flight. They

were, like all young herons, the pictures of forlorn and unlovely inefficiency, as they flapped a few feet away and strove with ungainly awkwardness to balance themselves on the yielding bush-tops. The small birds we found on the islands were red-winged blackbirds, Louisiana sea-side sparrows, and long-billed marsh-wrens—which last had built their domed houses among the bushes, in default of tall reeds. On one island Job discovered a night-hawk on her nest. She fluttered off, doing the wounded-bird trick, leaving behind her an egg and a newly hatched chick. He went off to get his umbrella-house, and when he returned the other egg was hatching, and another little chick, much distressed by the heat, appeared. He stood up a clam-shell to give it shade, and then, after patient waiting, the mother returned, and he secured motion pictures of her and her little family. These birds offer very striking examples of real protective coloration.

The warm shallows, of course, teem with molluscs as well as with fish—not to mention the shrimps, which go in immense silver schools, and which we found delicious eating. The occasional violent

storms, when they do not destroy islands, throw up on them huge dikes or ramparts of shells, which makes the walking hard on the feet.

There are more formidable things than shells in the warm shallows. The fishermen as they waded near shore had to be careful lest they should step on a sting-ray. When a swim was proposed as our boat swung at anchor in mid-channel, under the burning midday sun, Captain Sprinkle warned us against it because he had just seen a large shark. He said that sharks rarely attacked men, but that he had known of two instances of their doing so in Mississippi Sound, one ending fatally. In this case the man was loading a sand schooner. He was standing on a scaffolding, the water half-way up his thighs, and the shark seized him and carried him into deep water. Boats went to his assistance at once, scaring off the shark; but the man's leg had been bitten nearly in two; he sank, and was dead when he was finally found.

The following two days we continued our cruise. We steamed across vast reaches of open gulf, the water changing



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Home life of the laughing gull.

The gulls' dark-green eggs lay on a rude platform of marsh-grass, which was usually partially sheltered by some bush or tuft of reeds.—Page 274.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Laughing gull study.

They looked very trim and handsome, both on the wing and when swimming or walking.—Page 276.

from blue to yellow as it shoaled. Now and then we sighted or passed low islands of bare sand and scrub. The sky was sapphire, the sun splendid and pitiless, the heat sweltering. We came across only too plain evidence of the disasters always hanging over the wilderness folk. A fortnight previously a high tide and a heavy blow had occurred coincidentally. On the islands where the royal terns especially loved to nest the high water spelt destruction. The terns nest close together, in bird cities, so to speak, and generally rather low on the beaches. On island after island the waves had washed over the nests and destroyed them by the ten thousand. The beautiful royal terns were the chief sufferers. On one island there was a space perhaps nearly an acre in extent where the ground was covered with their eggs, which had been washed thither by the tide; most of them had then been eaten by those smart-looking highwaymen, the trim, slate-headed laughing gulls. The terns had completely deserted the island and had gone in their thousands to another; but some skimmers remained and were nesting. The westernmost island we visited was outside

the national reservation, and that very morning it had been visited and plundered by a party of eggers. The eggs had been completely cleared from most of the island, gulls and terns had been shot, and the survivors were in a frantic state of excitement. It was a good object-lesson in the need of having reserves, and laws protecting wild life, and a sufficient number of efficient officers to enforce the laws and protect the reserves. Defenders of the short-sighted men who in their greed and selfishness will, if permitted, rob our country of half its charm by their reckless extermination of all useful and beautiful wild things sometimes seek to champion them by saying that "the game belongs to the people." So it does; and not merely to the people now alive, but to the unborn people. The "greatest good of the greatest number" applies to the number within the womb of time, compared to which those now alive form but an insignificant fraction. Our duty to the whole, including the unborn generations, bids us restrain an unprincipled present-day minority from wasting the heritage of these unborn generations. The movement for the conservation of wild life, and



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Royal and Cabot's terns breeding.

Their breeding-places were strung in a nearly straight line for a couple of miles along the sand flats.—Page 278.



From a photograph by Herbert K. Job.

Royal and Cabot's terns.

We admired the silver of their plumage as they flew overhead.—Page 277.

the larger movement for the conservation of all our natural resources, are essentially democratic in spirit, purpose, and method.

On some of the islands we found where green turtles had crawled up the beaches

to bury their eggs in the sand. We came across two such nests. One of them I dug up myself. The eggs we took to the boat, where they were used in making delicious pancakes, which went well with fresh shrimp, flounder, weakfish, mackerel, and mullet.

The laughing gulls and the black skimmers were often found with their nests intermingled, and they hovered over our heads with the same noisy protest against our presence. Although they often—not always—nested so close together, the nests were in no way alike. The gulls' dark-green eggs, heavily blotched with brown, two or three in number, lay on

a rude platform of marsh-grass, which was usually partially sheltered by some bush or tuft of reeds, or, if on wet ground, was on a low pile of driftwood. The skimmers' eggs, light whitish green and less

heavily marked with brown, were, when the clutch was full, four to six in number. There was no nest at all, nothing but a slight hollow in the sand or gravel or shell débris. In the gravel or among the shell débris it was at first hard to pick up the

came close behind these two in point of abundance. They flew round and round us, and to and fro, continually uttering their loud single note, the bill being held half open as they did so. The lower mandible, so much longer than the upper,



From a photograph by J. H. Coquille

As we approached a breeding colony, the birds would fly up, hover about, and resetttle when we drew back a sufficient distance.—Page 278.

eggs; but as our eyes grew accustomed to them we found them without difficulty. Sometimes we found the nests of gull and skimmer within a couple of feet of one another, one often under or in a bush, the other always out on the absolutely bare open. Considering the fact that the gull stood ready, with cannibal cheerfulness, to eat the skimmer's eggs if opportunity offered, I should have thought that to the latter bird such association would have seemed rather grewsome; but, as a matter of fact, there seemed to be no feeling of constraint whatever, on either side, and the only fighting I saw, and this of a very mild type, was among the gulls themselves. As we approached their nesting-places all these birds rose, and clamored loudly as they hovered over us, lighting not far off, and returning to their nests as we moved away.

The skimmers are odd, interesting birds, and on the whole were, if anything, rather tamer even than the royal terns and laughing gulls, their constant associates. They

gives them a curious look. Ordinarily the bill is held horizontally and closed; but when after the small fish on which they feed the lower mandible is dropped to an angle of forty-five degrees, ploughing lightly the surface of the water and scooping up the prey. They fly easily, with at ordinary times rather deliberate strokes of their long wings, wheeling and circling, and continually crying if roused from their nests. When flying the white of their plumage is very conspicuous, and as they flapped around every detail of form and coloration, of bill and plumage, could be observed.

When sitting they appear almost black, and in consequence when on their nests, on the beaches, or on the white shell dikes they are visible half a mile off, and stand out as distinctly as a crow on a snow-bank. They are perfectly aware of this, and make no attempt to elude observation, any more than the gulls and terns do. The fledglings are concealingly colored, and crouch motionless, so as to escape no-

tice from possible enemies; and the eggs, while they do not in color harmonize with the surroundings to the extent that they might artificially be made to do, yet easily escape the eye when laid on a beach composed of broken sea-shells. But the coloration of the adults is of a strikingly advertising character, under all circumstances, and especially when they are sitting on their nests. Among all the vagaries of the fetishistic school of concealing colorationists none is more amusing than the belief that the coloration of the adult skimmer is ever, under any conditions, of a concealing quality. Sometimes the brooding skimmer attempted to draw us away from the nest by fluttering off across the sand like a wounded bird. Like the gulls, the skimmers moved about much more freely on the ground than did the terns.

The handsome little laughing gull was found everywhere, and often in numerous colonies, although these colonies were not larger than those of the skimmer, and in no way approached the great breed-

ing assemblages of the royal terns on the two or three islands where the latter especially congregated. They were noisy birds, continually uttering a single loud note, but only occasionally the queer laughter which gives them their name. They looked very trim and handsome, both on the wing and when swimming or walking; and their white breasts and dark heads made them very conspicuous on their nests, no matter whether these were on open ground or partially concealed in a bush or reed cluster. Like the skimmers, although perhaps not quite so markedly, their coloration was strongly advertising at all times, including when on their nests. Their relations with their two constant associates and victims, the skimmer and the royal tern—the three being about the same size—seemed to me very curious. The gull never molested the eggs of either of the other birds if the parents were sitting on them or were close by. But gulls continually broke and devoured eggs, especially terns' eggs which had been temporarily abandoned. Nor was this all.



From a photograph by J. H. Coquille.

Examining the eggs of the royal tern.

On one island there was a space perhaps nearly an acre in extent where the ground was covered with their eggs, which had been washed thither by the tide.—Page 273.



Map showing bird refuges on the coast of Louisiana west of the Mississippi delta.

When a colony of nesting royal terns flew off at our approach, the hesitating advent of the returning parents was always accompanied by the presence of a few gulls. Commonly the birds lit a few yards away from the eggs, on the opposite side from the observer, and then by degrees moved forward among the temporarily forsaken eggs. The gulls were usually among the foremost ranks, and each, as it walked or ran to and fro, would now and then break or carry off an egg; yet I never saw a tern interfere or seem either alarmed or angered. These big terns are swifter and better flyers than the gulls, and the depredations take place all the time before their eyes. Yet they pay no attention that I could discern to the depredation. Compare this with the conduct of king-birds to those other egg-robbers the crows. Imagine a king-bird, or, for that matter, a mocking-bird or thrasher, submitting with weak good humor to such treatment! If these big terns had even a fraction of the intelligence and spirit of king-birds no gull would venture within a half-mile of their nesting-grounds.

It is one of the innumerable puzzles of biology that the number of eggs a bird lays seems to have such small influence on the abundance of the species. A royal tern lays one egg, rarely two; a gull three; a skimmer four to six. The gull eats the eggs of the other two, especially of the tern; as far as we know all have the same foes; yet the abundance of the birds is in inverse ratio to the number of their eggs. Of course there is an explanation; but we cannot even guess at it as yet. With this, as with so many other scientific questions, all we can say is, with Huxley, that we are not afraid to announce that we do not know.

The beautiful royal terns were common enough, flying in the air and diving boldly after little fish. We listened with interest to their cry, which was a kind of creaking bleat. We admired the silver of their plumage as they flew overhead. But we did not come across vast numbers of them assembled for breeding until the fourth day. Then we found them on an island on which Captain Sprinkle told us he had never before found them, although both

skimmers and gulls had always nested on it. The previous fall he had waged war with traps against the coons, which, although there was no fresh water, had begun to be plentiful on the island. He had caught a number, two escaping, one with the loss of a hind foot, and one with the loss of a fore foot. The island was seven miles long, curved, with occasional stretches of salt marsh, and with reaches of scrub, but no trees. Most of it was bare sand. We saw three coon tracks, two being those of the three-footed animals; evidently the damaged leg was now completely healed and was used like the others, punching a round hole in the sand. We saw one coon, at dusk, hunting for oysters at the water's edge.

The gulls and skimmers were nesting on this island in great numbers, but the terns were many times more plentiful. There were thousands upon thousands of them. Their breeding-places were strung in a nearly straight line for a couple of miles along the sand flats. A mile off, from our boat, we were attracted by their myriad forms, glittering in the brilliant sunlight as they rose and fell and crossed and circled over the nesting-places. The day was bright and hot, and the sight was one of real fascination. As we approached a breeding colony the birds would fly up, hover about, and resettle when we drew back a sufficient distance. The eggs, singly or rarely in pairs, were placed on the bare sand, with no attempt at a nest, the brooding bird being sometimes but a few inches, sometimes two or three feet, from the nearest of its surrounding neighbors. The colonies of breeders were scattered along the shore for a couple of miles, each one being one or two hundred yards, or over, from the next. In one such breeding colony I counted a little over a thousand eggs; there were several of smaller size, and a few that were larger, one having perhaps three times as many. A number of the eggs, perhaps ten per cent, had been destroyed by the gulls; the coons had ravaged some of the gulls' nests, which were in or beside the scrub. The eggs of the terns, being so close together and on the bare sand, were very conspicuous; they were visible to a casual inspection at a distance of two or three hundred yards, and it was quite impossible for any bird or beast to overlook them near by.

These gregarious nesters, whose eggs are gathered in a big nursery, cannot profit by any concealing coloration of the eggs. The eggs of the royal and Cabot's terns were perhaps a shade less conspicuous than the darker eggs of the Caspian tern, all of them lying together; but on that sand, and crowded into such a regular nursery, none of them could have escaped the vision of any foe with eyes. As I have said, the eggs of the skimmer, as the clutches were more scattered, were much more difficult to make out, on the shell beaches. Concealing coloration has been a survival factor only as regards a minority, and is responsible for the precise coloration of only a small minority, of adult birds and mammals; how much and what part it plays, and in what percentage of cases, in producing the coloration of eggs, is a subject which is well worth serious study. As regards most of these seabirds which nest gregariously, their one instinct for safety at nesting time seems to be to choose a lonely island. This is their only, and sufficient, method of outwitting their foes at the crucial period of their lives.

We found only eggs in the nurseries, not young birds. In each nursery there were always a number of terns brooding their eggs, and the air above was filled with a ceaseless flutter and flashing of birds leaving their nests and returning to them—or eggs, rather, for, speaking accurately, there were no nests. The sky above was alive with the graceful, long-winged birds. As we approached the nurseries the birds would begin to leave. If we halted before the alarm became universal, those that stayed always served as lures to bring back those that had left. If we came too near, the whole party rose in a tumult of flapping wings; and when all had thus left it was some time before any returned. With patience it was quite possible to get close to the sitting birds; I noticed that in the heat many had their bills open. Those that were on the wing flew round and round us, creaking and bleating, and often so near that every detail of form and color was vivid in our eyes. The immense majority were royal terns, big birds with orange beaks. With them were a very few Caspian terns, still bigger, and with bright red beaks, and quite a number of Cabot's terns, smaller birds with yel-

low-tipped black beaks. These were all nesting together, in the same nurseries.

It has been said on excellent authority that terns can always be told from gulls because, whereas the latter carry their beaks horizontally, the terns carry their bills pointing downward "like a mosquito." My own observations do not agree with this statement. When hovering over water where there are fish, and while watching for their prey, terns point the bill downward, just as pelicans do in similar circumstances; just as gulls often do when they are seeking to spy food below them. But normally, on the great majority of the occasions when I saw them, the terns, like the gulls, carried the bill in the same plane as the body.

On another island we found a small colony of Forster's tern; and we saw sooty terns, and a few of the diminutive least terns. But I was much more surprised to find on, or rather over, one island a party of black terns. As these are inland birds, most of which at this season are breeding around the lakes of our Northwestern country, I was puzzled by their presence. Still more puzzling was it to come across a party of turnstones, with males in full, brightly varied nuptial dress, for turnstones during the breeding season live north of the arctic circle, in the perpetual sunlight of the long polar day. On the other hand, a couple of big oyster-catchers seemed, and were, entirely in place; they are striking birds and attract attention at a great distance. We saw dainty Wilson's plover with their chicks, and also semipalmated sandpipers.

On the morning of the 12th we returned to Pass Christian. I was very glad to have seen this bird refuge. With care and protection the birds will increase and grow tamer and tamer, until it will be possible for any one to make trips among these reserves and refuges, and to see as much as we saw, at even closer quarters. No sight more beautiful and more interesting could be imagined.

I am far from disparaging the work of the collector who is also a field naturalist. On the contrary, I fully agree with Mr. Joseph Grinnell's recent plea for him. His work is indispensable. It is far more important to protect his rights than to protect those of the sportsman; for the serious work of the collector is necessary

in order to prevent the scientific study of ornithology from lapsing into mere dilettanteism indulged in as a hobby by men and women with opera-glasses. Moreover, sportsmen also have their rights, and it is folly to sacrifice these rights to mere sentimentality—for, of course, sentimentality is as much the antithesis and bane of healthy sentiment as bathos is of pathos. If thoroughly protected any bird or mammal would speedily increase in numbers to such a degree as to drive man from the planet; and of recent years this has been signally proved by actual experience as regards certain creatures, notably as regards the wapiti in the Yellowstone (where the prime need now is to provide for the annual killing of at least five thousand), and to a less extent as regards deer in Vermont.

But as yet these cases are rare exceptions. As yet with the great majority of our most interesting and important wild birds and beasts the prime need is to protect them, not only by laws limiting the open season and the size of the individual bag, but especially by the creation of sanctuaries and refuges. And, while the work of the collector is still necessary, the work of the trained faunal naturalist, who is primarily an observer of the life histories of the wild things, is even more necessary. The progress made in the United States, of recent years, in creating and policing bird refuges, has been of capital importance.

On the initiative of the Audubon Society, the national government, when I was President, began the work and established, from March 14, 1903, to March 2, 1909, fifty-two reservations; since then, from April 11, 1911, to January 20, 1915, seventeen more reservations have been added by government action. A full list of these will be found in my volume, "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," which is about to be published.

At nightfall of the third day of our trip, when we were within sight of Fort Jackson and of the brush and low trees which here grow alongside the Mississippi, we were joined by Mr. M. L. Alexander, the president of the Conservation Commission, on the commission's boat *Louisiana*. He was more than kind and courteous, as were all my Louisiana friends. He and

Mr. Miller told me much of the work of the commission; work not only of the utmost use to Louisiana, but of almost equal consequence to the rest of the country, if only for the example set.

The commission was not founded until 1912, yet it has already accomplished a remarkable amount along many different lines. The work of reforestation of great stretches of denuded, and at present worthless, pine land has begun; work which will turn lumbering into a permanent Louisiana industry by making lumber a permanent crop asset, like corn or wheat, only taking longer to mature—an asset which it is equally important not to destroy. In taking care of the mineral resources a stop has been put to waste as foolish as it was criminal; for example, a gas-well which had flowed to waste until six million dollars' worth of gas had been lost was stopped and stored at the cost of five thousand one hundred dollars. The oysters are now farmed and husbanded, the beds being leased in such fashion that there is a steady improvement of the product. Louisiana is peculiarly rich in fish, and a policy has been inaugurated which if persevered in will make the paddle-fish industry as important as the sturgeon fishery is in Russia. Not only do the waters of Louisiana now belong to the State, but also the land under the water, this last proving in practise an admirable provision. Some three hundred thousand acres of game reserves and wild-life refuges (mostly uninhabitable by man) have now been established. These have largely been gifts to the State by wise and generous private individuals and corporations, the chief donors being Messrs. Edward A. McIlhenny and Charles Willis Ward, Mrs. Russell Sage, and the Rockefeller Foundation. The Conservation Commission has accepted the gifts, and is taking care of the reserves and refuges through its State wardens, with the result that wild birds of many kinds, including even the wary geese, which come down as winter visitors by the hundred thousand, have become very tame, and many beautiful birds which were on the verge of extinction are now re-established and increasing in numbers. These reserves, which lie for the most part in the low country along the coast, are west of the Mississippi.

Job had just come from a visit to the private reserve of Edward A. McIlhenny on Avery Island. It is the most noteworthy reserve in the country. It includes four thousand acres, and is near the Ward-McIlhenny reserve, which they have given to the State—a king's gift! Avery Island is very beautiful. A great, shallow, artificial lake, surrounded by dwellings, fields, lawns, a railroad and ox-wagon road, does not seem an ideal home for herons, but it has proved so under the care of Mr. McIlhenny. He started the reserve twenty years ago with eight snowy herons. Now it contains about forty thousand herons of several species. Complete freedom from molestation has rendered the birds extraordinarily tame. The beautiful snow-white lesser egret, which had been almost exterminated by the plume-hunters, flourishes by the thousand; the greater egret has been bothered so by the smaller one that it has retired before it; its heronries are now to be found mainly in other parts of the protected region. Many other kinds of heron, and many water-fowl, literally throng the place. Ducks winter by the thousand, and, most unexpectedly, some even of the northern kinds, like the gad-wall, now stay to breed. Most of these birds are so tame that there is little difficulty in taking photographs of them.

The Audubon societies, and all similar organizations, are doing a great work for the future of our country. Birds should be saved because of utilitarian reasons; and, moreover, they should be saved because of reasons unconnected with any return in dollars and cents. A grove of giant redwoods or sequoias should be kept just as we keep a great and beautiful cathedral. The extermination of the passenger-pigeon meant that mankind was just so much poorer; exactly as in the case of the destruction of the cathedral at Rheims. And to lose the chance to see frigate-birds soaring in circles above the storm, or a file of pelicans winging their way homeward across the crimson afterglow of the sunset, or a myriad terns flashing in the bright light of midday as they hover in a shifting maze above the beach—why, the loss is like the loss of a gallery of the masterpieces of the artists of old time.



Cossack Timoch in his coat of lamb's skin.

A RUSSIAN PAINTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

SCENES IN RUSSIA AND FRANCE BY LÉON GASPARD

By James B. Carrington

THE great pictures of the present war will be painted when it is over, when time has healed old wounds, when the world has again adjusted itself to the conditions of peace. The artist-historians of the future will have had time to think upon the great significant aspects of this war, with the idea of giving pic-

torial permanency to the new conditions that have made it different from all the wars the world has known. The aeroplane and the motor will have their place, and instead of the rushing crowds of helmeted and plumed cuirassiers standing high in their stirrups shouting and waving their swords, with the splendid

impetus of Meissonier's 1807, there will be scenes of artillery duels, shells bursting over seemingly placid hillsides, long lines of trenches, ditches dug in the heart of the brown old earth, lined with rows of riflemen and machine guns, and the

ist since the world began—"It was the glory of war that was the theme of the earlier paintings; the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose



Cossack Yagor, whose great ambition is to capture the Kaiser.

pitiful scenes on the ground that lies between the trenches when the fight is over. War has lost its glamour, become a grim test of waiting, of preparedness, of superior machinery and organization. In the January SCRIBNER, 1915, there appeared an article on "War and the Artist," by Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum. It dealt with the wars of the past, wars that were memorable, but wars that, with the knowledge of the present world's war, will be almost forgotten. War has appealed to the art-

terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came to his personal might and prowess."

The present war has, as never before, enlisted the services of artists in the active part of the war itself. Hundreds of them have answered the call of their countries and gone to the front to serve in the trenches, and an appeal is being made now for money and clothing for their families and children left behind. In the recent exhibition of work by French



The last good bys in Irkutsk, the capital of eastern Siberia, three hours after the mobilization.

artists on the firing line, in the gallery of the Museum of French Art in the Scribner Building, there were many interesting sketches in water-color, pastel, pencil, and pen-and-ink of scenes at the front. Pictures of camps, of men in the trenches, of destroyed villages, of the wounded.

and many others that have come from the front, there has been no time for elaborate composition, for grandiose arrangement, for the presentation of heroics. In their very simplicity and directness, their humanness, their visualizing of the things that the war means to many men who



A little German corporal, prisoner in Russia.

It was Verestchagin who best made known, in his massive canvases, the real horrors of war. He was a grim realist who spared no one's feelings. Said Mr. Zogbaum: "I do not think there is much beauty in the canvases of the Russian painter Verestchagin, but no one could deny the strength and power of his merciless handling of the savage and unhappy side of war."

In the sketches of the French artists,

simply stand and wait, lies their power, their appeal to the sympathies.

Hanging in the Vanderbilt Gallery of the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York was a small picture by a young Russian artist now in America, whose name is probably unknown to all but a few who have been familiar with the annual shows at the Paris Salon. The picture is entitled "Le Retour de Kermesse," and depicts a group of



German prisoners passing through Vilna, Russia.

Russian peasants. It is strikingly rich in color, with the reds and blues and yellows and greens of the very picturesque Russian costumes relieved with patches of snow, and attracted the notice of both laymen and artists by the skilful way the painter has arranged and harmonized the significant spots of strong

color. No one could possibly mistake it for the work of any one but a native Russian. It has the qualities that have made the work of the few really distinguished Russian painters so notable. Léon Gaspard is known to his own countrymen as one of the foremost of the younger Russian painters of to-day, and

for a number of years he has been a regular contributor to the French Salon. He has recently come to America, after some most exciting experiences in following the armies in the war zones, including a fall in an aeroplane with which he was acting

He says that the big Siberian Cossack Timoch, who was in charge of a hundred men, was the real master of their destinies, for from him only would they take orders; so far as they were concerned he had all the power of the Czar himself, or the most



Ypres, 1915. Senegal soldiers after receiving first aid.

as observer and narrowly escaped being killed. He has brought with him a remarkable series of small paintings and sketches of scenes he has witnessed in Russia and France. They have all the truth and directness of work done manifestly from nature. They are not in any sense studio compositions, imaginary things done from memory, or from field-notes. They are literal transcripts in color of actual scenes done on the spot. His one wish now is to forget the war as he has known it; he does not even like to talk of it. His impressions are too full of its horrors.

begilded general at the front. He was a genial giant, with a typical Russian peasant's fondness for the national drink. On being presented, after a very special request, with a bottle of vodka, no corkscrew being handy he gave the bottom of the bottle a slap with his big hand and the cork departed like a bullet from a rifle. Cossack Yagor was about twenty-five years old, and quite a different type—the sort of Cossack that we read about, a wild savage of the steppes, the Cossack as he appears in our Wild West shows. His one ambition was to capture a German, and each one he captured, or saw

captured, he fondly hoped might be the Kaiser.

"The last good-bys" is no doubt typical of similar scenes that have occurred all over Europe; only here is the background of winter snow and the characteristic Rus-

soldiers, and would no doubt much rather be back in the trenches fighting for the fatherland.

The march of the German prisoners through the streets of Vilna is another scene that is being repeated again and



German prisoners in the north of France.

sian costume. There are the same sweethearts and wives and little children, the same heart-breaks, the same feeling that many will never come home again. The group in the foreground are saying good-bye to the entraining troops. The little German corporal, a prisoner of war (the artist says one of the youngest German corporals in Russia), is a pathetic small figure, but there is something sturdy and fine in the spirit of the youngster. One can imagine him having rather a good time as a prisoner, so far as his treatment is concerned. But he seems to take himself very seriously as one of the Kaiser's

again in both armies. Many of these prisoners will be probably numbered for a long while among the missing, and it may be many months before those at home will know that some of them may come back again. It is a forlorn procession, but gay in its outward aspects, with the bright colors of the costumes.

None of the troops in the trenches are more picturesque than the famous Senegals of the French army. They are brave fighters, inured to hardships and ready to smile over their wounds. Hardly any of them know more than a few words of French, but these few have signified much



Senegal soldiers resting in a garden of a hospital in northern France.

to them and they seem never tired of repeating them. They evidently have a great admiration, as has all the world, for the famous French seventy-fives, and lying on the ground with their crutches beside them they will repeat again and again: "Soixante-quinze, très bon, très bon, poom poom, poom, poom, poom, ah!" It afforded them much amusement also to hold their hands up above their heads and call out: "Camarade, camarade, pardon!" imitating the Germans who asked for mercy when they surrendered. Their one great ambition is to recover from their wounds so they can go back again to the fighting line: "Boche, pas bon."

M. Gaspard's work has long been admired among French artists; a well-known Parisian critic writing of his pictures in the Salon of last year said: "The work of Léon Gaspard is a most truthful and significant document of the habits and costumes of the moujiks, workmen, Jews, vagabonds, and poor wretches of the Russian country." They are animated documents, too, taken from life with realistic sincerity. Many of the scenes are made

brilliant by their landscape backgrounds of snow. The artist has been his own best teacher, and his methods are distinctly individual, though he has had the advantages of a Paris schooling, having studied under both Bouguereau and Toudouze. Before everything he is a realist, never forsakes nature and life, and his pictures are not studio-made but are done in the open, directly from his models as they happen to pass. They are admirably composed, and he has a fine sense of color. All of his pictures, even the very small sketches, have the brilliancy and beauty of a fine old mosaic. His palette is a simple one, as he employs only pure colors. The finished sketches retain the freshness, brilliancy, and transparency of pastel and water-color. M. Gaspard was born in Vitebsk, Russia. He spends his winters mostly in Russia on the open steppe and his summers chiefly in Paris. He has exhibited at the Salon d'Automne and Aux Artistes Français, and is represented in the Luxembourg. All of his paintings, contrary to those of most Russian artists, are quite small.

BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

I

THE INTRUSION OF AN ACTRESS



SOMEWHERE up in the gallery an usher opened a window. Instantly a shaft of sunlight pierced the dark interior of the theatre. It created a mote-filled aerial avenue across a vast space and came to an end in a balcony box.

As if it were part of a general theatrical scheme it served as a search-light and brought into brilliant relief the upper part of a child's body. There were blue eyes made lustrous by dark lashes; hair the color of golden-rod, which fell forward over one shoulder and formed a kind of radiant vehicle above for the support of a butterfly of blue ribbon. There were delicate red lips, slightly parted.

The child leaned forward in her place and rested her elbows on the box railing. Her chin nestled in a little crotch, formed by her two hands. She would have resembled one of Rubens's cherubs, if Rubens hadn't conceived his cherubs on quite such a vulgar plane.

It was so that Baron saw her during a brief interval. Then the window up in the gallery was closed, and darkness reigned in the theatre again. The child disappeared as Marguerite always disappears before Faust has obtained more than a seductive glimpse of her.

Baron wondered who she was. She was so close to him that he could have touched her. He wondered how she could have slipped into the box without his seeing or hearing her. The lights had been on when he took his seat, and at that time he occupied the box alone. She must have crept in with the cautiousness of a kitten; or perhaps she had come under cover of the noise of applause.

Then he forgot her. All sorts of people were likely to come into a playhouse during a matinee performance, he reflected.

Dawn was merging into day—in the play. The purple of a make-believe sky turned to lavender, and to pink. The long, horizontal streaks of color faded, and in the stronger light now turned on the stage a gypsy woman who seemed to have been sleeping under a hedge came into view—a young creature, who patted back a yawn which distorted her pretty mouth. Other persons of the drama appeared.

Baron succumbed to the hypnotic power of the theatre: to the beguiling illusions of the stage, with its beautiful voices; the relaxed musicians, unobtrusively disinterested; the dark, indistinct rows of alert forms down in the parquet. Despite what he was pleased to believe was a distinguished indifference in his manner, he was passionately fond of plays, amazingly susceptible to their appeal.

The act ended; light flooded the theatre. Baron's glance again fell upon the intruder who had come to share his box with him. The child really might have been mistaken for an exquisite bit of architectural ornamentation, if she had been placed in a niche in the big proscenium arch. Color and pose and outline all suggested the idea. But now her bearing changed. As she had been absorbed in the meaning of the play, now she became equally interested in the audience, rising in long rows from parquet to gallery. She looked almost aggressively from point to point, with a lack of self-consciousness that was quite remarkable.

People in the audience were noticing her, too; and Baron felt suddenly resentful at being so conspicuously perched before thousands of eyes, in company with a child he knew nothing about.

She appeared to have scrutinized "the house" to her satisfaction. Then she

turned as if she were slightly bored, and gazed with perfect frankness into Baron's eyes.

"Sold out," she said, as if she were gratified.

Baron did not clearly grasp the fact that she was referring to "the house." A question as to her age occurred to him, but this he could not answer. She must be absurdly young—a baby; yet how could a child of a mere kindergarten age have obtained command of a glance so searching, and at once so complacent? She was not the least bit agitated.

When, presently, she stood up on her chair to obtain a general view of the audience, Baron frowned. She was really a brazen little thing, he reflected, despite her angelic prettiness. And he had a swift fear that she might fall. Looking at her uneasily he realized now that she was quite tawdrily dressed.

His first impression of her had been one of beauty unmarred. (He had not seen immediately that the blue butterfly which rode jauntily on her crown was soiled.) Now a closer inspection discovered a fantastic little dress which might have been designed for a fancy ball—and it was quite old, and almost shabby. Yet its gay colors, not wholly faded, harmonized with some indefinable quality in the little creature, and the whole garment derived a grace from its wearer which really amounted to a kind of elfish distinction.

She spoke again presently, and now Baron was struck by the quality of her voice. It was rather full for a little girl's voice—not the affected pipe of the average vain and pretty child. There was an oddly frank, comrade-like quality in it.

"Do you know what I've got a notion to do?" she inquired.

Baron withdrew farther within himself. "I couldn't possibly guess," he responded. He shook his head faintly, to indicate indifference. She leaned so far over the edge of the box that he feared again for her safety.

"I think you might possibly fall," he said. "Would you mind sitting down?"

She did as he suggested with a prompt and sweet spirit of obedience. "I'm afraid I was careless," she said. Then, looking over more guardedly, she added:

"I've got a notion to drop my programme down on that old duck's bald head."

Baron looked down into the parquet. An elderly gentleman, conspicuously bald-headed, sat just beneath them. Something about the shining dome was almost comical. Yet he turned to the child coldly. He marvelled that he had not detected a pert or self-conscious expression of countenance to accompany the words she had spoken. But she was looking into his eyes quite earnestly.

He turned his face away from her for an instant, and then, with an air of having worked out a problem——

"I don't believe I would," he said.

"It might frighten him?" she suggested.

"Not that. He might not think it very polite."

She looked at him studiously a little, her earnest eyes seeming to search his soul. Then she ventured upon a story:

"I got on a street-car with Miss Barry to-day, and we sat down on a seat with a fat woman; and, believe me, the big thing nearly squeezed the gizzard out of me."

Her eyes grew wide with excitement as she achieved the climax. She waited for his comment.

His eyelids quivered slightly. He decided to pay no more attention to her, despite her prettiness. What language! He stared resolutely at his programme a full minute. But he could not shake off the influence of her steady gaze. "I think you must be exaggerating," he said finally, with mild irritation.

"Not at all, really."

"Well, then," he added impatiently, "I think your language is—is indelicate."

"Do you, indeed?" She considered this. "Of course that's a matter of opinion." She abandoned the subject and seemed to be searching his face for a topic which might be more acceptable. "A good many things have happened to me," she ventured presently. "I came within an inch of getting caught by the curtain once."

He had no idea what she meant.

She continued: "It was in a regular tank town somewhere. I never pay any attention to the names of the little towns." Her tone clearly conveyed the fact that she wished to get away from controversial

topics. She waited, puzzled rather than discouraged, because she received no response. "You know," she elaborated, "the audiences in the little towns don't care much whether it's something legitimate, or a tambourine show with a lot of musty jokes."

Still Baron's inclination was to make no response; but really there was such an amazing contrast between her innocent beauty and her gamin-like speech that he could not easily ignore her.

"I'm not sure I know the difference myself," he confessed.

"Well, you'd rather see 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' than a lot of Honey Boys, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid I'd be in favor of the Honey Boys, whoever they are, unless they are pretty bad."

She looked incredulous, and then disappointed. For an instant she turned her back on him with resolution. He observed that she squirmed herself into a position of dignified uprightness in her chair.

After a brief interval she turned to him with renewed hope. "Maybe you're prejudiced against 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" she ventured.

"Frankly, I am."

"You're not down on the legitimate, though?"

"I like plays—if that's what you mean."

Her forehead wrinkled. "Certainly that's what I mean. What did you think I meant?"

"Why, you see, I wasn't quite sure."

She searched his eyes suspiciously; then suddenly she dimpled. "Tell me—are you an actor? Or aren't you?"

"No—assuredly not!"

She was genuinely embarrassed. She allowed her face to drop into her hands, and Baron felt from her gesture that she must be blushing, though he could see that she was not.

After a little she laughed weakly. "How childish of me!" she exclaimed. "I really had no right to make such a mistake. But please tell me how you happen to be up in this box?"

"The manager was good enough to direct an usher to bring me here."

"Well, you know, I thought this box

was always given to us—to the profession, I mean. I do hope you'll forgive me." She seemed prepared to withdraw her interest from him then, as if he no longer concerned her in any way.

But Baron was looking at her searchingly, almost rudely. "Are you an—an actress?" he managed to ask.

Her manner changed. For the first time Baron detected an affectation. She looked beyond him, out toward the chattering audience, with an absurd assumption of weariness.

"I thought everybody knew me," she said. "I'm Bonnie May. You've heard of me, of course?" and she brought her eyes back to his anxiously.

"Why, yes, of course," he assented. He was uncomfortable over the untruth—or over the fact that he had not told it adroitly.

"I wouldn't have talked to you so freely if I hadn't thought you were an actor," she explained. "You know we always treat one another that way."

His manner softened. "I'm sure I understand," he assured her.

He perceived that, despite the lightness of her manner, she was truly ashamed of her mistake. It seemed to him that she was regretfully slipping back into her own world, her own realm of thought. And she was speedily becoming, to him, not a pert minx, but just a lonely, friendly little child.

"I don't believe I know where you are appearing now," he said. For the moment he could not do less than appear to be interested in her.

She moved uncomfortably in her chair. "I'm not doing anything just now," she said. Then her eyes brightened. "The manager skipped just when business was picking up. We had to close our season. Such a jay town we closed in. The people wanted to hold our trunks!"

"But they didn't?"

"No, we gave one more performance, so we could square up."

"Why shouldn't you have kept on giving performances?"

"Of course, you wouldn't understand. You see, the manager was our Simon Legree, and we couldn't do without him."

"But that last performance——"

"The constable who came to hold our

things said he'd take the part of Sornly Legree just once, so we could perform re-bills and get out of town. He said almost that he would be one of the said almost said he'd always wanted to, he noted the but that his parents thought she wriggled herself heroically to assent, a feeling deeper

"But did he know?" he ruminated; "she's a fellow to know our part, a case, anyway?"

"Yes, doesn't seem quite a suitable time for eating, does it?" she observed politely. The words were accompanied by a gently deprecatory smile which amazed Baron by a quality of odd sophistication and practised self-restraint.

"We needn't eat anything," he said, more cordially. "I think we ought to order something to drink. You see, I have to decide what to do."

She adjusted certain articles on the table with feminine nicety. "That's very good of you, I'm sure," she said.

"What is?"

"I mean your taking an interest in me."

"An interest in you! What else can I do?"

She propped her face up in the palms of her hands and looked across the table at him meditatively.

"Don't!" he exclaimed. "I'm not used to having a cherub on my hands. It's my own predicament I'm thinking about, not yours. Do you drink milk?"

A waitress had approached and was standing behind them.

She resented his brusque manner, now that the waitress was there to hear. "I have done such a thing," she said. "As a rule I'm permitted to choose for myself."

"Well, by all means do, then."

She turned to the waitress and lowered her voice by a full tone. "A cup of chocolate, please; not too thick; and some wafers." She faced Baron again with a ready change of countenance and voice, and touched upon some trivial subject which he recognized as a formal means of dispelling any impression that there was something unusual in their relationship of appearance.

"Now, Bonnie May," he began, when

they were alone, "I want you to help me as far as you can. Who took you to the theatre this afternoon?"

"I went with Miss Barry."

"Good. Who is Miss Barry?"

"Miss Florence Barry. You don't mean to say you don't know who she is?"

"I never heard of her."

"She's an actress. She's very well known, too."

"Very well. How did she happen to take you? How did you happen to be with her?"

"I've always been with her. She's all I've got."

"We're getting along nicely. You're related to her, I suppose?"

"I couldn't say. It's possible."

Baron frowned. "Your mother is dead?" he asked.

She gazed at him with a gathering cloud in her eyes—a look that was eloquent of secret sorrow and beseechment. But she made no response in words.

Baron felt the pangs of swift remorse. "I suppose Miss Barry will have to do," he said, with an attempt at kindly brusqueness. Then—"Can you tell me her address?"

"I don't suppose she has any. We've been doing one-night stands quite a long time."

"But she must belong some place—and you, too. Where have you been stopping?"

"We only got here yesterday. I see you don't quite understand. We've just been moving from place to place all the time."

Baron pondered. "Have you always lived in hotels, in one town or another?" he finally asked.

"Hotels—and theatres, and rooming-houses, and trains, and even wagons and carriages. Every kind of place."

"I see. Well, where did you stop last night?"

"We had a room somewhere. I really couldn't tell you where. It was the meanest kind of a place—empty and cold—quite a distance from the theatre. It was in a long row of houses, built up one against another, miles and miles long, with cheap little old stores or shops downstairs, and sometimes rooms above that you could rent. We were just getting

ready to look for an engagement, you know, and we were broke. We couldn't afford to go to a nice place."

The fine show of bravery was beginning to pass. She felt that she was being questioned unsympathetically.

Baron, too, realized that his questions must seem to lack friendliness.

The waitress brought chocolate and coffee; and Baron dropped sugar into his cup, thoughtfully watching the little bubbles that arose. Then, much to Bonnie May's surprise and not a little to her relief, he laughed softly.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, nothing."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," was Bonnie May's chilling rejoinder. She began to sip her chocolate with impressive elegance.

"Why not?" reflected Baron. He was drawing a picture of Bonnie May in his mother's presence—his mother, who was the most punctilious of all elderly ladies, and whose genuine goodness of heart was usually quite concealed by the studied way in which she adhered to the unbending social codes that must govern a Baron—or rather a Boone. She was a Boone—of the Virginia Boones—when she married Baron's father; a beauty who had been wealthy, despite the disintegration of the Boone fortunes when the Civil War freed the slaves.

He pictured Bonnie May in the dim old mansion that was his home—in that aged house that never knew the voices of children; in which even adults seemed always to be speaking in low, measured tones.

"The governess isn't as bad as she would like to appear," was his irreverent meditation, which still related to his mother. "And Flora would take my part. As for the governor——"

He turned to the child with decision. He realized, finally, that the question of treating her as if she were any other lost child was not to be considered.

"Bonnie May," he said, "I think you'd better go home with me for the time being. We can put something in the paper, you know, and I'll find out if Miss Barry has left any word with the police. But that can't be done in a minute, and of course we can't sit here all afternoon. Come, let's go home."

The waitress came forward to assist when she saw Bonnie May trying to climb down from her chair without loss of dignity.

"It was very nice," said the child, addressing the waitress. She was smiling angelically. "I think we're ready," she added, turning toward Baron.

She tried to catch step with him as they moved toward the door.

And Baron could not possibly have known that at that very moment his mother and his sister Flora were sitting in an upper room of the mansion, brooding upon the evil days that had fallen upon the family fortunes.

Theirs was a very stately and admirable home—viewed from within. But it was practically all that the family possessed, and the neighborhood—well, the neighborhood had wholly lost eligibility as a place for residences long ago.

All their friends, who had formerly been their neighbors, had moved away one after another, when commerce had descended upon the street, with its grime and smoke, and only the Barons remained. Certainly cities grow without any regard at all for the dignity of old mansions or old families.

And while the ground on which the mansion stood had increased in value until it was worth a considerable fortune, it was a carefully guarded family secret that the actual supply of funds in the family treasury had dwindled down to next to nothing.

One permanent investment brought Mrs. Baron a few hundreds annually, and Mr. Baron drew a modest salary from a position with the city, which he had held many years without complaint or lapses. But the fortune that used to be theirs had vanished mysteriously in trips to Europe and in the keeping up of those social obligations which they could not disregard. The formal social activities of the mansion had become wholly things of the past, and within the past year or two the visits of old friends, now living out in commodious new residential districts, had become few and far between. Really it seemed that the Barons had been forgotten.

Flora, looking suddenly into her mother's brooding, fine old eyes, and

quite accurately reading the thought that was beyond them, sighed and arose.

"It's the neighborhood," she said—quite ambiguously, it would have seemed, since not a word had passed between them for nearly half an hour.

But Mrs. Baron responded: "Do you think so?" And her face stiffened with new resolve not to repine, even if the currents of life had drawn away from them and left them desolate.

Then an automobile drew up in front of the mansion and Flora's face brightened. "They've come!" she said. "I won't be gone long, mother," and she hurried away to her room.

A moment later Mrs. Baron heard her going down the stairs and closing the front door.

She stood at the window and watched Flora get into the shining electric coupé of the McKelvey girls. She caught a glimpse of the McKelvey girls' animated faces, and then the elegant little vehicle moved away.

Still she stood at the window. Her face was rather proud and defiant. And then after a time it became, suddenly, quite blank.

There was Victor coming up the stone steps into the yard, and he was leading a waif by the hand. Only the word "waif" did not occur to Mrs. Baron.

"Well!" she exclaimed, her body rigid, her eyes staring out from beneath pugnacious brows. "Victor and an impossible little female!"

III

MRS. BARON DECIDES

As Baron felt for his key he stood an instant and surveyed the other side of the street, up and down the block. A frown gathered on his forehead.

Bonnie May, keyed to a very high pitch, noted that frowning survey of the line of buildings across the way. "Something wrong?" she asked.

"No, certainly not," responded Baron; but to himself he was admitting that there was something very wrong indeed. It was the neighborhood. This was his conclusion, just as it had been Flora's.

He had become conscious of the frowning, grimy fronts; the windows which

were like eyes turning baleful glances upon the thoroughfare. The grass plots, the flower-beds, the suitable carpets spread for the feet of spring—what had become of them?

A dissolute-appearing old woman was scrubbing the ancient stone steps in one place across the way. She suggested better days just as obviously as did the stones, worn away by generations of feet. And a little farther along there were glaring plate-glass fronts bearing gilt legends which fairly shrieked those commercial words which ought to have been whispered from side doors, Baron thought—shoes, and cloaks, and hats.

What sort of a vicinity was this in which to have a home?

Baron wondered why the question had not occurred to him before. He did not realize that he was viewing the street now for the first time through the eyes of a child who owed the neighborhood no sort of sentimental loyalty.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed as he produced his key; but his tone was by no means as cheerful as he tried to make it.

Bonnie May hung back an instant, as a butterfly might pause at the entrance of a dark wood. She glanced into the shadowy vestibule before her inquiringly. Her eyebrows were critically elevated.

"Is it a—a rooming-house?" she faltered.

"Nonsense! It's always been called a mansion. It's a charming old place, too—I assure you! Come, we ought not to stand here."

He was irritated; he was nervous, too. There wasn't any telling what his mother would do when he said to her, in effect: "Here's a lost child. I don't know anything at all about her, but I expect you to help her."

Suppose she should decide to express her opinion of waifs, and of people who brought them home?

He fumbled a little as he unlocked the door. His heart was fairly pounding.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. His voice was as gayly hospitable as he could make it; but his secret thought was: "If she weren't so—so—oh, darn it, if she were like any other child I'd shut her out this minute and let that be the end of it."



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"I thought everybody knew me," she said. "I'm Bonnie May."—Page 291.

The hall was shadowy; yet even in the dim light Baron perceived that the marble balustrade of the stairway was strangely cold and unattractive—and he had always considered this one of the fine things about the house. So, too, was the drawing-room gloomy almost to darkness. The blinds were down as always, save on special occasions. And Baron realized that the family had long ago ceased to care about looking out upon the street, or to permit the street to get a glimpse of the life within. Indeed, he realized, with a bit of a shock, that the home life had been almost entirely removed to the upper floor—as if the premises were being submerged by a flood.

He lifted one of the blinds. "Sit down," he said. "I'll find mother."

"What do you use this room for?" inquired Bonnie May. She was slightly pale. She seemed to be fortifying herself for weird developments.

"I hardly know," Baron confessed. "I think we don't use it very much at all."

"You might think from the properties that it was a rooming-house." She had wriggled into a chair that was too high for her. Her curiosity was unconcealed. Baron could see by the look in her eyes that she had not meant her comment to be derisive, but only a statement of fact.

"Possibly you haven't seen many quite old, thoroughly established homes," he suggested. The remark wasn't meant at all as a rebuke. It represented the attitude of mind with which Baron had always been familiar.

"Anyway," she persisted, "it wouldn't do for an up-to-date interior. It might do for an Ibsen play."

Baron, about to leave the room to find his mother, turned sharply. "What in the world do you know about Ibsen plays?" he demanded. "Besides, you're not in a theatre! If you'll excuse me a minute——"

There were footsteps on the stairway, and Baron's countenance underwent a swift change. He withdrew a little way into the room, so that he stood close to Bonnie May. He was trying to look conciliatory when his mother appeared in the doorway; but guilt was really the expression that was stamped on his face.

It was a very austere-looking old lady

who gazed into the room. "Good evening," she said, as if she were addressing strangers. Still, Baron detected a wryly humorous smile on her lips. She stood quite still, critically inspecting her son as well as his companion.

Baron was glad that Bonnie May sprang to her feet instantly with comprehension and respect. "This is my mother, Mrs. Baron," he said to the child, and to the quizzical old lady, who regarded him with a steady question, he added foolishly: "This is a little girl I have brought home."

"So I should have surmised." Her tone was hardening. Her attitude was fearfully unyielding. It seemed to Baron that her gray hair, which rose high and free from her forehead, had never imparted so much severity to her features before, and that her black eyes had never seemed so imperious.

But Bonnie May was advancing very prettily. "How do you do, Mrs. Baron?" she inquired. She was smiling almost radiantly. "I do hope I don't intrude," she added.

Mrs. Baron looked down at her with frank amazement. For the moment she forgot the presence of her son. She took the child's outstretched hand.

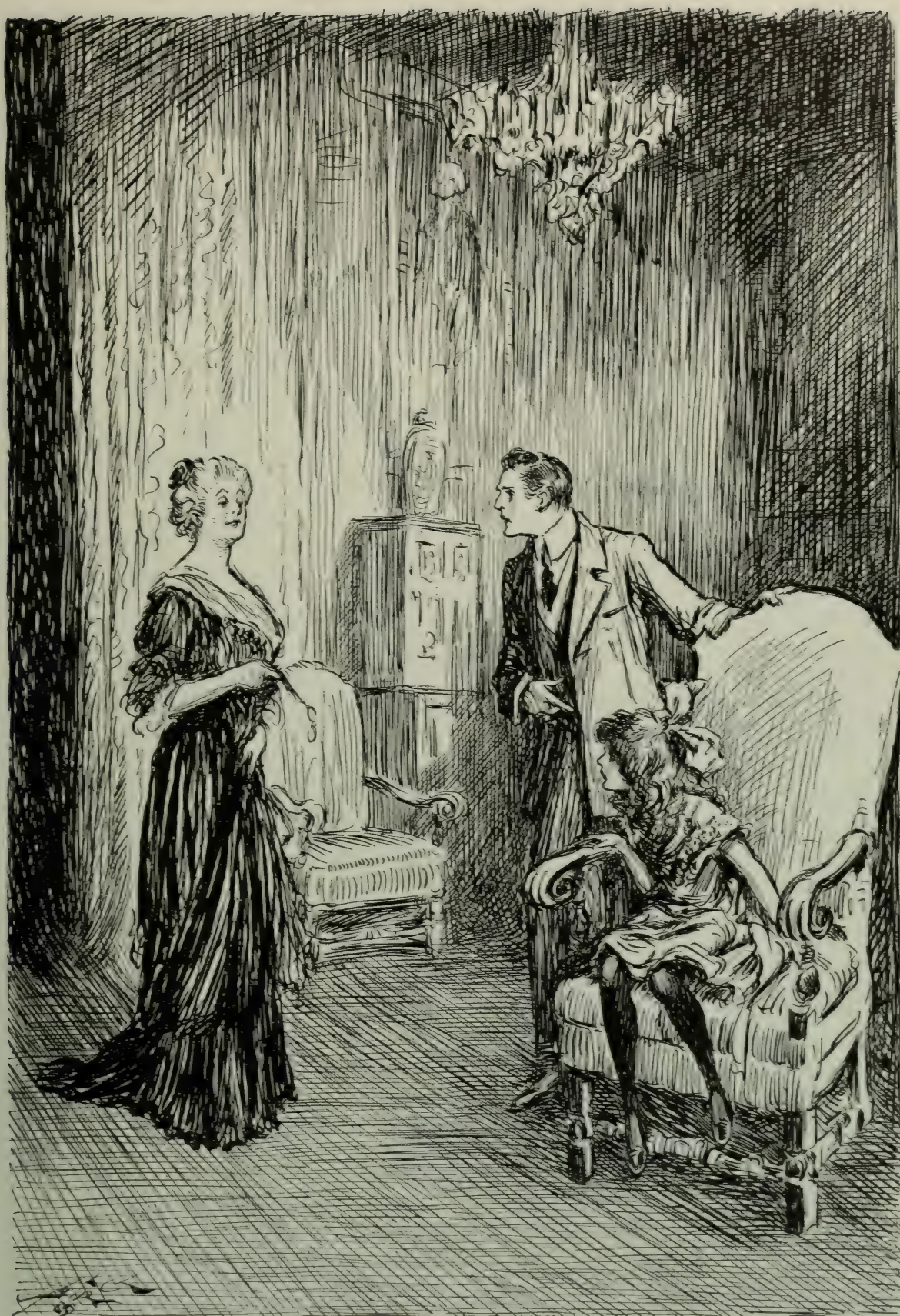
Perhaps the touch of a child's fingers to a woman who has had children but who has them no longer is magical. Perhaps Bonnie May was quite as extraordinary as Victor Baron thought her. At any rate Mrs. Baron's face suddenly softened, and she drew the child into the protection of her arm and held her close, looking at her son.

"Who in the world is she?" she asked; and Baron saw that her eyes were touched with a light which was quite unfamiliar to him.

"I was going to tell you," he faltered; and then he remembered that there was practically nothing he could tell. He saved time by suggesting: "Perhaps she could go up-stairs a minute, while I talk to you alone?"

"Would it be wrong for me to hear?" This was from the child. "You know I might throw a little light on the subject myself."

Mrs. Baron blushed rosily and placed her hand over her mouth, wrenching a



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Good evening," she said, as if she were addressing strangers.—Page 298.

swift smile therefrom. She had heard of precocious children. She disapproved of them. Neither of her own children had been in the least precocious. "Who ever heard anything like that?" she demanded of her son in frank amazement.

"There are some things I ought to say to my mother alone," declared Baron. He placed a persuasive hand on the child's shoulder. "Afterward you can talk the matter over together."

Mrs. Baron's doubts were returning. "I don't see why we should make any mysteries," she said. She looked at the child again, and again all her defenses were laid low. "I suppose she might go up-stairs to my sitting-room, if there's anything to say. Tell me, child," and she bent graciously over the small guest, "what is your name?"

"I am Bonnie May," was the response. The child was inordinately proud of her name, but she did not wish to be vain-glorious now. She lowered her eyes with an obviously theatrical effect, assuming a nice modesty.

Mrs. Baron observed sharply, and nodded her head.

"That's a queer name for a human being," was her comment. She looked at her son as if she suddenly had a bad taste in her mouth. "It sounds like a doll-baby's name."

The child was shocked by the unfriendliness—the rudeness—of this. Mrs. Baron followed up her words with more disparagement in the way of a steady, disapproving look. Precocious children ought to be snubbed, she thought.

The good lady would not have offended one of her own age without a better reason, but so many good people do not greatly mind offending a child.

"You know," said Bonnie May, "I really didn't have anything to do with picking out my name. Somebody else did it for me. And maybe they decided on it because they thought it would look good on the four-sheets."

"On the——"

But Baron swiftly interposed.

"We can go into matters of that sort some other time," he said. "I think it would be better for you to leave mother and me alone for a minute just now."

Bonnie May went out of the room in

response to Baron's gesture. "I'll show you the way," he added; and as he began to guide her up the stairs she turned toward him, glancing cautiously over his shoulder to the room they had just quitted.

"Believe me," she whispered, "that's the first time I've had stage fright in years." She mounted three or four steps and then paused again. "You know," she confided, turning again, "she makes you think of a kind of honest sister to Lady Macbeth."

Baron stopped short, his hand on the balustrade. "Bonnie May," he demanded, "will you tell me how old you are?"

He had a sudden fear that she was one of those pitiable creatures whose minds grow old but whose bodies remain the same from year to year.

"I don't know," she replied, instantly troubled. "Miss Barry never would tell me."

"Well, how far back can you remember?"

"Oh, quite a long time. I know I had a real speaking part as long as four seasons ago. I've been doing Little Eva off and on for over two years."

"It seems to me," he said severely, "that you know about plays which a little girl ought not to know anything about."

"Oh! Well, I was with Miss Barry in lots of plays that I didn't have any part in, unless it might be to help out with the populace, or something like that. And we did stock work for a while, with a new play every week."

Somehow this speech had the effect of restoring her to favor with Baron. Her offenses were clearly unconscious, unintended, while her alertness, her discernment, were very genuine and native. What a real human being she was, after all, despite her training in the unrealities of life! And how quick she was to see when she had offended, and how ready with contrition and apology! Surely that was the sort of thing that made for good breeding—even from the standpoint of a Baron, or a Boone!

They traversed the upper hall until they reached an immense front room which was filled with the mellow sunlight of the late afternoon, and which was in-

vingtly informal and untidy in all its aspects. It was one of those rooms which seem alive, because of many things which speak eloquently of recent occupation and of the certainty of their being occupied immediately again.

A square piano, pearl inlaid and venerable, immediately caught Bonnie May's eyes. "Oh, how lovely!" she exclaimed. She stood a moment, pressing her hands to her cheeks. "Yes," she added musingly, "I can actually see them."

"See whom?" Baron demanded, slightly impatient.

"The nice, sweet girls, wearing crinoline and dancing with their arms around one another's waists, and one of them sitting at the piano playing and looking over her shoulder at the others. There are tender smiles on their lips, and their eyes are shining like anything. They are so dear and happy!"

Baron frowned. Why should the child associate the house, his home, only with things so remote with respect to time and place? It was a jealously guarded family secret that life was relentlessly passing on, leaving them stranded in old ways. But was a child—a waif picked up in pity, or in a spirit of adventure—to wrest the secret from among hidden things and flaunt it in his face?

She had gone into the big bay window, and was standing with one hand on the long willow seat covered with pale-hued cushions. For the moment she was looking down upon the bit of grass plot below.

"Make yourself at home," invited Baron. "I won't be long."

He went back to his mother. He wished she might have heard what the child had said about the girls who were dancing, far away in the past.

"Well, who is she?" was Mrs. Baron's abrupt, matter-of-fact question.

"I don't know. That's the plain truth. I'm thinking more about *what* she is—or what she seems to be."

He described the incident in the theatre and explained how he had been in fear of a panic. "I felt obliged to carry her out," he concluded rather lamely.

"I quite see that. But that didn't make you responsible for her in any way," Mrs. Baron reminded him.

"Well now, governess, do be friendly.

I'm not responsible for her—I know that. But, you see, she appears to be alone in the world, except for a Miss Barry, an actress. I couldn't find her. Of course she'll be located to-morrow. That's all there is to it. And let's not be so awfully particular. There can't be any harm in having the little thing in the house overnight. Honestly, don't you think she is wonderful?"

Mrs. Baron was diligently nursing her wrath. "That isn't the question," she argued. "I dare say a good many unidentified children are wonderful. But that would scarcely justify us in turning our house into an orphan asylum."

"Oh! An orphan asylum!" echoed Baron almost despairingly. "Look here, mother, it was just by chance that I ran across the little thing, and under the circumstances what was I going to do with her?"

"There were the police, at least."

"Yes, I thought of that."

He went to the window and stood with his back to her. For a full minute there was silence in the room, and then Baron spoke. He did not turn around.

"Yes, there were the police," he repeated; "but I couldn't help remembering that there was also I—and we. I had an idea we could do a good deal better than the police, in a case like this. I don't understand how you women feel, mother, but I can't help remembering that every little girl is going to be a woman some day. And I've no doubt that the kind of woman she is going to be will be governed a good deal by seemingly trivial events. I don't see why it isn't likely that Bonnie May's whole future may depend upon the way things fall out for her now, when she's really helpless and alone for the first time in her life. I think it's likely she'll remember to the end of her days that people were kind to her—or that they weren't. We've nothing to be afraid of at the hands of a little bit of a girl. At the most we'll have to give her a bed for the night, and a bite to eat, and just a little friendliness. It's she who must be afraid of us!—afraid that we'll be thoughtless, or snobbish, and refuse to give her the comfort she needs, now that she's in trouble."

He paused.

"A speech!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron, and Baron could not fail to note the irony in her voice. She added, in the same tone: "The haughty mother yields to the impassioned plea of her noble son!"

Baron turned and observed that she was smiling rather maliciously.

"You'd better go up and look after her," she added. "Flora will be home before long."

IV

A CRISIS

AT five o'clock, during a brief lull in the usual noises on the avenue, there was a faint murmur of machinery in front of the mansion. The McKelvey girls' motor-car drew up at the curb, and Miss Flora Baron alighted.

She was the sort of girl that people love unquestioningly: gentle, low-voiced, seemingly happy, grateful, gracious.

"Good-by, Flora," called the McKelvey girls almost in one voice, as their guest hurried toward her gate. Their cheerful faces were framed by the open door of their shining coupé. And Flora looked back over her shoulder and responded gayly, and then hurried up into the vestibule of the mansion.

She carried an armful of roses which the McKelveys had insisted upon her bringing home—roses with long stems, with many green, wax-like leaves.

When she entered the hall she paused and sighed. Now that her friends could not see her any longer she abandoned a certain gladsome bearing. It was so lovely out at the McKelveys', and it was so—so different here at home. She had the feeling one might have on entering a dungeon.

The fingers of her right hand closed upon the dull-green-and-silver tailored skirt she was wearing, and one foot was already planted on the first step of the stairway. She meant to offer the roses to her mother, who would be in the sitting-room up-stairs.

But before she had mounted to the second step she heard her brother Victor's voice in the dining-room, and she knew by his manner of speaking that he

was at the telephone. This circumstance in itself was not remarkable; but he was asking for police headquarters!

Visions of a burglary passed before her mind, and she wondered whimsically what anybody could find in the house worth stealing. Her brother's next words reached her clearly:

"Oh, I couldn't say just how old she is. Say about ten. Somebody must have reported that she is lost. . . . Well, that certainly seems strange . . ."

Flora changed her mind about going upstairs immediately. Instead, she turned toward the dining-room. Victor was continuing his message: "Are you sure such a report hasn't been made at one of the substations?" And after a brief interval there was the sound of the receiver being hung up.

However, when Flora entered the dining-room her brother was speaking at the telephone again. More about a little girl. "Mr. Thornburg's office? Mr. Thornburg? This is Baron speaking. Say—has anybody spoken to you about losing a little girl this afternoon?"

Flora perceived that he was deeply concerned; his attitude was even strikingly purposeful—and Victor usually appeared to have no definite purposes at all.

"Yes," he continued, clearly in answer to words from the other end of the wire, "I brought her home with me. I didn't know what else to do. I thought somebody might have inquired at the theatre about her. If they do, you'll let me know right away, won't you? She'll probably be with us here until she's claimed."

He hung up the receiver. His eyes were unusually bright.

"Here? Who?" demanded Flora.

Baron beamed upon her. "Flora!" he cried. "I'm glad you've come. Something has happened!"

"Who's here?"

"The renowned actress, Bonnie May."

"Please tell me!" she begged, as if he had made no response at all.

"A little lost girl." Then Baron briefly explained.

Miss Baron's eyes fairly danced.

"What an adventure!" she added presently. "Is she—nice?"

"Nice? That's a woman's first ques-

tion every time, isn't it?" Baron reflected. "I suppose so. I know she's pretty—the very prettiest thing!"

"That would be a man's first consideration, I suppose. What did mother say?"

"Mother is—resigned." They moved toward the stairway. "Try to persuade mother that a child doesn't count," Baron urged. "I'm sure Mrs. Grundy never had any children. None like Bonnie May, anyway. When you've once seen her——"

They were ascending the stairway, eagerly whispering. A dozen years at least seemed to have slipped from their shoulders. They entered Mrs. Baron's sitting-room quite gayly.

Mrs. Baron and Bonnie May were sitting close together, the guest in a low chair that was Flora's. Mrs. Baron was maintaining the rôle of indulgent but overridden oracle; Bonnie May was amiably inclined to make allowances. They were conversing in a rather sedate fashion.

"My sister Flora, Bonnie May," said Baron.

The child came forward eagerly. "How lovely!" she exclaimed, extending her hand.

Flora regarded the child with smiling eyes. "Oh! you mean the roses," she said. "Yes, they are." But she did not look at the flowers on her arm. She pushed a pennon-like fragment of veil away from her face and smiled quietly at the child.

"I didn't mean them," explained Bonnie May. "I meant it was lovely that you should be—that I'm to have— Do excuse me, I mean that *you* are lovely!"

Only an instant longer Miss Baron remained as if happily spellbound. A breath that was fragrant and cool emanated from her and her roses. The hue of pleasure slowly deepened in her cheeks.

"You dear child!" she said at last, the spell broken. "I can't remember when anybody has said such a thing to me before."

She laid the roses in her mother's lap. "And to think we're to keep her!" she added.

"Over night," Mrs. Baron made haste

to say. "Yes, she is to be our guest until to-morrow."

"But nobody has inquired for her," said Flora. "Victor's been telephoning. The police and the people at the theatre——"

"Where did you get such beautiful roses?" inquired Mrs. Baron, wholly by way of interruption. The arch of her eyebrows was as a weather-signal which Flora never disregarded. She changed the subject. She had much to say about her ride. But her eyes kept straying back to Bonnie May, who remained silent, her body leaning slightly forward, her head pitched back, her eyes devouring Miss Baron's face. The attitude was so touchingly childlike that Flora had visions of herself in a big rocking-chair, putting the little thing to sleep or telling her stories. "Only until to-morrow," her mother had said; but no one was asking for the child anywhere. Of course she would stay until—until——

"Yes," she said, absent-mindedly, in response to a question by her mother, "they brought me home in their car. They were so lovely to me!" Her eyes strayed back to Bonnie May, whose rapt gaze was fixed upon her. The child flushed and smiled angelically.

If any constraint was felt during the dinner-hour, Bonnie May was evidently less affected than the others at table.

The one test which might have been regarded as a critical one—the appearance of the head of the household—was easily met.

Mr. Baron came home a little late, and immediately disappeared to dress for dinner. Bonnie May did not even get a glimpse of him until the family took their places at table.

"Hello! Who said there weren't any more fairies?" was his cheerful greeting, as he stood an instant beside his chair before he sat down. He was a tall, distinguished-looking man, with a pointed gray beard, which seemed always to have been of its present color, rather than to suggest venerableness. He had piercing gray eyes which seemed formidable under their definite black eyebrows. However, his eyes readily yielded to a twinkle when he smiled. He still adhered rigidly to the

custom of dressing formally for dinner, and he entertained a suspicion that Victor's vocation, which consisted of literary work of some indefinite kind, was making him sadly Bohemian, since his son did not perceive the need of being so punctilious. "It's not as if we had company often," had been Victor's defense, on one occasion, of the course he had adopted; but his father's retort had been that "they were still in the habit of dining with one another."

"A little girl we are sheltering to-night," was Mrs. Baron's explanation to her husband, who still regarded the child at the opposite end of the table.

"I'm Bonnie May," amended the child. "I am very glad to meet you, I'm sure." She smiled graciously and nodded with such dignity as was compatible with a rather difficult position. She was occupying an "adult" chair, and little more than her head and shoulders was visible. She had briefly yet firmly discouraged the suggestion that she sit on a book.

"A—protégé of Victor's," added Mrs. Baron, with the amiable malice which the family easily recognized.

But Flora noted the word "protégé" and smiled. To her mind it suggested permanency.

"A very fine little girl, I'm sure," was Mr. Baron's comment. He was critically looking at the fowl which Mrs. Shepard, housekeeper and woman of all work, had placed before him. His entire attention was immediately monopolized by the carving implements. He appeared to forget the child's presence.

This fact is set down as a significant one, because Flora and Baron, Jr., were both keenly and frankly interested in his impression. If he didn't mind having her about, another point in her favor would have been gained. Mrs. Baron, too, was covertly interested in his attitude. She was not quite sure whether she wished him to confirm her fears, or to share her son's and daughter's faith in the unexpected guest.

Thereafter the meal progressed somewhat silently. Every individual in the group was alertly awaiting developments.

"Children always like the drumstick," declared Mr. Baron genially, looking at Bonnie May.

"Yes, I believe so," admitted the guest politely. She added casually: "I usually prefer the wing."

Mr. Baron rested the carving knife and fork on his plate and scrutinized the speaker sharply. The child was opening her napkin with a kind of elegant deliberation.

Then he smiled. "A wing it shall be," he declared.

Later Mrs. Baron took occasion to assert her authority. "Children should not stare," she declared, trying to assume a severe contralto tone, but taking care to smile, so that her rebuke would seem to have been kindly offered.

Indeed, Bonnie May was paying less attention to her dinner than to the pretty napery, the cut-glass vase in which some of Flora's roses had been placed, the dinner set of chaste design, and to the countenances about her.

"Quite true," she admitted, in response to Mrs. Baron. "But, you know, when you get into a new company, it's quite natural to size everybody up, so you can make up your mind what to expect of them."

She took a very small bite from a young green onion, holding her little finger elegantly apart. "How prettily the white blends with the green!" she said approvingly, looking critically at the onion.

Mrs. Baron flushed. "My remark was that children ought not to stare," she repeated, persistently and less gently.

The child's serenity failed her. "I don't usually," she said in painful embarrassment, "and I don't believe I criticise people's manners, either, unless it's in private."

She regained her self-control immediately. She replaced the onion on her plate and lifted her napkin to her lips with exquisite care.

The adult persons at the table were all looking from one to another. There were horizontal lines in every forehead.

"I can't remember having been anywhere where the service was so admirable," the guest added, directing her glance toward her own section of the board. There was a suggestion of gentle ennui in her tone.

Mrs. Baron was glaring at her, her face aflame with mortification. It was

a countenance the family was familiar with.

"Well, what have you been doing to-day, Victor?" inquired Mr. Baron jocosely.

It was the tone—and the tactics—he always adopted when he wished to avoid a crisis.

When the family were about to leave the table, Mrs. Baron called the housekeeper. The others appeared not to notice particularly, but secretly they were all attention.

Said Mrs. Baron: "Mrs. Shepard, this little girl's name is Bonnie May. She is to stay with us this evening. Will you see that the spare room in the attic is made ready? and if you can add to her comfort in any way I'm sure you will."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mrs. Shepard. The good, simple creature was trying to hide her amazement. The child had been a guest at the table—and she was to be put up in the attic to sleep! The attic was really a third floor, but it was used mainly for storing things, and for the houseman's quarters. She regarded Bonnie May briefly—and her eyes twinkled! The child was smiling at her amiably.

"Mother!" was Flora's hesitating remonstrance, and Victor paid such studious heed to the folding of his napkin that it was evident he was trying to hide his discomfort. In a moment he spoke—quite casually: "I'm afraid it will be lonesome up there for her, mother. Suppose you let her have my room to-night. I won't mind giving it up."

"Nonsense! There's no need of your being disturbed." Mrs. Baron's forehead was still creased by menacing horizontal lines.

The guest interposed. The family was rising, and she stood with her back to the table. "If you don't mind, Mrs. Baron," she said evenly, "I'll go back and make friends with Mrs. Shepard. You know I dearly love the people who take the—the character parts. They're usually so comfortable!"

"Well, run along." Mrs. Baron tried not to speak impatiently. She felt that there was general disapproval of her mood.

The guest went into the kitchen. At

the door she turned. "It was a lovely dinner," she said politely. Then she disappeared.

In the kitchen her glad bearing vanished. She became strangely pensive for a little girl. Mrs. Baron did not like her! That was evident. Yet what had she done, save to take her own part, as she had always had to do?

Mrs. Shepard did not realize that the child was troubled. When children were troubled, according to Mrs. Shepard's experience, their lips trembled or their eyes filled with tears. There were no such signs to be read in Bonnie May's face. She was standing there in that dazed fashion because she was in a strange place, of course.

"Wait until my work's done and I'll bake you a little cake!" said Mrs. Shepard. She was delighted with the idea. It occurred to her that it would be a great pleasure to bake a little cake for the child.

"A little cake?" responded Bonnie May dubiously. "It's kind of you, you know, but really I've just dined." She put all troubled thoughts away from her. The kitchen was really a wonderful place. She examined various utensils with interest. They had all been *used*. She had seen many of these things before, but they had always been shiny and new. The property man had taken care of them.

A little bell above Mrs. Shepard's head tinkled energetically. The housekeeper sighed heavily and began wiping her hands.

"What is it?" inquired Bonnie May.

"The front-door bell," was the answer.

"Oh! how interesting. Let me answer it—do!"

And before Mrs. Shepard could carefully consider the matter she gave a reluctant consent. She would have explained what one should do under certain contingencies, but there hadn't been time. Bonnie May was gone.

As the child passed through the hall she heard the family moving about upstairs. Their voices seemed quite remote; they were almost inaudible. Bonnie May thought it probable that they had not heard the summons at the door.

She felt a new kind of elation at being permitted to officiate in even a very small domestic function. She was going to ad-

mit some one who really came from out of the unknown—whose every word and movement would not be known to her beforehand.

Then the mansion seemed to become strangely silent, as if it were listening un-

easily to learn who it was that had come out of the darkness and sounded a summons to those within.

Bonnie May caught her breath. Her face was fairly glowing when she opened the door.

(To be continued.)

MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

WITH THE BOSTON MUSEUM COMPANY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I CHOOSE A PROFESSION



HE mind's eye blinks a bit when it contemplates my Lord Dundreary in the pulpit. The church, however, was my father's original destination. My grandfather, a very conservative merchant of Liverpool, had set his heart on his son's entrance into holy orders. Indeed, my father studied diligently to that end; but nature rebelled and he compromised later on by taking up the study of medicine. This he pursued for some time, even going so far as to enter the hospital of St. Bartholomew in London. However, he abandoned the temple of Æsculapius and suddenly went on the stage; so much to the horror of his father that he was obliged to shift for himself for many years, and underwent such labor and disappointment that, after ten years of acting, he seriously considered giving up the theatre and returning to commercial life, the church and the consulting room being now out of the question.

Owing to these hard experiences, my father was most eager that his sons should seek less thorny paths. But, on the other hand, he determined to allow our natural inclinations to have full sway, for he remembered how he had rebelled at the authority which compelled him to labor at two callings which were distasteful to him.

During the later years of his life, I saw my father seldom, for he was usually

playing in America while I was at school in England. Whenever I did see him, however, this question as to what I was to be was always broached. Quite suddenly and unexpectedly my father would say: "Well, what are you going to be? This is very important and must be settled before you are much older. You must make up your mind about it at once."

As a matter of fact, I had not the vaguest idea of what I wanted to be, since no profession had been chosen for me—for the theatre was tabooed as being a hard, precarious, and impossible field for stupid people, of whom it was admitted I was one. I was greatly disconcerted when these attacks were levelled at me. Once I had wished to be a red Indian, later a sailor; by and by, being a very nervous, shy child, I had wished to have the iron nerve and pale, impassive countenance of the Count of Monte Cristo. "The Count was pale but firm," struck me as a satisfactory state to be in permanently. My latest plan was to be a farmer. The country, solitude, open air; these things appealed to me strikingly. None of these ambitions but the "farmer" did I confide to my parent. He was not enthusiastic and I abandoned the idea. I had some small inclination for drawing, and my father seized on that as the direction I should travel.

"How would you like to be a painter?" said he one day.

"I think I should like it," said I.

"Good!" said he. "That's settled. I'll

send you at once to O'Connor. Scene-painting will give you a fine, broad style. Meantime, you stoop too much, so we'll go and buy some braces to hold the shoulders back."

This we did with swift decision. I was braced like a soldier in half an hour, and in an hour it had been arranged that I should leave school and take up the study of drawing and color.

I studied scene-painting with those braces on, suffering torture as I wielded a huge brush in either hand. The connection between scene-painting and standing up straight puzzled me then and I can't perceive it now, but it was enough for me that my father saw it. What a happy age that when the parent is a god-like being who knows all things! My father was the most adorable of men, all that affection could offer he gave to his children, and in his glorious, buoyant, effervescent nature we saw the constant sunshine of youth and knowledge. To him everything seemed possible. His swift decisions seemed to us the decrees of happy Fate. So with enthusiasm I attacked my painting and indeed was happy and content until I came to know, after three or four years, that my gift was small and that it was necessary for me to earn a living more securely and more rapidly than my meagre talent would allow. My father did not believe this, but I knew it.

I came out to America in 1879 with my mother's brother, Captain Hugh Stewart. My father was living at the Gramercy Park Hotel in New York. One day we were at breakfast.

"Now," said my father to me, "let us decide what you are going to be."

We sat down to consider this weighty matter.

"Come in!" cried my father, who always applied himself to reply to his letters after breakfast, a matter of a couple of hours—he was very methodical about this, punctilious to a degree. "Come in!"

It was Earp! Now, Earp was the barber at the Gramercy Park Hotel. He lived in the basement—a perfectly unbelievable man, thin as a rail, six feet three in height, solemn as the Sphinx. He eked out his income from barbering by raising white mice; he also kept parrots,

love-birds, flying squirrels, a jackdaw. My father was very fond of animals; he always had one, sometimes two dogs with him, and frequently purchased some of Earp's menagerie for his rooms in New York. Earp usually looked after these purchases each night and brought them to my father when he came in the afternoon. He now appeared. This was the first time I had seen him. He carried his barber's implements in his two hands. My father sat in the middle of the room where Earp had placed a chair. Earp then took from a large pocket a parrot which crawled onto his shoulder. My father paid no attention. From another pocket he took two love-birds which crawled up his chest to his head and perched thereon. Two flying squirrels emerged next and flew at once to the window-curtains and clung there chattering. Several white mice then appeared and began to crawl over my father. At last another parrot bestrode Earp's other shoulder and a jackdaw jumped out of a small bag of razors and stood on a table. I, of course, was surprised. My father spoke not—the thing was customary.

"Fine day," said Earp.

"Isn't it?" said my father.

"Hair cut!" said a parrot.

I laughed with glee.

"My son—Earp," said my father by way of introduction.

Earp held out a sad hand which I shook solemnly. I felt strangely abashed at living a birdless life.

"Next!" cried the jackdaw.

It is a fact that these parrots and this jackdaw spoke this barbarous talk. "Shave or hair cut," would one say. "How much?" "Fifteen cents!" would another remark.

Meantime Earp conversed on the topics of the day—politics, stocks, the theatre, real estate, mice, and men. It was all very instructive and amazing to me, lately landed. At last the conversation languished.

"Now, Eddy," said my father, "what is it to be? What are you going to be?"

I had been wool-gathering, watching the mice and the squirrels. Recalled to the serious affairs of the planet, I looked rather blank; at last I ventured: "I think I should like to go on the stage."

My father sat up so suddenly that Earp's birds nearly lost their balance.

"You want to give up your drawing!" said he.

I told him my reasons at length. I knew I was hurting him and hated to do it. He had set his heart on my being a painter, but I lamed him with reasons. At last he seemed to make up his mind suddenly.

"Good!" said he as Earp finished him up. "I'll send you to the Boston Museum. You shall go at once—to-morrow! I'll give you a letter to Mr. Field, the manager. Mrs. Vincent will take rooms for you. You won't get any salary, because you are not worth any. I'll give you twenty dollars a week on which you will have to live, as I and other poor actors have done before you. You'll have to work hard; it's no joke. You are making an awful mistake, but I won't stand in your way. I want you to choose, but you must get at it quick and find out what it is like."

I knew what it was like, for children have sharp ears and I had heard ever since I was a child how my father had failed and failed and failed; how he landed in 1852 in Boston, whither I was going, and appeared in "The Heir-at-Law" as Doctor Pangloss; how the audience at the National Theatre hissed him; how Mr. Leonard, the manager, discharged him after the play; how he went next day to the Howard Athenæum and asked the manager for a job; how the manager engaged him and he played four performances a day while my mother played small parts also and nursed her little son Lytton, and when the next day after his discharge a man appeared at Mrs. Fisher's boarding-house in Bullfinch Place—a man who said he represented a newspaper, which, of course, he did not—and calling my father to the door suggested that a small sum would prevent a certain article recounting his lamentable failure from appearing in print, my mother, who was at the top of the staircase, came down and cried out: "If you don't thrash him I'll never speak to you again!"

The conflict which ensued and the rejoicing which followed; the penury; the hardships; the determination to give up the theatre after ten years of labor—all

this I knew, and had heard with those same sharp ears of childhood. But it mattered not.

"Remember," said my father, "always say you will do anything and take anything. You can't learn to act by telling yourself how much you are worth; other people will have to tell you that."

I went to Boston and entered the Museum Company.

I returned to New York to see my father in about a month. Again Earp entered. Again the mice and the parrots and the love-birds and the squirrels took their part in the proceedings.

"How do you like the stage?" said my father.

"I like it," said I.

"You will suffer," said my father, and his eyes looked moist. "I hope soon you'll be worth a salary," he added seriously.

"How much?" said one parrot.

"Fifteen cents," said the other.

"Not yet," said I, and my father smiled sadly.

"ST. VINCENT"

THE Boston Museum was one of the last remnants of Puritan prejudice against the theatre as a place of amusement. It was a "museum," not a "theatre." The word "theatre" was not permitted on any advertisement or playbill. For many years its doors were closed from Saturday afternoon until Monday morning—there being no Saturday evening performance. In the front of the building, on the floors over the box-office, was an exhibition of stuffed animals, wax figures, mummies, mineral specimens, and other odds and ends, which enabled the tender of conscience to persuade themselves that this was an institution of learning, a school of instruction, and by no means a place of amusement.

In 1879, when I joined the Museum Company, that temple of the drama still had a distinct following of its own. Each member of the organization had, from long association and distinguished service, become something of an institution. Citizens had been brought up from childhood to love and revere them. Especially was this the case with Mr. William Warren and Mrs. Vincent, whose service

in this one theatre covered a period of nearly fifty years. Writes an historian: "The actual merit of the performance at places with them; to have been able to



A picture by E. H. Sothern, painted in Spain in 1877, during his career as a painter.

the Boston Museum was perhaps greater than that of any other stock company in the country." Mr. Warren has been declared the superior of his cousin, Joseph Jefferson. And yet, outside of the city of Boston—save in a few New England towns—neither he nor Mrs. Vincent were known at all. To them, however, a modest but established home and the perpetual enjoyment of a circle of intimate and admiring friends compensated for a wider

contemplate in retrospect so many years of peaceful labor, and to have been so truly honored and so well beloved. To such an extent did this sentiment prevail in the case of Mrs. Vincent that the Vincent Hospital, founded in her name under the auspices of Trinity Church, is in these days sometimes inadvertently called "St. Vincent's Hospital."

Some years ago was sold in Boston the collection of one Mr. Brown, a famous



From a photograph by Sarony.

Edward H. Sothorn in 1879.

gatherer of theatrical programmes, autograph letters, and so forth. I purchased at this sale some letters of my father. One of these was written from Weymouth, England, in 1852, to Mr. Leonard, the manager of the National Theatre, Boston. My father applied for an engagement, giving a list of three hundred and ninety-six parts which he had played and was prepared to play. He was at this time twenty-five years of age, so his experience as an actor in England may be deduced therefrom. Mr. Leonard engaged him for leading comedy.

In 1852, under the name of Douglas Stewart, as I have said, he opened in the

part of Doctor Pangloss in "The Heir-at-Law." His failure was so complete that the audience in an uproar interfered with the progress of the play.

On arriving in Boston my father had found shelter in a boarding-house kept by Mrs. Fisher at No. 2 Bullfinch Place—a quaint, quiet street with a kind of toll-gate across it close to Mrs. Fisher's house. Here in this secluded retreat Mr. William Warren and a few other actors resided.

After this disastrous first appearance my father and mother and their one son, Lytton, moved their abode to the house of Mrs. Vincent. Now began a friendship



From a photograph by the Notman Studio.

"St. Vincent" (Mrs. R. H. Vincent).

that lasted until my father's death and which was bequeathed to me, for Mrs. Vincent survived him by some years.

Often have I pictured to myself these penniless babes-in-the-wood. My mother, then a girl of twenty, and my father in the heyday of his youth, making fun of misfortune as though that monster were a friend, snapping their fingers at disaster and quite disconcerting the demon of poverty by laughing in his face. No ill fortune is terrible at the age of twenty-five.

It was at this moment that his lifelong friendship for Mrs. Vincent began. It was on her sympathetic bosom that my

mother relieved her grief; and it was her joyous counsel and all-conquering chuckle that fortified these children to face fortune anew. Mrs. Vincent always spoke of my father as "her son" and he forever called her "Little Mother." In her memoirs she says: "He was the most impudent, audacious, good-for-nothing, good-hearted fellow." He was forever making her the victim of all sorts of mad pranks. To the last of her days she could never speak of him without uncontrollable laughter, even when she was pausing to dry her tears at the thought of his having passed away.

Mrs. Vincent, all her life long, was de-

voted to a modest and quiet charity, and she found at once a ready disciple in my father. Early in their friendship he de-

habitually kept it—part of this fairy fund, which had maintained its evergreen quality for twenty years.

My father's annual visit to Boston was a time of whirlwind excitement for Mrs. Vincent. His approach was heralded weeks before by all sorts of extravagant letters and post-cards and telegrams; love messages written in red ink on the outside of envelopes—ten, twenty of them posted at a time—calling her "Adored One," "Beautiful Stalactite," "Lady Godiva," "Boadicea," a thousand extravagances. Then one day his card would be taken up by an hysterical maid-servant named "Mattie," who, with starting eyes and a fist in her mouth, would announce: "The Duke of Wellington," or "The Sultan of Turkey." Mrs. Vincent would welcome him in her best frock, with such dear, old-fashioned curls on either side of her rotund face, chuckling so that her whole body shook. Then such greetings, such laughter, such tears, such stories, such mad doings on my father's part, and such delight in his mischief by this dearest of old ladies! Parrots, cats, canaries; Mattie, the eccentric maid, with her face full of wonder! Then an account of the various charities to which the hundred dollars had contributed most faithfully, and in much detail delivered, and many tales of poor creatures yet to be relieved, and plans and confidences and reminiscences of old friends long gone.

On my arrival in Boston, it was to Mrs. Vincent's house in Chambers Street that I made my way. I had many misgivings as I walked through the curious, intricate, winding, irregular Boston streets,

so like the streets of an old English town. The queer New England laws my father had threatened me with, the historical associations—Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty"; the old State House with the lion and the unicorn still rampant; the Boston tea-party; the mad experience of the mad Edmund Kean; my father's disastrous failure in 1852—all these kept

HOWARD ATHENÆUM

LESSEE AND MANAGER HENRY WILLARD
STAGE MANAGER ROBERT JONES

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle & Parquette, - 50cts. | Third Circle, - - - - 121-2 cts
Family Circle or Second Tier, 35cts | Reserved Seats in Dress Circle 75 "
Private Boxes, - - - - - 85.00
Children for 12 years of age Half Price. Children 4 years not admitted. Colored Persons admitted to the Third Circle only.
The BOX OFFICE will be opened every day from 10 A.M. until 5 P.M., where Seats and Private Boxes may be secured.

NOTICE—TIME ALTERED.—In future, the doors will open at half-past six, and the Curtain will rise at a quarter past seven.

THIRD NIGHT
OF THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIENNE.

MRS. WARNER!
UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE
Without an equal as an Actress,
IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY.

The Manager takes great pleasure in announcing an engagement likewise for a Few Nights, with the POPULAR ACTOR,

Mr W. MARSHALL
Who will appear in conjunction with Mrs WARNER in Shakspeare's Play of

O THELLO

Mr J. R. Scott & Mrs M. Jones
WILL ALSO APPEAR IN THE PLAY.

Fourth Night of
The PRETTY GIRLS of STILBERG
MARGOT, : Mrs McVICKER | POPPLEWIG, : Mr McVICKER

On Wednesday Evening, Dec'r 8th, 1852,
Will be presented Shakspeare's

O THELLO!

EMILIA, **Mrs WARNER**
IAGO, **Mr. W. MARSHALL**
O THELLO, **Mr J. R. SCOTT**

Cassio..... Mr. Cowell	Julio..... Mr. Pike
Brabantio..... E. Williams	Antonio..... Baldwin
Montano..... Ashmer	Duke of Venice..... Drummond
Roderigo..... Douglas Stewart	Senators, Lords, &c.
Ludovico..... Wentworth	
Gratiano..... Hardenburgh	Desdemona..... Mrs. Melinda Jones

Programme of Howard Athenæum, Boston, December 8, 1852.


E. A. Sothorn, as Douglas Stewart, plays Roderigo in "Othello."

posited with her a magic hundred dollars which was never to grow less. When, in the course of her ministrations to the unfortunate, the low-water mark of twenty dollars was reached, my father was to be notified and the balance restored. When Mrs. Vincent died a twenty-dollar bill was found by Miss Mina Berntsen under the paper of her bureau-drawer where she

me busy thinking as I walked along. I was quite sure I should fail, to begin with. I was not yet nineteen. Public life, curiously enough, was entirely distasteful to me; not especially theatre life, but any life with crowds of people. I hated the thought that I should have to perfect my work in public at rehearsal, to exhibit myself in the process; all my ignorance and stupidity and imperfection I knew would tie me up in knots and paralyze me and sicken and dishearten me. How I wished that I could study it all in private and then stand forth confident, victorious. But it could not be done; one has to rehearse and look ridiculous and feel ridiculous and be made ridiculous, and generally pay for one's footing in the theatre. A conceited person with a comfortably thick skin may pass through this period without discomfort, but a diffident young man who has the fortune to be sensitive and is aware of his own insufficiency must undergo torture. People are not consciously unkind, but there are few things so comic as an utterly untrained male actor trying to act. I knew well what was in store for me and looked forward with a definite dread to my initiation into the Boston Museum company.

Wrote my father to Mrs. Vincent: "Eddy is a dear boy, but he will never make an actor." Indeed, it is not for me to say that my father was wrong. Thus recommended, there I was on my way to

the dear old lady's arms. My father had failed in this very town and had succeeded. Edmund Kean had been pelted



LESSEE AND MANAGER JOSEPH LEONARD

The public are respectfully informed, that this Establishment will open for the
DRAMATIC SEASON,
ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER FIRST, 1852.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

DRESS CIRCLE AND PARQUETTE,	50 CENTS
THE SECOND, OR FAMILY CIRCLE,	25 CENTS
THIRD CIRCLE OR GALLERY,	25 CENTS
PRIVATE BOXES,	SINGLE TICKET, \$1.00

Doors open at half-past 6 Curtain will rise at 7 o'clock.

The Box Office will be open from 10 o'clock every Morning, and Tickets can be procured any time during the day. Tickets may be purchased for any Performance during the week, and seats secured. No Money taken at the door. Checks not transferable.

SEASON TICKETS MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX OFFICE.

Stage Manager Mr J. D. Wright Treasurer W. Ellison Deputy Stage Manager and Prompter, } H. Lewis Scenic Artist J. E. Hayes Leader of Orchestra and Director of Music, } J. Holloway	Box Office Keeper Mr H. W. Fenn Director of Pantomimes R. Stilt Machinist J. T. Gill Costumer S. D. Johnson Ballet Master S. Lake Properties J. Deering
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ACT DROP, DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MR J. E. HAYES

FIRST APPEARANCE IN AMERICA OF
MR. DOUGLAS STEWART,
MRS. ARCHBOLD,
—AND—
MAD'LE CAROLINE PALSER,
The Popular Dancer, from the London Theatres.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 1ST, 1852,
Will be performed the Sterling Comedy in 5 acts, entitled
THE HEIR AT LAW.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly, Mr W. H. Curtis Dr Pangloss Mr Douglas Stewart (From the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, his first appearance in America.) Dick Dowlas Mr Prior Steadfast Mr J. Munroe Zekiel Homespun Mr F. S. Buxton Kenrick Mr S. D. Johnson	Henry Moreland Mr Aiken John Mr G. Johnson Waiter at Hotel Mr Philips Waiter at Blue Boar Mr Knowlton Cicely Homespun Mrs W. H. Smith Lady Duberly Mrs Archbold (From the London Theatres.) Caroline Mrs Prior
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Programme of National Theatre, Boston, November 1, 1852.

E. A. Sothorn's first appearance in America.

with cabbages and was a great man notwithstanding. Truly, I had no hunger for these experiences, yet should they be mine it was evident there was no need to despair. Let me proceed toward disaster with a light heart, catch my cabbage on the wing dexterously. Perhaps some day this same cabbage would be pointed to with proud interest—maybe sold at auc-

tion as a valuable memento—who could tell? In the Players Club is preserved a back tooth which once belonged to

tipathy. There seemed no chance for cabbages!

It was in a cheerful mood, therefore, that I knocked at Mrs. Vincent's door.

"My grandson!" cried that dear creature as she took me to her embrace, "for your father is my son."

Well, I made friends with the parrots and the cats and the canaries and the strange Swedish girl, Mattie, who always walked either sideways or backward and forever was laughing or falling down stairs. Some friends of Mrs. Vincent were present. They looked rather startled when told I was to be an actor. One man began to laugh in a breathless way—I learned later it was his habit to laugh like that even in grief. He meant no comment on my intentions, but he distressed me sorely. Mrs. Vincent took in lodgers; also she rented wardrobe to amateur actors. The lower floor of her house was filled with costumes of all periods. Members of the Harvard University "Hasty Pudding Club" were great customers of hers. It was a quaint household, old-fashioned, Dickensonian. To me all the people were new and strange and delightful; hospitable, affectionate, saturated with remembrances of my father, and looking on me with an amused curiosity, as children might look on a firecracker. They seemed to speculate as to what direction I should explode in, whether I would be able to act or not. I was quite sure I could not, and again a kind of despair settled on me.

The next morning I went to rehearsal. Rehearsal was a daily ceremony at the Boston Museum, such as prayers in an English

house or grace at a proper dinner-table. Ten o'clock each morning a rehearsal. Punctual as I was, my dear Mrs. Vincent was before me. She introduced me to the company as they came in, thirty or forty of them. Up I would bob and shake hands and be greeted and sit down again by my guide, philosopher, and "mother."

New York PARK THEATRE BROADWAY

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879.

HENRY T. ARBELY LESSEE & MANAGER
Also Manager of the Park Theatre, Boston.

EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK & SATURDAY MATINEE
MR.

SOTHERN AND HIS CHOSEN COMEDY COMPANY IN DUNDREARY'S BROTHER SAM.

THE HON. SAM SLINGSBY	Mr. SOTHERN
Mr. TRIMBUSH	Mr. PERRY COMPTON
<i>From the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. His first appearance in America.</i>	
Mr. JONATHAN RUMBELLOW	Mr. W. BLAKELEY
<i>From the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. His first appearance in America.</i>	
PETERS	Mr. GEORGE JONES
CAB DRIVER	Mr. A. MANNING
MAN SERVANT	Mr. H. FAULKNER
TELEGRAPH BOY	THE GENUINE ARTICLE
ALICE	Miss JULIA STEWART
<i>From the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. Her first appearance in America.</i>	
Mrs. TRIMBUSH	Miss IDA LEWIS
MARIE	Miss ADA WHITMAN

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY:

ACT I.—Interior of Trimbrush's Country House at Scarborough.
Painted by Mr. H. E. HOYT

ACT II.—Interior of Trimbrush's Country House at Scarborough.
Painted by Mr. H. E. HOYT

ACT III.—Exterior of Trimbrush's Country House at Scarborough.
Painted by Mr. GEO. HEISTER

STAGE MANAGER FOR Mr. SOTHERN, Mr. W. H. YOUNG

During the Evening, an Enlarged Orchestra, under the Directorship of Mr. Chas. Christup, will perform the following

Programme of Park Theatre, New York City, September 8, 1879.

Mr. E. H. Sothern's first appearance on the stage when he took Mr. A. Manning's part as the cab-driver.

George Frederick Cook. I was to open in the play called "The Duke's Motto." I had my part in my pocket. There were many cues, but the only line for me was: "To the health of our noble host." There was not much opportunity for distinction, nor, on the other hand, could I excite any great disgust or an-

The ceremony became quite embarrassing and even comic, for I was shy and self-conscious. At length Mr. William Warren entered. I was just from England; I had never heard of Mr. Warren; I had never, until a few days before, known that such a place as the Boston Museum existed. Mr. Warren's long and devoted career as an artist was as foreign to me as it is at this day to the vast majority of Americans, to say nothing of English people. His great light had been hidden under the Boston bushel all these years, and his happy lot was that he practically had no history outside his native common.

"Mr. William Warren," said Mrs. Vincent, "this is Mr. Sothern, the son of E. A. Sothern."

I did not rise, so distracted was I with much introduction. Mr. Warren shook me by the hand and spoke a kindly word, greeted Mrs. Vincent, and passed on. But I had made an awful mistake. I had not risen to greet the idol of Boston. The manner of the entire company, which had been kindly tolerant before, now became frigid. I felt something was wrong, but I could not tell what. For a week I suffered the cold shoulder. At last Joseph Haworth, with whom I had struck up a friendship, thanks to Mrs. Vincent's intercession, took pity on my ignorance and told me that everybody resented my treatment of Mr. Warren. Mr. Warren himself had remained behind on that fateful day after the rehearsal. As I left my dressing-room, where I had been busy, I encountered him. He patted me on the back. Said he: "My boy, I knew your father and mother; come and see me at my lodgings at Mrs. Fisher's; we must have a chat. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

Of course I called and of course the dear old actor was sweet and kind. Here,

in the very house wherein my boy-father and girl-mother had lodged, Mr. Warren took me under his wing.

BOSTON ESTABLISHED 1841.

Mr. R. M. Field,

SIXTEENTH WEEK OF THE 37th

MONDAY, Dec. 8th, 1879, FIRST TIME HERE, and
FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!
 Every Evening, except Friday, at 7 3-4, and Wednesday and
 Saturday Afternoons at 2, the GREAT PLAY of the

DUKE'S MOTTO
 Or, I AM HERE!

with NEW SCENES by GLESSING and GILL, RICH APPOINTMENTS
 and COSTUMES, and a complete Boston Museum Cast.

CAPT. HENRI DE LAGARDERE (first time).....	MR. CHARLES BARRON
HECTOR PETROLLES, steward to the Prince.....	MR. WILLIAM WARREN
PRINCE DE GONZAGURS.....	MR. J. S. HAWORTH
CARRICKFERGUS.....	MR. B. R. GRAHAM
ESOP, a Hunchback.....	MR. GEO. W. WILSON
THE PRINCE REGENT.....	MR. ALFRED HUDSON
LEMUEL, chief of the Zingari.....	MR. J. BURROWS
DUC DE NEVERS.....	MR. J. B. MASON
DIEGO, an Innkeeper.....	MR. J. H. RING
DE BREANT.....	MR. L. J. LORING
NAVAILLES.....	MR. G. A. SCHILLER
CHAVERRAY.....	MR. E. DEE
MALICOME.....	MR. J. NOLAN
BANNERMAN.....	MR. J. H. JONES
TONIO.....	MR. C. B. MAFFITT
NOTARY.....	MR. F. E. SHANNON
BLANCHE DE NEVERS.....	MISS ANNIE CLARKE
PRINCESS DE NEVERS.....	MISS GEORGIA TYLER
ZILLAH, a Gipsy.....	MISS SADIE MARTINOT
PAGE TO LAGARDERE.....	MISS ROSE TEMPLE
MADELON, a maid.....	MISS RUSSELL

PROLOGUE.
 THE SPANISH FRONTIER—1697.
 Scene 1st.—Interior of the Inn.
 Scene 2d.—Exterior of the Inn.

Programme of Boston Museum, December 8, 1879.

Mr. E. H. Sothern, as Mr. E. Dee, played his first rôle, having a part consisting of only one line.

Said Haworth: "The people resent your behavior to Mr. Warren."

"But Mr. Warren doesn't resent it," said I, while before me arose visions of cat-o'-nine-tails and burning witches, and heads without ears, and Edmund Kean standing there a mark for cabbages, and my father's speech to the audience in 1852.

"My adventures have begun," I reflected.

"To the health of our noble host!" I cried with much assurance on the opening night of "The Duke's Motto." Already one line had become a small matter to me. I began to feel my wings.

The economy of a stock company offered interesting instances here at the Museum. Some of the actors had no intention of letting grass grow under idle feet. One player was a barber by day; another, the beloved "Smithy," was a tailor—very properly, the tailor played fops. I had a particular friend who was a cab-driver. Who shall point the finger of scorn that these had two strings to their bow? Their example might be well followed; an honest barber or, for that matter, an honest cab-driver, may be the noblest work of God. And well may the actor's study of mankind be multiplied a thousandfold by the scraping of innumerable chins or the driving of the accidental wayfarer from the cradle to the grave. Who could better take man's measure than the tailor, dissect him to a hair than the barber, or consider his final destination than the cab-driver?

For three months I disported myself at the Museum. Then my father arrived in Boston on his annual visit. We were at the time playing a burlesque called "Pippins." I had quite a part in this and was made up to look like "Lord Dundreary." My father had sent me one of his wigs and a pair of whiskers. His delight when he saw me thus decorated was unbounded. I had to sing a song and execute a dance. Most excellently foolish I was, but it was one of the rungs of the ladder and I was learning that I had feet.

Immediately on my father's arrival in Boston, I went with him to call on Mrs. Vincent. She had just moved from Chambers Street to Charles Street. As the door opened, my father dashed past the startled servant-maid, rushed upstairs two steps at a time, flew like a cyclone into Mrs. Vincent's room, saying:

"Come, we must fly instantly; all is discovered! We are lost! Your parents are in hot pursuit. Quick! Send for hot rum and water and an onion! I have pistols and asafœtida!"

Meanwhile, to the terror of some sedate persons whom Mrs. Vincent had invited

to meet my parent, he seized that gentle, sweet, and hysterical matron, wrapped a camel's-hair shawl around her and carried her down-stairs, placed her in her rustling silks into the carriage which had brought us to her door, cried to the driver: "Quick, drive for your life! We are pursued! Five dollars! ten dollars! twenty dollars if we escape!" The driver was on the box by now; the horses were prancing, for this excitement was contagious. Heads appeared from neighboring windows, passers-by stopped and stared. I, myself, was bewildered, so intense and earnest was my father. Dash! we went up Charles Street.

"They are after us!" cried my father out at the window. "Go on! drive round and round the common till I tell you to stop! Ten dollars! Twenty dollars!"

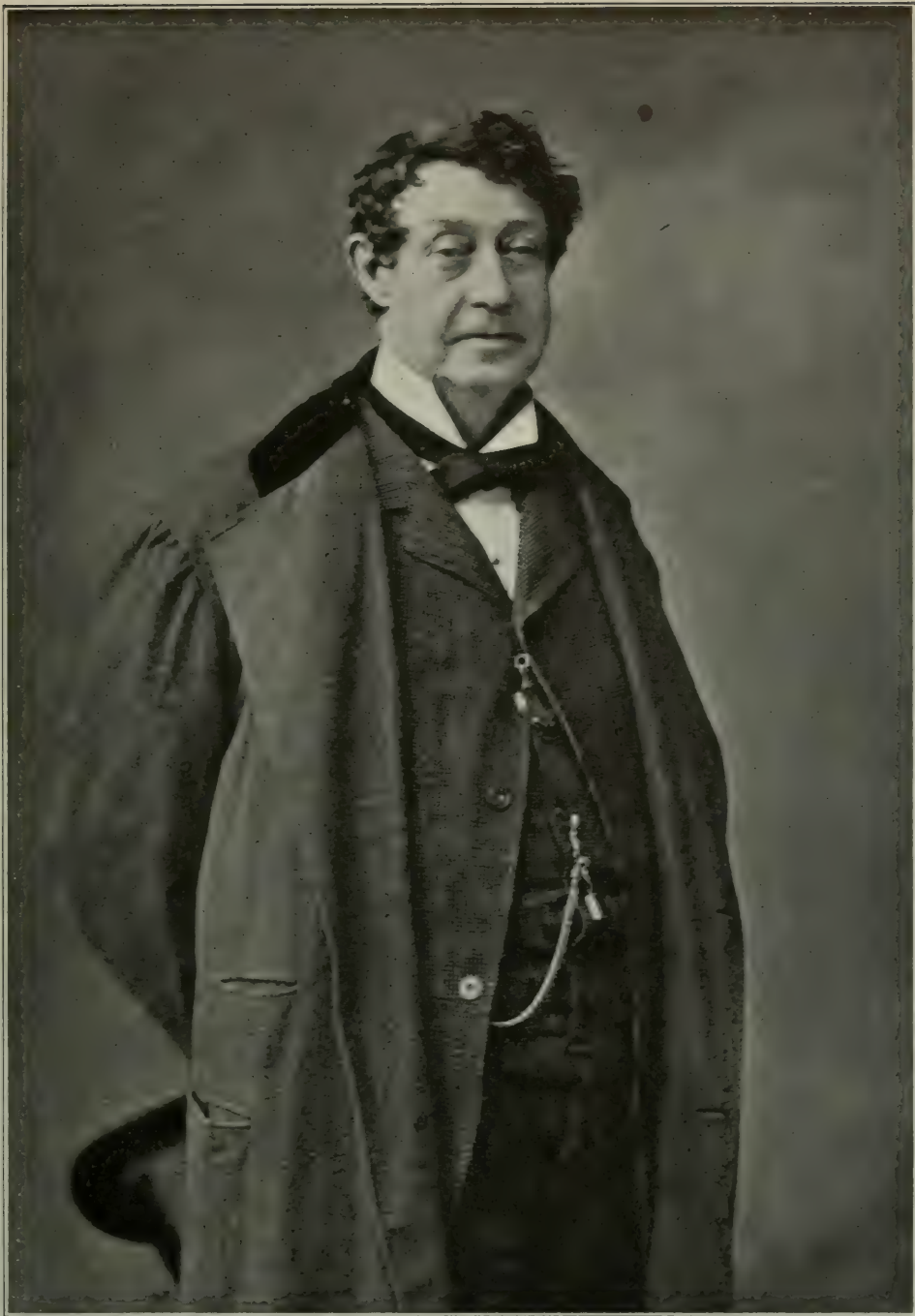
The driver was now standing up on the box, belaboring the horses. Mrs. Vincent's cries and laughter alarmed persons in the street. We went at much risk quite round the public garden and back to the Charles Street house, my father violently directing operations from the window, and intermittently declaring to Mrs. Vincent his adoration for her, saying that "since they had to die, they would die together!" and much to the same effect. Mrs. Vincent's perturbed household gathered her up and took her back to her room; the cabman, wild-eyed and rewarded, went his way, and an uproarious party discussed the amazing adventure.

How could such people ever grow old? They never did grow old; evergreen was Mrs. Vincent, a perennial was my father, both of them had the hearts of children, responsive as children to the touch of joy or sorrow.

My father was like no other man alive. His moods were as violently varied as the wind. His tenderness, his audacity, his agility of mind and body, his elfin spirit of mischief, his pity for the unfortunate, his schoolboy delight in the strangest of pranks made up a very lovable and unique personality.

Now I went away from Boston to travel and play small parts in my father's company. His last season on the stage it proved to be. In a little while he was no more.

It was after my father's death in 1881 that Mr. Warren's jubilee—his fiftieth



From a photograph by the Notman Studio.

William Warren.

year in one theatre—was celebrated with much ceremony. He was now seventy years of age, and Boston paid him a worthy tribute. Then shortly came Mrs. Vincent's turn. Her dear heart was gladdened too with the homage of her thousands of friends. Again a little while and her time had come. According to her desire, all her pet birds were buried with her. They were mercifully chloroformed, and she and her parrots and canaries were borne to one grave, followed by a sorrowing multitude.

The Vincent Hospital is one of the proudest monuments ever erected to an

actor. Here in New England, in Boston, where the prejudice against the playhouse was so powerful that the astute managers had to practically charm the godly into the belief that a theatre was not a theatre; here has been erected by Trinity Church, under the direct, immediate instigation of Bishop Brooks, a noble memorial to a noble woman of the stage. Mrs. Vincent, "the actress," in the very hotbed of prejudice, by merely living her gentle, kindly, loving existence, had become such a shining light of sweetness and goodness that with one accord people raised this hospital to her.



The men would linger and exchange anecdotes of their children for hours at a time.—Page 322.

REMATING TIME

III

THE UNITED HOME. A HAPPY ENDING TO THE QUESTION:
“BUT HOW ABOUT THE CHILDREN OF THE DIVORCED?”

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

LT was all very well in the romantic days of the old-fashioned novel to assert arbitrarily, “And so they were divorced and lived happily ever after”; but sentimental conclusions like that are no longer conclusive, even to the idealists.

For in this clear-sighted age every honest-minded person will acknowledge that it is at the sacrifice of much that is desirable in life and only by constant compromise that a real success can be made of

marriage, and the same must be admitted, therefore, of remarriage. Nothing is perfect in this world, alas, not even divorce.

Especially is this true when children are involved. Even the most ardent advocates of divorce have never been able adequately to answer this insuperable argument, to adjust this fundamental defect in the new social order.

True, Mary had instituted the divorce proceedings against her impecunious poet only from the most social and least selfish of motives, namely, to save the family,

the very basis of society; and likewise Evadne had divorced Bill in the least unpleasant way permitted by the laws of our land. True also that, after impoverished Mary was happily united to Evadne's eminently solvent husband, and wealthy Evadne was joyously joined in holy matrimony to Mary's helpless helpmate, the children, each set of children, had not only all the material advantages

money and intelligence could bestow, but also the spiritual blessings of a happy home flooded with the sunshine of love and sincerity, in place of a miserable home blighted by the miasma of despondency and deception, which unfortunately cannot deceive growing children for long.

But even admitting that the right to lead their own lives should be granted in extreme cases to madly happy children—





They had no defense. They knew full well that

how about the parents? Think of the cruel unfairness to poor fathers and mothers condemned by law to be abandoned by their little ones at stated intervals every year of their lives! Yes, children do complicate the problem. Here lay the fundamental defect in two otherwise divine divorces.

The worst of it was that the self-indulgent little dears basely enjoyed leading a dual life. They approved of having

two well-equipped homes instead of one, being quite domestic in their tastes. They looked forward with adventurous expectancy to these frequent changes of scene, wondering what new toys they would find awaiting them; for the parents vied with each other in making their homes attractive to their children—a thing too often neglected in dreary, undivorced families.

Of course, the law was not so hard on



they had no right to their own children.—Page 324.

the mothers as on the fathers. Mary and Evadne had the custody of their children for all but a fraction of the year, though even then the mothers wept and worried and ran to the telephone to sound long-distance warnings against wet feet, to plot with governesses against infatuated fathers given to feeding their young between meals with candy.

The poor fathers had very little sympathy from any one, except each other,

and even that was unexpressed—as yet. For, you see, throughout all but that same small fraction of the year, each was blessed with the other's offspring. Of course, they knew that it was all for the best, but it seemed an odd contrivance of justice. Even fathers have some rights.

The poet, though he adored all children, himself having the heart of a child, naturally preferred to see more of his own and less of Bill's about the place. But he could not object, because they were his precious Evadne's children, and, besides, it was her place. But sometimes, as he held Bill's little dears upon his knee telling them beautiful fairy stories by the firelight, he wondered what his own were doing and how Bill felt about it and whether something could not be done.

Bill felt the same way about it exactly, only with more right since he had a place of his own. Of all his property he took the greatest pride in his progeny, being the kind of man who finds happiness in saying, "My house, my wife, my horse, my children,"

and he was more than kind to all of them.

Meanwhile the children, like many older persons leading irregular lives, sincerely loved both ménages and shamelessly called each father "Papa." This aroused the demon of jealousy in their true papas, though they were obliged to beam and pretend to like it because their loving wives encouraged this quaint custom.

"But which *is* my real papa?" asked one of the dear little tots, to whom an injured parent had protested in private.

"I am, dear."

"Then why does my real mamma live at my other papa's house?" It is one of the quaint customs of childhood to ask embarrassing questions.

It was, indeed, confusing, having so many apparent parents—no less than four apiece all told. The darlings soon acquired the quaint custom of calling all grown-ups generically "Papa" and "Mamma," which astonished strangers, and made not only the fathers but the mothers somewhat thoughtful.

Clearly something would have to be done about it. But what could they do? Again the iniquitous laws of the land were all against them.

II

WELL, the first step toward improving the condition of the poor parents was taken by the husbands. Their need was greater than that of the wives. Besides, the wives, it may be recalled, had taken the initiative in the matter of remating, so it was no more than fair that the men should be the natural leaders in this fresh problem of the home, even though the Home is Woman's sphere.

In order to get the latest news of their children from each other, they had fallen into the pleasant habit of meeting at the club, man's sphere being the Club.

"Bill, it was awfully good of you to give my boy that pony," Leonard would say. "How is the little devil getting along, anyway?"

And, "How does my little daughter like her new governess?" Bill would inquire after finishing his report. "I appreciate your kindness in directing her literary taste, Len."

Then, all unknown to their unsuspecting wives waiting patiently in their spheres, the men would linger and exchange anecdotes of their children for hours at a time. And because each parent retailed the extraordinarily bright sayings—not of his own, but of the other's offspring, they were perhaps the only members of the club, the only men in the vast city, not bored by listening to such recitals.

"Billy dear, what makes you so late?" Mary would ask unsuspectingly.

"Had to see a man on important business," he would reply evasively, after the manner of guilty husbands.

And, "Oh, Leonard, I was so afraid you had been run down by a motor-car."

"Not at all, my dear, not at all. Met an old pal at the club—gave me a beautiful idea for my sonnets on childhood."

No doubt it was wrong to deceive their trusting wives, but it cemented the bond of friendship between the two husbands. Formerly it was their wives, now it was their children, that brought them together.

But it did not stop there. As time went on and they became more sympathetic with the discovery that each had a similar secret sorrow, they confided their parental yearnings to each other, their hopes, their fears, their dreams; shyly, like youths in love, furtively, like respectable citizens trying to keep up appearances.

"Look here, Bill," said Leonard one day over a cocktail, "to-morrow I'm going to take your children up to the Zoo to show them some of the animals I've been telling them stories about." He stopped and finished his glass.

"That's very kind of you," said Bill, choking his jealousy with a strong cigar.

"I was just thinking," said the first father, with a conspirator's glance at the other. "You might happen to be taking my children up there for the same purpose at the same hour, eh, what?"

"Oh, I get you!" cried Bill, his heart giving a bound. "You mean—trade children when we arrive there?"

The poet winked one of his beautiful wicked eyes.

They did it. It was a success. No one saw or suspected. They did it again.

This became a habit, too.

It grew upon them insidiously.

But deception never pays. Their sin might not have been found out if they had only been contented with surreptitious meetings in out-of-the-way places. But as time went on they became less furtive, more reckless in their stolen pleasures, as one will in these clandestine affairs, until finally the inevitable dénouement arrived.

One day the two gay deceivers might



Evadne, who had perfect taste, chose distinguished hats and becoming gowns for Mary.—Page 327.

have been seen (and were seen !) brazenly issuing forth from a notorious resort on Fifth Avenue where children are plied with ice-cream soda between meals, each infatuated father shamelessly flaunting his own offspring in public, in broad daylight, in open defiance of decency and decorum and in criminal contempt of the majesty of the law. And whom should they meet, face to face, like a beautiful

double-barrelled rebuke, but—the two mothers side by side!

"My Heavens! My wife!" groaned the poet. "All is discovered!"

"Caught with the goods!" muttered the man of business.

The culprits hung their heads in shame, drawing close together for mutual protection, waiting for the blow to fall. They had no defense. They knew full well that they had no right to their own

"This is all very nice for you fathers," she said, wiping a bit of chocolate from little Leonard's lips, "but think what it means to us mothers!" And she gave her former husband one of her former looks.

"I know," stammered Leonard guiltily, "we have broken the law."

"The law!" cried the aggrieved mother. "What do Evadne and I care about the law! It's their livers that concern us."



True, all kinds of children are good, but this kind, even the direst foes of divorce must admit, are the very best of all.—Page 328.

children. It was the close season. Why, oh, why, could not each have been content with the other's children, like nice, respectable divorced people?

At first their wives only laughed at them. "You silly old things!" cried Evadne; "don't you suppose we guessed what was going on? That's what brought Mary and me together again!"

It was true. The men marvelled at it. And yet, why should they? They, too, had been brought together by a similar process.

But Mary did not let them off so easily.

It was too true. Twice within one month the two wives had been up half the night supplementing previous orgies with rhubarb and soda. For it is the woman, always the woman, who pays.

Well, the secret sorrow was now an open wound. Therefore their loving wives put their heads together to devise a remedy. For they were old-fashioned women and wanted their husbands to have everything, even their own children.

But here was a task to tax even woman's ingenuity. Law, custom, and society's ideals were all against them.

III

A PERIOD of one month had elapsed.

"It's a wonderful idea, dearest," said Mary to Evadne, "but will it work?"

"That is where *you* come in," Evadne replied. "You are so practical. No wonder Bill adores you." These two good friends were rather given to teasing each other about their husbands' devotion, and to some it might seem questionable taste under the circumstances. And yet it must be admitted that it was better than being joked about the devotion of some one else's husband, as might have been the case if the circumstances had remained different.

"Well," said Mary wisely, "as we shall have to submit the question to our husbands eventually, why not seek their co-operation at once?"

"I have it!" cried Evadne—"why couldn't you and Bill give us a week-end out in the country? Then we can all thresh it out together!"

Mary hesitated. She and Bill had not been out there since the day she and Evadne started West for their divorces.

"We all ought to see more of each other," urged Evadne, like a true hostess. "I'm sure Leonard would be delighted."

"I'm sure Bill would love to see the old place," said Mary politely. But all the same she was afraid her husband would not accept, he being still rather conventional.

"I know how to bring him!" cried Evadne: "bring the children! Then, you see, your husband can play with ours, while my husband plays with yours!"

That was wily of Evadne. For by this time the fathers, their parental passions half starved, would have done anything, gone anywhere, to get a glimpse of their loved ones. It was so arranged.

The main purpose of the visit, however, had been kept a secret. It was to be a little surprise for the fathers. But all the same, Bill and Leonard, such is the acuteness of father-love, suspected that something important was in store for them, and after a romping afternoon out-of-doors with their own boys and girls, the two men themselves seemed as excited as children awaiting the summons to a Christmas tree.

"Well, well," said Bill, taking Evadne out to dinner, but hardly realizing what he was saying, "this is like old times."

And so it was, and yet it was so different. Ah, yes, your true optimist, who rates human nature above human institutions, the creator above the created, would have felt a gratified glow at beholding the changes in the happy four now seated once more about the pretty dinner-table, formerly Bill's, and now Leonard's.

There was a contented expression in Evadne's once restless eyes: she had something to do in life. She had a poet to inspire and pay for with the money which, as she pointed out to Leonard, neither she had earned nor yet her father, but the public, which was now getting the benefit of it through poems devoted to the down-trodden masses.

Mary, too, was reaching her full growth, having a larger scope for her great talents than washing dishes. She managed not only Bill, but a dozen charities and a suffrage organization.

Leonard, no longer obliged to worry about money, was now making a good deal of it, as the poetry business goes, for he had acquired a new stock of ideas during the year's honeymoon in Japan and had begun to mingle once more with the world of art and letters. He was as happy as a liberated bird singing, or even more so—as a poet singing and receiving beautiful book reviews. Having discovered that poetry was not bred of poverty and adversity, as rich people like to think, he turned over all his royalties and magazine receipts to the support of minor poets,

And Bill, with the stimulation of a mate who understood and appreciated a real man's work, namely, acquiring property, was rapidly acquiring enough to enable his daughter, when her turn came, to endow a score of socialistic poets and an uplift magazine or two.

But the most surprising change of all was that each found in his former mate unimagined depths of kindly interest and generous good-will. It amounted almost to congeniality. They had dreaded this meeting. Before dinner was over they regretted that such reunions could not be made permanent features of their lives.

"Now let's get down to business,"

said Bill, as soon as they were free of the servants. "What scheme have you girls cooked up? Remember, this is a practical world: how are you going to get around the bulwark of society this time?"

It was really quite simple. Briefly stated, it was that the two families should combine and build a large double house, or rather it was to be a triple home, having a private wing on either side completely equipped for each separate ménage, but in addition a common playroom, a day-nursery, a schoolroom, and an open court, all conveniently located in the central portion of the plan for the use of both families in common.

"Great!" shouted Bill. "I'm for it."

"Fine!" sang the poet. "It's just the thing."

"But remember!" Mary reminded her former husband, "we must respect the law. So long as I have the custody of our children, no ice-cream in unsanitary glasses!"

"That's all right," said her present husband, coming to the rescue of her former husband—"he and I shan't be driven to such measures any more. Isn't that so, Len?"

"That's the beauty of it!" agreed the poet jubilantly. "Why, Mary, your husband and I can be as free to see our own children as if both families happened to move into the same hotel!"

"Only much better, dear," put in Evadne gravely. "Our children, both yours and mine, will still have the sacred atmosphere of home."

"And yet we'll all be respecting the bulwark of society," Bill added, rejoicing.

"Right!" cried Leonard. "The wicked practical world can no longer harm us or our little ones!"

No wonder they admired their wives, and also their ex-wives.

"Do not forget," Mary now added, with her well-known practicality which Leonard feared and Bill adored, "that, owing to the architectural arrangement of the house, each family may still be just as private as it pleases to be, and yet when it's necessary to consult one another about the children, here we have this common meeting-ground." And she pointed out the place on the plan Evadne had drawn.

"Without so much as putting on our

wraps!" Evadne remarked. "Mary, I was just thinking, why not start a custom of all dining together, say on Wednesdays and Sundays?"

"Why not?" asked Mary. "Let's put in a common dining-room on the plan—say here."

"And while we're about it," said Evadne, "a combination library and billiard-room—say there!"

The two men had listened and looked with breathless interest and beaming approval.

"Great!" said Bill—"a country club at home."

"Fine!" said Leonard—"the terrors of domesticity evicted."

Moreover, this arrangement would help to fill a want all four were beginning to feel. Since the double divorce and remarriage, friends and relatives had had very little to do with them. True, if, for example, Bill had been a drunken wife-beater, Evadne's family would have rallied about her, and the world would have sympathized with the exquisite creature for getting rid of a brute. Or, on the other hand, if the bankrupt poet had incontinently run away with his soul-mate, Mary's friends would have rejoiced at her remarriage with a generous protector, able and willing to support her and the abandoned children. And, in such circumstances, whether she really loved Bill or not, the church rector would have blessed the union.

In short, if any of them had been bad the rest of them might have been rewarded for it, but since all of them had been good, every one of them was punished for it. Throughout the long ordeal of their well-meant but mistaken marriages, each of the steadfast four had been uniformly kind, considerate, and faithful. Throughout the shorter but more tantalizing purgatory of the engagement and divorce proceedings, each had been scrupulously self-controlled, self-abnegating, and self-respecting. As a result, society turned its thumbs down and its nose up, and the church indignantly declined to perform either of the marriage ceremonies.

Of course, even this did not deter such strong characters from righteousness nor drive them into sin. They graciously forgave the church, and were married by the mayor. Nor could they blame soci-

ety, since its attitude was backed by the laws of their State, which put a premium on impurity, and by the canon of their church, which forbade the remarriage of those who obtained divorce on any other ground.

But just as neither church nor state had succeeded in making these amiable martyrs wicked, so even now the same puissant influences utterly failed to drive them out into the darkness of despair, or down into the corrupting environment of dissolute companionship. On the contrary, it was driving them into pure and helpful association with the only persons in the whole world who really appreciated and understood them, namely, one another.

"But we must always remember," remarked Mary, summing up, "that however helpful and advantageous this arrangement may be for us, it is undertaken chiefly as a duty to the children. They will now have not only two parents of their own apiece in one home continuously, instead of one parent at a time in two homes alternately, but also they will now have proper playmates."

The problem of suitable intimacies during the formative period is usually one of the most difficult and delicate of all parental problems. Seldom, indeed, is it solved so safely and with such complete satisfaction to both the families concerned.

"How dear it will be!" cried Evadne enthusiastically to her former husband. "Our children to have their children to play with!"

"And all without leaving the home!" agreed orthodox Bill.

"Mary, isn't it sweet of my wife to say that of our children!" remarked Leonard to his former wife. And not to be outdone, he turned to Bill and said in all sincerity and truth: "I can honestly recommend your children for my children."

You see, by this time, he knew Bill's better than their fond father did, though that unfortunate state of affairs was now to be changed at last.

IV

ONCE again what was begun as a benefit for the children turned out to be an unexpected blessing for the parents as well,

thus illustrating how happiness follows duty, even in a wicked world, when we have imagination to see the truth and courage to pursue it.

Every human being in this well-meaning, but as yet mismanaged, civilization of ours has something to give to every other human being. Mary gave her former husband advice in regard to changing his flannels and his publishers. Long experience in these fields had taught her more than Evadne would ever learn, though the latter undoubtedly proved to be a better critic of tone color in poetry. Some poets have one kind of helpful comradeship in the home, and again some have the other. Lucky Leonard, to have both without leaving the home.

In return for her dear friend's practical aid, Evadne, who had perfect taste, chose distinguished hats and becoming gowns for Mary, who had no taste at all, but kept Evadne from being cheated by tradesmen, and generously reorganized her kitchen on an efficiency basis.

It may be added that when, as was inevitable, Mary had gradually gained entire control of the executive management of the triplicate home, Evadne, who had always been bored by housekeeping problems, now had time to devote her brilliant talents to beautifying the home and developing the gardens and landscape effects of their combined and therefore extensive estate. This shows the advantages, artistic and economic, of the modern principle of combination and co-operation. Each could succeed at what she was well fitted for, instead of being obliged to fail at what she was ill fitted for—the lot, alas, of all too many women in the old-fashioned single home, as we all know.

Those former companions in crime, the fathers, also helped each other, not only to be better husbands but broader-minded citizens. Bill was rescued just in time from the timid reactionaryism of Wall Street, and the poet was saved from the rank radicalism of the studio. For that matter, they also helped each other's wives. Bill advised Evadne about re-investing her excessive income. Leonard made impassioned suffrage speeches for Mary's clubs.

But, of course, under all these outward and obvious features of the triple home,

there were other advantages of a more intimate nature and of a more important bearing upon remating and monogamy. Every man should at times see some other woman than his own. The present arrangement offered the maximum of opportunity with the minimum of danger. They could not possibly fall in love, having already tried their best to do so for many years in vain.

So the sanctity of the home was not imperilled, especially as they were not obliged to leave its protecting portals. The result was that Leonard, for example, who had formerly dreaded the long evenings at home with Mary, when they were compulsory and continuous, now found himself looking forward with relish to his occasional confidential conferences with her about the children, not merely because he admired Mary's ideas but also her eyes.

He wrote a sonnet about them which was highly praised by Evadne and which caused Bill to look into them with added pride and pleasure. Bill, no longer driven to drink by Evadne's vagaries, found her an amusing dinner companion now that he was not obliged to see her at breakfast.

In short, they not only helped one another, which is what we are here for, but also all four of them came to understand and appreciate one another far more than would have been possible had they remained either married or entirely separated. For, say what you will, divorce has just as many defects as marriage and needs as thorough reformation.

One trouble with perfectly contented trusting pairs like these is that they are too often inclined, when once they get each other, to cease to struggle. Wallowing in happiness, they become lazy and disintegrate. So, at least, in the normal circumstances of married life. But in this case, on Wednesdays and Sundays each was on his or her mettle not to suffer by comparison with his or her rival sitting there opposite as a warning and example.

And if by any chance some personal trait or physical feature or mental mood should ever make the comparison unfavorable, for even a moment, one had

only to shift one's glance across the table, and there sat a living souvenir of the doleful past. The glad present beamed forth in bright relief again. One hugged one's self. Peace reigned. A happy, united home.

V

TRUE love, tried friendship, congenial interests, and the consciousness of duty well done, despite the opposition of the church, the machinations of the law, and the hostility of the world—what more could any worthy couples ask?

One thing more, and, ah, yes, that, too, came in time—to both wings of the house. And then, oh, the joy of the new life in the happy home! Children born of romantic love! True, all kinds of children are good, but this kind, even the direst foes of divorce must admit, are the very best of all.

One day, as the happy couples were seated in the beautiful, broad library which they called "The Commons," and in which they now spent more than the previously allotted time, Evadne, still lithe and eager as a girl, called excitedly to the other excellent parents to join her at the open French window which gave upon the terrace.

"Look!" she cried. "Oh, look!"

And it was, indeed, a goodly sight, one to encourage the doourest pessimist: four sets of children innocently playing on the level greensward, their white garments gleaming in the twilight against the darkening pines. "Isn't it wonderful!" she cried ecstatically. "We are like God. We love them all."

Bill chuckled and returned to the New York *Evening Post* by the fire, Leonard's beautiful eyes filled with tears of pure joy, and Mary, taking up her knitting again, remarked: "Well, I may be old-fashioned, but it all goes to prove that true happiness can be attained only by doing one's duty well."

"Or else," rejoined Evadne gayly, "that one can do one's duty well only by attaining true happiness!"

It made an interesting topic for discussion.

KERFOL

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

I



“YOU ought to buy it,” said my host; “it’s just the place for a solitary-minded devil like you. And it would be rather worth while to own the most romantic house in Brittany. The present people are dead broke, and it’s going for a song—you ought to buy it.”

It was not with the least idea of living up to the character my friend Lanrivain ascribed to me (as a matter of fact, under my unsociable exterior I have always had secret yearnings for domesticity) that I took his hint one autumn afternoon and went to Kerfol. My friend was motoring over to Quimper on business: he dropped me on the way, at a cross-road on a heath, and said: “First turn to the right and second to the left. Then straight ahead till you see an avenue. If you meet any peasants, don’t ask your way. They don’t understand French, and they would pretend they did and mix you up. I’ll be back for you here by sunset—and don’t forget the tombs in the chapel.”

I followed Lanrivain’s directions with the hesitation occasioned by the usual difficulty of remembering whether he had said the first turn to the right and second to the left, or the contrary. If I had met a peasant I should certainly have asked, and probably been sent astray; but I had the desert landscape to myself, and so stumbled on the right turn and walked on across the heath till I came to an avenue. It was so unlike any other avenue I have ever seen that I instantly knew it must be *the* avenue. The grey-trunked trees sprang up straight to a great height and then interwove their pale-grey branches in a long tunnel through which the autumn light fell faintly. I know most trees by name, but I haven’t to this day been able to decide what those trees were. They had the tall curve of elms, the

tenuity of poplars, the ashen colour of olives under a rainy sky; and they stretched ahead of me for half a mile or more without a break in their arch. If ever I saw an avenue that unmistakably led to something, it was the avenue at Kerfol. My heart beat a little as I began to walk down it.

Presently the trees ended and I came to a fortified gate in a long wall. Between me and the wall was an open space of grass, with other grey avenues radiating from it. Behind the wall were tall slate roofs mossed with silver, a chapel belfry, the top of a keep. A moat filled with wild shrubs and brambles surrounded the place; the drawbridge had been replaced by a stone arch, and the portcullis by an iron gate. I stood for a long time on the hither side of the moat, gazing about me, and letting the influence of the place sink in. I said to myself: “If I wait long enough, the guardian will turn up and show me the tombs—” and I rather hoped he wouldn’t turn up too soon.

I sat down on a stone and lit a cigarette. As soon as I had done it, it struck me as a puerile and portentous thing to do, with that great blind house looking down at me, and all the empty avenues converging on me. It may have been the depth of the silence that made me so conscious of my gesture. The squeak of my match sounded as loud as the scraping of a brake, and I almost fancied I heard it fall when I tossed it onto the grass. But there was more than that: a sense of irrelevance, of littleness, of childish bravado, in sitting there puffing my cigarette-smoke into the face of such a past.

I knew nothing of the history of Kerfol—I was new to Brittany, and Lanrivain had never mentioned the name to me till the day before—but one couldn’t as much as glance at that pile without feeling in it a long accumulation of history. What kind of history I was not

prepared to guess: perhaps only the sheer weight of many associated lives and deaths which gives a kind of majesty to all old houses. But the aspect of Kerfol suggested something more—a perspective of stern and cruel memories stretching away, like its own grey avenues, into a blur of darkness.

Certainly no house had ever more completely and finally broken with the present. As it stood there, lifting its proud roofs and gables to the sky, it might have been its own funeral monument. "Tombs in the chapel? The whole place is a tomb!" I reflected. I hoped more and more that the guardian would not come. The details of the place, however striking, would seem trivial compared with its collective impressiveness; and I wanted only to sit there and be penetrated by the weight of its silence.

"It's the very place for you!" Lanrivain had said; and I was overcome by the almost blasphemous frivolity of suggesting to any living being that Kerfol was the place for him. "Is it possible that any one could *not* see—?" I wondered. I did not finish the thought: what I meant was undefinable. I stood up and wandered toward the gate. I was beginning to want to know more; not to *see* more—I was by now so sure it was not a question of seeing—but to feel more: feel all the place had to communicate. "But to get in one will have to rout out the keeper," I thought reluctantly, and hesitated. Finally I crossed the bridge and tried the iron gate. It yielded, and I walked under the tunnel formed by the thickness of the *chemin de ronde*. At the farther end, a wooden barricade had been laid across the entrance, and beyond it I saw a court enclosed in noble architecture. The main building faced me; and I now discovered that one half was a mere ruined front, with gaping windows through which the wild growths of the moat and the trees of the park were visible. The rest of the house was still in its robust beauty. One end abutted on the round tower, the other on the small traceried chapel, and in an angle of the building stood a graceful well-head adorned with mossy urns. A few roses grew against the walls, and on an upper window-sill I remember noticing a pot of fuchsias.

My sense of the pressure of the invisible began to yield to my architectural interest. The building was so fine that I felt a desire to explore it for its own sake. I looked about the court, wondering in which corner the guardian lodged. Then I pushed open the barrier and went in. As I did so, a little dog barred my way. He was such a remarkably beautiful little dog that for a moment he made me forget the splendid place he was defending. I was not sure of his breed at the time, but have since learned that it was Chinese, and that he was of a rare variety called the "Sleeve-dog." He was very small and golden brown, with large brown eyes and a ruffled throat: he looked rather like a large tawny chrysanthemum. I said to myself: "These little beasts always snap and scream, and somebody will be out in a minute."

The little animal stood before me, forbidding, almost menacing: there was anger in his large brown eyes. But he made no sound, he came no nearer. Instead, as I advanced, he gradually fell back, and I noticed that another dog, a vague rough brindled thing, had limped up. "There'll be a hubbub now," I thought; for at the same moment a third dog, a long-haired white mongrel, slipped out of a doorway and joined the others. All three stood looking at me with grave eyes; but not a sound came from them. As I advanced they continued to fall back on muffled paws, still watching me. "At a given point, they'll all charge at my ankles: it's one of the dodges that dogs who live together put up on one," I thought. I was not much alarmed, for they were neither large nor formidable. But they let me wander about the court as I pleased, following me at a little distance—always the same distance—and always keeping their eyes on me. Presently I looked across at the ruined façade, and saw that in one of its window-frames another dog stood: a large white pointer with one brown ear. He was an old grave dog, much more experienced than the others; and he seemed to be observing me with a deeper intentness.

"I'll hear from *him*," I said to myself; but he stood in the empty window-frame, against the trees of the park, and continued to watch me without moving. I

looked back at him for a time, to see if the sense that he was being watched would not rouse him. Half the width of the court lay between us, and we stared at each other silently across it. But he did not stir, and at last I turned away. Behind me I found the rest of the pack, with a newcomer added: a small black greyhound with pale agate-coloured eyes. He was shivering a little, and his expression was more timid than that of the others. I noticed that he kept a little behind them. And still there was not a sound.

I stood there for fully five minutes, the circle about me—waiting, as they seemed to be waiting. At last I went up to the little golden-brown dog and stooped to pat him. As I did so, I heard myself laugh. The little dog did not start, or growl, or take his eyes from me—he simply slipped back about a yard, and then paused and continued to look at me. “Oh, hang it!” I exclaimed aloud, and walked across the court toward the well.

As I advanced, the dogs separated and slid away into different corners of the court. I examined the urns on the well, tried a locked door or two, and up and down the dumb façade; then I faced about toward the chapel. When I turned I perceived that all the dogs had disappeared except the old pointer, who still watched me from the empty window-frame. It was rather a relief to be rid of that cloud of witnesses; and I began to look about me for a way to the back of the house. “Perhaps there’ll be somebody in the garden,” I thought. I found a way across the moat, scrambled over a wall smothered in brambles, and got into the garden. A few lean hydrangeas and geraniums pined in the flower-beds, and the ancient house looked down on them indifferently. Its garden side was plainer and severer than the other: the long granite front, with its few windows and steep roof, looked like a fortress-prison. I walked around the farther wing, went up some disjointed steps, and entered the deep twilight of a narrow and incredibly old box-walk. The walk was just wide enough for one person to slip through, and its branches met overhead. It was like the ghost of a box-walk, its lustrous green all turning to the shadowy greyness of the avenues. I walked on

and on, the branches hitting me in the face and springing back with a dry rattle; and at length I came out on the grassy top of the *chemin de ronde*. I walked along it to the gate-tower, looking down into the court, which was just below me. Not a human being was in sight; and neither were the dogs. I found a flight of steps in the thickness of the wall and went down them; and when I emerged again into the court, there stood the circle of dogs, the golden-brown one a little ahead of the others, the black greyhound shivering in the rear.

“Oh, hang it—you uncomfortable beasts, you!” I exclaimed, my voice startling me with a sudden echo. The dogs stood motionless, watching me. I knew by this time that they would not try to prevent my approaching the house, and the knowledge left me free to examine them. I had a feeling that they must be horribly cowed to be so silent and inert. Yet they did not look hungry or ill-treated. Their coats were smooth and they were not thin, except the shivering greyhound. It was more as if they had lived a long time with people who never spoke to them or looked at them: as though the silence of the place had gradually benumbed their busy inquisitive natures. And this strange passivity, this almost human lassitude, seemed to me sadder than the misery of starved and beaten animals. I should have liked to rouse them for a minute, to coax them into a game or a scamper; but the longer I looked into their fixed and weary eyes the more preposterous the idea became. With the windows of that house looking down on us, how could I have imagined such a thing? The dogs knew better: *they* knew what the house would tolerate and what it would not. I even fancied that they knew what was passing through my mind, and pitied me for my frivolity. But even that feeling probably reached them through a thick fog of listlessness. I had an idea that their distance from me was as nothing to my remoteness from them. In the last analysis, the impression they produced was that of having in common one memory so deep and dark that nothing that had happened since was worth either a growl or a wag.

“I say,” I broke out abruptly, addressing myself to the dumb circle, “do you

know what you look like, the whole lot of you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost—that's how you look! I wonder if there *is* a ghost here, and nobody but you left for it to appear to?" The dogs continued to gaze at me without moving. . .

It was dark when I saw Lanrivain's motor lamps at the cross-roads—and I wasn't exactly sorry to see them. I had the sense of having escaped from the loneliest place in the whole world, and of not liking loneliness—to that degree—as much as I had imagined I should. My friend had brought his solicitor back from Quimper for the night, and seated beside a fat and affable stranger I felt no inclination to talk of Kerfol. . .

But that evening, when Lanrivain and the solicitor were closeted in the study, Madame de Lanrivain began to question me in the drawing-room.

"Well—are you going to buy Kerfol?" she asked, tilting up her gay chin from her embroidery.

"I haven't decided yet. The fact is, I couldn't get into the house," I said, as if I had simply postponed my decision, and meant to go back for another look.

"You couldn't get in? Why, what happened? The family are mad to sell the place, and the old guardian has orders——"

"Very likely. But the old guardian wasn't there."

"What a pity! He must have gone to market. But his daughter——?"

"There was nobody about. At least I saw no one."

"How extraordinary! Literally nobody?"

"Nobody but a lot of dogs—a whole pack of them—who seemed to have the place to themselves."

Madame de Lanrivain let the embroidery slip to her knee and folded her hands on it. For several minutes she looked at me thoughtfully.

"A pack of dogs—you *saw* them?"

"Saw them? I saw nothing else!"

"How many?" She dropped her voice a little. "I've always wondered——"

I looked at her with surprise: I had supposed the place to be familiar to her. "Have you never been to Kerfol?" I asked.

"Oh, yes: often. But never on that day."

"What day?"

"I'd quite forgotten—and so had Hervé, I'm sure. If we'd remembered, we never should have sent you today—but then, after all, one doesn't half believe that sort of thing, does one?"

"What sort of thing?" I asked, involuntarily sinking my voice to the level of hers. Inwardly I was thinking: "I *knew* there was something. . ."

Madame de Lanrivain cleared her throat and produced a reassuring smile. "Didn't Hervé tell you the story of Kerfol? An ancestor of his was mixed up in it. You know every Breton house has its ghost-story; and some of them are rather unpleasant."

"Yes—but those dogs?" I insisted.

"Well, those dogs are the ghosts of Kerfol. At least, the peasants say there's one day in the year when a lot of dogs appear there; and that day the keeper and his daughter go off to Morlaix and get drunk. The women in Brittany drink dreadfully." She stooped to match a silk; then she lifted her charming inquisitive Parisian face: "Did you *really* see a lot of dogs? There isn't one at Kerfol," she said.

II

LANRIVAIN, the next day, hunted out a shabby calf volume from the back of an upper shelf of his library.

"Yes—here it is. What does it call itself? *A History of the Assizes of the Duchy of Brittany. Quimper, 1702.* The book was written about a hundred years later than the Kerfol affair; but I believe the account is transcribed pretty literally from the judicial records. Anyhow, it's queer reading. And there's a Hervé de Lanrivain mixed up in it—not exactly *my* style, as you'll see. But then he's only a collateral. Here, take the book up to bed with you. I don't exactly remember the details; but after you've read it I'll bet anything you'll leave your light burning all night!"

I left my light burning all night, as he had predicted; but it was chiefly because, till near dawn, I was absorbed in my reading. The account of the trial of Anne de Cornault, wife of the lord of Kerfol, was long and closely printed. It was, as my

friend had said, probably an almost literal transcription of what took place in the court-room; and the trial lasted nearly a month. Besides, the type of the book was detestable. . .

At first I thought of translating the old record literally. But it is full of wearisome repetitions, and the main lines of the story are forever straying off into side issues. So I have tried to disentangle it, and give it here in a simpler form. At times, however, I have reverted to the text because no other words could have conveyed so exactly the sense of what I felt at Kerfol; and nowhere have I added anything of my own.

III

It was in the year 16— that Yves de Cornault, lord of the domain of Kerfol, went to the *pardon* of Locronan to perform his religious duties. He was a rich and powerful noble, then in his sixty-second year, but hale and sturdy, a great horseman and hunter and a pious man. So all his neighbours attested. In appearance he seems to have been short and broad, with a swarthy face, legs slightly bowed from the saddle, a hanging nose and broad hands with black hairs on them. He had married young and lost his wife and son soon after, and since then had lived alone at Kerfol. Twice a year he went to Morlaix, where he had a handsome house by the river, and spent a week or ten days there; and occasionally he rode to Rennes on business. Witnesses were found to declare that during these absences he led a life different from the one he was known to lead at Kerfol, where he busied himself with his estate, attended mass daily, and found his only amusement in hunting the wild boar and water-fowl. But these rumours are not particularly relevant, and it is certain that among people of his own class in the neighbourhood he passed for a stern and even austere man, observant of his religious obligations, and keeping strictly to himself. There was no talk of any familiarity with the women on his estate, though at that time the nobility were very free with their peasants. Some people said he had never looked at a woman since his wife's death; but such things are hard to prove, and

the evidence on this point was not worth much.

Well, in his sixty-second year, Yves de Cornault went to the *pardon* at Locronan, and saw there a young lady of Douarnenez, who had ridden over pillion behind her father to do her duty to the saint. Her name was Anne de Barrigan, and she came of good old Breton stock, but much less great and powerful than that of Yves de Cornault; and her father had squandered his fortune at cards, and lived almost like a peasant in his little granite manor on the moors. . . I have said I would add nothing of my own to this bald statement of a strange case; but I must interrupt myself here to describe the young lady who rode up to the lychgate of Locronan at the very moment when the Baron de Cornault was also dismounting there. I take my description from a rather rare thing: a faded drawing in red crayon, sober and truthful enough to be by a late pupil of the Clouets, which hangs in Lanrivain's study, and is said to be a portrait of Anne de Barrigan. It is unsigned and has no mark of identity but the initials A. B., and the date 16—, the year after her marriage. It represents a young woman with a small oval face, almost pointed, yet wide enough for a full mouth with a tender depression at the corners. The nose is small, and the eyebrows are set rather high, far apart, and as lightly pencilled as the eyebrows in a Chinese painting. The forehead is high and serious, and the hair, which one feels to be fine and thick and fair, drawn off it and lying close like a cap. The eyes are neither large nor small, hazel probably, with a look at once shy and steady. A pair of beautiful long hands are crossed below the lady's breast. . .

The chaplain of Kerfol, and other witnesses, averred that when the Baron came back from Locronan he jumped from his horse, ordered another to be instantly saddled, called to a young page come with him, and rode away that same evening to the south. His steward followed the next morning with coffers laden on a pair of pack mules. The following week Yves de Cornault rode back to Kerfol, sent for his vassals and tenants, and told them he was to be married at All Saints to Anne de Barrigan of Douar-

nenez. And on All Saints' Day the marriage took place.

As to the next few years, the evidence on both sides seems to show that they passed happily for the couple. No one was found to say that Yves de Cornault had been unkind to his wife, and it was plain to all that he was content with his bargain. Indeed, it was admitted by the chaplain and other witnesses for the prosecution that the young lady had a softening influence on her husband, and that he became less exacting with his tenants, less harsh to peasants and dependents, and less subject to the fits of gloomy silence which had darkened his widowhood. As to his wife, the only grievance her champions could call up in her behalf was that Kerfol was a lonely place, and that when her husband was away on business at Rennes or Morlaix—whither she was never taken—she was not allowed so much as to walk in the park unaccompanied. But no one asserted that she was unhappy, though one servant-woman said she had surprised her crying, and had heard her say that she was a woman accursed to have no child, and nothing in life to call her own. But that was a natural enough feeling in a wife attached to her husband; and certainly it must have been a great grief to Yves de Cornault that she gave him no son. Yet he never made her feel her childlessness as a reproach—she herself admits this in her evidence—but seemed to try to make her forget it by showering gifts and favours on her. Rich though he was, he had never been open-handed; but nothing was too fine for his wife, in the way of silks or gems or linen, or whatever else she fancied. Every wandering merchant was welcome at Kerfol, and when the master was called away he never came back without bringing his wife a handsome present—something curious and particular—from Morlaix or Rennes or Quimper. One of the waiting-women gave, in cross-examination, an interesting list of one year's gifts, which I copy. From Morlaix, a carved ivory junk, with Chinamen at the oars, that a strange sailor had brought back as a votive offering for Notre Dame de la Clarté, above Ploumanac'h; from Quimper, an embroidered gown, worked by the nuns of the Assumption; from Rennes, a

silver rose that opened and showed an amber Virgin with a crown of garnets; from Morlaix, again, a length of Damascus velvet shot with gold, bought of a Jew from Syria; and for Michaelmas that same year, from Rennes, a necklet or bracelet of round stones—emeralds and pearls and rubies—strung like beads on a gold wire. This was the present that pleased the lady best, the woman said. Later on, as it happened, it was produced at the trial, and appears to have struck the Judges and the public as a curious and valuable jewel.

The very same winter, the Baron absented himself again, this time as far as Bordeaux, and on his return he brought his wife something even odder and prettier than the bracelet. It was a winter evening when he rode up to Kerfol and, walking into the hall, found her sitting listlessly by the fire, her chin on her hand, looking into the fire. He carried a velvet box in his hand and, setting it down on the hearth, lifted the lid and let out a little golden-brown dog.

Anne de Cornault exclaimed with pleasure as the little creature bounded toward her. "Oh, it looks like a bird or a butterfly!" she cried as she picked it up; and the dog put its paws on her shoulders and looked at her with eyes "like a Christian's." After that she would never have it out of her sight, and petted and talked to it as if it had been a child—as indeed it was the nearest thing to a child she was to know. Yves de Cornault was much pleased with his purchase. The dog had been brought to him by a sailor from an East India merchantman, and the sailor had bought it of a pilgrim in a bazaar at Jaffa, who had stolen it from a nobleman's wife in China: a perfectly permissible thing to do, since the pilgrim was a Christian and the nobleman a heathen doomed to hell-fire. Yves de Cornault had paid a long price for the dog, for they were beginning to be in demand at the French court, and the sailor knew he had got hold of a good thing; but Anne's pleasure was so great that, to see her laugh and play with the little animal, her husband would doubtless have given twice the sum.

So far, all the evidence is at one, and the narrative plain sailing; but now the

steering becomes difficult. I will try to keep as nearly as possible to Anne's own statements; though toward the end, poor thing . . .

Well, to go back. The very year after the little brown dog was brought to Kerfol, Yves de Cornault, one winter night, was found dead at the head of a narrow flight of stairs leading down from his wife's rooms to a door opening on the court. It was his wife who found him and gave the alarm, so distracted, poor wretch, with fear and horror—for his blood was all over her—that at first the roused household could not make out what she was saying, and thought she had gone suddenly mad. But there, sure enough, at the top of the stairs lay her husband, stone dead, and head foremost, the blood from his wounds dripping down to the steps below him. He had been dreadfully scratched and gashed about the face and throat, as if with a dull weapon; and one of his legs had a deep tear in it which had cut an artery, and probably caused his death. But how did he come there, and who had murdered him?

His wife declared that she had been asleep in her bed, and hearing his cry had rushed out to find him lying on the stairs; but this was immediately questioned. In the first place, it was proved that from her room she could not have heard the struggle on the stairs, owing to the thickness of the walls and the length of the intervening passage; then it was evident that she had not been in bed and asleep, since she was dressed when she roused the house, and her bed had not been slept in. Moreover, the door at the bottom of the stairs was ajar, and the key in the lock; and it was noticed by the chaplain (an observant man) that the dress she wore was stained with blood about the knees, and that there were traces of small blood-stained hands low down on the staircase walls, so that it was conjectured that she had really been at the postern-door when her husband fell and, feeling her way up to him in the darkness on her hands and knees, had been stained by his blood dripping down on her. Of course it was argued on the other side that the blood-marks on her dress might have been caused by her kneeling down by her husband when she rushed

out of her room; but there was the open door below, and the fact that the finger-marks in the staircase all pointed upward.

The accused held to her statement for the first two days, in spite of its improbability; but on the third day word was brought to her that Hervé de Lanrivain, a young nobleman of the neighbourhood, had been arrested for complicity in the crime. Two or three witnesses thereupon came forward to say that it was known throughout the country that Lanrivain had formerly been on good terms with the lady of Cornault; but that he had been absent from Brittany for over a year, and people had ceased to associate their names. The witnesses who made this statement were not of a very reputable sort. One was an old herb-gatherer suspected of witch-craft, another a drunken clerk from a neighbouring parish, the third a half-witted shepherd who could be made to say anything; and it was clear that the prosecution was not satisfied with its case, and would have liked to find more definite proof of Lanrivain's complicity than the statement of the herb-gatherer, who swore to having seen him climbing the wall of the park on the night of the murder. One way of patching out incomplete proofs in those days was to put some sort of pressure, moral or physical, on the accused person. It is not clear what pressure was put on Anne de Cornault; but on the third day, when she was brought into court, she "appeared weak and wandering," and after being encouraged to collect herself and speak the truth, on her honour and the wounds of her Blessed Redeemer, she confessed that she had in fact gone down the stairs to speak with Hervé de Lanrivain (who denied everything), and had been surprised there by the sound of her husband's fall. That was better; and the prosecution rubbed its hands with satisfaction. The satisfaction increased when various dependents living at Kerfol were induced to say—with apparent sincerity—that during the year or two preceding his death their master had once more grown uncertain and irascible, and subject to the fits of brooding silence which his household had learned to dread before his second marriage. This seemed to show that things had not been going well at Kerfol;

though no one could be found to say that there had been any signs of open disagreement between husband and wife.

Anne de Cornault, when questioned as to her reason for going down at night to open the door to Hervé de Lanrivain, made an answer which must have sent a smile around the court. She said it was because she was lonely and wanted to talk with the young man. Was this the only reason? she was asked; and replied: "Yes, by the Cross over your Lordships' heads." "But why at midnight?" the court asked. "Because I could see him in no other way." I can see the exchange of glances across the ermine collars under the Crucifix.

Anne de Cornault, further questioned, said that her married life had been extremely lonely: "desolate" was the word she used. It was true that her husband seldom spoke harshly to her; but there were days when he did not speak at all. It was true that he had never struck or threatened her; but he kept her like a prisoner at Kerfol, and when he rode away to Morlaix or Quimper or Rennes he set so close a watch on her that she could not pick a flower in the garden without having a waiting-woman at her heels. "I am no Queen, to need such honours," she once said to him; and he had answered that a man who has a treasure does not leave the key in the lock when he goes out. "Then take me with you," she urged; but to this he said that towns were pernicious places, and young wives better off at their own firesides.

"But what did you want to say to Hervé de Lanrivain?" the court asked; and she answered: "To ask him to take me away."

"Ah—you confess that you went down to him with adulterous thoughts?"

"No."

"Then why did you want him to take you away?"

"Because I was afraid for my life."

"Of whom were you afraid?"

"Of my husband."

"Why were you afraid of your husband?"

"Because he had strangled my little dog."

Another smile must have passed around the court-room: in days when any noble-

man had a right to hang his peasants—and most of them exercised it—pinching a pet animal's wind-pipe was nothing to make a fuss about.

At this point one of the Judges, who appears to have had a certain sympathy for the accused, suggested that she should be allowed to explain herself in her own way; and she thereupon made the following statement.

The first years of her marriage had been lonely; but her husband had not been unkind to her. If she had had a child she would not have been unhappy; but the days were long, and it rained too much.

It was true that her husband; whenever he went away and left her, brought her a handsome present on his return; but this did not make up for the loneliness. At least nothing had, till he brought her the little brown dog from the East: after that she was much less unhappy. Her husband seemed pleased that she was so fond of the dog; he gave her leave to put her jewelled bracelet around its neck, and to keep it always with her.

One day she had fallen asleep in her room, with the dog at her feet, as his habit was. Her feet were bare and resting on his back. Suddenly she was waked by her husband: he stood beside her, smiling not unkindly.

"You look like my great-grandmother, Juliane de Cornault, lying in the chapel with her feet on a little dog," he said.

The analogy sent a chill through her, but she laughed and answered: "Well, when I am dead you must put me beside her, carved in marble, with my dog at my feet."

"Oho—we'll wait and see," he said, laughing also, but with his black brows close together. "The dog is the emblem of fidelity."

"And do you doubt my right to lie with mine at my feet?"

"When I'm in doubt I find out," he answered. "I am an old man," he added, "and people say I make you lead a lonely life. But I swear you shall have your monument if you earn it."

"And I swear to be faithful," she returned, "if only for the sake of having my little dog at my feet."

Not long afterward he went on business to the Quimper Assizes; and while he was away his aunt, the widow of a great noble-

man of the duchy, came to spend a night at Kerfol on her way to the *pardon* of Ste. Barbe. She was a woman of great piety and consequence, and much respected by Yves de Cornault, and when she proposed to Anne to go with her to Ste. Barbe no one could object, and even the chaplain declared himself in favour of the pilgrimage. So Anne set out for Ste. Barbe, and there for the first time she talked with Hervé de Lanrivain. He had come once or twice to Kerfol with his father, but she had never before exchanged a dozen words with him. They did not talk for more than five minutes now: it was under the chestnuts, as the procession was coming out of the chapel. He said: "I pity you," and she was surprised, for she had not supposed that any one thought her an object of pity. He added: "Call for me when you need me," and she smiled a little, but was glad afterward, and thought often of the meeting.

She confessed to having seen him three times afterward: not more. How or where she would not say—one had the impression that she feared to implicate some one. Their meetings had been rare and brief; and at the last he had told her that he was starting the next day for a foreign country, on a mission which was not without peril and might keep him for many months absent. He asked her for a remembrance, and she had none to give him but the collar about the little dog's neck. She was sorry afterward that she had given it, but he was so unhappy at going that she had not had the courage to refuse.

Her husband was away at the time. When he returned a few days later he picked up the little dog to pet it, and noticed that its collar was missing. His wife told him that the dog had lost it in the undergrowth of the park, and that she and her maids had hunted a whole day for it. It was true, she explained to the court, that she had made the maids search for the necklet—they all believed the dog had lost it in the park. . .

Her husband made no comment, and that evening at supper he was in his usual mood, between good and bad: you could never tell which. He talked a good deal, describing what he had seen and done at Rennes; but now and then he stopped

and looked hard at her; and when she went to bed she found her little dog strangled on her pillow. The little thing was dead, but still warm; she stooped to lift it, and her distress turned to horror when she discovered that it had been strangled by twisting twice round its throat the necklet she had given to Lanrivain.

The next morning at dawn she buried the dog in the garden, and hid the necklet in her breast. She said nothing to her husband, then or later, and he said nothing to her; but that day he had a peasant hanged for stealing a faggot in the park, and the next day he nearly beat to death a young horse he was breaking.

Winter set in, and the short days passed, and the long nights, one by one; and she heard nothing of Hervé de Lanrivain. It might be that her husband had killed him; or merely that he had been robbed of the necklet. Day after day by the hearth among the spinning maids, night after night alone on her bed, she wondered and trembled. Sometimes at table her husband looked across at her and smiled; and then she felt sure that Lanrivain was dead. She dared not try to get news of him, for she was sure her husband would find out if she did: she had an idea that he could find out anything. Even when a witch-woman who was a noted seer, and could show you the whole world in her crystal, came to the castle for a night's shelter, and the maids flocked to her, Anne held back. The winter was long and black and rainy. One day, in Yves de Cornault's absence, some gypsies came to Kerfol with a troop of performing dogs. Anne bought the smallest and cleverest, a white dog with a feathery coat and one blue and one brown eye. It seemed to have been ill-treated by the gypsies, and clung to her plaintively when she took it from them. That evening her husband came back, and when she went to bed she found the dog strangled on her pillow.

After that she said to herself that she would never have another dog; but one bitter cold evening a poor lean greyhound was found whining at the castle-gate, and she took him in and forbade the maids to speak of him to her husband. She hid him in a room that no one went

to, smuggled food to him from her own plate, made him a warm bed to lie on and petted him like a child.

Yves de Cornault came home, and the next day she found the greyhound strangled on her pillow. She wept in secret, but said nothing, and resolved that even if she met a dog dying of hunger she would never bring him into the castle; but one day she found a young sheep-dog, a brindled puppy with good blue eyes, lying with a broken leg in the snow of the park. Yves de Cornault was at Rennes, and she brought the dog in, warmed and fed it, tied up its leg and hid it in the castle till her husband's return. The day before, she gave it to a peasant woman who lived a long way off, and paid her handsomely to care for it and say nothing; but that night she heard a whining and scratching at her door, and when she opened it the lame puppy, drenched and shivering, jumped up on her with little sobbing barks. She hid him in her bed, and the next morning was about to have him taken back to the peasant woman when she heard her husband ride into the court. She shut the dog in a chest and went down to receive him. An hour or two later, when she returned to her room, the puppy lay strangled on her pillow. . .

After that she dared not make a pet of any other dog; and her loneliness became almost unendurable. Sometimes, when she crossed the court of the castle, and thought no one was looking, she stopped to pat the old pointer at the gate. But one day as she was caressing him her husband came out of the chapel; and the next day the old dog was gone. . .

This curious narrative was not told in one sitting of the court, or received without impatience and incredulous comment. It was plain that the Judges were surprised by its puerility, and that it did not help the accused in the eyes of the public. It was an odd tale, certainly; but what did it prove? That Yves de Cornault disliked dogs, and that his wife, to gratify her own fancy, persistently ignored this dislike. As for pleading this trivial disagreement as an excuse for her relations—whatever their nature—with her supposed accomplice, the argument was so absurd that her own lawyer manifestly regretted having let her make use of it,

and tried several times to cut short her story. But she went on to the end, with a kind of hypnotized insistence; as though the scenes she evoked were so real to her that she had forgotten where she was and imagined herself to be re-living them.

At length the Judge who had previously shown a certain kindness to her said (leaning forward a little, one may suppose, from his row of dozing colleagues): "Then you would have us believe that you murdered your husband because he would not let you keep a pet dog?"

"I did not murder my husband."

"Who did, then? Hervé de Lanrivain?"

"No."

"Who then? Can you tell us?"

"Yes, I can tell you. The dogs—"

At that point she was carried out of the court in a swoon.

It was evident that her lawyer tried to get her to abandon this line of defense. Possibly her explanation, whatever it was, had seemed convincing when she poured it out to him in the heat of their first private colloquy; but now that it was exposed to the cold daylight of judicial scrutiny, and the banter of the town, he was thoroughly ashamed of it, and would have sacrificed her without a scruple to save his professional reputation. But the obstinate Judge—who perhaps, after all, was more inquisitive than kindly—evidently wanted to hear the story out, and she was ordered, the next day, to continue her deposition.

She said that after the disappearance of the old watch-dog nothing particular happened for a month or two. Her husband was much as usual: she did not remember any special incident. But one evening a pedlar woman came to the castle and was selling trinkets to the maids. She had no heart for trinkets, but she stood looking on while the women made their choice. And then, she did not know how, but the pedlar coaxed her into buying for herself an odd pear-shaped pomander with a strong scent in it—she had once seen something of the kind on a gypsy woman. She had no desire for the pomander, and did not know why she had bought it. The pedlar said that whoever wore it had the power to read the future; but she did not really believe

that, or care much either. However, she bought the thing and took it up to her room, where she sat turning it about in her hand. Then the strange scent attracted her and she began to wonder what kind of spice was in the box. She opened it and found a grey bean rolled in a strip of paper; and on the paper she saw a sign she knew, and a message from Hervé de Lanrivain, saying that he was at home again and would be at the door in the court that night after the moon had set. . .

She burned the paper and then sat down to think. It was nightfall, and her husband was at home. . . She had no way of warning Lanrivain, and there was nothing to do but to wait. . .

At this point I fancy the drowsy courtroom beginning to wake up. Even to the oldest hand on the bench there must have been a certain æsthetic relish in picturing the feelings of a woman on receiving such a message at night-fall from a man living twenty miles away, to whom she had no means of sending a warning. . .

She was not a clever woman, I imagine; and as the first result of her cogitation she appears to have made the mistake of being, that evening, too kind to her husband. She could not ply him with wine, according to the traditional expedient, for though he drank heavily at times he had a strong head; and when he drank beyond its strength it was because he chose to, and not because a woman coaxed him. Not his wife, at any rate—she was an old story by now. As I read the case, I fancy there was no feeling for her left in him but the hatred occasioned by his supposed dishonour.

At any rate, she tried to call up her old graces; but early in the evening he complained of pains and fever, and left the hall to go up to his room. His servant carried him a cup of hot wine, and brought back word that he was sleeping and not to be disturbed; and an hour later, when Anne lifted the tapestry and listened at his door, she heard his loud regular breathing. She thought it might be a feint, and stayed a long time barefooted in the cold passage, her ear to the crack; but the breathing went on too steadily and naturally to be other than that of a man in a sound sleep. She crept

back to her room reassured, and stood in the window watching the moon set through the trees of the park. The sky was misty and starless, and after the moon went down the night was pitch black. She knew the time had come, and stole along the passage, past her husband's door—where she stopped again to listen to his breathing—to the top of the stairs. There she paused a moment, and assured herself that no one was following her; then she began to go down the stairs in the darkness. They were so steep and winding that she had to go very slowly, for fear of stumbling. Her one thought was to get the door unbolted, tell Lanrivain to make his escape, and hasten back to her room. She had tried the bolt earlier in the evening, and managed to put a little grease on it; but nevertheless, when she drew it, it gave a squeak . . . not loud, but it made her heart stop; and the next minute, overhead, she heard a noise. . .

"What noise?" the prosecution interposed.

"My husband's voice calling out my name and cursing me."

"What did you hear after that?"

"A terrible scream and a fall."

"Where was Hervé de Lanrivain at this time?"

"He was standing outside in the court. I just made him out in the darkness. I told him for God's sake to go, and then I pushed the door shut."

"What did you do next?"

"I stood at the foot of the stairs and listened."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard dogs snarling and panting." (Visible discouragement of the bench, boredom of the public, and exasperation of the lawyer for the defense. Dogs again—! But the inquisitive Judge insisted.)

"What dogs?"

She bent her head and spoke so low that she had to be told to repeat her answer: "I don't know."

"How do you mean—you don't know?"

"I don't know what dogs. . ."

The Judge again intervened: "Try to tell us exactly what happened. How long did you remain at the foot of the stairs?"

"Only a few minutes."

"And what was going on meanwhile overhead?"

"The dogs kept on snarling and panting. Once or twice he cried out. I think he moaned once. Then he was quiet."

"Then what happened?"

"Then I heard a sound like the noise of a pack when the wolf is thrown to them—gulping and lapping."

(There was a groan of disgust and repulsion through the court, and another attempted intervention by the distracted lawyer. But the inquisitive Judge was still inquisitive.)

"And all the while you did not go up?"

"Yes—I went up then—to drive them off."

"The dogs?"

"Yes."

"Well——?"

"When I got there it was quite dark. I found my husband's flint and steel and struck a spark. I saw him lying there. He was dead."

"And the dogs?"

"The dogs were gone."

"Gone—where to?"

"I don't know. There was no way out—and there were no dogs at Kerfol."

She straightened herself to her full height, threw her arms above her head, and fell down on the stone floor with a long scream. There was a moment of confusion in the court-room. Some one on the bench was heard to say: "This is clearly a case for the ecclesiastical authorities"—and the prisoner's lawyer doubtless jumped at the suggestion.

After this, the trial loses itself in a maze of cross-questioning and squabbling. Every witness who was called corroborated Anne de Cornault's statement that there were no dogs at Kerfol: had been none for several months. The master of the house had taken a dislike to dogs, there was no denying it. But, on the other hand, at the inquest, there had been long and bitter discussions as to the nature of the dead man's wounds. One of the surgeons called in had spoken of marks that looked like bites. The suggestion of witchcraft was revived, and the opposing lawyers hurled tomes of necromancy at each other.

At last Anne de Cornault was brought back into court—at the instance of the same Judge—and asked if she knew where the dogs she spoke of could have come from. On the body of her Redeemer she swore that she did not. Then the Judge put his final question: "If the dogs you think you heard had been known to you, do you think you would have recognized them by their barking?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize them?"

"Yes."

"What dogs do you take them to have been?"

"My dead dogs," she said in a whisper. . . . She was taken out of court, not to reappear there again. There was some kind of ecclesiastical investigation, and the end of the business was that the Judges disagreed with each other, and with the ecclesiastical committee, and that Anne de Cornault was finally handed over to the keeping of her husband's family, who shut her up in the keep of Kerfol, where she is said to have died many years later, a harmless mad-woman.

So ends her story. As for that of Hervé de Lanrivain, I had only to apply to his collateral descendant for its subsequent details. The evidence against the young man being insufficient, and his family influence in the duchy considerable, he was set free, and left soon afterward for Paris. He was probably in no mood for a worldly life, and he appears to have come almost immediately under the influence of the famous M. Arnauld d'Andilly and the gentlemen of Port Royal. A year or two later he was received into their Order, and without achieving any particular distinction he followed its good and evil fortunes till his death some twenty years later. Lanrivain showed me a portrait of him by a pupil of Philippe de Champagne: sad eyes, an impulsive mouth and a narrow brow. Poor Hervé de Lanrivain: it was a grey ending. Yet as I looked at his stiff and sallow effigy, in the dark dress of the Jansenists, I almost found myself envying his fate. After all, in the course of his life two great things had happened to him: he had loved romantically, and he must have talked with Pascal. . . .



Drawn by Elenore Plaisted Abbott.

One day she had fallen asleep in her room, with the dog at her feet, as his habit was.

—"Kerfol," page 336.

ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



HOW often, during the recent Mexican troubles, have we read despatches from places along the border, from Eagle Pass, Nogales, and especially from El Paso; how few of us can visualize these places or have more than the remotest idea of what they look like or the country that lies about them?

This border-land, after you have left behind the cattle-ranges of eastern Texas, consists, like other parts of our great Southwest, of vast table-lands stretching to infinite horizons, heaving here and there into long waves as if pressed by a giant hand, then breaking into jagged ledges, not colored with the vivid hues of the Painted Desert, but gray and sinister and clothed only with scrubby clumps of mesquite and thickets of greasewood and chaparral. Often, however, yuccas rear aloft their slender spikes now hung like candelabra (*lamparas de Dios*, candles of the Lord) with bell-shaped flowers, now denuded, dead, stiff and straight, and then so truly deserving their other appellation, "Spanish bayonets." Certain slopes so bristle with them that you can readily fancy vast armies hidden from view in lines of trenches.

Little life is to be seen in many an hour's run. Herds of cattle grazing in dry pastures; goats and sheep wandering in rocky creek-beds—these are the commoner sights. Once in a while a drove of ponies will go scattering by, followed by men bestriding studs whose coats glisten in the sun.

Along the horizon to the north rise blue buttes whose names—Horsehead Hills, Sierra del Diablo, and the like—suggest their fantastic outlines, while, to the south, the long, jagged mountains of old Mexico string their purple silhouettes against the sky. Now and then a silver glint will mark the course of the Border

River, the murky Rio Grande, that flows quietly enough through its broad green valley.

Yet for the past two years every mile of its shores, apparently so peaceful, has been carefully patrolled by American soldiers. At Alpine I spied the first little encampment of khaki-colored tents; at Marfa and Lobo squadrons of cavalry were quartered, while at Sierra Blanca still larger forces were gathered with long rows of horses picketed under temporary sheds. At Fort Hancock, the most important of these border stations, a park of tents stood close to the railway station, while down in the valley, officers' quarters and permanent barracks resembled children's toys, so vast was the scale of the landscape in which they are set.

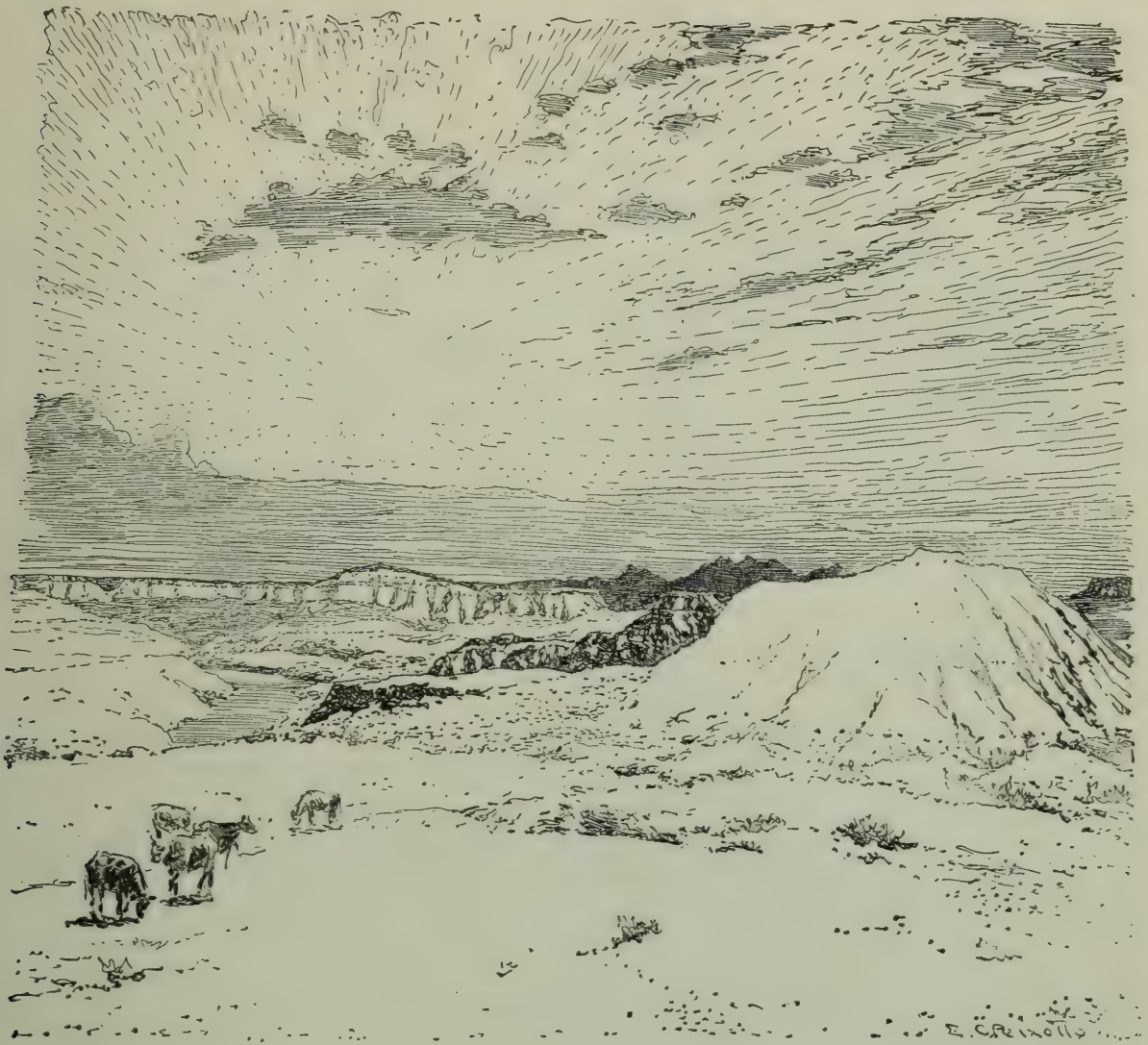
Each little town shows its nearness to the border, for each has its Mexican quarter, plainly distinguishable by its one-story adobes, mud-colored, windowless, alive with half-naked children. At the stations queer groups assemble, and an old man in a plaintive voice will querulously ask you: "*Naranjes e dulce—no quiere?*"

As you near El Paso you catch a glimpse, at Ysleta, of the venerable church, now hopelessly "restored," that was built away back in 1682 after the Pueblo uprising. Does this sound like a remote date in American history? One is constantly surprised down here by the antiquity of the settlements.

El Paso is certainly no exception to the rule, for it was given its name in 1598 by Juan de Oñate, one of the earliest explorers of New Mexico, who, having forded the Rio Grande at this point, called it El Paso del Norte—the Pass to the North. Fifty years later the old church and mission at Juarez were built. But from that time until the Mexican War period the site of El Paso itself remained a ranch belonging to the Ponce

de Leon family. After the American occupation it became a terminal point on the old Overland Trail from St. Louis to San Francisco, and the rumbling stage-

them no less than sixteen stories high, a luxury that neither Paris nor London has yet deemed necessary—so that the city seems to be suffering from growing pains



Breaking into jagged ledges, gray and sinister.—Page 342.

coaches brought life and glitter to the saloons and gambling-joints of the Calle El Paso.

The last half-century has again vastly changed all this, and the border town has been completely submerged in the steady march of modern improvement.

Pioneer Plaza remains the centre of the city's activities, to be sure, but upon it, instead of humble adobe homes and tawdry shops, front two great hotels, several large department stores which display the very latest fashions and the "largest all-concrete building in the world." Though generally low-built, the city suddenly and most unexpectedly heaves aloft into sky-scrapers—one of

like a lad all legs and no chest, but the making, withal, of a fine, healthy man.

And El Paso, after all, is a man's city. I rode the first evening with a friend to the top of the Mesa that overlooks the town. Behind us towered the rocky precipices of Mount Franklin, bald, rugged, treeless. Below, the city lay spread out, substantially built of brick and stone with little patches of green gardens adjoining almost every house.

The few tall sky-scrapers that I have mentioned heaved their bulk above the general mass and marked the centre of the city, while beyond them, toward the river, the chimneys of factories and mills, foundries and railroad shops, belched



A cavalry camp near the border.

their smoke into the air. Behind us, through a cleft in the mountain, the yellow-gray fumes of the great smelter tainted the atmosphere that otherwise is of a virgin purity. Evidently there is work a-plenty, and these chimneys give an impression of vigor, coupled with rugged strength, which impression is enhanced by a glance at the landscape which stretches to a limitless horizon—a rugged nature to battle with, indeed, treeless, parched, and baked by an ardent sun and watered only by the most infrequent rains.

But in this desolation the eye is at once arrested by a broad green valley that stretches off toward Ysleta, a verdant Eden, a land of orchards and vineyards, of vast fields of alfalfa, of onions and humble beans. Man, hunting and hoarding nature's water-supply and storing it in great dams and reservoirs, like Roosevelt and Elephant Butte, to be carefully used for irrigation, is gradually pushing back the desert and reclaiming arid wastes that have been left dry and thirsty ever since the glacial waters receded centuries ago. So is man battling the wilderness

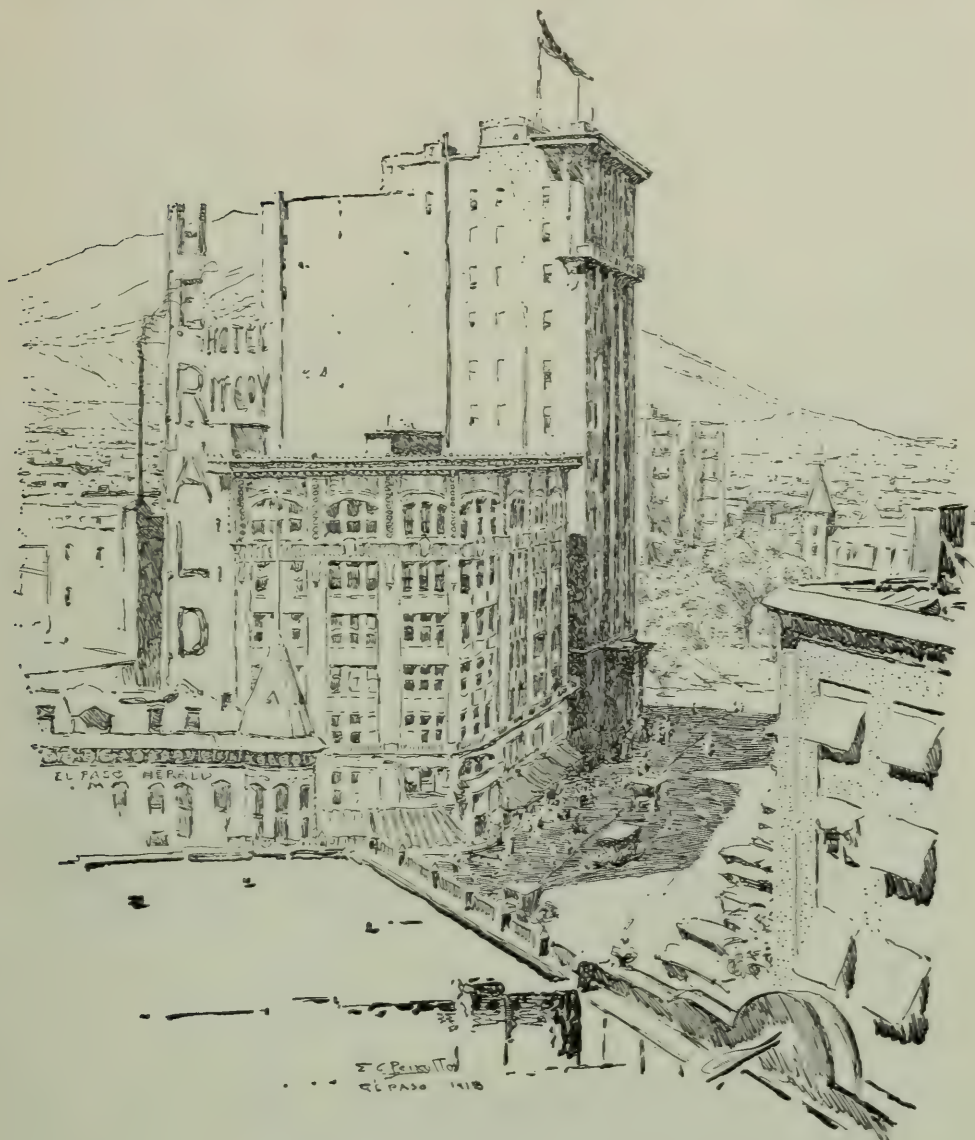
and from a stern and forbidding nature extracting wealth and comfort.

And the result of his efforts is apparent in the homes of the city, substantial dwellings, often well designed and in some cases quite palatial. It is seen, too, in the well-equipped hospitals, libraries, and clubs, as well as in the asphalt-paved streets, whose characteristic nomenclature again voices the spirit of the place, for they are named, not Palm Avenue nor Orange Boulevard, but for the sister frontier States.

Topping lower mesas than the one on which we stood, we could see new residential colonies where young people in white played tennis or mowed the lawns or chatted across dividing walls—a fine, hardy-looking race, living in the open and finding health and exhilaration in this wonderful dry air, nearly four thousand feet above the sea.

Do you want a contrast to this picture? Then take a motor or common street-car marked "Mexico" and rumble across the Rio Grande upon a bridge, mostly wooden, that scarcely seems able to withstand the eddying floods.

A sentry and a group of gray-uniformed men lounging in the shade greet you with a not unfriendly grin, representatives, when I went over, of Villa's authority, but of whose, when these lines are read, river. But the various revolutions have crippled it sorely. At every turn you come upon ruins—houses riddled with bullet holes or breached with shot and shell; a public library razed to the ground,



Looking down on Pioneer Plaza, El Paso.

who can say? Beyond them you come upon army headquarters with another group of soldiers, whence a bugle-call resounds from time to time. Opposite stands the house that Villa occupies whenever he comes to Juarez and, almost adjoining it, the theatre where many of his important conferences have taken place.

Ciudad Juarez a few years ago was a thriving enough Mexican town, deriving a rather large if illicit revenue from gambling-joints, a cock-pit, a bull-ring, and a jockey-club whose activities would not be tolerated on the American side of the

a mere heap of stones; a post-office badly damaged; and, opposite the Juarez monument, a brick building, roofless, with gaping walls and windows, behind which the Huertistas had hidden until they retreated to the bull-ring, where they were taken prisoners and shot.

Despite the three revolutions through which the town has passed and of which it has been the hotbed, the main business street remains more or less normal though Maderista, Huertista, and Villista have, turn by turn, fought up and down its length.



San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson.

It leads to the principal square, the Plaza della Pace (cynical name) whose faded gardens, dusty trees, and lounging figures form a striking contrast to the lush verdure and general air of prosperity of San Jacinto Square over in El Paso. Looking down upon its dingy avenues stands the old mission church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, now, as it has been for almost three centuries, the solace and comfort of the poor distracted people, calling them, with its cracked bells, to the peace and quiet of its simple nave.

Wars have spared it intact. It retains its fine old choir gallery, its original *vigas*, or ceiling-beams, carved by primitive Indian workmen, its flat mud roof, and, most interesting of all, a "Lady of Sorrows" that stands at the right of the high altar—a striking figure evidently sent over from Spain in the old days—an effigy of the Virgin crowned with gold and wearing the full-skirted, black-brocaded costume of the time of Velasquez, with a finely chiselled, pathetic face and realistic hands that hold a rich lace handkerchief.



Interior of San Xavier.

A priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish.—Page 350.

With the custodian, an "English soldier of fortune," as he styled himself, I ascended the bell-tower and looked down upon the flat-roofed city of sun-baked brick and upon the market near by, where men in peaked straw hats were bartering and selling, where toothless old women in black sat at meagrely stocked stalls, and patient burros received and dis-

charged their loads—a typical picture, I thought, of quaint old Mexico.

Then the electric car took me over the second international bridge, at whose far end refugees were opening their trunks for the inspection of the customs officers. In an instant I was transported to the bustle of El Paso's busy streets and sitting in the gilded splendor—too gilded

and too splendid, I fear—of her “million-dollar hotel,” whose lobbies, despite their Waldorfian atmosphere, emanated a dis-

and an air of intense, if suppressed, excitement.

And the khaki-clad soldiers whom I



Our Lady of the Guadalupe, Ciudad Juarez.

inct air of confabulation with their closely seated groups of young American engineers from Sonora, mingled with knots of dark-skinned Mexicans talking in whispers with gesticulating forefingers

constantly met upon the streets and in the cars were so many reminders of Uncle Sam's watchfulness.

They are quartered, for the most part, up at Fort Bliss, which, indeed, is the army

headquarters of the entire border patrol. It lies about five miles northeast of the city, on high ground known as the North Mesa, a healthy situation but one that exposes it to the fury of the sand-storms and to the winds that sweep up from the desert. The older barracks, of red brick with arcaded façades, front on one side of a long parade-ground, while the other side is occupied by the officers' quarters, the newer ones of an attractive Spanish type. Beyond this parade is a permanent camp for cavalry—dun-colored tents boxed in for winter, row upon row in impressive numbers, sheltering troop after troop of cavalymen.

They are a businesslike-looking lot, these border troopers, whose yellow hat-cord alone differentiates them from the infantry that they disdain. Their language is "full of strange oaths" and picturesque in the extreme. For example, one told me that "a lot of the fellows got tied up with the spiggity women," that is, married Mexicans, and his comrade added: "I married a spiggity and I wouldn't change her for any d——d white woman. She'll do as she's told—never go out to a show unless I tell her to, and she'll be faithful, too." The Mexican men they despise and call "spicks."

There is a rough crowd of these "spicks" down by the Great Smelter that belches its volumes of yellow smoke in a pall that dims the sun—a vast plant which is said to turn out one-fifteenth of the entire American copper supply, with an annual pay-roll of a million dollars. It lies up the river at quite a distance from the city. To reach it you cross over the railroad tracks by a viaduct, from which you look across the river upon a handsome thicket of trees, the Grove of Peace, so called because within its shade representatives of Madero and Diaz met to draw up their articles of peace.

The friend with whom I took this drive had seen Madero lead his men out of the arroyo just beyond prior to his attack upon Juarez, the first blow against the Diaz régime, and he graphically described the scene: the long columns issuing from behind the sand-hills and forming along the river bank; the men watering their horses or inspecting their

arms and ammunition, while Madero drew up his battle line.

His sympathizers on the El Paso side of the river, which is here little more than a hundred feet wide, threw him food, tobacco, and other little luxuries, so close are the river banks to each other. And I then realized fully, for the first time, why stray shots fired from the Mexican side can do so much damage in El Paso itself—a fact that always puzzled me before.

The smelter is a Guggenheim plant—one of the largest, I believe—and by it, along the river, in a Mexican village of considerable size, live the "spicks" that furnish its three eight-hour shifts (it works day and night), a hard-looking lot that sometimes give real trouble to the local authorities in spite of the influence of a church that tops a mountain of slag in rather picturesque fashion, dominating the troglodytic huts of the workers.

Upon a mountain opposite a conspicuous stone marks a triple boundary—Texas, New Mexico, and Old Mexico—for the Rio Grande, turning southward here, ceases to form the Mexican frontier.

When you leave El Paso for the west, to follow farther along the border, you go out by the evening train over the big viaduct that here spans the valley and the river.

You awake next morning in Arizona, and if you wake early enough you may alight at Tucson. I counsel you to do so, for the town itself is pleasant and you may also see the old mission church of San Xavier del Bac that lies a few miles to the south—the handsomest (and I say it advisedly), the most complete and extensive, Spanish mission within the boundaries of the United States.

Had it chanced to be in some other portion of our country, better advertised, pamphlets about it would have been spread broadcast through the land and its praises sung in verse and story. Yet there it stands, alone and unvisited, in the wastes of the Arizona desert, unsung, unheralded, almost unknown!

I was met at the train by a cultivated gentleman who had travelled much, and to his companionship I owe the rarest part of the pleasure of my visit to San Xavier.

To reach it we crossed through the

city's parked and palm-bordered streets to the banks of the Santa Cruz River. Here we struck the desert—but the desert in all the glory of its radiant sky, its shimmering landscape swimming in light, its veil of dryness, its thickets of mesquite, and its tall *sahuaros* or giant cacti fluted like Corinthian columns and, like them, swelling only at the centre with an almost imperceptible entasis—a desert girt about by mountains: to the northeast the Santa Catalinas with the sun polishing their dolomites and Devonian rocks; to the eastward the Sierra del Ríngon; to the south the Santa Ritas, high and pink; while to the westward towered the bald Tucson ranges.

Standing quite apart, occupying the foreground of the picture, rises Tumamoc Hill, with its top flattened, some say artificially by a prehistoric race, and still showing traces of fortifications. On one of its lower slopes the Carnegie Institute for the study of desert plants has been built, so interesting is the flora hereabouts. And as we skirted the Sierritas my companion showed me the strange plants and flowers and the great companies of giant cacti, some sixty feet high, that pointed their arms heavenward.

Then at a turn of the road a fair vision suddenly appeared silhouetted against the Santa Rita Mountains: twin towers, white as snow, and extensive buildings, also white, but so tender and tenuous as to be almost lost, like a mirage of the Orient, in this vast, palpitating desert.

Then we came upon Indian huts, homes of the Papagos, a tribe of the Pimas, who never have wandered and live to-day as their ancestors lived when found by Father Kino centuries ago. Before the doors stood primitive ovens and *ollas* propped on sticks to catch the cooling breeze. A dog roused himself from sleep to stare at us, rare passers-by.

It was a Sunday morning, so few figures appeared, for all were over yonder in the great church. As we approached it I saw, hitched along its wall, buggies and horses with high-pommelled Mexican saddles. And the grandeur of the old pile now struck me with amazement—its curved parapets, its great dome, its towers and their flying buttresses of daring de-

sign gleaming snow-white against the quivering sky. To the right stretched extensive *viviendas*, dwellings for the living; to the left the hallowed campo santo enclosed by walls, resting-place for the dead.

The vast, simple wall spaces have recently been coated with a skin of white plaster that may strike you as glaring and new, but a few years of weathering will remedy this. The main portal has been left intact and still glows with the coral shades that travel in gamuts of pink and pale browns through pilaster and string-course and intricate ornaments that show the same unmistakable handicraft of the Indian stone-cutter, led by the Spanish designer, that one finds in the great churches of Mexico and Peru.

Grouped about the door that morning stood a crowd of men with dark, sun-beaten faces peering in at the glittering candles that graced the high altar. Quietly we stepped, my companion in black and I, within the portal, and I rubbed my eyes. Was I really upon our own American soil or was this not some Andean church on the table-lands of Titicaca?

Near the door, in reverent attitudes, knelt groups of Indians, and seated before them, in rough pews, were others, the women with black shawls drawn over their heads, the children moving about the aisles, the men, bareheaded, in their clean Sunday shirts. Above their heads, in the pulpit, a priest in embroidered vestments was exhorting them in Spanish. As my eyes wandered aloft they rested on domed surfaces; on windows, deep-set, sifting the sunlight to softer tones; on frescos and painted vaults; while behind the high altar towered a great reredos occupying the entire chancel wall, carved and gilded, spreading its statued niches one above another, while in the transept other great *retablos* could be dimly seen.

Again I rubbed my eyes and asked myself: "Can I possibly be in Arizona, newest of our States?" Then I remembered that but a few miles southward lay Nogales and Naco, outposts fronting the border, and that this whole country still abounds in Mexicans, some refugees and outlaws, others peacefully working under American dominion.

THE SILENT INFARE

By Armistead C. Gordon

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER BIGGS



THE trees had never seemed greener or the grass more luxuriant to the denizens of Kingsmill than on the September morning when Mis' Nancy, with a light shawl thrown about her shoulders, and the patient, half-pained smile on her face, sat in the rocking-chair on the porch and deprecated the expense that the recently much-discussed visit to her old school-mate and friend would involve.

The waters of the river, visible in its broad expanse for a sweep of many miles, gleamed amethystine-blue under the brilliant early autumn sun; and the low-lying bank of its farther shore, set with faintly visible buildings that seemed white in the sunshine, encompassed a panorama of quiet and peaceful beauty.

"Hold de hank straight, boy," growled Ommirandy to Tibe.

She occupied a low chair some distance from Mis' Nancy, and addressed herself to the juvenile darky, son of Janey and grandson of Uncle Jonas, known to young Mars' Jeems as Tiberius the Great.

Tibe had been caught by the old woman while meandering around the Kingsmill yard in search of guinea eggs, and incontinently hauled up on the porch to hold Ommirandy's hank while she wound the cotton yarn into a nimble ball with her ancient but still agile fingers.

"Dat what I doin', marm," responded Tibe, lifting one end of the hank about a foot higher than the other.

"You sutny orter make her go, young Mars' Jeems," said the old woman to the owner of Kingsmill, who sat by his wife with an ante-bellum copy of "The Bride of Lammermoor" open face downward on his knee.

"I think it would do her good, Mirandy," acquiesced young Mars' Jeems. "She stays here, and thinks about everything on the plantation, and never gets outside of the yard. I am sure it would

do her good to get up into the mountain country."

"Dey was sebenty-two guinny aigs in dat one nes' out dar in de clover-patch over by de fur cornder o' de yard," interjected Tibe. "I jes' been done count 'em when you come dar an' cotch me."

Ommirandy stopped winding.

"You put dem han's o' yourn on a level, anyhow," she said. "You ain't got no sense 'bout holdin' a hank. I dunno what gwi' come o' you little new-issue free-school niggers. Did you tetch dem eggs?"

"Yas'm," responded Tiberius. "I tetched 'em. I was 'bleedged fur ter turn some ur 'em over fur ter count 'em. Dey was sebenty-two in one nes'."

"Well, if dat don't beat all!" exclaimed the old woman, dropping her unwound ball on the floor and leaning back in her low chair in supreme disgust. "You done ruind de whole business!"

Tiberius the Great seemed more interested than daunted by Ommirandy's rebuke. Young Mars' Jeems laughed aloud, and the pained smile on Mis' Nancy's face was accentuated.

"Ain't you got no sense, nigger?" demanded the old woman. "I know yo' gran'daddy ain't got much; but you mought 'a' enherited some gumption f'om Janey. She been takin' keer o' Jonas an' you an' de t'others sence yo' pa died—'scusin' what young Mars' Jeems an' Mis' Nancy is done fur you-all. Name o' Gord, what you put yo' han' in dat guinny nes' fur?"

"Fur ter count de aigs, marm," replied Tibe, with an inevitable logic derived from his public-school training.

"Is you distracted, Tiberius?" queried Ommirandy. "Don't you know dem guinnys ain't nuver gwi' lay in dat place no mo'? Ain't nobody uver tell you, ef you put yo' han' in a guinny nes', dey nuver comes back dar? When you git de eggs out o' whar de guinny-fowls all lays, you got ter do it wid a silver spoon, an'

leave three eggs. Dem birds kin not only smell, but dey kin count, too."

Tiberius grinned at her vacuously, and was silent.

"Is dat what dey teach you at de free school? 'Fo' Gord, I c'n take a hick'ry-switch an' fling mo' sho' 'nuf eddication inter you little free niggers in ten minutes dan dat bow-legged, horn-specktle cul-lud school-teacher down dar by de church gwi' git inter you-all in ten years. Young Mars' Jeems, you cudden do more fur Mis' Nancy dan ter sen' her ter de moun-t'ns. She needs it. You kin remembrance how Ole Mars' useter always take mis' ter de White Suffrer in de late summer? Many's de time I been dar wid 'em."

The conversation was desultory, and eventuated in the disclosure by Ommirandy that she had been watching the universal guinea nest that Tibe had invaded, in the hope of contributing by the sale of its eggs a substantial sum toward the expense that would be incidental to Mis' Nancy's trip to the mountains.

"I done been see de man at Yellowley's Sto' an' he promis' ter take all on 'em at de market price. Hole de hank straight, Tiberius! Ef you don't, I gwi' hit you wid dis here broom! It look like you got-ter have sump'n ter make yo' han's still all de time, fur ter keep 'em out o' trouble. Drap dat en' o' de hank ter a level, I tell ye."

"Yas'm," responded the boy, becoming loquacious with the imaginative mendacity of untrained childhood. "Dat what mammy, she all de time sayin'. I remembrance when I was a teenchyweenchy baby in de cradle, mammy she use ter put a tetch o' merlasses on my fingers, an' den stick some pillow-feathers onter de merlasses. It use ter keep me workin', a-pickin' de feathers fust off'n one han' an' den off'n de t'other han'. Fast as dey git on one han' I remembrance I gits 'em onter de t'other han'. It use ter make me quiet all day."

He related the experience with an assurance calculated to disarm all criticism.

"You remembrance it, duz you?" queried Ommirandy, scornfully. "You remembrance what happen when you was a baby in de cradle! Young Mars' Jeems, is you hear dat? I been sayin' fur a long

time, dat dis here boy is gwi' come ter a bad en'. He de spit 'n' image o' Jonas. He ack like he warn't no kin ter Janey."

Tibe's vacuous grin grew in dimensions, and he held one end of the hank higher than ever.

"I done been watchin' dat guinny nes' fur mo'n a week," she continued, "an' here come along dis little eddicated free-school nigger, an' stick his rusty fis' in de nes'. Hole yo' right han' down, boy!" she concluded viciously, giving the cotton yarn a jerk that snapped the thread. Tibe picked up the ends and tied them with apparent humility, in contemplation of the old woman's short-handled broom that lay by her chair.

When Tiberius was finally dismissed, and Ommirandy and young Mars' Jeems had helped her mistress into the house, it had been settled that Mis' Nancy was to accept her old friend's invitation and pay her a visit in the town beyond the mountains, and that Ommirandy was to accompany her.

"She 'bleedge ter have somebody ter tote water fur her, an' make her comf'table an' wait on her," said Ommirandy.

"She is entitled to have a servant with her, Mirandy," said young Mars' Jeems. "All of the Kingsmill women have had 'em."

"For hunnerds an' hunnerds o' years," responded the old woman loyally. "An' dey gwi' keep on havin' uv 'em twel dey die. Don't you worry yo'se'f 'bout dat, honey. De Lord, he gwineter purvide 'em, 'scusin' de Yankees an' de freedom. Ain't mis' done, many's de time, read it ter us out'n de book in de loom-room: 'Mine elec' an' my servants shall dwell dar'? Dat means you-all an' we-all gwi' always dwell at Kingsmill. It come out o' Isaiah. I remembrance it a heap better dan Tibe remembrance dem feathers."

Ommirandy accepted with a ready and unquestioning acquiescence Mis' Nancy's tacit estimate of the social importance of the family of her hostess in the little town beyond the Blue Ridge; but the old woman's suspicion of the colored population of the place was aroused from the moment when Imogen, the spry young maid servant, came into Mis' Nancy's room on the evening of their arrival to tender her services to her mistress's guest. The tender

was coldly but civilly declined by the old woman.

"I gwi' look arfter Mis' Nancy while she here," said Ommirandy to Imogen. "I gwi' fetch her water, an' make her bed, an' wait on her. She ain't use ter no other servant but me doin' fur her."

"You don't have ter fetch no water," responded Imogen with asperity. "De water is in de pipes. See here!"

She went to the stationary basin and turned the faucet.

"Well, I gwi' do fur her, anyhow," responded the old woman, regarding the flowing water with a questioning look.

Imogen withdrew after Mis' Nancy had thanked her.

"I been hear dat dey ain't so many niggers over here in dis country as dey is in Tidewater," said the old woman. "I reck'n dat's howcome dey don't tote de water over here, like we all duz at Kingsmill."

She went over to the basin and turned the stream on and off curiously.

"'Fo' de Lord, dey think dey know mo' 'bout whar water ought ter go dan de Almighty," she grumbled. "Dey makin' it run up-hill."

Her visit to the kitchen after supper accentuated her critical attitude toward the servants on the place.

"Dese here culluds ain't like dem in Tidewater," she said to Mis' Nancy. "Dat cook-'oman down dar in de cellar, she tell me her name is Miz' Nellins—yas'm, Miz' Nellins—an' she ax me what was my entitle. I answer her, I ain't got no entitle 'scusin' Ommirandy. I give her ter know dat quality niggers on de t'other side o' de mountain don't go by no name o' Miz' ur Mister, like de white folks. She primp herse'f, an' she say: 'My! Is *dat* possible?' An' I say: 'It ain't only possible, but it's so, an' also.' I say: 'Ef you was ter tell young Mars' Jeems yo' name was Miz' Nellins, he'd think you was givin' him some o' yo' instance.' Den she say: '*Scuse me!*' An' I done so. I ax her what her sho'-nuf name is, an' she say: 'Patsey.' I say: 'Patsey, you kin gimme my supper.' She 'pear ter me younger'n Philadelphia, so I say ter her: 'You kin call me Ommirandy, an' dat's enough.' She dat Immygen gal's mother."

In a day or two after their arrival Om-

mirandy informed Mis' Nancy that there were frequent colored visitors to the kitchen, and that among them was a young negro man who was evidently a suitor of Imogen's.

"I ain't nuver gwine ter git used ter no kitchen in de cellar, no mo'n I is ter dis here water runnin' in dis wash-basin. I ain't excusin' dese here white folks o' nothin', Mis' Nancy; but whar I been use ter all my life, dey had de kitchen out in de yard. An' dis here house is got too many long sta'r steps in it fur a duck-legged ole nigger like me. But I boun' ter go down dar ter git my meals' vittles ur starve; an' when I duz go, I sees dem Mister an' Miz' an' Miss darkies in all dey glory; an' it's wuth de trip. Dey ack like dey was all carriage-comp'ny. It's 'Mister Paul,' an' 'Miss Immygin,' an' 'Miz' Nellins.' Dat young nigger boy, he look at me, kinder curisome, an' he ain't call me nothin' yit. He 'pear ter seem like he was skeered dat I was gwi' jump on him, all spraddled-out. 'Fo' Gord, Mis' Nancy, I ain't got nothin' 'gin him, nur any o' dese town folks 'scusin' dey ain't like my folks."

Mis' Nancy's color was not long in coming back to her cheeks in the bracing mountain atmosphere, and she soon felt better. She listened with undisguised amusement to Ommirandy's comments on the new acquaintances of her race, and wished that young Mars' Jeems might be there to hear them.

Each new day brought forth from the old woman the narrative of some incident that to her mind illustrated the inferiority of the local black people to her familiars at Kingsmill.

"Town niggers! town niggers!" she would ejaculate, as she went about her duties in Mis' Nancy's room.

"De parson was here ter dinner," Ommirandy said on the last evening of Mis' Nancy's visit. "I wish you mought 'a' seed him. Long-tail black coat like dat one Mr. Sinjinn give Jonas, beaver hat, white shirt, an' white things hangin' down over his shiny shoes like he gwi' lose some o' his underclo'es. Our rev'un' at home, he couldn' tetch him wid a forty-foot pole. He eat a fine dinner, an' two o' de deacons, dey eat wid him. When dey was gone, I sez ter Patsey: 'Looky here, Patsey, it 'pears ter me like you was feed-

in' seb'ral famblies out o' dis here kitchen.' 'No, marm,' she sez, 'de minister he say we don't have ter feed mo'n two outside famblies f'om no one kitchen.' Is you uver heerd de beat o' dat, Mis' Nancy?"

Mis' Nancy smiled, and the old woman continued:

"Dey's sump'n gwine on in dis here house dat dese white folks here don't know nothin' 'bout. 'Tain't none o' my bizness, an' I ain't gwi' give 'em away. I makes it a rule not to give no cullud pussons away, 'scusin' ter you an' ter young Mars' Jeems. But dey actin' mighty cur'ous, Patsey an' Immygen an' dat young Paul, an' all on 'em."

She paused in her narrative, while Mis' Nancy listened.

"I reck'n you ain't niver notice dat alley what runs down de side o' de house f'om de street, is you, Mis' Nancy?"

Mis' Nancy had not observed the particular alley in question, but she informed Ommirandy that many city and town houses had such alleys or areaways, in order to connect the back premises with the street.

"I dunno nothin' 'bout dat," said the old woman. "But 'fo' Gord, dat alley been swarmin' wid niggers all day. I been watchin' out o' de winder while you was drivin', an' dey been comin' an' goin' in all shapes an' sizes, men, wimmen, an' chillun. Dey wusser'n dese here little ants when you step on dey house. Most uv 'em is been fetchin' in all sorts o' bundles, wropt up in paper, ur hid in things so's you can't see what dey got. An' dat parson an' de deacons, dey's been perambulatin' an' p'radin' an' prancin' back-'ards an' forruds; an' mo' cullud wimmen, whisp'rin' an' gigglin' dan uver I see git inter one small lane befo'. Dey's sump'n gwi' happen roun' here 'fo' long; but de white folks down-sta'rs, dey don't 'pear ter notice it, an' 'tain't none o' my bizness."

When Ommirandy came up to Mis' Nancy's room from her supper she was out of breath.

"Dem dar steps ter de cellar is killin' me," she said. "I thank Gord we's gwine home ter-morrer."

Then she continued:

"It's like a graveyard down dar in dat kitchen ter-night. Dar warn't none o' de outsiders in ter supper. Eben dat young

Paul, he done made hisse'f skase. Patsey she niver say two words endurin' o' de supper, an' Immygen she look glum as a wet hen wid draggled tail-feathers. I ain't niver see no darkies vanish like dat swarm o' culluds dat was here ter-day is done vanish dis here night. Gord knows what's done become uv 'em."

"Maybe it's the calm before the storm," said Mis' Nancy, falling in with the old woman's mood. "Possibly they are going to give their minister a pound-party."

The night came on apace; and after helping to prepare her mistress for bed Ommirandy lay down on the low couch at the far end of the room with her clothes on. The busy hum of the streets subsided; and the noise of a cricket outside the window made the old woman almost fancy that she was once more at home at Kingsmill. She fell asleep, and dreamed of pleasant things at the old place in Tidewater.

Her placid slumber, after a period of indefinite and tranquil repose, was broken at length by a most unusual and startling occurrence.

She roused herself on her elbow and looked out through the open window into a cloudless and star-strewn sky.

"Name o' Gord!" she muttered under her breath. "What dat?"

She could feel the house shaking, with a faint and swaying motion that to the inhabitants of a seismic country would have seemed unmistakable. The movement lasted for a few minutes, and then ceased. Again it begun, and again was as perceptible and as distinct as before. A death-like silence lay over everything; and the oscillation was as regular and as rhythmic as the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek chorus.

"It's a yearthquake, sho'!" she ejaculated, arising from her couch.

She sat on the side of her low bed for a moment and listened intently.

Then she laughed softly.

"Ah-yi!" she said aloud.

The cricket outside had long since ceased his jocund chirping, and the silence was so dense that Ommirandy felt that it was like a big black cake, and that she could cut it with a kitchen knife.

Then faint, far away, elusive as elfin harping, she caught the almost inaudible tones of a fiddle.

"Um-huh!" she said. "Dey ain't no doubtin' it. Dat's what 'tis!"

She felt in the dark for her carpet slippers and, thrusting her feet into them, moved cautiously and carefully toward the fireplace, on the mantel of which she kept the candle and box of matches which Mis' Nancy had brought with her from Kingsmill. Securing these, she opened the door, and when she was outside in the passageway she struck a light.

The swaying motion and the elfin music had ceased together. She stood there, wondering if she might be dreaming. After a little while the notes of the violin came up to her once more from the lower regions, faint, far-away, hushed. She crept stealthily down the stairs to the street floor, and noticed that by the grandfather's clock in the hall it was ten minutes of three o'clock.

"I ain't niver understand howcome folks in dis country has winders over de do's, inside de house. Dey ain't niver had 'em at Kingsmill," she said to herself, as with lit candle in hand she started to descend the stairway that led down into the kitchen basement. "But, 'fo' Gord, I sees de good uv 'em, in places whar's dey's folks dat acks like dese here town niggers acks."

She blew out the candle and paused on one of the upper steps of the basement staircase. The swaying movement of the house was now more perceptible to her than ever; and the music, though on the faintest minor key, as if muffled and disguised, was more distinctly audible than it had been when she was up-stairs.

She leaned over the balustrade and looked through the big transom over the kitchen door, through which the light shone with a radiance that made her fear that she might be seen from the room on her perch upon the steps.

"Ha! ha!" said the fox, wid his pocket full o' rocks," she quoted to herself. "'I done kotch you!'"

The kitchen was a large room, extending the full length of the house, and from her coign of vantage Ommirandy had a good view of a large part of it.

The scene that met her gaze was an odd one; and the old woman chuckled with repressed merriment as she regarded it.

"Mis' Nancy, she done tell de trufe," she commented, "when she talk about de

calm an' de storm. De storm, it done hit here in full blars'; but, 'fo' Gord, it's de silentes' storm dat uver I looked at! Dey ain't no poun'-party 'bout dat!"

After watching the unconscious occupants of the kitchen for some minutes, she retraced her steps, holding on tightly to the unlit candle and the box of matches, and feeling her way back as cautiously as she had come. The strains of the fiddle were now in a diminuendo; and the old woman gave a jump, with her heart in her mouth, when the big hall clock banged the hour of three in her ear as she passed it in the black silence.

"Dis here devilish house is beyont me!" she muttered as she continued on her way up the stairs to Mis' Nancy's room. "Gord knows what's de nex' thing gwi' happen. I'se pintedly glad we-all's gwine home in de mornin'."

She slipped quietly into Mis' Nancy's room and, undressing in the dark, was soon asleep, with her last consciousness that of the faint and elusive music below and the almost imperceptible movement of the building. She dreamed that she was a child again, being gently rocked asleep in the cradle of her childhood to the crooning notes of her mother's voice, lost in the long-ended years.

In the morning she followed Mis' Nancy down to the breakfast-room, where they found the mistress of the mansion interrogating, with an appearance of considerable surprise, an unknown, neatly dressed young colored girl, who had just brought the breakfast up from the kitchen.

"Yas'm," said Amanda, the newcomer, "Imogen, she got married las' night at de Ebenezer Church ter Mr. Paul; an' Miz' Nellins, she got me ter come here ter take Imogen's place, an' wait on the table 'twel she git home f'om her weddin'-tower nex' week."

"Imogen married?" queried Mis' Nancy's hostess of Amanda. "Why didn't her mother tell me about it?"

"I dunno'm," responded Amanda. "All Miz' Nellins say was fur me ter come an' take her place."

When they were seated at the table the head of the house was interested to ask Mis' Nancy if she had been disturbed in the night by any peculiar noise or movement.

"The mountain air makes me sleep very soundly," she replied. She had noticed nothing unusual.

His attention was attracted by a smothered chuckle from Ommirandy, who lingered in the room, with the double purpose of seeing if she might serve her mistress in any way, and of ascertaining who besides herself was cognizant of the nocturnal disturbance which had aroused her from her slumbers.

"Did you hear anything, Mirandy?" he asked. "I dreamed there was an earthquake."

"Lord, Mars' Henry, you needn' ax me nothin' 'bout no yearthquakes. I ain't nuver seed ur heerd no yearthquakes. I dunno nothin' 'bout dem things. Dey's strangers o' mine."

"Did you feel the house rocking?" he persisted.

The unrepressed grin on the old woman's usually sombre countenance, and the agitated dangling of her ear-hoops, attracted Mis' Nancy's attention and aroused her suspicion that Ommirandy knew more than she was willing to admit. The suspicion grew into certainty at the old woman's answer.

"'Fo' Gord, marster, I ain't got no business noticin' nothin' out o' de way in a gennulmun's house whar my mistis' is visitin'. Ef dis here house was ter git up on its behime-legs, an' rock an' r'ar all over de street out dar, 'twudden be becomin' in Mirandy fur ter notice it. Nor, sir."

She held her peace until she and Mis' Nancy had returned to Kingsmill. Then when her mistress and young Mars' Jeems were together again, in the library at home, she told them, with hilarious freedom, the story of her midnight adventure.

"I been bustin' ter tell Mis' Nancy 'bout it, but I holt it in ontwel I got back here, so you mought hear 'bout it, likewise, young marster. It beat anything dat uver I see in my trabels, an' I'm gwine on some years.

"Young Mars' Jeems, you knows I ain't mix much wid no outside folks, 'scusin' dese here on dis plantation sence de s'rrender; an' when I went over yondah wid Mis' Nancy I wasn't adzackly sho' how dem new-issue town niggers was gwinter git along wid me. I warn't dar

mo'n a day 'fo' I diskiver dat dey done size me up fo' what dey call 'a white folks' nigger.' Dey was pow'ful perlite, an' dey ax me ter church, which I didn' go; but dey kinder friz' me. Dey nuver 'sociated wid me like I was one uv 'em. But what beat dat was dey didn' appear ter 'sociate wid dey white folks none, nuther; an' I sez ter myse'f, when niggers stop 'sociatin' wid dey white ladies an' gennulmens it's good-by, niggers. I et wid 'em an' talk ter 'em; an' it 'peared ter me like harf de cullud folks in dat town come ter dat kitchen endurin' o' de time we was dar. Den ter clap de climax, I see 'em swarmin' in by de side lane ter de back o' de house, whar de kitchen was, de day befo' we come away, fetchin' bun'les an' barskets an' buckets; but I cudden fine out what it was dey was fetchin' in 'em. 'Way late in de night de house begin ter rock an' swing an' sway, like 'twas gwine ter wake up ev'rybody in it; an' I heerd a fiddle dat soun' ter me like it was 'bout a mile down in de groun'. I crope down de sta'rs, an' look' thoo de winder dey got over de kitchen do', an' den I seed what was gwine on. Dat dine'-room gal, Immygen, dat was de cook's daughter, she had done got married early in de night, an' de whole cong'egation—preacher, elders, deacons, an' all uv 'em—had come ter de infare. Thoo de winder I could see a table in de fur cornder o' de room, wid hams an' turkeys an' cakes an' pies piled up on it a foot high; an' out in front o' de table sot a little darky on a stool wid a fiddle. He was a' orful little-bitty nigger wid a' orful little-bitty fiddle, playin' a' orful little-bitty chune; but, bless Gord, young Mars' Jeems, he was sho' nuf a-playin' dat chune. It was 'Git.yo' pardners, fus' kwattilion,' but ef he called any figgers while he was a-fiddlin' I cudden hear him call 'em. Dem culluds was so full o' de music o' dat little fiddle dey didn' 'pear ter need ter have no figgers called fur 'em. Dey look' like dey jes' knowed 'em all anyhow. Dar dey was, de whole kit'n'bile uv 'em, out in de middle o' de flo', sasshayin' back'ards an' forruds, an' crossin' over an' swingin' pardners, an' evvy nigger man an' 'oman in de comp'ny darncin' in dey sock-feets. Dat's de Gord's trufe, young Mars' Jeems. I lay, dey ain't nothin' like it uver been seed dis side o' dem mountains. I been



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Dar dey was, de whole kit'n'bile uv 'em, out in de middle o' de flo', sasshayin' back'ards an' forruds." — Page 356.

ter many a' infare an' darnce in my day at Ole Town, an' roun' about dis here countryside; an' I been hear 'em 'ha-ha!' an' larf an' raise a racket ter 'sturb de neighborhood fur a mile. But 'fo' Gord, sir, it was de fus' time dat uver I see sich a party, down in a cellar-kitchin, wid evvy black nigger dar a-darncin' like he was gwi' break his neck in his sock-feets, an' n'ary one uv 'em makin' a soun'. But dey was havin' fun all de same. De parson, he had on white yarn socks, an' a long-tail coat, an' de coat-tails an' de socks was a-keepin' time ter de teeny little-bitty chune on de teeny little-bitty fiddle. He holt one big han', wid a brass ring on it, over his mouf, ter keep f'om larfin' out loud, an' he swing de young wimmen wid de t'other han'. De bride, she had on red stockin'-feets an' a short white skirt; an' when de parson hit de cornders wid her dar was sich a flyin' o' skirts an' coat-tails ez showed up mo' red legs dan we sees down here, ur de law allows. An' all de time de darncin' was gwine on, wid de men an' de gells a-stuffin' dey pocket-hanchers in dey moufs an' holdin' dey han's up ter dey faces fur ter keep quiet, dat house was a-rockin' an' a-swayin' an' a-ram-pagin' in a way ter wake de dead. Den dey stop de kwattilion, and de teeny-bitty nigger tetched up de Ole Ferginyeh Reel on his teeny-bitty fiddle. He made dat fiddle talk, mun, eben ef it was a-whisperin' ter itse'f; an' I got ter kind o' thinkin' 'bout de times I useter have at dem darnces, mighty nigh a hunnerd years ago, when mis' fus' tuk me f'om Ole Town, 'twell it seem ter me like I wanted ter git in dat room, wid dem niggers, an' go down de middle wid de black parson in de white yarn sock-feets myse'f. I ain't nuver seed so many diffunt cullud socks ez I seed at dat infare. Gord knows what dey all done wid dey shoes; but dey warn't a livin' sinner in de gang dat had on eben so much ez a slipper, 'scusin' one o' de young deacons dat had tuk supper dar a few nights befo'. I reck'n he must 'a' been skeered dat de white folks mought come down f'om up-sta'rs an' raid 'em; an' dat's howcome he had his p'yar o' number 'leben brogans tied together an' hung roun' his neck, like a string o' beads. An' it 'peared ter me like dat deacon wid de big brogans was shovin' de hefties' foot in

de whole cong'egation. Lord, he could darnce!

"I watched 'em dar fur a little while, an' den I crope back up-sta'rs ter bed. I didn' wait ter see 'em git onter dat table o' perwisions; but dey must 'a' done dat ez silent ez dey done de darncin'. When I went down ter bre'kfus' de nex' mornin' dey wa'n't no sign o' used plate ur dish in de room. Evvything was jes' ez spick an' span ez it was de mornin' befo', an' Patsey dat dey call Miz' Nellins, she sot dar an' po'ed out my coffee jes' ez calm ez ef she nuver had heerd ur drempt o' no infare.

"Was anything importan' gwine on lars' night?' sez I ter Patsey.

"She holp herse'f ter a big plate o' baddy-bread an' harf uv a fried roe-her-rin', an' she looks me in de face ez cool ez de middle inside seed uv any cowcumber you uver see.

"Nor'm,' she sez, 'nuthin' 't'all, 'scusin' my daughter Immygen, she got married ter Mr. Paul at de Ebenezer Baptis' at nine P. M. lars' night,' she sez.

"Oh, did she?' I sez. 'I think I heerd sump'n' 'bout it up-sta'rs, f'om dis young gell here dat's a stranger o' mine,' I sez, lookin' at 'Mandy dat waited on de break-fas' in de dine'-room. 'I b'lieve she did menshun it.'

"Yas'm,' sez Miz' Nellins, a-chawin' away on de baddy-bread an' de roe-herrin', 'dey all sez it was a reel swell weddin'.'

"An' did de bride an' groom leave on de night train?' sez I perlutely.

"Dey lef' on a' early train,' sez Miz' Nellins, de ole hippycrit.

"Young Mars' Jeems, I done had enough o' dem town niggers. Dey ain't like we-all is."

"I think the trip helped you as well as your Mis' Nancy, Mirandy," said young Mars' Jeems, fingering his thin imperial. "Kind o' cheered you up, didn't it?"

"It sho' holp Mis' Nancy," replied Om-mirandy, chuckling and regarding her mistress with an affectionate expression on her rugged face. "Yas, sir. De mountain air sho' holp her."

Then she said:

"Young Mars' Jeems, is you been notice whether dem guinny-hens is done been back ter dat nes' an' laid any mo' eggs dar since dat little fool Tibe meddle wid 'em?"



A LITTLE FLIER IN CULTURE

By Jessie S. Miner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WINOLD REISS



HE was pretty, American, and tailor-made. The great German city was thundering and roaring like a human waterfall, but she weathered the rapids of omnibuses and automobiles successfully, and paused only long enough in the quiet haven of the underground station to secure her pink ticket from the automatic ticket-seller before dashing down the stairs in chronic American haste.

Once on the lower platform, Berlin's wonderful street-railway system made her its own. There was a rush of wind, a bang of doors, and the throngs that had filled the busy platform vanished, swept up by the great broom of Berlin's municipal good housekeeping. Delia with the rest was carried swiftly away into the dark underworld, broken only by occasional twinkling lights or the flash and rattle of some other freighted comet dashing citywards.

She smiled happily. In the midst of this confusion at last she was securely alone. At one end of the tunnel lay her German cousins' hospitable apartment, where the whole family, at present, rested in afternoon slumber beneath their various feather beds, looking back dreamily

upon their heavy midday meal and forward hopefully to four-o'clock cake and coffee.

At the other end of the tunnel lay (Why not?) the New England town which was home; where the busy factory broke rudely in upon the drowsy afternoon, and where Billy Rollins, perhaps in his shirt-sleeves, although she hoped not, worked with the frenzy of success amid the click of typewriters and the jangle of telephone orders.

How Billy would have laughed at four-o'clock cake and coffee! Delia herself hardly knew whether to laugh or cry over it. Four-o'clock cake and coffee was becoming a serious matter. She had been a month in Germany—four weeks—twenty-nine days. She was here to acquire culture, to expand in a way impossible in her narrow New England community, and, incidentally, to receive a polishing and glazing which would withstand the melting advances of this same bustling Billy, whose breezy Westernness was most offensive to Delia's conservative aunt.

This aunt had conscientiously reared Delia upon the sheltered-life system and according to her own high and narrow ideals. She observed Sunday like a suburban Londoner; she discouraged dancing, considered bridge a great waste of time,

and patronized the Carnegie library regularly; but even this did not satisfy auntie.

"We are so raw here in America," she sighed; "our civilization is so new and our population so mixed. I should like you to absorb the Old World culture, to learn what art really means, to develop morally and intellectually in an atmosphere of learning. It is traditional there. One breathes it in undisturbed by our rush and hurry, uncontaminated by our vulgar toil. You will learn there how to keep the flame burning even here in the desert—with proper associations."

By "proper associations" she meant the elimination of Billy.

Delia herself hesitated to set forth upon this quest. She considered herself already a presentable product after graduating from an exclusive New England finishing-school. Her home town lay quiet and inviting in the sunlight and had recently taken on a rosier hue, due to its contaminating influence; for Billy knew how to make a moonlight evening in Aunt Delia's garden a veritable paradise. What more had Old World galleries or gondolas to offer?

In fact, Delia might never have seen Berlin's tunnel had not Billy, speeding his car cheerily back from a circus which her aunt considered far too vulgar for Delia's attendance, offered a seat to an unknown young woman who was plodding her high-heeled way homeward alone. His horn had tooted as Delia stood on the curbstone and by they went, Billy laughing, his eyes on the wheel, and this person laughing, too, and looking only at Billy. The effect was unseemly. It was such a crude, unwarranted thing to do—to be seen riding with a pretty young stranger in a town where every one knew everybody else. Her prettiness seemed somehow to emphasize the unconventionality of it.

Delia took him to task, but he treated the whole affair jocosely.

"But who was she, Billy?" she persisted.

"I tell you I'll be hanged if I know. Never asked her," reiterated Billy so forcibly that the phrase stuck in her memory.

Knowing his genial qualities, she was suspicious.

"How did you happen to take her to the circus?" she queried.

"Take her? I should say I didn't. Took in a kid that was fairly eating up the bill-boards and hadn't a cent. He was more fun than the ring, sucked his thumb through the whole show in excitement, and is there yet, I guess, staying for all the side-shows and having the time of his life."

Delia's eyes softened momentarily. If the stranger had not been so attractive she would have forgiven him. But in the end the unknown beauty, added to Billy's cigarette habit, his fondness for billiards, an occasional confessed loss at the races, and other evils at which Aunt Delia darkly hinted, tipped the scales in favor of culture. An opportune invitation from a distant cousin determined Berlin as her field of development.

Auntie herself was a Cook's tourist. She had seen the glamour without knowing the facts, and Delia, filled with eagerness to absorb the art of all the ages, opened her eyes in surprise at this beautiful, clean, modern city, bustling and alive to all that was new and naughty; where *art nouveau* exhibitions and questionable theatrical posters caught the eye, and the thronged windows of the coffee-houses offered an embarrassing gauntlet to a modest maiden. Berlin the fascinating, where the old-time culture was safely housed in the great stone piles of the museums, which were accessible only a few hours on certain mornings!

In her cousin's house she found none of the quaint formality for which she had been so carefully schooled. She found a family who took their pleasures seriously and were pained at her penchant for museums, assuring her that nobody went and offering a constant opportunity to visit the shops, the wonderful, glittering, dangerously enticing shops, which lured the gold from one's purse.

To-day she was flying to the Zoological Gardens with a vague idea that before a cage of good American beasts, if she could find them, she could think it all out and get a bird's-eye view of herself, of Aunt Delia sitting in the quiet parlor reading "The Seven Lamps," of Billy Rollins hard at work all day, earning, perhaps, a little evening's dissipation, and of her cousin



Drawn by Winold Reiss.

A kindly hand reached over the intervening heads and did something. — Page 362.

Hans, whose day began when Billy's was half over and lasted until Billy's began again.

Now, no doubt, Hans was rousing beneath his feather bed at the pleasant suggestion of coffee. He was a flower of Old World culture. He had two student sabre cuts across his cheek and a comical sidewise one on his nose which spelled honor. He had a creditable record at the university for his prowess at beer, so his mother explained, and was now patiently eating and drinking away the tedious probation which he hoped would ultimately bring him a doctorate. He was quite uncontaminated by vulgar toil. He was supposed to be reading for his examinations; but the leisurely university library, which required at least twenty-four hours' notice before giving out a book and sometimes another twenty-four before taking it back again, was quite in accord with his temperament. He seemed eternally in the act of waiting.

Hans had shown commendable business ability, which was also the cause of maternal pride, by winning a thousand marks in a "Royal Prussian Lottery," and was even now frankly expecting that the results of a further venture would settle all his small debts.

To Delia he had been merely an amusing type in this topsy-turvy land of ideals until the elaborate gallantry of his manner, his glances, the family rustle, awoke in her the terrifying suspicion that Hans had been the cause of her cousin's cordial invitation to visit them. The lottery and the doctorate might not always provide feather beds and Rhine wine in profusion. Hans, the charming, was at the mating age and must properly feather his nest. As he lacked both cash and energy for the journey to America they had brought America to him—Mohammed and the mountain.

The result of this suspicion was Delia's flight to the zoo. Culture and enterprise, the Old World and the New, Germany and America, had all suddenly narrowed down, as things do in women's lives, to two men—Billy *versus* Hans.

The car had been growing more and more crowded. A woman standing with a baby in her arms and a small boy by the hand was pushed against the knees

of a fat Teuton, who sat at ease occupying the width of two seats. The woman apologized, the fat man grunted, the crowd surged forward and backward like penned animals in a cattle-car, and the door opened upon the Zoological Gardens station.

If Delia had not been accustomed to the every-dayness of the American crowd she would have realized sooner that something unusual was happening. The platform was packed with people pressing forward in an eager procession. Once out of the train she was hurried along with them, an involuntary atom in the stream, and she grew suddenly alarmed at her own helplessness. She saw no Zoological Gardens, no cage of good American beasts, only rows and rows of railroad entrances and ticket-takers and hats, canes, and heaving shoulders about her as she was jostled on and on by the moving crowd. For a moment she had a panicky feeling which showed itself in a frightened gasp and toss of her head.

Her hat-brim butted the fat old gentleman nearest her. He uttered wrathful gutturals. In an instant she was surrounded by angry foreign faces and gesticulating hands, while the sound of irate German mingled with the roar of trains. She stood dazed in the midst of the storm, wondering what it all meant.

It was over in a moment. Like a rift in the clouds a kindly face beamed through the menacing circle, a kindly hand reached over the intervening heads and did something, she knew not what, to her hat that jammed it down over her eyes. She reached guiltily to see if he had clipped off her naughty aigrette, which America prohibits, but found it still fluttering at half-mast. A protecting blue-clad arm linked itself with hers, the crowd seemed instantly to forget her and hurried on about its business, while her rescuer explained in labored English what it was all about.

It appeared that the projecting point of her hatpin had been unclothed. Its immodest appearance in public was not allowed—was, in fact, "policely" forbidden. It had stretched forth naked and unashamed and nipped the sleeve of the irritable old gentleman, who had promptly raised his cane, shouted forth her offense,



and the law-adoring crowd had rallied to his outraged standard. At this crisis this valiant, uniformed youth had clapped the required button on the tip of her foil and the contest at once became mere friendly sport.

She looked hastily to see if his blue cap could have been pinned to his close-cropped head. Where else had this bauble come from? Was he a professional rescuer of feminine lawbreakers, that he carried these hatpin-protectors in his pocket?

"Yes, the ladies are always losing them. And to-day it is surely nice for me," he assured her impassively.

He was a straight young Prussian wearing a wonderful, gold-bedecked blue uniform; but so was almost every one else. Delia was not versed in military insignia. She was unable to guess whether he was the crown prince or merely drove the royal watering-cart. She had no data to

assist her, so she expressed her gratitude as best she could under these uncertain conditions; bade him a cordial American farewell, and told him she was going to the zoo.

"No," he replied firmly. "You are not. Nobody goes there to-day."

Of course not. Nobody went to museums either, but she was a confirmed nobody.

Then she glanced at the human wall that encircled her and realized that she was being carried along with it whether or no. There was no possible escape. Her uniformed escort had made her his own, willy-nilly; she might as well have been in his pet dungeon. She recoiled from the idea of a scene, especially a futile one. Why tragically demand of him the impossible? She pondered the situation.

"Where *am* I going?" she asked at length, politely.

"Where are you going? Where are we all going? To see the birdmen, the aeroplanes, the Frenchman who turns his head over under in the air. My *Fräulein*, to *Johannesthal*, surely."



Once at the field, in the midst of breathless thousands, they forgot everything else in the excitement of the humming motors.—Page 365.



Drawn by Winold Reiss.

One strange young officer was but a drop in the general strangeness of her adventure; but this!—Page 366.

His arms and his head assisted his faltering tongue in his explanation, and all expressed amazement at her ignorance and joy at the adventure.

To Johannesthal! Delia threw back her head and laughed a frankly delighted, girlish laugh. To Johannesthal! To the aeroplane field!

Hans and some student friends had been there the week before. They had fought their way through the crowd and, with half a million others, had seen all these marvels of the air. But when his sister Bertha asked him to take them she had been promptly snubbed and told that it was no place for sheltered femininity to venture.

This had fanned a mild curiosity into a white flame in Delia's unruly soul and here were her dreams come true. Here she was, abducted and carried against her will to the land of her heart's desire.

The uniform fought its way with her to the suburban train and placed her, with the air of tender firmness with which her aunt pressed a last pickle into an already overflowing jar, into a brimful coupé. Here she stood, packed tightly erect, listening to the comments in many tongues made by the good-natured crowd within and to the protestations in louder tongues made by the ill-natured crowds without who struggled for a foothold whenever the train stopped. Every platform presented a sea of faces: men, women, children, a few crying babies held on tired shoulders, all fighting and elbowing to reach the already too heavily loaded trains.

When the panting little engine finally reached its goal, there was a general scrambling exodus, and they joined the full tide which was already setting toward the field.

Spread out through the dwarf-pine forest the crowd lost its density, and they strolled at ease past the clustered hucksters with their strings of pretzels, piles of sweet chocolate, and carts laden with bananas, on and on through the pine forest which, her uniformed one explained, gave a feeling of security to both audience and performers when the aeroplanes flew fast.

Once at the field, in the midst of breathless thousands, they forgot everything else in the excitement of the humming motors,

as one circus feat after another was performed in the air; a circus with the blue vault for its tent, and no saving net to catch the acrobatic aeroplanes. A swoop downward, a serene sweep of man-made wings, and a great bird dove and swam and turned over and over in the air as in the ocean; while above, like a great, watchful hawk, hovered the gray bulk of the Zeppelin dirigible.

In less than an hour it was over. There were subdued cheers and cheerful comments as the crowd rose in a body and turned homeward. The little beer restaurants on the grounds had been drunk dry, the venders' carts were empty, and all Berlin was ready to eat again.

Back they came through the pine forest, back toward the railroad station and the waiting trains; but not all of them arrived. The first hundreds packed the trains, those that followed crowded the station, and the greater part of the half million struggled in a huge congested mass that filled the main street for an ever-increasing distance until it lay like a great, writhing human snake coiled upon the little town.

Held fast by their own mass, the hungry thousands could neither advance nor retreat, and it must be hours before even the competent Berlin suburban system could move them all.

Delia, caught in the coiled tail of this serpent, for a moment lost faith in her rescuer. He seemed as powerless as she. They were both sinking hopelessly into this great human slough. Strange faces pressed on all sides of her, home lay she knew not where. There seemed no one to cling to, no one who really cared. It was all one vast stretch of foreigners who did not even speak her language and had not one common interest with her.

In this moment of despair, to her own amazement, she was filled with a sudden, uncontrollable longing for Billy Rollins. Nothing else in the world mattered. She wanted Billy. It was like an illuminating flash of light that lit up the darkness of her life's problem.

Then an automobile horn tooted. A cordon of mounted police swung in to clear the way. The well-trained crowd docilely responded and folded in upon itself, no one knew how, that the luxurious

car might cross its path. There is police protection the world over for the rich. They stood in the front rank as the car swept by. There was a flash of blue and gold in the sunset. Her escort shouted a joyous, riotous shout. The car paused for an instant. It did not stop; but when it sprang forward again Delia was seated safely in the comfortable tonneau in the midst of a group of jolly young Prussian officers.

One drop of whiskey seems harmless, but a whole bottle is an orgy. One strange young officer was but a drop in the general strangeness of her adventure; but this!

The horrid, unconventional vulgarity of it brought all the New England blood flaming to her cheeks. What would Aunt Delia think? What would Billy think? Poor Billy, so severely reprimanded for a harmless cigarette, a genial game, and his kindly aid to a damsel in distress. But, above all, what did she think of herself? How could she ever feel again the "I am better than thou" attitude of her old New England superiority? And it was all her own fault. Why had she not stayed at home?

The sun was setting. They sped past crowded street-cars, bicycles gay with flags and lanterns, and other gala automobiles. The young men smoked and jested. She seemed to be the object of much pleasantry and was glad she could not understand them; she was too miserable to pretend to be merry and cowered low in her soft leather cushion.

At the door which she called home they left her with many bantering adieus. Her escort waved them off and opened the great hall door of her cousin's apartment-house. The porter's wicket was closed. The street-lamps glowed without but the inside lamps were as yet unlighted. She hesitated a moment as to the proper words of farewell.

Did he appreciate that she had been swept perforce into this adventure, or must she try to make him understand what her ideals and her training and her qualms of conscience had to say to such an experience? The situation, however, was not hers to handle. As if to assure her of his complete misunderstanding of her, he stooped, gathered her into his

strong young arms, and pressed a warm, moist, tobacco-laden kiss full on her mouth.

He came of a people who fondled each other in the Tiergarten and kissed in restaurants. Judged by his standards this was but the natural climax to a happy afternoon. Judged even by her own standards it was such an obviously fitting climax to her indiscretion that she could but admit the propriety of the impropriety. She sprang free of him and stood for one trembling, unspeakable moment staring at him.

She was in no position to resent it or to prate to him of outraged dignity. If she were so much better than he thought her, why was she there? Shamefaced she turned, without a word, and ran up the stairway. Poor Aunt Delia! Where were her dreams of culture? She sobbed in spite of herself.

When her cousin's door was opened to her she knew at once that some social event portended. Their maid was wearing her white cotton gloves, which she put on only for formal occasions.

Her cousin Bertha popped an inquiring head into the hall. "It is Delia. She is here!" she called back into the dining-room, using a rapid German which meant excitement in a household which strove to speak English in compliment to their guest. Then she disappeared, leaving a trail of cigarette smoke behind her, and Delia followed and stood amazed in the doorway.

Before her was the usual scene. The afternoon coffee-table with its gay cloth had been partly cleared; in the centre of it stood the roulette wheel and board which often paid the family tram fare when there were a number of guests. Beer-glasses and bottles stood half empty at intervals, while the cigarettes of the mother and daughter mingled with those of the father and son in domestic comfort. But at the other end of the table, looking ill at ease, with no beer-glass at his elbow, no solacing cigarette between his fingers, sat Billy Rollins.

"Billy!" she cried, trying to keep the joy out of her voice. "Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I was just passing by, so I thought I'd be neighborly and drop in."

He endeavored to appear casual as he came eagerly forward to greet her. As he advanced, Delia's eyes, true to her sex, sought the long mirror at the other end of the room and she saw herself crumpled and tousled, with flaming cheeks, her hat on one side, its telltale button of a "protector" standing forth conspicuously, and her hair straggling out from under it. She felt that she presented a severe test for Billy's affection.

His greeting, in the face of the family assembled, was conventional, but the steady clasp of his hand was a solace in itself. She clung to it as though through her fingers she would make him understand what a revelation to-day's adventure had brought to her. Then she accepted a proffered cup of coffee, crammed the guilty hat under her chair, and prepared to face the inquisition.

Where had she been? To Johannesthal. Alone? Almost. That is, not quite. At least she knew no one. A young officer had been kind to her. He had brought her home in his automobile.

They were frankly scandalized. They removed their cigarettes, set down their beer-glasses, rested their elbows on the roulette wheel, and tried to bring home to her the disgraceful unconventionality of her conduct. In Germany a young woman could go anywhere alone, but she must go nowhere alone with a man. It is forbidden, impossible, unheard of. Their disapproval of her, mingled with their disappointment in her as a suitable

consort for Hans, was evident in looks and words.

She felt crushed and offered Billy a cigarette to cover her embarrassment.

"Thanks, no. I thought since you'd gotten to be such a highbrow it was up to me to cut out tobacco and spiel," was his nonchalant reply. "And, say, our county's gone dry. It was something of a circus to-day, wasn't it?" he added cheerily. There was a twinkle in his eye and a comical twitch to the corner of his mouth.

The word "circus" was too much for Delia. Was it a thousand years ago that Billy and his circus had caused such a tempest in a teapot? She leaned back her head and laughed hysterically, laughed and laughed until the room rang and the tears rolled down her cheeks, unmindful of the Teuton consternation.

"There's just one question I'd like to ask you, young woman," said Billy as she sobered an instant to catch her breath. "Who was he, this stranger in the automobile?"

He came and stood beside her. She raised a wet, pink, tear-stained face to his and recklessly threw back at him the words he once had used to her.

"I'll be hanged if I know. Never asked him," she gasped.

Then her nerves gave way, her head went down on the table in a flood of real tears.

"Oh, Billy," she sobbed; "take me home! Please take me home!"

CHARITY

By Miriam Crittenden Carman


HER life is full of simple things each day;
She does the common toil with homely care,
A cloistered novice whom the world forgets,
A widow in whose cruse is oil to spare;
Living so faithfully that death will seem
Merely a shadow down an endless dream.

For when her call shall come, she will not go
As one who waiteth: Graciously undimmed,
Her flame-like soul will leap up at the last
To some old wonted task, some lamp untrimmed;
Or she will hear a lonely child who cries
And need to comfort it before she dies.

THE SERBIAN PEOPLE IN WAR TIME

BY STANLEY NAYLOR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ND to think that this is really Serbia!" a young American Red Cross doctor complained to me bitterly when I met him at Skoplje in September.

"Why, before I left America I thought life out here was such martyrdom that it would be a positive disgrace to return home alive!"

The poor fellow was obviously dejected. The trip, from his standpoint, he said, had been more or less a farce. From the graphic accounts he had read of her sufferings in the newspapers before his arrival, two months earlier, he had imagined Serbia to be a country ravaged by pestilence and disease, riddled by shot and shell, "the very seat of desolation." But alas for these preconceived notions! In reality, the panorama that unfolded itself was altogether different.

Like most people who arrive in Serbia for the first time, this young man had heard so much of her uglier side that he did not easily reconcile himself to the fact that to the outward eye she is wondrously beautiful. Frequently, as he had passed up and down the railway between Skoplje and Belgrade, he had been compelled figuratively to rub his eyes in amaze. Time and again he had asked himself whether by some magic means he had not been transplanted back to his own Middle West. The surrounding scenery away from the towns was of quite astonishing loveliness. It was wild and romantic and had for the most part that background of mountainous grandeur so typical of Serbian landscapes as a whole; and it was at the same time, especially in the vicinity of Belgrade, delightfully pastoral. Fine, fat cattle grazed in the meadows. Much of the land was under good cultivation. There were fields full of corn, to say nothing of rich crops of barley, oats, and buck-

wheat. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. Serbia, seen in mid-September, seemed to be so essentially a land of plenty that it was hard to realize she was not, also, a land of peace.

Folk who saw the country before and afterward, however—for example, in February and March, when typhus raged among the people, and in October and November, when fast and furious fighting once more rent the land—were able to fathom the true depths of this Balkan tragedy more accurately. In the intervening summer months there came a lull in Serbia's vicissitudes. In this brief resting-space the little nation seemed almost to have smiled away her tears. The way in which she had so quickly recovered from the effects of her sad winter's tale was well-nigh a miracle; and, what was more miraculous still, this happy transformation had been the work of women and children.

"Our peasant women are national heroines. Serbia is under an eternal debt of gratitude to them she can never repay," M. Pashich, the Serbian prime minister, told me, as he talked of the astonishing fertility we saw almost everywhere around us. Son of the soil himself, the veteran statesman went on to draw an intimate picture of how all day long thousands of valiant women had been out-of-doors doing the work of their absent men in the fields. To escape the heat of the midday sun, many of these Amazons were wont to start as early as three o'clock each morning, with their babies slung over their backs. Generally the little ones were placed in crudely improvised hammocks, near the spots where their mothers, aided by older children, toiled cheerfully away.

Thus, last year's crops were raised in Serbia, and since, with the pitifully primitive agricultural implements he still uses, it takes the average Serbian laborer two

weeks to do what would be a mere half-day's work in the United States, this war-time task, left to his wife and daughters, seemed all the more incredible. Mercifully, the brave, toiling women had no vision of the wrath to come. A short time after the Bulgarian bombshell burst one of them was found wandering in the hills near the Greek frontier, many miles from her native village. Together with her five children she had escaped from the little homestead she had worked with might and main to keep together just before the Bulgarians laid it waste. Amid the confusion of the general exodus of villagers, one of her children, a little girl of seven, was lost and had not since been heard of. Another, the baby, had died before the family reached safety. And now the poor mother was roaming disconsolate and distraught. A doctor pronounced her to be hopelessly insane. So much, then, for Serbia's women harvesters and that second harvest of war!

My own first impressions of Serbia were formed when, as a prelude to settling down there for five months, I accompanied Sir Thomas Lipton through the country on a fourteen days' hustle. Not every man can claim that he has been personally conducted on a lightning Cook's tour to see war at first-hand.

We no sooner reached Belgrade than what practically amounted to free tickets were given us for what the citizens jokingly termed their "bombardment performances." Shells no sooner burst forth from the picturesque little town of Semlin, across the river, than we could, if we chose to brave the risk, mount to the top of the fortress in order to view the firing with more realistic effect. And in the *entr'actes* between these performances—which, curiously enough, had a knack of repeating themselves at fixed hours on appointed days of the week like theatrical matinées!—we had official permission to wander by the river's edge, where, looking through powerful binoculars, we could see thrifty Austrian housewives bartering in the market-place while the rest of the straggling populace sauntered up and down Semlin's main street. How near war then seemed to us! And, if the truth must be known, how ludicrous, too, was the main

effect produced! In building their capital on a site which the enemy could shell so comfortably from his own door-step, the Serbians had obviously made a big initial mistake. The result was much as though the city of Liverpool were waging deadly conflict with her friendly neighbor across the Mersey, Birkenhead, or as though Long Island were at war with New York.

In the brief but crowded space of those first four days we spent in Belgrade, several elaborate "war excursions" were planned in our honor. We began by inspecting the various batteries and intrenchments erected round the city. On mounting to the more prominent gun positions, some of us felt a trifle staggered to be told, with so little concern that we might have been examining marble statuary in the Louvre or the British Museum, how narrowly these guns had been missed by Austrian shells just half an hour before. "But our casualty list was not at all heavy," our guide, a Serbian officer, added consolingly. "Only two sparrows killed and one lizard wounded."

It was again our coveted distinction to be let into the then secret movements of a set of plucky young English naval men who, disguised in the uniform of Serbian officers, had come to Belgrade to manage a dashing little picket boat known as *The Terror of the Danube*. With Lieutenant-Commander Kerr—he has since been awarded a D. S. O.—at their head, these jolly sailors were having the time of their lives, for on dark nights it was the *Terror's* habit to dart into mid-river and play pranks with the fleet of Austrian monitors assembled majestically on guard near Semlin. This fleet was two hundred times the strength of the little picket boat. Any one of the monitors would have made very short work of her, if given half a chance. But dignity opposed to impudence does not always win the day. The *Terror* had a way of springing up unawares just when she was least expected. And that sometimes she could torpedo with the best of them was shown in the unmistakable evidences of wrecked monitors floating about the Danube for all Belgrade to see.

Our passports, as we travelled, proved to be equally elastic all along the line.

No matter where we went—to the military headquarters at Kragujevatz, to the miserably overcrowded, disgustingly dirty, and dishevelled city of Nish, where the seat of the government had been transferred from the capital, to the more comfortable, sleepy-eyed Skoplje, formerly Uskub, which, Serbianized though it had been, obstinately retained the eerie Eastern charm of its old-time Turkish setting, or to the picturesque group of villages clustering round the Bulgarian frontier—always the curtain was lifted on persons, places, and things that would have been carefully screened from us had we been unknown wayfarers, journeying alone. And yet there was a reverse side to all these advantages.

Serbia, it is true, had turned the handle of her war kaleidoscope very generously for our benefit. We knew how irretrievably bombardment and invasion had spoiled the fair face of Shabatz, hitherto one of the wealthiest of her townships—how all the churches and public buildings in this district had been completely destroyed while the sufferings of the inhabitants hardly yielded in frightfulness before those of Belgium. We knew, again, how great was the havoc wrought to Belgrade, that once beautiful city which had been every Serbian's pride—a sort of miniature Paris, the only one of his cities which could boast any claim to enlightenment and progress; incidentally, too, the only city rich enough to have installed an adequate system of sanitation. We knew that the mass of ruins at Belgrade now included the royal palace, the museum, and, above all, the university, with which had perished half a century of research work, to say nothing of a world of thought. And we knew that the pinch of poverty was now felt there so acutely that thousands of citizens were living on threepence a day. From the royal family downward rigid economy had, perforce, become the rule throughout the land among all classes of people. The veteran King Peter was living in a couple of rooms at Tapala, while the home of the crown prince was chiefly a railway-carriage, shunted nightly into a siding. Yet, while we knew all these things, there were still many other things we did not know.

At the end of this Lipton pilgrimage my feeling was that, although she had permitted us to see just how she had suffered through war and epidemic, Serbia nevertheless had not really taken us into her confidence. She had shown us her outward husk but not her inner kernel. We had been conducted over her devastated war areas, her arsenals, and her hospitals for wounded soldiers, typhus sufferers, and the like, but we had not looked inside her cottages. We had talked freely with her princes, but we knew next to nothing of her peasants.

Like the rest of her Balkan neighbors, Serbia is by no means an open book to read by all who run as soon as they reach her gates. She is to some extent a paradox—a nation of warring truths. To understand her more thoroughly, a stranger must obviously stay longer in her midst. It was because I sought to know her better that, having gone as far as Athens on our homeward journey, I decided to turn back.

From Salonica to Nish, in my eagerness to get at grips with the Serbian peasant, to see the man with his kith and kin for myself at close quarters, I travelled third-class. The memory of that journey will ever haunt me. For the first twelve hours all went comparatively well. At any rate, a fellow passenger assured me we were "not more than reasonably overcrowded." It was as night set in, after the train left Skoplje and we tried to compose ourselves for sleep, that the trouble began.

Constantly we stopped at little wayside stations to pick up more and more human freight. Looked at in the right light there was something saddening in the thought of herd upon herd of rustic travellers, many of them women and children, having to turn out of their homes at ungodly hours and tramp miles in order to catch the one and only train in the whole twenty-four hours that would take them on their way. And, as often as not, they had to set forth a long while in advance; for one of the difficulties about railway travelling in Serbia is that you can never tell to within six hours the precise moment a train will arrive. Jammed tight in the hard, wooden seat of that third-class com-

partment, albeit, I was too hot and uncomfortable to feel sympathetic and kind.

To realize the extent of my discomfort you must take several facts into account. Remember, first of all, that we sat eight and nine a side; that, since all windows were closed, we were some seventeen or eighteen people hermetically sealed in an air-tight compartment. Remember, too, that the majority of the passengers were Serbian peasants—men and women who have hitherto considered it to be the height of fastidiousness to wash more than a very limited number of times a year. The Serbian man peasant, indeed, has usually only two suits, one for winter and one for summer. Each suit is firmly stitched on to him by a devoted wife according to season.

It is at such moments a stranger sees how far the Serbs have to travel; that the great curse resting on them is a pagan toleration of filth. Among those who have made a valiant effort to help eradicate it, the work of the army of American Red Cross doctors, sent out from Washington after the fearful typhus epidemic, under Dr. Richard P. Strong of Harvard, must not be forgotten. For several months, right up to the moment when hostilities blazed forth afresh, Dr. Strong and his workers—Strong's army, as they were called—tried hard to initiate an "Order of the Bath" in Serbia. They not only disinfected the unsanitary homes of countless peasants; they instituted sanitary cars, bathing in which was made compulsory by Act of Parliament.

Happily, it is of the finer rather than the sordid side of Serbia we all now think. To-day the whole world has nothing but wonder and praise for the splendid fight the little nation put up when she was attacked by three fronts in that final cataclysm last autumn. The Serbs then made a stand which, as an epic of bravery, is more Homeric than Homer. Wonderful is a big word, but it is not too big to fit them. And even before this great onslaught they had proved themselves wonderful many times over. They had been wonderful, first of all, in the stoicism—one had almost said, gayety!—with which they had borne the heat and burden of over four years of war. They were wonderful, again, when in that first moment

of the European conflict they successfully drove 500,000 Austrian invaders from their territories and took 62,000 of them prisoners into the bargain. And, perhaps, they were most wonderful of all when, before Bulgaria declared her hand in October and Germany and Austria still refrained from striking a decisive blow, they "stood like greyhounds in the slips waiting for"—well, they knew not what.

Toward the end of these ten months of masterly inactivity there was to me something impressive and grand in the picture of these stout-hearted men of Serbia—massed round the little nation's borders—waiting, always waiting. Several hours daily for nearly a year many a Serbian private soldier had known what it was to stand there rigidly on guard, glued like an automaton to his post, his face stolidly inscrutable, but his heart yearningly aflame to be once more up and doing. "I'm dead sick of having to wait," a private told me when I talked with him while off duty, through an interpreter who, having lived in America, was able to translate very racy. "If only we could have another whack at 'em! I'm just longing for the war to end. You see, I haven't seen my wife and children for three years. My home is so far away and we have been so everlastingly fighting or expecting to fight that I have never had a chance to go back."

And if such was the lot of some of Serbia's first-line soldiers still in their prime, what of those veterans of the third and fourth lines to be found guarding the remoter places less liable to attack? These grizzled warriors were generally cheerful. Yet for them, also, life held more than its fair share of irony. "Of course, I'm only scrap-iron—too old for the firing line," one of them confessed to me. "I'm fifty, and I've been in the army thirty-three years. In Serbia, you know, we start serving at seventeen and finish at fifty-five." "Then in another five years you will be free?" I ventured encouragingly. "Yes, in another five years I shall be free all right," he replied; "but please don't forget, sir, *I shall also be fifty-five!*"

But not for nothing has the Serb been called "the Irishman of the Balkans." His temperament is mercurial and his moments of depression soon slip away.

One of his most charming characteristics is a complete freedom from malice. Hard fighter though he is, it seems constitutionally impossible for him to bear hatred for long; and although he far from loves his enemy on the battle-field, any animosity he feels toward him vanishes like lightning as soon as he takes him prisoner. To strangers travelling through the land last summer nothing was more amazing than the sense of comradeship which existed between the Serbs and their Austrian captives. Captives, forsooth! Some of them openly gloried in their chains.

That the lot of a private in the Serbian army, no matter how far he might be from the firing line, was often worse than that of an Austrian prisoner, first struck home to me at Belgrade when in the main street I saw a peasant soldier bargaining with a prisoner for a loaf of bread. The soldier had just reached the city, weary, worn, and more than a trifle footsore, after a long cross-country march. The one solitary loaf, which was all his daily ration comprised from the military authorities, had long since been devoured. The poor fellow was obviously hungry and in need of another. The Austrian prisoner, on the other hand, with a cigarette between his lips, looked sleek and well-fed. Yet the bargain between the two was completed in the friendliest spirit, and cash down was paid for that extra loaf.

When I asked a Serbian soldier why prisoners of war were treated so leniently by his country—being left to wander at large unmolested like one of themselves—he replied that the great majority of the captured Austrians were of their own kith and kin. They were of Slavonic origin and had no heart in this war. With them it was simply a case of Hobson's choice. They had either to fight for Austria or be shot. Evidence of their curious detachment in the struggle was given in that, since the opening of hostilities, many of these so-called "Austrians" had fought valiantly and well *on both sides*! On being taken prisoners, they had at once re-enlisted under the Serbian flag!

But while this explanation held good in the case of Slav prisoners, how came it to pass that throughout the country one constantly met German-Austrians and Mag-

yar Hungarians who were almost equally fortunate in the treatment meted out to them? Consider the generosity shown to that small minority of prisoners who were considered too dangerous to be allowed at large. The big internment barracks in which these enemy officers were quartered at Nish were a veritable *hôtel de luxe*. The accommodation provided for the officers of the Serbian army was not nearly so lavish. Separate kitchens were run, so that the Germans, Hungarians, and Croats could each have their food cooked in the style most pleasing to their respective fastidious palates. And there were several acres of beautiful grounds in which the prisoners could rove at will. They played tennis and other outdoor games while, escorted by a Serbian guard, they often went on picnics and excursions in the surrounding countryside. Some of them, well-known Hungarian artists, were daily to be seen with Serbian soldiers in attendance, sketching the landscape in and around Nish. And as with the interned officers, so with the interned men in the ranks: they were infinitely better housed and better fed than the Serbian troops in training a stone's throw away.

Although openly hostile to the Serbian cause, prisoners were frequently found again in civilian occupations at good rates of pay and, except that they had periodically to report themselves to the authorities, they were allowed to live practically as free men.

Many Londoners visiting the leading restaurant in Nish were surprised to recognize installed there as *maître d'hôtel* an Austrian who for many years had been a waiter at the Carlton Hotel. This old-time friend seemed as happy and cheerful as ever. He was just as well-groomed as in his palmy Carlton days. Looking at him, you would never have judged him to be an Austrian prisoner out on "ticket of leave." "When the war is over, I hope to meet you all in the same old spot," he told his English customers hopefully.

Common sense, of course, was at the root of Serbia's policy in placing her prisoners in occupations to which they were peculiarly fitted. At a time when the country was denuded almost entirely of her male population, the flower of her

manhood being away with the army, why should not the trained services of her sixty-two thousand odd able-bodied Austrians be turned to profitable account? So, no doubt, Serbia argued, and therein lay one explanation of the humanity and kindness she showed to every prisoner who was willing and able to fill a definite place in the working life of the commu-

unnaturally among so many thousands there were occasional human misfits. It appeared to be rather a hardship, for instance—although it may strike some minds as ironically appropriate—that the gentleman who in peace time had been professor of mathematics at Prague University was mainly engaged in counting the dirty linen at a big hospital in Kra-



That background of mountainous grandeur so typical of Serbian landscapes.—Page 368.

nity. And so, too, it followed that all over the country one found Austrians, skilled at their business, who were employed on a fair financial basis as mechanics, engineers, tailors, and bakers—in fact in well-nigh every conceivable trade; while, without the aid of prisoner orderlies, it is now universally admitted that most of the war hospitals in Serbia could never have been run.

So far as possible each prisoner was given the job that suited him best. There was something Gilbertian in the situation that nightly at Nish and Skoplje sweet music was distilled in the open air, quite as though the fashionable German and Austrian spas had been transplanted to Serbia, by those captives who happened to be professional musicians. But not

gujevatz. And a Vienna merchant, who informed me his normal income had never been known to amount to less than the equivalent of three thousand English pounds sterling a year, fulfilled the duties of bootblack in the same institution.

I happened one afternoon to be in a little town when a young German aviator literally dropped down from the skies. In charge of what were believed to be important papers bearing on the Dardanelles campaign, this flying Teuton had come from Mehadia, near Orsova (on the Hungarian side of the Danube near where Serbia, Hungary, and Roumania meet). His intention was to fly to Bulgaria and then go on to Turkey by train. But his proud hopes were dashed. At first, all went swimmingly. According to his own



When typhus raged among the people.—Page 368.

story, he flew over Nish at a height of 6,000 feet. Then, two hours later, when near the Bulgarian frontier—so near that he cocksurely imagined he had crossed the border-line!—his engine gave out and he came down to earth with a thud, only to find himself still in Serbia and soon in the custody of two stalwart frontier guards, who marched him off to this nearest wayside town.

In almost any other country but Serbia this dramatic *débâcle* of an enemy airman would have meant a bitterly hostile demonstration. To say the least, there would have been frantic hisses and boos. But the Serb, when once he has captured his prey, is good-natured. The advent of this unexpected visitor hardly aroused more than the ripple of laughter with which most country people greet the arrival of a travelling showman or clown. Among other things, his equipment included a plentiful supply of visiting cards, and these were clamored for as souve-

nirs by the amused townsfolk. Otherwise, there was little excitement.

The authorities had doubts as to what kind of hospitality to give to so unusual a guest; and it was eventually decided to accommodate him for a night or two in the town's best hotel—where, as luck would have it, I too was quartered. After the evening meal in the little inn restaurant this German captive seemed thoroughly to have recovered his equanimity, if he had ever lost it. Stolid in his exterior, he was voluble enough in his talk. Gradually the company gathered round his table and a merry evening was spent. For the nonce the Serbs were disposed to bury the hatchet. They treated the intruder with the utmost friendliness, as one of themselves.

Side by side with these side-lights on the innate chivalry of the Serb place the irrefutable proofs that abound of his bravery on the battle-field, and you soon realize that, despite many black pages in Serbian

history, he springs from a stock of which heroes are made. Difficulties do not daunt him. Instead, they fire his blood. In the recent fighting one section of the army's long front was held by the courage of a single man. Of his comrades serving the machine guns he alone survived. But he did not withdraw. He continued to work his gun with such fiendish energy that at last the advancing enemy, not realizing that he stood alone and fearing a trap, hastily retired.

"Victory is not won by shining arms but by brave hearts," runs the Serbian soldier's guiding maxim, and even when in the past victory has been his, he has had, perforce, to live up to it. Since many Serbian officers contrive to cut quite a formidable dash on seventy pounds a year, it follows that the uniforms and armor of men in the ranks are not exactly glittering. The only allowance they get is a very few dinars a month, together with one loaf of

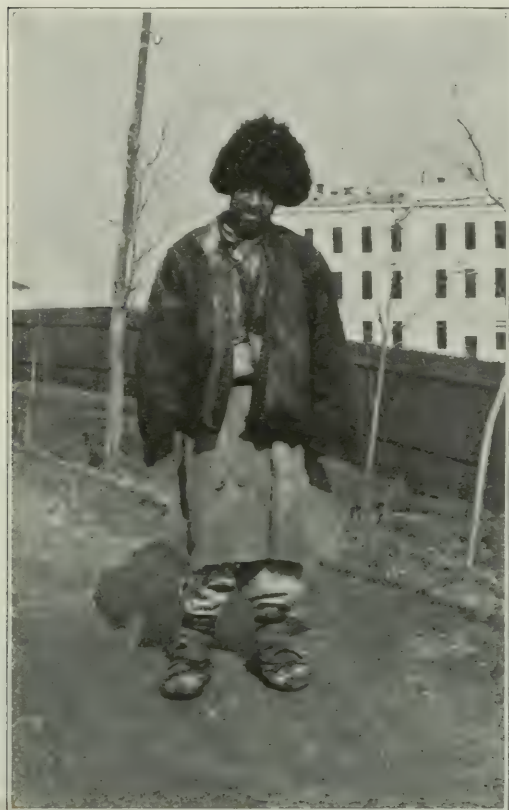
bread and one hundred rounds of ammunition a day. And unless they are first-line soldiers they fight in their peasant dress. The homes which many of them left last year seemed almost too wretched to fight for. Yet they still went on fighting—for the unification of all Serbian-speaking peoples, for what is known in Serbia as the Yugoslav ideal. To them the thought that Serbia should be vanquished was simply unthinkable. Patriotism, an all-consuming love of the land of their forefathers, was practically the only religion they knew and understood. Provided they held fast to their faith in the salvation of Serbia, they felt all would be well. Inevitably their enemies would go to the wall.

Next to the love of his country the peasant soldier places his love of a woman—or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say, all women. In the famous folk-



Peasants outside their hut.

songs which he composes extemporaneously, and is heard singing day and night, his theme is invariably either the glories of war or the charms of some fair maid. In Serbia the lad who has not been deeply



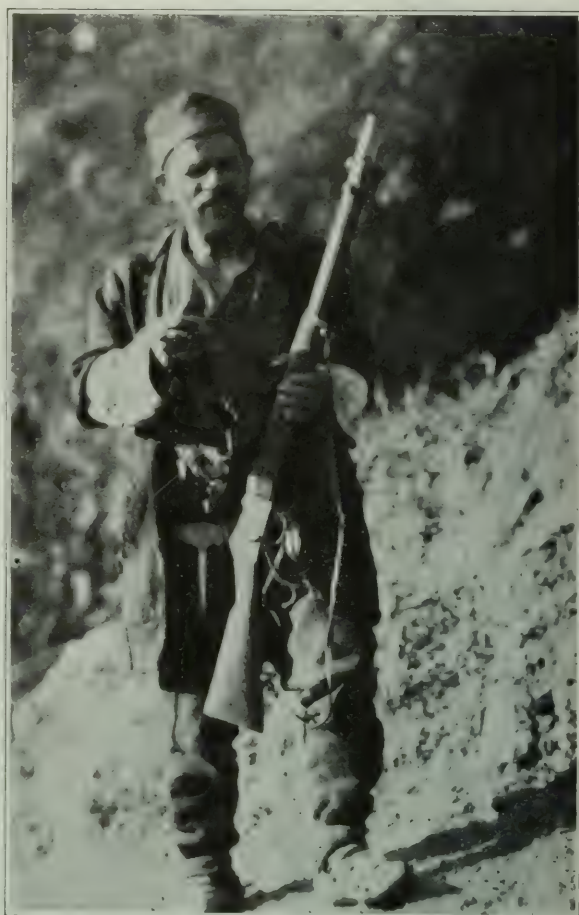
The Serbian man peasant.

in love by the time he is sixteen is reckoned to be, indeed, a fool. The Serbian peasant places woman on a pedestal—*until he marries her*. Then she who was his divinity quickly becomes his drudge.

"And this—God forgive me!—is my wife," is the habitual formula used by a peasant if forced to introduce the woman of his choice to you. He is, however, passionately fond of his children. In Serbia the humblest child is an *enfant gâté*. One day, while I was staying at a hospital at Vrnjatchka Banja, a wounded soldier, whose leg had been amputated, was visited by his wife and child. The father greeted the little one rapturously, while his wife, her face full of the tenderest solicitude and sympathy, stood meekly aside. At length, turning from the child to the woman, he seized her by the hand and asked gruffly: "Well, Milka, my girl, have you brought me something nice to eat? How's the cow?"

The Serb, in his whole conception of womanhood, is unblushingly Oriental. It seems, then, to be a comic stroke of fate whereby feminism has lately scored a notable triumph in his midst. The women most vital in nursing wounded peasant soldiers back to health and strength have been in many cases suffragettes—women of an emancipated view-point in direct antithesis to that of their patients. Several of the most efficient war hospitals in Serbia have been conducted by feminists as all-women institutions, no man being employed where a woman will do.

To Kragujevatz, Mrs. St. Clair Stobart



Serbian peasant-soldier on guard.

brought a hospital unit, "manned entirely by women," as an Irishman would say, even to doctors and orderlies. Forty-five Englishwomen in all—just think of their pluck! Unaided, they managed to rig up a field-hospital of sixty-five tents in hard, mud-caked fields. Furthermore, they applied to this open-air encampment hygienic and sanitary measures that would do credit to many an indoor New York

hospital. The camp included a fully equipped operating theatre, an X-ray department, three kitchens, commodious stores, and several baths—all of them modelled on the most modern lines.

On her arrival in Serbia, Mrs. Stobart

find three aeroplanes—one Austrian and two German—encircling them overhead. Was the enemy bent on performing the feat of exterminating the women's field-hospital? For a time it looked suspiciously like it. Then whirl, whirl—that old



"Stood like greyhounds in the slips."—Page 371.

claimed that the chief advantage of this All-Woman Hospital was its mobility. On little more than half an hour's notice the whole camp could be quickly brought within reach of an advancing or retreating army at almost any given point. She guaranteed, too, that even the manual work of pitching and moving the tents could be undertaken by her unit with little or no help from men. How, then, reduced to practise, did her theory work out?

From an unexpected quarter the unit was given a chance of showing how rapidly it can move. Just before the five-o'clock reveille bell one morning the whole camp was aroused by the violent explosion of a bomb close at hand. They rushed out to

sound, familiar to Mrs. Stobart and others of her unit who had been in Antwerp—was followed by a loud crash and the usual smoke and *débris*. Fortunately the bombs fell not within the camp but a few yards from its outer radius.

"Forewarned is forearmed," said Mrs. Stobart, as she told me this story. "Our white, gleaming tents were evidently an excellent target, and obviously we had to contrive some means to frustrate the enemy's possible designs. We set to work on a scheme of evacuation, and were quite glad to put it into effect when we received from the military headquarters at 6 A. M., a few days later, a message that enemy aeroplanes had been sighted over the frontier and were expected to reach Kra-

gujevatz in an hour's time. Within half an hour of receiving that message we had cleared the hospital of 130 wounded soldiers. Those who could walk or hobble had been sent with nurses and orderlies a kilometre along the road adjoining the main hospital tents, with instructions to lie down when aeroplanes were sighted, while the helpless cases were placed on stretchers on the automobiles and ox-carts and taken in small groups along the main road to safe distances from the camp. The tents, too, were taken down, but we quickly put them up again and reinstalled our wounded when another message came through that the aeroplanes had thought better of their intentions and had turned back after crossing the frontier. Please don't think the incident was wasted. It made a fine dress rehearsal."

It was a dress rehearsal, too, which proved of full value when, shortly afterward, this All-Woman Hospital encountered the real thing in war. On the reopening of hostilities, Mrs. Stobart split up her unit into squads, which then moved up to different positions where they could best tend the dying and wounded behind the firing line. And thenceforward these gallant "women-soldiers" had constantly to pitch and repitch their tents, following in the wake of that section of the retreating army to which they were attached. It stands also to Mrs. Stobart's credit that in the long lull in fighting, last year, she seized the opportunity to found roadside dispensaries in outlying Serbian villages, where the civil population—and more particularly

the women and children—could be treated. And in the region of Skoplje, the same plan was adopted by the American Red Cross Sanitary Commission, with the famous expert in tropical diseases, Dr. Aldo Castellani, in command.

To watch the sick peasants waiting outside a roadside dispensary was to be given an illuminating insight into their isolated lives. From dawn till sunset, men, women, and children would arrive, the victims of every conceivable kind of disease. Some of them, never having been able to consult a doctor before, would walk from fifty to a hundred miles across country for the privilege. That, weak and ill, they could perform such big walking feats, seemed impossible to believe. One woman I saw had walked twenty miles with a condition of the neck and throat that would make a civilized being think twice about crossing a room. Another, suffering from cancer, had ridden on horseback on a journey lasting several days, while other patients came in ox-carts or, if too poor to afford even that mode of travel, were strapped to the backs of don-



Peasant woman in full national costume.

keys. One grimly stolid-looking peasant brought two children delirious with diphtheria. His wife and two other children were lying dead at home.

The way in which these destitute, stricken people sought to express their gratitude was not without its touching side. Many of them would bring bunches of flowers gathered by the wayside on their long and tedious journeys. Others, at the American clinic, were distressingly



Nurses and patients at the All-Woman Hospital at Kragujevatz.

anxious to give the eminent Dr. Castellani his fee in coin. For the medicine he prescribed they tried in vain to induce him to accept a penny or twopence—probably all they had.

Such flashes of self-respect and pride, revealed by the most submerged of Serbia's population in the face of poverty and pain, are an earnest of the spirit and

temper of the race as a whole. No matter how poor he may be, the Serb still remains proud. "Our enemies may trample over our bodies, but stamp out our spirit they never will!" M. Pashich declared lately when the outlook was at its blackest: "Better far for us to die in beauty than to live in shame!"

Whether the Allies have cause to re-



Peasant women arriving at Dr. Castellani's clinic.



Sick peasants waiting outside a roadside dispensary.

proach themselves for the crucifixion of Serbia is a question now often publicly raised, even by critics within their own camp. If diplomatic wits had been sharper to apprehend the nature of the Bulgarian menace, if Anglo-French forces had arrived earlier on the scene, could the little country have been saved the unspeakable tribulations and anguish of that last big life-or-death fight? These points future historians must decide. Certainly, all last summer, it was common knowledge in the Balkans that the trouble brewing between Bulgaria and Serbia must soon come to a head. When in August I visited the picturesque little hamlet of Strumitza, on the edge of the Bulgarian frontier—the very spot where two months later the Serbo-Bulgarian conflict waged fiercest—I was invited to luncheon by the colonel of Prince Michael's regiment, which had then some 2,000 soldiers stationed in that village. The colonel was quartered in an old château, charmingly French in

design. The property had formerly belonged to a rich Greek miller, but on the outbreak of war he fled, having been adding grist to his mill as a highly paid German spy.

Our meal was served to us under the trees in an old-world garden and as the ball was set rolling, the grim stalking-horse, War, seemed far enough away. Yet, all the while, a few paces behind mine host's chair, two armed peasant-soldiers stood watchfully on guard. At first, you were inclined to doubt whether this was a strictly necessary precaution. Was it merely for show? Then you recalled just why this regiment was stationed here. A few weeks before, a mysterious band of Bulgarian comitadges (outlaws), descending suddenly on the village, had killed 40 Serbian soldiers and, after extracting their brains, had stuffed their heads with peas. The Bulgarian Government disclaimed responsibility for the ugly episode. Still, coming events cast their shadows before.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Plain
Country

LIKE many another person of the present day I have, from time to time, travelled as far as my means would permit—and a little farther—exploring countries new and strange, or new and strange to me, climbing high mountains, sailing broad seas, and making the acquaintance of coasts as full of wonder and of mystery, swept by the wings of gulls, washed by green waves, as were the far shores of Odysseus's wide adventure to Odysseus. And I have had huge enjoyment in it all, standing to watch, at distant corners of the earth, the pageant of wind and wave and cloud, trudging up unknown hills in a fine mood of adventure, driving across mountain passes into countries as fresh and as enchanting as if they had been created over night to meet this fresh sense of quest.

Yet sometimes, and oftentimes, I realize that no strange shore or wonderful mountain range has brought a sense of pleasure quite so deep as that which comes at moments in mere country, the plain country of the land of home. I do not mean any of the show regions of America—the glories of the Canadian Rockies, the wonders of the Yosemite are unknown to me. I mean the common country of old-fashioned fences and winding roads, where tangles of alder and sumac cluster by the gray rails or grayer stone—common country, where the hay grows long in June, and the woods creep close to the hayfields, and a little stream, perhaps, goes threading its way softly between the grasses.

Here is no sense of effort in your enjoyment; all is near and dear, familiar, perhaps for generations a part of your forefathers' lives. There is no need to try your eyes to take in the meaning of jagged rock outlines and heaped earth masses, or stretches of desert sand. You have not purchased an expensive ticket whose worth, to the uttermost penny, must be extracted from the panorama before you, making you study it anxiously, eager to do your duty by every shade and outline. You do not have to strain to the sublime, as you do when con-

fronted by Scenery, capitalized scenery—capitalized in every sense of the word; you do but sit quietly upon some green bank, full of unforced pleasure that hardly names itself pleasure, so unconscious it is. Ah, the relief of the encompassing leafy greenness to eyes tired by the glare of rock and sand, the exhausting glory of the shore; the rest, in shorn green meadow, of muscles wearied by climbing rugged mountain faces!

We are up and away nowadays, speeding fast for change; yet in meadows near my own doorway I have learned more of the limitless variety of nature than I have learned on following marvels very far. The trees that I know best are never twice the same, because of the way of the wind with their leaves, of the sun upon them, of their noonday shining and their evening shadow. Can the sea with its waves give more of change than a June meadow of long grass, where the wind has its way through a long afternoon? Where can you find beauty that will surpass these green waves, rising, falling, breaking, strewn with blossoms of buttercup and daisy, of red clover? The salt ocean has no such fragrance as that which comes from hay and clover and sweet grass newly shorn. Have you ever watched the winds and tides in fields of wheat and rye, the long golden waves, the swift shadow of bird-wings across them, and, just above, against the sky, slow-sailing white clouds that drift and drift in summer seas of dim blue haze?

Does it not stand to reason that you will see more of endless process if you stay quiet for a bit and contemplate the endless variety of familiar things than if you shift every minute your point of view, never looking the same way twice? If you want to see the great procession, wait and do not join it; as a hurrying part of the pageant you miss the changefulness that comes to you, the rest that stays, satisfying that fixed and stable something within, the permanent you. Wind, sun, and familiar water bring home the wonder and the mystery of change, when the great winds or the least winds are abroad in the branches and among

the blossoms, and the play of light and shade makes quivering etchings of leaf and twig upon the grass. Falling showers, smitten by the sunlight, great rains that drench and flood, and the beauty of mists that come and go, shrouding familiar trees, torn by the wind, drifting to rest on far hills, are the heritage of him who will but stand and watch. The sublime treads your own pathway, bringing swift surprise, as, before a sudden storm, you watch peaceful cattle upon the quiet hillside, dreaming woods, wings sailing securely against the blue. Presto! the wind is abroad; startled cattle, snuffing; the look of the forest against the oncoming dark cloud, the white of shivering poplar and shaken aspen against the inky gray, the sharp lightning, bring home the wonder and the terror of the universe. Yet it is as awful in moments of quiet sunshine, did we but realize it, as in moments of great crash; nor can great upheavals, cataclysms, teach us more of endless change and process than can moth, dragon-fly, and butterfly, green insect wings or gray, aquiver over the earth.

Of the stream, brown and gold in the depths, change is as inexhaustible as of ocean, and nearer, sweeter, with all the little ways of leaping water, with sun-sparkles upon the stony bed between the rippling shadows of reed and marsh grass. So, too, is the way of the sun with the leaves through the long day in the forest—while, far and near, ferns catch the light, turn to pale-green flames in the dimness, and then go out. In the coolness, the mossy leafiness of common woodland on a common day, amid the rustling of ancient leaves under the soft murmur of the tree, one may find the magic of constantly shifting beauty, and with it the very heart of comfort and of peace.

This charm of the common, the familiar, the dear, is best sought at your own doorway or on your own feet. Neither horse nor motor can climb the old rail fences, the old stone walls that you must climb to find these haunts of ancient peace. The wood path, flecked with moss, the shadow of the leaves on the slender trail; the worn way across the old pasture, fern-beset, among the lichen-covered stones—following such paths, while the wood-thrush is calling, calling—the mellow notes floating across the perfect afternoon—you find your way back to quiet moments, before “efficiency” came

in. Or you skirt the meadow in late afternoon, when the shadows creep farther and farther over the grass which grows cool about your feet as evening comes. It may be that a bobolink sings not far away, or a red-winged blackbird gives the soft home call from a bough above the marsh-grasses. Certain it is that soft summer sounds of life astir, growing softer and sweeter as the shadows deepen, come from among the grass and reeds, peeping, chirping, violin music of tiny wings. Swallows circle overhead where film of cloud, invisible before, turns delicate rose, trailing over half the heavens, and the moment brings a perception of perfect oneness with nature, a profound sense of being at home.

Here come golden moments of pause and quiet, snatched from the strife of things, charmed moments of understanding the peace at nature's heart, mighty rest in mighty strife. It is in such instants of perception of a great pulse beating with your own that you remember nature as the old mother of us all, known in her homely ways and household activities, whispering sweet and comforting things in your ears, not the magnificent mother, source and grave of all things living, but the ancient singer of lullabies that lead to gentle dreams.

THE recent semicentennial of Vassar College recalls vividly the time, some seven years later, when women were admitted to Cornell University. It was an affair which called for much balancing of pros and cons. The majority of the faculty were against it, and some of the trustees were more than doubtful, feeling that they already had enough experiments on their hands. As for the students, their opinion wasn't asked, but they disliked it. But there was the donor, with his offer of a building and an endowment, and donors are not to be lightly repulsed by young and struggling universities. So, like the Children of Israel, the trustees sent out two men to view the land; in other words, to visit certain colleges and universities in which coeducation prevailed, and report on its success. The report of the committee resulted in a decision to try the experiment. It also resulted, somewhat later, in the publication by the university of a curious circular. This circular, little

When the Old
Order Greets
the New

known at the time and long since forgotten, deserves a resurrection, for it is a gem in the literature of the subject. Its authorship was never avowed, but I hazard a guess at a certain elderly professor who was gifted with a fine flow of gallant language. I can see him now, with gray hair and mustache, and a red rose in his buttonhole, making his pretty speeches to the ladies.

The pamphlet, "In Answer to Inquiries about the Facilities for the Education of Ladies at the Cornell University," is in the form of questions and answers, and the answers must have been reassuring to the most genteel of inquirers. We are told that "the difference between a college where ladies are not admitted and one to which they are admitted is the difference simply between the smoking-car and the one back of it." The president of a Western university testifies that "there have been no scandals. At least," the conscientious witness hastens to add, "no more than may exist between the members of a school limited to one sex and the outside world."

"Are there any special safeguards to lady students not already mentioned?" asks the inquirer. "Yes," is the reply. "One is the fact that this is not a place to which flippant, careless girls would choose to come. Only those young ladies who are seventeen years of age and have passed an entrance examination to some one of the courses are admitted. This insures the presence only of ladies really in earnest and devoted to study."

Perhaps the most delightful answer of all is to the question, "Is there any danger that the lady students in the university may be developed into 'strong-minded women,' their womanly nature becoming hardened, something less beautiful substituted?" It is replied that coeducation in universities makes the young men more manly and the young women more womanly, and that "it is simply a matter of course that the desire to please, which is natural among women, should lead them, when educated in the same university with young men, to develop those qualities which appear well in the eyes of those about them, and this result is seen in every college and university where coeducation has been adopted."

After this admission it seems but natural to ask: "Is there any danger of attachments springing up among students?" The

answer does not appear to be quite in accord with the previous one. "There is no difficulty arising from this source. Young women who are earnest enough to sacrifice ease and pleasure during what are considered the four most pleasant years of life are not easily led away from their purpose or thrown off their plans by the presence of young gentlemen." Since, however, the question is pushed further, and it is asked whether "the formation of student acquaintances in the university does not sometimes ripen into matrimonial engagements," we are assured that there are but few of these and that "such as do occur turn out most happily"; which must have been intended as a prophecy, since the marriages could not have been very old.

With a somewhat belated regard for the "young gentlemen" who are exposed to the fascination of "those qualities which appear well," the writer adds that one thing which is hoped for is that women who are educated with men will care less for fashions dictated by "the whim of a knot of the least respectable women in the most debauched capital in the world." Coeducation is relied on to prevent the "young ladies" from becoming devotees of fashion and making young men "work too hard" in the pursuit of money for the chiffons, thus "thwarting their best aspirations and sacrificing their noblest ambitions." How little the writer foresaw the developments of these later days, when the earnest woman has made up her mind that it is the part of wisdom to be as smart as her frivolous sister, and wears her good clothes with a high sense of duty to a cause!

Finally, it is coeducation which is to cure women of their special faults of superstition and narrowness. With all this, the gentle occupations suited to their sex are to be provided. The department of botany is to be placed in Sage College "in the hope of interesting the female students in the care of the gardens to be laid out and maintained by this department."

There was no lack of humorous incidents in those days. Naturally, the "coeds" were of all sorts, from the little group of clever, cultivated, well-bred girls to the young woman who hailed from "back of Oshkosh" and had never seen a bathtub. With the adaptability of her sex, she exclaimed, after her first trial, "Why, Mrs. D., it was real nice!"

Mostly, the girls worked hard, as people do work who have gained the privilege with some difficulty and are regarded as pioneers. When Sage College was opened to them they lived in some comfort, although the steward had his little ways. His arrangement with the trustees was that he was to charge a fixed price for board, and in case his profits did not reach a certain figure the amount was to be made up to him out of the endowment fund. He was free, however, to make a larger profit if he could—a perfectly feasible thing if the dining-room were full. As there were not nearly enough women students to fill the house in its first years, professors and students were at liberty to take their meals there if they liked. Young men went in parties, and naturally asked for tables to themselves, but one of the earlier stewards, much to their annoyance, assumed the right to assign the seats, and always put the men and women at the same tables, carefully alternating the sexes as at a dinner party. One of the professors, in the interest of the young men, asked him why he did this.

"Why, professor," he replied, "they eat so much less this way."

IS there any way in which we show ourselves less truly grown up than in the tenacity with which we hold on to our renunciations? There are those that renounce the second-best things of life—the self-advertising, the scramble for high place

—“the pulpit, the gallows, and the stage-itinerant” of Swift’s Satire—and yet that look back fur-
tively at the rewards that come from an indiscriminating world to those that mount the platforms and bid for the crowd. Very few of us can resist the temptation to look back. Although they so seldom admit it, even to themselves, the married are always harking back. The devoted mother of children too often suggests martyrdom, and the proudest father of a family looks with favor upon the free lance he once was. As for the unmarried, how many of them enjoy their freedom without a thought of envy for those that shoulder the very responsibilities that they have escaped? The woman in her secret heart realizes that it would be well to be indispensable, best beloved of some one, and the most hardened bachelor is touched

with regret at the charm of some other man’s little son. Thus are we compact of inconsistencies.

The conventional, rich in the furniture of life, precise in the arrangement of their luxuries, long for the comforts of the simplicity that they have eschewed. And the weary hewer of wood in his camp on the hillside dreams of the porcelain tub and the running water in the flat that he has fled from. There are those that talk as easily as if they had turned a tap and then gone off and forgotten it, and yet they wonder that we do not perceive their wisdom; they would not stoop to the pedantic and qualify their exaggerations, yet, at the same moment, they would be understood. Again, those that indulge in caustic speech gnaw their hearts in secret rage because the world so seldom realizes that their souls are gentle.

One should be tolerant in a world so confused, but there is one form of looking back that taxes my patience. I cannot but stiffen at the Queen Elizabeths—those that use their woman’s privilege to back their intellectual power. They know that chivalry is not really gone, but an enduring heritage from a past that lingers still, and they use a sword that is two-edged in a game that is not fair. They would be independent, man’s equal; yet he must never forget that they are women. They would renounce the bondage of sex, yet when advantage offers they use the power of sex. They would enter the world of men; yet they emphasize the difference between men and women, scorn the weakness and perversities of mere man. Elizabeth was a queen and had privileges. I doubt if she was very happy; we all know that she was a terror to work with. She was wonderfully clever, but she would never have accomplished what she did if she had not been surrounded by men devoted to England and England’s needs. They flattered Elizabeth because she liked it, and they admired her also; but no one of all her contemporaries ever said that she was gentle or consistent or fair-minded. She puzzled her courtiers, but we know now that one secret of her power was that, with the brains of a man and the keenness of a politician, she was a daughter of Macchiavelli and always used her femininity when it served her purpose. But to-day! Surely we should have got past Macchiavelli, and yet—I know too many Elizabeths.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Green hawthorn.



Yellow of the hawthorn family.



Blue and white.

Vases of the K'ang-hsi period.

Illustrations from the famous Altman Collection by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

CHINESE PORCELAINS

TO look long upon Chinese porcelains is likely for numerous causes to result in falling under their persuasive spell. If you are interested in the sculptural stage of art, susceptible to the beauty of line, you will find it there in dignified simplicity. In color the eye is appealed to in a seductive infinity. In range of decorative motives the Celestial potter's mind is fertile with an imagery found only in the East. And there must not be left out of account the interest and satisfaction awaiting the technical student of structure that is found in a substance so quickly responsive to the deft touch of the artisan.

"The fine white bowls surpass hoarfrost and snow" is a Chinese description of one of the ancient fictile fabrics. As the aroma of a delicate wine is enriched and refined by being served in a fragile glass, so the tea-drinkers as far back as the days of the T'ang, in the seventh and eighth centuries, appreciated their bowls according as they "enhanced the tint of the infusion."—And

here comes in another element in the charm of Chinese porcelains. Like the European art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, they were so intimately related to life that they contribute to a human and better understanding of a strange and distant people. No sooner is one interested in this truly national art of the Chinese than he finds a certain, even if meagre, knowledge of them a matter of concomitant interest, even though not essential to an appreciation of their creations.

Wine-cups of the T'ang were likened by their poets to "tilted lotus leaves floating down a stream." There came into porcelain the hue of "rosy dawn." Does one not find here a sympathetic communion with nature in far Cathay? Those so-called "ginger jars" of the capriciously named "hawthorn pattern"—the most commonly known, perhaps, of all Chinese porcelains in the Occident—were used for sending presents of fine tea at the Chinese New Year anniversary. Their decoration, which has nothing to do with the hawthorn, was made



The four vases on this page and the one at the top of the opposite page belong to the famous black set of the early K'ang-hsi period.

in representation of the blossoms of the winter-blooming wild prunus-tree lying on streams whose ice covering was disintegrating under the warming influences of the approaching vernal season. One finds, too, as a further relationship of a human China with the human West that the Periclean age of the porcelains—the great reigns of K'ang-hsi, Yung Chêng, and Ch'ien-lung, covering nearly a century and a half—was an age of elegance and luxury in Cathay as it was in Europe, the period from the Grand Monarque to the Revolution.

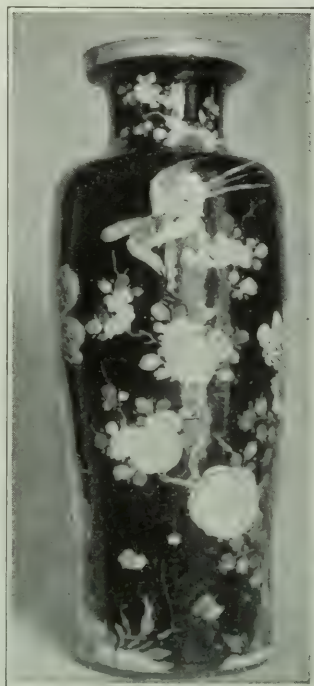
One of the most successful and appreciative collectors in New York, whose home was filled with paintings which he honored and from which he did not wish to detract, was puzzled some years ago to know what decorative objects he could add to some of his rooms which would really be additions and would not at the same time reflect adversely upon his pictures by distracting the attention. He "discovered"—it was a discovery for him—the Chinese porcelains in single color, the monochrome glaze, *la qualité maîtresse de la céramique*.

These were in agreement with his furnishings and his pictures, did not obtrude themselves, yet won the reward of modest worth, an admiration that grew into affection not only in himself but among widening circles of friends. Perhaps the incident is an epitome of the western progress of these products of the brains and hands of the world's acknowledged past masters of ceramics.

The monochrome glazes glow with the effulgence of gems. A world-famous vase glazed in the *sang-de-bœuf* hue was spontaneously christened "The Ruby" by New York collectors on its arrival here. It had previously been the property of the Son of Heaven on the Dragon's Seat from generation unto generation.

Doctor Bushell mentions "the pulsating vigor of every shade of blue in the inimitable 'blue and white.'" The greens of Chinese porcelain have a rare perfection, unequalled anywhere else; the yellows vie with golden sunshine, and in chromatic refinement the wizard potters have made elusive moonlight captive.

In the porcelain itself the musical tones are so rich that



some bowls were said to have been used in sets of ten as chimes by musicians who struck them with fine rods of ebony. In decoration in two and more colors the Chinese picture their life, history, tradition, landscape, real and imaginary animals, their religious conceptions and romantic legends. So that, along with beauty of color and line and decorative motive, delicacy and rigidity of structure, the admirer of the porcelains finds himself sharing a new interest, awakening to a life strange as the Egyptian, Etruscan, Chaldean, in its antiquity, and more marvellous in the continuity which has brought the life down to to-day. The supremacy of the art is lost irrevocably, for though porcelains are still produced without number—and some remarkable counterfeits—the art in its perfection vanished in impenetrable eclipse well-nigh a century and a quarter ago. Rarity, therefore, enters also into modern appreciation, notwithstanding that ancient emperors ordered porcelains by the thousands from the imperial kilns—which were allowed to send none but perfect specimens to the palace.

Can one imagine to-day, when these fragile beauties share the perils of familiarity, the emotions of the first travellers or ambassadors from Europe when they saw these objects of beauty so far beyond anything the West had produced? Certainly it is not to be wondered at that they brought them home as precious things, nor that when commerce perceived the effect and the opportunities, whole shiploads under convoy reached the far coasts of



the Western ocean. One need say nothing of the earlier acquaintance made by the Persians and Arabs—who knew their own pottery and glass, yet were amazed—nor of the more or less legendary services of Marco Polo, who, as has been said, “would have had to defer his return from Cathay for some two hundred years” in order to bring with him some that he was reputed to have carried to Venice. As early as the days of Elizabeth in England Chinese porcelains which reached Albion were so

highly appreciated there that they were mounted in gilt, and there are examples which remained in family possession, the mountings hall-marked of the period, until their transfer to other ownership late in the last century. It is curious to note, too, that in the first commercial stages of the European importation Dutch apothecaries found some of the jars quite to their taste and service; later saving for more dignified usage a surviving remainder, when rarity had heightened the value of an instinctively recog-

nized beauty. Reciprocally, just as Chinese and Japanese products were brought to Europe (and imitated there) so European ceramic productions of various countries were sent to China and Japan, and are found there to-day classified as Dutch because of their route of transportation. And at that the Orientals were no more misled in their classifications than were the Europeans in their attributions to period in the case of their Chinese imports. It is really only a matter of recent times—when the 19th century was drawing to a close—that an



Figure of Kuan Yin.
Dark-blue turquoise, Ming dynasty.

intelligent Western comprehension of China's porcelains became possible, aside from the attraction of their beauty. And with a fuller comprehension has come a wider, more intense and satisfying appreciation.

Practically, the subject of price is inseparable from the discussion of porcelains, as they are so constantly passing through the market, not only at private but at conspicuous public sales, both in America and Europe. Indeed, in a

very decidedly artistic atmosphere the opinion has been heard that people bought them here because they were high-priced. It may be confidently hoped that those buyers are few and that they have developed with their purchases. The Victoria and Albert Museum collection has a blue-and-white "hawthorn" jar, bought for £230, which was pronounced (by Doctor Bushell) "no-wise inferior" to a companion that later brought £5,900, both at public sales. Mr. Hippisley, who wrote a

catalogue for the collection deposited by him in the National Museum at Washington, which is published by the government, has mentioned that a celebrated "peach-blow" vase that sold for \$15,000 in New York some years ago was offered to him in Peking for less than \$200 gold. Nevertheless, with the increasing scarcity of the finest examples, the unavoidable loss by breakage in transportation, the internment of individual pieces or whole collections in public and private museums, and the widening circles of admirers who buy only for home decoration, it must be considered good fortune rather than an every-day possibility if the choicest pieces be found below the enormous prices which latterly have been mounting until they seem beyond belief. Men seem to be coming to say to themselves: "I can make more money; I cannot find or produce more of these." The remark by veteran Western buyers is heard in Peking to-day that they could make

a profit by taking porcelains from London and New York and selling them in the Chinese capital. Their statement may be subject to discount, but there is an element of truth in it.

It may be permissible and perhaps not wholly useless, even at so late a day, to direct attention afresh to the diametrically opposed practises of the Oriental and Occidental collectors of art objects, nowhere more

in point than in the treatment of porcelains. The Chinese, no matter how many objects he might possess, would not dream of exhibiting them *en masse*. He seems to find a truer appreciation in admiring and studying them singly or a few at a time, as do his friends. The prevalence of the cabinet exhibition of whole groups certainly implies a point of view wholly foreign to the creators of these masterpieces and to the conditions of their creation.

Some incurable Occidentals, refusing to cultivate a world-

sympathy, have expressed an inability to comprehend that a Chinese—as they have conceived of the Chinese—could produce or appreciate such a fragile, refined beauty as is represented in these productions in porcelain. Yet, ages since, so far developed were the Chinese in their civilization and sense of luxury that an emperor caused the leaves and blossoms of the trees in his imperial park to be reproduced in fine silk in their natural colors and position, when nature had decreed their seasonal doom. Again: "Combs of jade are used to dress the black tresses of beauty at dawn, pillows of jade for the divan to snatch a dream of elegance at noon. . . . Rouge-pots and powder-boxes provide the damsel with the bloom of the peach, brush-pots and ink-rests hold the weapons of the scholar in his window." With the possible exception of the combs, all these too, were produced in porcelain for the delectation of the great and the refined.

DANA H. CARROLL.



Blue-and-white hawthorn vase or ginger jar.

K'ang-hsi period.



Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Gerrit A. Beneker.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE—LINKING THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

On July 27, 1866, at Heart's Content, Newfoundland, sailors from the *Great Eastern* and the *Medway* carried ashore the western end of 2,400 miles of cable, successfully laid across the ocean from Valentia, Ireland. Cyrus W. Field had accomplished his enterprise of the Atlantic telegraph, and from Newfoundland established communication with the United States.

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MY REMEMBRANCES

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

THE OLD LYCEUM THEATRE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"THE HIGHEST BIDDER"



HERE are they gone, "the old familiar faces"? The Lyceum Theatre, on Fourth Avenue, opposite the Ashland House, is now but a memory. For sixteen

years it was my home actually, for I lived there constantly in spirit—even when I was away, ever contemplating what I would produce there on my return. For sixteen years I brought out there a new play each summer under the direction of my guide, philosopher, and friend, Daniel Frohman. There I grew from boyhood to manhood. There I made many of my closest friendships, and there most of the comedy, farce, and tragedy of my existence had its genesis in the real and in the mimic world. I was twenty-three when I began to play there; I was thirty-nine when I left there never to return. I watched the theatre building, wondering whether I should ever act in it; I watched it being pulled down by a wrecking concern, sad that I should never play in it again.

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." In front of the house and behind the curtain, Time has been busy with his scythe. In sixteen years, Death has had time to gather a heavy harvest.

In 1886, therefore, it was with much acceleration of my pulse that one evening, coming out of my modest lodging, I saw

right before my eyes my own name in letters twelve feet high. I was a star! I had, so to speak, blossomed during the night. While I slept the bill-board man, with paste and broom, had labelled me as "Valuable goods. Fragile! This side up with care!" I stood before these giant letters and reflected upon the power of print and the bubble-like quality of reputation. Then I wended my way to Daniel Frohman and said: "The letters are too big; I can never live up to them."

Managers are optimistic. "We will try," said he.

I had been two years at the Lyceum Theatre in the company of Miss Helen Dauvray. Fortune and Miss Dauvray had been kind to me. I had proceeded toward a modest success. My brother Sam had joined me in America, having just finished his schooling in Paris. He brought with him two dogs: Death, a bulldog, and Trap, a fox-terrier. One day I brought to my rooms in 23d Street a box of old manuscripts, mostly copies of "Lord Dundreary" and others of my father's repertoire. Death and Trap and Sam stood by and looked on idly while I, as idly, looked over the plays. Suddenly Trap flew at a heap of manuscripts and seized a printed book. We tried to get it from him. He dashed about the room, as fox-terriers will, under the bed and over the bed, waiting, watching, fleeing. Death, an unwieldy fellow, began to take notice and amble after us as we pursued

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Trap. My landlady opened the door. Out went Trap, Death after him, nearly upsetting my landlady. My brother and I rushed after the dogs. Trap headed down 23d Street direct to the Lyceum Theatre, play in mouth. In and out of cabs and cars, pedestrians and jehus, that wonderful dog went directly to the box-office of the theatre.

Frank Bunce, the business manager, beheld him. "What has he got there?" said he.

"A play," said I.

"Does he want me to read it?" said Bunce.

"If you please," I replied.

"Take it up-stairs to Mr. Frohman," said the business manager.

'Twas done. Frohman read it. He accepted it and produced it. The play had been written twenty years before for my father by Madison Morton and Robert Reece. They called it "Trade." Frohman christened it "The Highest Bidder." The hero was an auctioneer who fell in love with the daughter of a haughty baronet; hence the conflict between Trade and Birth. The play was a great success and started both Dan Frohman and myself on the waters of prosperity. "Out of the mouths of dogs cometh wisdom!"

The structure and the dialogue of "Trade" was rather old-fashioned and stilted. David Belasco, the stage-manager of the Lyceum, took it in hand to doctor it and produce it. Belasco and I worked with the fervor and enthusiasm of youth. We both enjoyed our work; we were both indefatigable. A great deal of the dialogue I wrote myself as the days of rehearsal went by. I was allowed great liberty in that respect. LeMoyne and the other actors were good comrades, and all went as happily as could be. We all fancied we were rather clever, when one day Mr. Frohman came to see how we were getting on. The very fires of enthusiasm consumed us; we stood panting and exhausted before our manager, strong in the consciousness of work well done.

"Awful!" said he. "It is simply awful! The thing will be a shocking failure!"

Printing twelve feet high! Much talk about the coming début of a new star; much affectionate reminiscence in gen-

erously inclined newspapers of that new star's old father. "These things have to be lived up to. At it again!" Sam and I and the two dogs and Belasco and our sympathetic crew; day and night did we rehearse and write and discuss. One scene, the crucial scene of the play, concerned an auction of the proud father's estate. The hero, the despised auctioneer, buys in the property through an agent who bids on the stage. "Going! going!! gone!!!" cries the hero in the auctioneer's box.

"Who has bought 'The Larches'?" weeps the heroine.

"I!" says the hero.

Consternation! Victory! Defeat of the villain! End of the act!

This scene was very intricate and what we call "liney"; twelve or fourteen different people had to talk constantly in it; extra people had to shout on exact cues approval or disapproval, the thing had to go like clockwork. The man working it out might see his way to some successful consummation, but to an onlooker, what with interruptions, repetitions, pauses to write things down or argue about them, the prospect must have been hopeless and the future black with disaster. Since Mr. Frohman had said "Awful!" we had worked like so many devils. I had rewritten many scenes; especially had I labored at the auction scene. So much had it been changed and added to that when the dress rehearsal came I had to read the scene from my pages of manuscript placed among papers on my auctioneer's desk. I had to pretend to drink champagne during this scene. Refreshments are being handed about at this particular auction; my clerk observing my distraction and grief plies me with glasses of wine. I insisted on having real champagne, so that we would get the real "pop" when the cork was knocked out. This pleased the rest of the cast; at the dress rehearsal the scene was played with enthusiasm. All the characters and the extra people—the stage-hands, the scene-painter, the stage-manager, when Jack Hammerton said "I!"—felt we had earned each other's esteem and admiration. The third and last act was rehearsed. This consisted chiefly of love scenes between the bashful hero and the

lovely heroine. "'Tis love that makes the world go round," said I to myself. These scenes, since there were no lovers in front to experience the gentle throes and share the sweet madness, went sadly enough at this dress rehearsal. When all

foot printing was not all in vain; "well, how now? What do you think now?"

"Awful!" said Frohman. "It will be a frightful failure!"

Belle Archer, the heroine, faded away in tears; Archer, her husband in real life

LYCEUM THEATRE,

DANIEL FROHMAN, • SOLE MANAGER.

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, AT 8:30.

Mr. Frohman presents this Souvenir in Commemoration

—OF THE—
50th PERFORMANCE
—OF—

THE HIGHEST BIDDER,

A Comedy in Three Acts, by Maddison Norton and Robert Reese.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

LAWRENCE THORNHILL, of "The Larches,"

BONHAM CHEVIOT, of "The Firs," his neighbor,

SIR MUFFIN STRUGGLES, A Philanthropist,

SIR EVELYN GRAINE, Baronet, Etc.,

JOSEPH, Servant to Thornhill,

PARKYN,

FRANK WIGGINS,

SERGEANT DOWNEY,

BILL, His Assistant,

ROSE THORNHILL,

MRS. HONITON LACY,

LOUISA, Her Daughter,

JACK HAMMERTON, of Hammertons, Mallet & Co., London,

J. R. Piff.

Mr. J. Le Moyne

Richard Buckton

Herbert Archer

Wm. A. Taverham

Percy Sage

Alfred Young

Maurice Clyde

Belle Archer

Leggier Ray

Theresa Wilson

E. H. Sothman

ACT I.—Breakfast Room of The Larches.

ACT II.—Salesroom at Hammertons, Mallet & Co.'s, London.

ACT III.—Scene 1. Exterior of The Larches, "Sunset."

Scene 2.—The Glade,

Scene 3.—Same as scene 1,

"Twilight,"

"Moonlight,"

"The Bidder."

"The High Bidder."

"The Highest Bidder."

The Play edited by and under the Stage Direction of Mr. BELASCO.

DAVID BELASCO, Stage Manager.
Geo. Ellis, Asst. Treas.

W. BELLOW, Asst. Stage Manager.
E. G. UNITT, Scenic Artist.

THOS. GOSMAN, Machinist.

FRANK D. BUNCH, Treas.
ERNEST NEVES, Leader.

Cast of characters from the souvenir programme in commemoration of the fiftieth performance of "The Highest Bidder."

was said and done and Jack Hammerton had won the heroine, had bestowed his first kiss upon her pouting lips, we stood once more expectant of approval. Mr. Frohman came down the aisle of the theatre to the footlights. There stood the sweet sweetheart of the play; there the delightful old comedy friend, Le-Moyne; there the enthusiastic and conquering hero; there the gratified stage-manager, Belasco.

"Well?" said I, my bosom swelling with certain confidence that the twelve-

and the wicked baronet of the play, muttered as only wicked baronets can; Le-Moyne began to talk about the palmy days of the drama; Belasco alluded to the marvellous climate of California. For one moment my heart sank within me.



Sketches by E. H. Sothman
"He did as do it very well. but he did it"

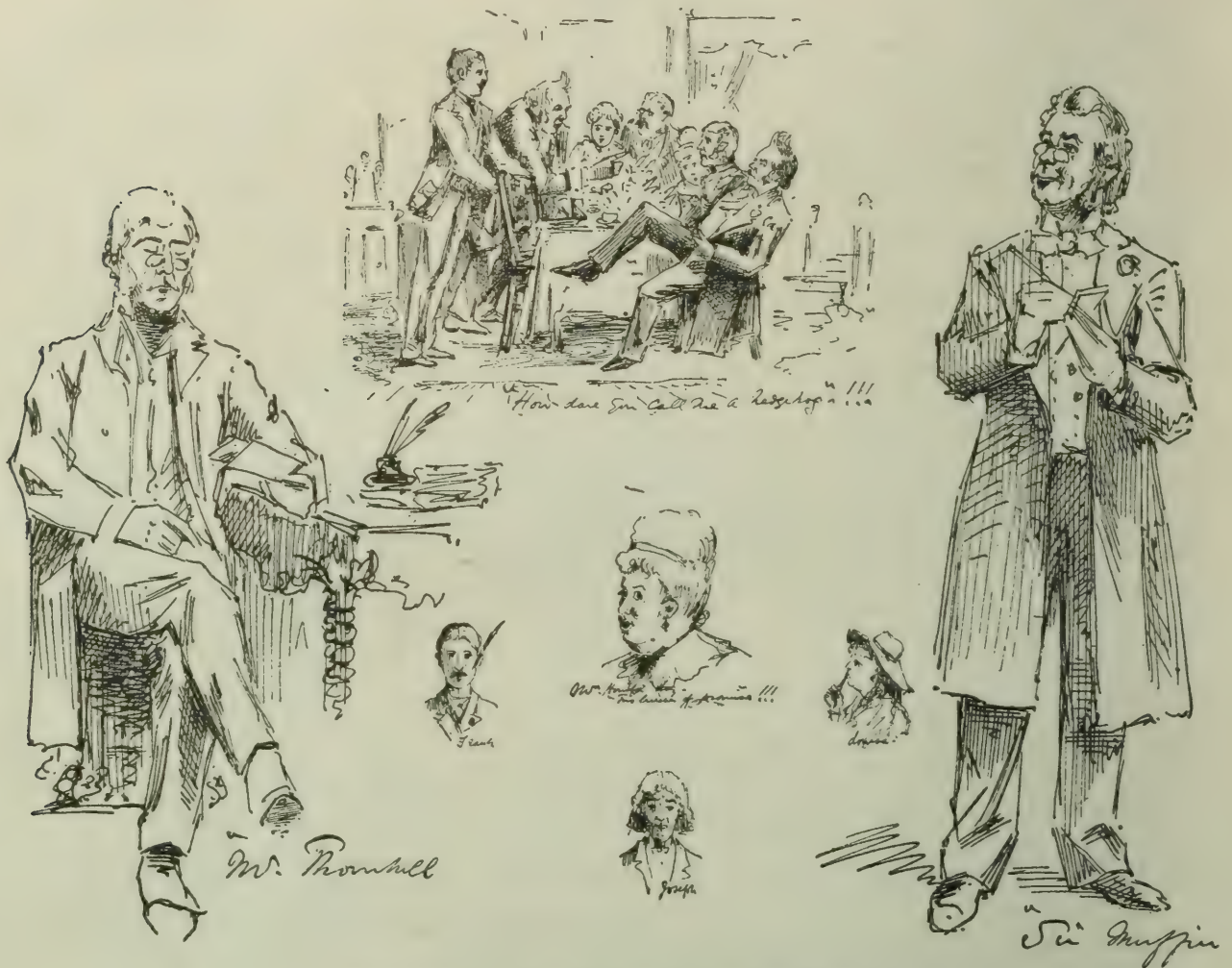
Facsimile of autograph on the cover of the programme.

Mr. Frohman was retreating up the aisle. He saw his first production in his new theatre a fiasco. Let us respect his reflections and draw a curtain over his grief.

I was up with the lark. "Trap!" said I, as that restless fox-terrier jumped onto my bed, "Trap, you selected this play."

breakfast-table excited much laughter, thanks greatly to the excellent comedy of Mr. LeMoyne. The curtain went down to one call.

Where was Mr. Frohman? He did not come behind with encouragement or advice. We knew not then, but afterward



Sketches by E. H. Sothorn in the souvenir programme.

I made some little pen-and-ink sketches of which I was extremely proud.—Page 394.

"Bow-wow!" said that animal with extreme confidence.

"Booh-hoo!" boomed Death, the bulldog, in a deeper note, as who should say: "Me, too!"

This was inspiring. Up and out and to it again! Some few final touches, some few words of advice and some parting instructions on the eve of battle, and we were in for it.

The night was upon us. There we were playing the play. The audience was kind and generous. The first act, however, went quietly. The exposition was a bit long, but one amusing scene at a

we knew. He had seen part of the first act and had left the theatre in despair. He had gone to the Ashland House across the way. There on this hot summer night, the windows in front of the theatre being open, he could actually hear the actors speaking on the stage; he could hear the audience laugh and applaud whenever they were so inclined. There he sat on one of those well-remembered rush-bottom chairs, the picture of wretchedness; Bunce, the business manager of the theatre, on a chair beside him, glum, silent, pale, desperate. These two, who saw the fortunes of the theatre blasted,



From photographs in the collection of Evert Jansen Wendell.

"Going!"

E. H. Sotherton as Jack Hammerton in "The Highest Bidder."



"Going!!"

sat with lips compressed and chairs tilted back, like men whose doom was sealed.

"What's that?" cried Frohman.

"My God! the theatre's on fire!" cried Bunce.

They rushed across the street. The place was in an uproar. Up the stairs on either side of the lobby they sped, followed by the police and several old patrons of the hotel across the way. Passers-by stopped and stared. Some one cried: "Sound the fire-alarm!" In the theatre the audience rocked and roared with applause. Shouts of victory resounded in the air. Up went the curtain again, and again, and yet again. There was Jack Hammerton in the auctioneer's box, a bottle of champagne in one hand, a glass in the other, his hair on end and wet with perspira-



"Gone!!!"

tion, his collar wilted and burst from his collar-button, his waistcoat undone, gesticulating hysterically as picture after picture came and went again. Five calls, six calls, seven! eight! nine! ten!

"Ten calls! What's the matter with Sotherton?" whispered Bunce.

"It's that champagne! I knew it was a mistake!" said Frohman.

But it wasn't the champagne at all. We had lived up to the printing—at least we thought we had. The last act went finely.

Frohman beamed like the morning sun; the lovers loved like Love himself; the audience played its part and all went merry as a marriage bell. "The Highest Bidder" was a fine success. We began at once to consider our next play.

An interviewer was asking me one day

for a record of my modest achievements. Said I: "Any distinction to which I may lay claim is not connected with the theatre. Acting is a side issue with me. My chief accomplishment in days to come will be admitted to lie in the realms of invention. I am an inventor."

"What did you invent?" said the surprised scribe.

"The London messenger boy," I replied. "It is entirely owing to my enterprise that messenger boys exist in London."

I proceeded to enlighten my interlocutor. When my little play, "The Highest Bidder," had achieved the distinction of a fifty-night run in New York during the summer of 1886, Mr. Dan Frohman and I, in the pride and enthusiasm of victory, got up a souvenir to celebrate the occasion. I made some little pen-and-ink sketches of the characters, of which sketches I was extremely proud. I said to my brother Sam one morning: "I think we ought to send some of these souvenirs to the authors of the play." John Madison Morton was a most prolific writer of farces, "Box and Cox" being, perhaps, his most famous one; and Robert Reece had for years and years written the burlesques for the Gaiety Theatre, London. At this time, Reece was an old man, an inmate of the Charter House in London. The Charter House is an hospital and school founded in 1611 by Sir Thomas Sutton. It was originally a Carthusian monastery established in 1371. It is an asylum for poor brethren the number of whom is limited to eighty, and they must be bachelors, members of the Church of England, and fifty years old. Each brother receives, besides food and lodg-

ing, an allowance of twenty-six pounds a year for his clothing, etcetera. Neither Reece nor Morton had ever expected to hear again of their play, "Trade," which they had sold to my father twenty years gone by, and I thought it would please them to know that at last it had been played and had met with success. "We must send them some of these souvenirs,"

said I. "How shall we do it?"

"Send a messenger boy," said my brother.

I have before remarked on the astonishing acumen and the strange ability to see through millstones possessed by my brother. The idea immediately struck me as not only feasible but capable of vast advertising possibilities. In those days, thirty years ago, it was still something of an adventure to cross the Atlantic. I had, myself, only recently been interviewed because I had gone to Lon-

don and back within twenty days. Today this is, of course, commonplace.

We rang the messenger call. A very small boy responded. Said I: "I want you to take this package and these two letters to Mr. Robert Reece at the Charter House, London, England."

"Yes, sir," said the boy without exhibiting the slightest surprise. He took the package and the letters and went away.

"A remarkable boy!" said I.

"American," said my brother.

We went over to Mr. Frohman and told him of our plan. He was enthusiastic. The head man from the messenger office came over to the Lyceum Theatre; this was a matter of more than fifteen cents. Arrangements were made through the office of the Edwin H. Low Steamship



From a photograph by Sarony.

Daniel Frohman about 1891.

Agency. A ship sailed the next morning and our messenger boy, named Eugene B. Sanger, in a new uniform and looking as though taking letters to Europe were his daily duty, went his way.

where one could obtain the service of one of these veterans to perform many and various duties; as a rule you sent a commissioner in a cab! Sanger's visit was, for our purposes of advertising, made as



The old Lyceum Theatre, Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Up to the time of Sanger's arrival in London no messenger service existed; any one who wished to send a message either sent it by a cab or called for a commissioner—that is, an old soldier disabled from active service, retired on a pension, and whose progress as a Mercury was aided by the loss of one arm or one leg. There was a commissioner's office

public as possible. Buffalo Bill was at that time giving an exhibition at Earls Court; to him also was a souvenir sent, and we soon received a photograph of our boy surrounded by Buffalo Bill's Indians, cowboys, and other Wild West citizens. Sanger's mission to Morton and Reece was discussed in the *Daily Telegraph* and other papers. Then a corre-

spondence ensued as to the messenger service in America; Sanger was interviewed and discussed learnedly upon his profession. Much argument to and fro resulted. His comings and goings were chronicled and the establishment of a messenger service was discussed and advocated. Not long afterward it was actually instituted, and, as all the world knows, you can call a messenger boy in London to-day with the same facility that you can call one in New York.

This, I declare, is a sufficient claim to immortality; here is a useful and really necessary concomitant of daily existence, which brings ease and peace and comfort to thousands of people, which facilitates intercourse in all business and pleasure—a long-felt want supplied! And who did this thing? To whom is glory due?

To me! From the housetops I cry it! I did it—Sam and I.

Sanger's visit was a triumphal progress. On land and sea he was petted and entertained, as though he had been a messenger from Mars. He gave up being a messenger boy and went on the stage; became an actor, a writer, a manager, a man of letters in more senses than one.

Said I to my newspaper friend:

"Here's a service which should arouse the gratitude of mankind, and yet you will persist in talking to me about my inconsequential doings on the stage."

"But," said he, "I was not aware you had distinguished yourself in this line."

"'Twas ever thus," said I. "The records of invention teem with the wrongful wresting of reward from the patient investigator. Some other brow will wear the laurel which should have been mine. History, however, will vindicate my claim."

LETTARBLAIR

"WHAT is a Lettarblair?" said Miss Marguerite Merington to me one memorable morning in 1887.

Said I: "Lettarblair is the name of a cousin of mine, Lettarblair Litton, and it is a first-rate name for the hero of your play."

We were talking in the sitting-room of Miss Merington's home on Grand Boulevard at 120th Street, New York, whither

I had journeyed carrying a letter of introduction from that identical good fairy who has flitted through these pages. She had sped down Miss Merington's chimney, and, having waved her wand, Miss Merington, a teacher of Greek in the Normal School, at once became plagued with a bee in her bonnet which buzzed to her concerning many a fanciful scene and many words of pretty wit and gentle wisdom.

"You shall write a comedy," cried the fairy, whereupon the teacher of Greek seized a pencil and began.

She already had the matter in some shape when I paid her this visit. Events happen quickly when enthusiasts confer. In one minute, Miss Merington's hero, who was a fiddler, absent-minded and a dreamer of dreams, became, in the play of her lively fancy, a soldier, an Irishman, a man of action.

In two minutes he had changed his name to Lettarblair from whatever it had previously been, and in half an hour he had become enmeshed in some very fascinating adventures.

The play proceeded apace and soon was in condition to submit to Mr. Daniel Frohman.

The authoress and her fellow conspirator, myself, awaited the manager's verdict with impatience.

"It is the worst play I have ever read," said he.

To many people this would have proved a shock. To us it was merely a means of perceiving that the play must be made better.

The advice of Mr. Fred Williams was sought. He was the stage-manager of the Lyceum Theatre, a very dear old fellow and a wise man in the ways of play-making.

Mr. Williams, however, permitted himself on occasion to become somewhat the slave of tradition. In a certain play, Mr. Herbert Kelcey was called upon to enter the room of a house in London. Mr. Williams, reading from his carefully prepared manuscript, said:

"Enter Kelcey with a gun in his hand. Property-man, where is that gun? Hand it to Mr. Kelcey. Now, then, go on! Enter with a gun in his hand."

"Pardon me, Mr. Williams," said Kel-



Eugene B. Sanger, the messenger boy sent to London to distribute souvenirs of "The Highest Bidder,"
 photographed in London with the "Buffalo Bill" company.

"It is entirely owing to my enterprise that messenger boys exist in London."—Page 394.

cey, "but I don't quite understand. There is nothing in the play about a gun. There is no reason that I perceive why I should enter with a gun."

Said Mr. Williams: "My dear boy, there is no *reason*, but it makes an admirable entrance."

Mr. Williams smiled benignly upon us. He read the play.

"I will copy it out," said he; "perhaps something may occur to me in the process."

With much labor and in a hand remarkable for its size and its clearness, Mr. Williams copied out the play. We were then called upon to hear his suggestions.

Mr. Williams, with an all-embracing smile and a most mellifluous Dublin brogue, began.

"I will read you a play," said he, "called"—here he considered sagely, and then, as though the idea were his own and an inspiration of the moment—"Lettarblair'!"

"Yes," said Miss Merington, "that is my title."

Mr. Williams ignored this remark.

"Lettarblair'!" said he. "I will call my play 'Lettarblair.'"

"My play!" said Miss Merington.

Mr. Williams read the names of the people in the play. "There," said he, beaming upon us affectionately—"there you have my cast of characters."

"My cast of characters," said Miss Merington weakly.

He had reconstructed the comedy to some extent, and many of his suggestions and amendments were of importance. But we were disconcerted by his most amiable but insistent habit of alluding to "my play." However, that was merely a figure of speech, and we soon dismissed our misgivings. We both recognized the value of Mr. Williams's advice, and Miss Merington went at it again.

In a few weeks another version was submitted to Mr. Frohman.

"This play," said he, "is impossible. 'I have never read such a bad play.'"

Again Miss Merington and I departed and again we consulted Mr. Williams, who once more copied out the manuscript and once more read us "*his*" play.

This happened a third and a fourth

time, until two years had passed. At length I declared to Mr. Frohman that I wanted to put the play in rehearsal, but he was obdurate and would have none of it.

Things looked badly for "Lettarblair," and I had to write to the good fairy to say that I must abandon the conflict. Not so the good fairy, however. She went to Buzzards Bay with the manuscript and its author, who read it to Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the fairy hovering by. Mr. Jefferson said it was charming and wrote to me recommending that I should consider the matter further. But I was now embarked on other enterprises and my enthusiasm had grown cold. However, when Mr. Jefferson began his engagement with Mr. Florence at the Garden Theatre, in New York, I placed the play in rehearsal.

Lettarblair's Irish brogue and many very witty lines, a beautiful new British soldier's uniform and some charming love scenes were all very well; but there was no doubt that the story lacked form and backbone and plausibility.

For many days we struggled valiantly. Mr. Jefferson came to several of our rehearsals and offered valuable suggestions, but the members of the cast, all old and eager comrades though they were, felt that the play was incoherent and incomplete. Still, I determined to try it at a *matinée*.

"I won't buy a single stick of scenery for it," said Mr. Frohman.

"I will do it with what is in the theatre," said I, "with the exception of one small front scene, and all I want for that is the table with the bench around it which one sees in Marcus Stone's picture."

"What will it cost?" said Mr. Frohman.

"About fifty dollars," said I.

"It is too much," said he. "It would be throwing away the money."

I consulted the carpenter and the scene-painter.

"We can do it for thirty dollars," I said.

"Well, go ahead!" said Mr. Frohman, and it is a fact that "Lettarblair" was produced for thirty dollars.

The people wore the clothes they al-



From a photograph by Savory.

E. H. Sothern as Captain Lettarblair Litton.

I, of course, had to purchase that beautiful uniform.

ready possessed, but I, of course, had to purchase that beautiful uniform.

Now we went to work in earnest.

In Act II the heroine has an interview with the hero in his rooms at the barracks. This interview is the real crux of the play, and certain matters are there discussed on which hang the future conduct of the story.

One day I stopped at rehearsal.

Said I: "Miss Merington, here is the great difficulty. I have felt at each rehearsal that this scene is unreal, untrue. It couldn't happen. The girl would not remain in the man's rooms after the exit

of the others, and if she did remain she would leave the instant that Lettarblair, with whom she has quarrelled, should enter."

"She must remain, though," said Miss Merington, "or there is no play."

"But we must make her remaining necessary. How will you make it absolutely necessary for her to stay—necessary for her to hear against her will Lettarblair's explanation and his protestation of love? There is every reason why she should go and no reason why she should stay."

Here we were at a standstill, for unless

this could be mended the whole play fell down.

"I have it," said I. "She must get her dress caught in the door."

"But she could turn the handle and release it."

"There must be no handle. A few moments previous to this, some character must open the door and the handle must come off. It must roll a little distance down the stage. Shortly the heroine turns to take a last look at the scene, standing so that her dress is between the door and the frame of the door. The person who has just gone off shuts the door and her frock is caught. She is a prisoner."

"She could pick up the handle."

"No, it is too far from her, and here is where we have a splendid comedy scene. She must try to reach the handle. She calls for the others to open the door. They are too far away to hear her. She takes that sword there and tries to reach the handle. She can barely touch it. She puts the scabbard on the end of the sword-blade, she touches the handle, but, ah! the scabbard falls off and she cannot get it again. She moves to take off her frock when Lettarblair enters. She demands the handle. He perceives her dilemma and his own opportunity. He laughs, takes a chair, sits down in front of her, and there is the interview which she has to take part in whether she will or no."

Then and there the whole scene was acted out and entirely rewritten. Everything became not only possible but convincing and inevitable. The play rapidly developed in every direction, and in a few days, at our dress rehearsal, our hopes ran high.

This particular scene at the first performance proved a fine success, and when the heroine was relieved from her predicament just as Lettarblair, pleading his cause and trying to undo the Gordian knot which the authoress had skilfully tied, took the rebellious lady in his arms; when the door was burst open from without, the heroine released and the climax of the act shortly after achieved, Miss Merington knew that her comedy was victorious. Soon the play was put on at night and ran for a year.

This incident does not belong to the

chapter of accidents, but is one of those opportunities begot of endeavor; for obstacles present themselves to the adventurer merely to be overcome, and of such conquests events are born. Thus was my father confronted with the impossible task of making the original part of Lord Dundreary a great or even a good character study when that emergency which rendered him desperate proved to be his salvation.

On the occasion of the first dress rehearsal of Justin McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," Mr. Daniel Frohman pronounced a judgment which undoubtedly secured the success of that drama. In the original version the heroine, Katherine de Vaucelles, was aware during the entire second and third acts that the new grand constable was actually the François Villon of Act, I and the interest centred in her observation of the toss-pot poet's regeneration before her very eyes, and his transformation from a rascal to a counsellor and commander of the king's army constituted the chief interest of these acts.

"These acts have no movement whatever," said Mr. Frohman when Mr. McCarthy and I joined him in the auditorium on the fall of the curtain. "There is no suspense. That long recitation of 'Where are the snows of yesterday' is extraneous, tiresome. There is no drama behind it. There is no conflict. The moment the curtain rises, we know the heroine is about to surrender to the hero, and when she succumbs at last we have anticipated it for an hour and a half. There is no surprise, no victory over obstacles, no achievement, no opposition."

Mr. McCarthy looked exceedingly blue.

I myself saw that Mr. Frohman's objection was just, but perceived no remedy.

"Were you not interested in the love scene?" I asked.

"No, not a bit," said Mr. Frohman.

"Why not?"

"The heroine's submission is a foregone conclusion."

"The poem is beautiful."

"Perhaps, but since she already admires the hero, all his wooing in verse seems superfluous. The action drags. If we knew that he was luring her into a



From a photograph by Sarony in the collection of Marguerite Merington.

E. H. Sothorn in the horse-auction scene—Captain Lettarblair.

trap with all his honeyed talk, and if, when she had declared her love for him, she should discover for the first time that this magnificent grand constable is in fact no other than the ragged vagabond of the first act, then you would have a dramatic situation; we in front would be aware throughout acts two and three that this revelation was pending, was threatening, and we would watch the rhymester's wooing of the haughty lady with keen anticipations, we would look forward to her anger, her scorn, and her denunciation."

"You mean that she must not know who the new grand constable really is?"

"Of course she must not."

"Who shall betray him?"

"He must confess."

"But that is the plot of the 'Lady of Lyons.' That is exactly what Claude Melnotte does."

"What does that matter? Such a revelation is one of the thirty-six situations of Gozzi. Novelty consists not so much in situation as in treatment."

The wisdom of these remarks was evident.

That night Mr. McCarthy rewrote the scenes of the third act. The alterations were surprisingly simple.

The next day we rehearsed the new

version. The love scene, the poem, the wooing, all assumed a new interest. Every word and glance which now drew the heroine more and more into the mesh of love increased the excitement of the auditor, and when Villon, having won her heart, confessed that he was the vagabond poet and Katherine denounced him for his perfidy, the strength of the situation was intense.

Thus did a grave fault beget a great excellence.

Some time after the success of the play

Mr. McCarthy said: "That was a lucky thought of mine, that change at the end of the third act."

A lady who had been present at the dress rehearsal laughed scornfully. "*Your* thought!" said she. "Why, the idea was *mine*."

"Really," said I, "it is immaterial, but in mere justice to myself and in the cause of truth and history I must declare that the suggestion was *mine*."

Such is the ingratitude of the victorious.

WITH THE ALLIES IN SALONIKA

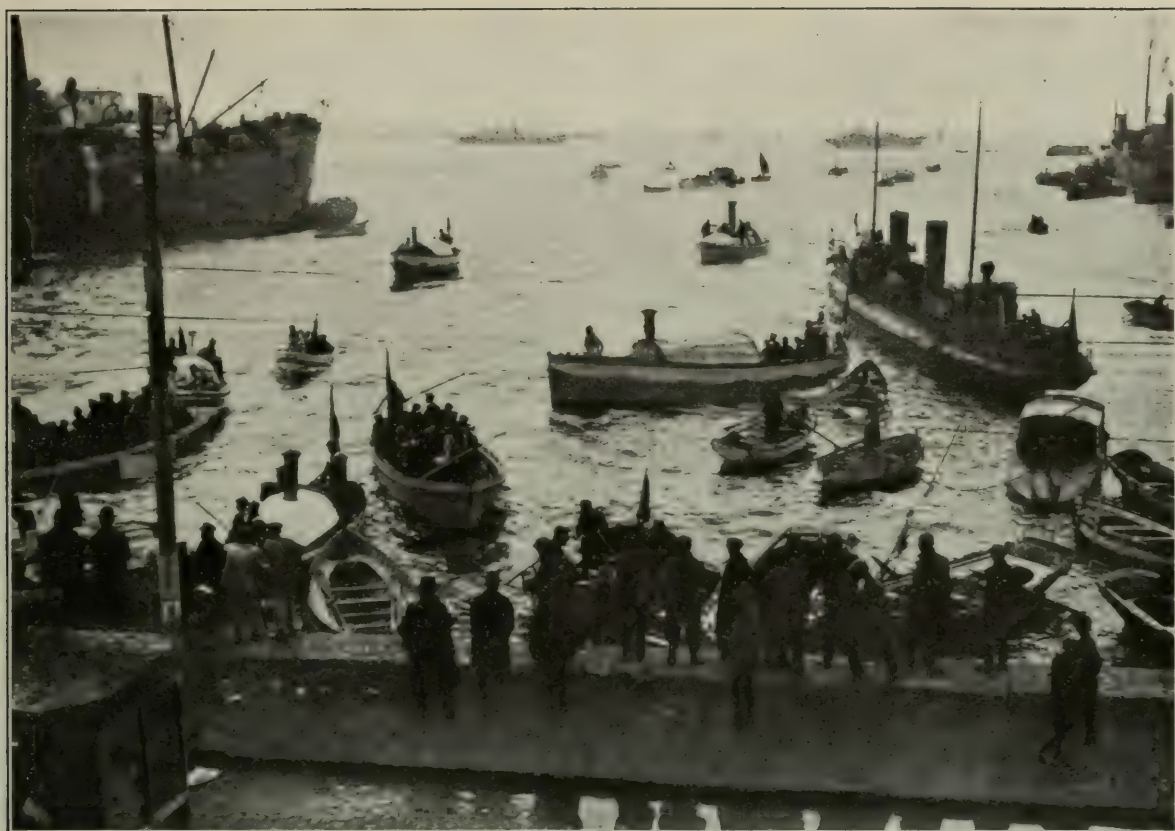
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS



IF it is true that happy are the people without a history, then Salonika should be thoroughly miserable. Some people make history; others have history thrust upon them. Ever since the world began Salonika has had history thrust upon her. She aspired only to be a great trading seaport. She was content to be the place where the caravans from the Balkans met the ships from the shores of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Asia Minor. Her wharfs were counters across which they could swap merchandise. All she asked was to be allowed to change their money. Instead of which, when any two nations of the Near East went to the mat to settle their troubles, Salonika was the mat. If any country within a thousand-mile radius declared war on any other country in any direction whatsoever, the armies of both belligerents clashed at Salonika. They not only used her as a door-mat, but they used her hills to the north of the city for their battle-field. In the fighting, Salonika took no part. She merely loaned the hills. But she knew, whichever side won, two things would happen to her. She would pay a forced loan and subscribe to an entirely new religion. Three hundred years before Christ, the people of Salonika worshipped the mysterious gods who had their earthly habitation on the island of Thasos. The Greeks ejected

them, and erected altars to Apollo and Aphrodite, the Egyptians followed and taught Salonika to fear Serapis; then came Roman gods and Roman generals; and then St. Paul. The Jews set up synagogues, the Mohammedans reared minarets, the Crusaders restored the cross, the Tripolitans restored the crescent, the Venetians re-restored Christianity. Romans, Greeks, Byzantines, Persians, Franks, Egyptians, and Barbary pirates, all, at one time or another, invaded Salonika. She was the butcher's block upon which they carved history. Some ruled her only for months, others for years. Of the monuments to the religions forced upon her, the most numerous to-day are the synagogues of the Jews and the mosques of the Mohammedans. It was not only fighting men who invaded Salonika. Italy can count her great earthquakes on one hand; the United States on one finger. But a resident of Salonika does not speak of the "year of the earthquake." For him, it saves time to name the years when there was no earthquake. Each of those years was generally "the year of the great fire." If it wasn't one thing, it was another. If it was not a tidal wave, it was an epidemic; if it was not a war, it was a blizzard. The trade of Asia Minor flows into Salonika and with it carries all the plagues of Egypt. Epidemics of cholera in Salonika used to be as common as yellow fever in Guayaquil.



The landing-place for the shore-boats of the British, French, Russian, Italian, and Greek warships.

Those years the cholera came the people abandoned the seaport and lived on the plains north of Salonika, in tents. If the cholera spared them, the city was swept by fire; if there was no fire, there came a great frost. Salonika is in the same latitude as Naples, Madrid, and New York; and New York is not unacquainted with blizzards. Since the seventeenth century, last winter was said to be the coldest Salonika has ever known. I was not there in the seventeenth century, but am willing to believe that statement, not only to believe it, but to swear to it. Of the frost in 1657 the Salonikans boast the cold was so severe that to get wood the people destroyed their houses. Last winter, when on the English and French front in Serbia, I saw soldiers using the same kind of fire-wood. They knew that a mud house that is held together with beams and rafters can be rebuilt, but that you cannot rebuild frozen toes and fingers.

In thrusting history upon Salonika the last few years have been especially busy. They gave her a fire that destroyed a great part of the city, and between 1911 and 1914 two cholera epidemics, the Italian-Turkish War, which, as Salonika was then Turkish, robbed her of hundreds of her best men, the Balkan-Turkish War,

and the Second Balkan War. In this Salonika was part of the spoils, and Greece and Bulgaria fought to possess her. The Greeks won, and during one year she was at peace. Then, in 1914, the Great War came, and Serbia sent out an S. O. S. call to her Allies. At the Dardanelles, not eighteen hours away, the French and English heard the call. But to reach Serbia by the shortest route they must disembark at Salonika, a port belonging to Greece, a neutral power; and in moving north from Salonika into Serbia they must pass over fifty miles of neutral Greek territory. To do this, Venizelos, prime-minister of Greece, gave them permission. King Constantine, to preserve his neutrality, disavowed the act of his representative, and Venizelos resigned. From the point of view of the Allies, the disavowal came too late. As soon as they had received permission from the recognized Greek Government, they started, and, leaving the King and Venizelos to fight it out between them, landed at Salonika. The inhabitants received them calmly. The Greek officials, the colonel commanding the Greek troops, the Greek captain of the port, and the Greek collector of customs may have been upset; but the people of Salonika remained calm.

They were used to it. Foreign troops were always landing at Salonika. The Oldest Inhabitant could remember, among others, those of Alexander the Great, Mark Antony, Constantine, the Sultan Murad, and several hundred thousand French and English who, over their armor,

stone steps leading down to the rowboats. Along this quay runs the principal street, and on the side of it that faces the harbor, in an unbroken row, are the hotels, the houses of the rich Turks and Jews, clubs, restaurants, cafés, and moving-picture theatres. At night, when these places are



From a photograph, copyright by American Press Association.

From the water-front Salonika climbs steadily up-hill.—Page 405.

wore a red cross. So he was not surprised when, after seven hundred years, the French and English returned, still wearing the red cross.

One of the greatest assets of those who live in a seaport city is a view of their harbor. As a rule, that view is hidden from them by zinc sheds on the wharfs and warehouses. But in Salonika the water-front belongs to everybody. To the north it encloses the harbor in a great half-moon that from tip to tip measures three miles. At the western tip of this crescent are tucked away the wharfs for the big steamers, the bonded warehouses, the customs, the goods-sheds. The rest of the water-front is open to the people and to the small sailing vessels. For over a mile it is bordered by a stone quay, with

blazing with electric lights, the curving water-front is as bright as Broadway—but Broadway with one-half of the street in darkness. On the dark side of the street, to the quay, are moored hundreds of sailing vessels. Except that they are painted and gilded differently, they look like sisters. They are fat, squat sisters with the lines of half a cantaloupe. Each has a single mast and a lateen-sail, like the Italian felucca and the sailing boats of the Nile. When they are moored to the quay and the sail is furled, each yard-arm, in a graceful, sweeping curve, slants downward. Against the sky, in wonderful confusion, they follow the edge of the half-moon; the masts a forest of dead tree trunks, the slanting yards giant quill pens dipping into an ink-well. Their

hulls are rich in gilding and in colors: green, red, pink, and blue. At night the electric signs of a moving-picture palace on the opposite side of the street illuminate them from bow to stern. It is one of those bizarre contrasts you find in the Near East. On one side of the street a perfectly modern hotel, on the other a boat unloading fish, and in the street itself, with French automobiles and trolley-cars, men who still are beasts of burden, who know no other way of carrying a bale or a box than upon their shoulders. In Salonika even the trolley-car is not without its contrast. One of our "Jim Crow" street-cars would puzzle a Turk. He would not understand why we separate the white and the black man. But his own street-car is also subdivided. In each there are four seats that can be hidden by a curtain. They are for the women of his harem.

From the water-front Salonika climbs steadily up-hill to the row of hills that form her third and last line of defense. On the hill upon which the city stands are the walls and citadel built in the fifteenth century by the Turks, and in which, when the city was invaded, the inhabitants sought refuge. In aspect it is mediæval; the rest of the city is modern and Turkish. The streets are very narrow; in many the second stories overhang them and almost touch, and against the sky-line rise many minarets. But the Turks do not predominate. They have their quarter, and so, too, have the French and the Jews. In numbers the Jews exceed all the others. They form 56 per cent of a population composed of Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Egyptians, French, and Italians. The Jews came to Salonika the year America was discovered. To avoid the Inquisition they fled from Spain and Portugal and brought their language with them; and after five hundred years it still obtains. It has been called the Esperanto of the Salonikans. For the small shopkeeper, the cabman, the waiter, it is the common tongue. In such surroundings it sounds most curious. When, in a Turkish restaurant, you order a dinner in the same words you last used in Vera Cruz, and the dinner arrives, it seems uncanny. But, in Salonika, the language most generally

spoken is French. Among so many different races they found, if they hoped to talk business—and a Greek, an Armenian, and a Jew are not averse to talking business—a common tongue was necessary. So, all those who are educated, even most sketchily, speak French. The greater number of newspapers are in French; and notices, advertisements, and official announcements are printed in that language. It makes life in Salonika difficult. When a man attacks you in Turkish, Yiddish, or Greek, and you cannot understand him, there is some excuse, but when he instantly renews the attack in both French and Spanish, it is disheartening. It makes you regret that when you were in college the only foreign language you studied was football signals.

At any time, without the added presence of 100,000 Greeks and 170,000 French and English, Salonika appears overpopulated. This is partly because the streets are narrow and because in the streets everybody gathers to talk, eat, and trade. As in all Turkish cities, nearly every shop is an "open shop." The counter is where the window ought to be, and opens directly upon the sidewalk. A man does not enter the door of a shop, he stands on the sidewalk, which is only thirty-six inches wide, and makes his purchase through the window. This causes a crowd to collect. Partly because the man is blocking the sidewalk, but chiefly because there is a chance that something may be bought and paid for. In normal times, if Salonika is ever normal, she has a population of 120,000, and every one of those 120,000 is personally interested in any one else who engages, or may be about to engage, in a money transaction. In New York, if a horse falls down there is at once an audience of a dozen persons; in Salonika the downfall of a horse is nobody's business, but a copper coin changing hands is everybody's. Of this local characteristic, John T. McCutcheon and I made a careful study; and the result of our investigations produced certain statistics. If in Salonika you buy a newspaper from a newsboy, of the persons passing, two will stop; if at an open shop you buy a package of cigarettes, five people will look over your shoulders; if you pay your cab-driver his fare, you block

the sidewalk; and if you try to change a hundred-franc note, you cause a riot. In each block there are nearly a half-dozen money-changers; they sit in little shops as narrow as a doorway, and in front of them is a show-case filled with all the monies of the world. It is not alone the sight of your hundred-franc note that enchants the crowd. That collects the crowd; but what holds the crowd is that it knows there are twenty different kinds of money, all current in Salonika, into which your note can be changed. And they know the money-changer knows that and that you do not. So each man advises you. Not because he does not want to see you cheated—between you and the money-changer he is neutral—but because he can no more keep out of a money deal than can a fly pass a sugar-bowl.

The men on the outskirts of the crowd ask: "What does he offer?"

The lucky ones in the front-row seats call back: "A hundred and eighteen drachmas." The rear ranks shout with indignation: "It is robbery!" "It is because he changes his money in Venizelos Street." "He is paying the money-changer's rent." "In the Jewish quarter they are giving nineteen." "He is too lazy to walk two miles for a drachma." "Then let him go to the Greek, Papanastassion."

A man in a fez whispers to you impressively: "*La livre turque est encore d'un usage fort courant. La valeur au pair est de francs vingt-deux.*" But at this the Armenian shrieks violently. He scorns Turkish money and advises Italian lire. At the idea of lire the crowd howl. They hurl at you instead francs, piastres, paras, drachmas, lepta, metaliks, mejidie, centimes, and English shillings. The money-changer argues with them gravely. He does not send for the police to drive them away. He does not tell them: "This is none of your business." He knows better. In Salonika, it is their business. In Salonika, after money the thing of most consequence is conversation. Men who are talking always have the right of way. When two men of Salonika are seized with a craving for conversation, they feel, until that craving is satisfied, nothing else is important. So, when the ruling passion grips them, no matter where they may meet, they stop

dead in their tracks and talk. If possible they select the spot where by standing still they can cause the greatest amount of inconvenience to the largest number of people. They do not withdraw from the sidewalk. On the contrary, as best suited for conversation, they prefer the middle of it, the doorway of a café, or the centre aisle of a restaurant. Of the people who wish to pass they are as unconscious as a Chinaman smoking opium is unconscious of the sightseers from up-town. That they are talking is all that counts. They feel every one else should appreciate that. Because the Allies failed to appreciate it, they gained a reputation for rudeness. A French car, flying the flag of the general, a squad of Tommies under arms, a motorcyclist carrying despatches could not understand that a conversation on a street crossing was a sacred ceremony. So they shouldered the conversationalists aside, or splashed them with mud. It was intolerable. Had they stamped into a mosque in their hobnailed boots, on account of their faulty religious training, the Salonikans might have excused them. But that a man driving an ambulance full of wounded should think he had the right to disturb a conversation that was blocking the traffic of only the entire waterfront was a discourtesy no Salonikan could comprehend.

The wonder was that among so many mixed races the clashes were so few. In one place seldom have people of so many different nationalities met, and with interests so absolutely opposed. It was a situation that would have been serious had it not been comic. For causing it, for permitting it to continue, Greece was responsible. Her position was not happy. She was between the Allies and the Kaiser. Than Greece, no country is more vulnerable from an attack by sea; and if she offended the Allies, their combined fleets at Malta and Lemnos could seize all her little islands and seaports. If she offended the Kaiser, he would send the Bulgarians into eastern Thrace and take Salonika, from which only two years before Greece had dispossessed them. Her position was indeed most difficult. As the barber at the Grande Bretagne in Athens told me: "It makes me a headache."

On many a better head than his it had the same effect. King Constantine, be-

cause he believed it was best for Greece, wanted to keep his country neutral. But after Venizelos had invited the Allies to make a landing-place, and a base for their armies, at Salonika, Greece was no longer neutral. If our government invited 170,000 German troops to land at Portland, and through Maine invade Canada, our neutrality would be lost. The neutrality of Greece was lost, but Constantine would not see that. He hoped, although 170,000 fighting men are not easy to hide, that the Kaiser also would not see it. It was a very forlorn hope. The Allies also cherished a hope. It was that Constantine not only would look the other way while they slipped across his country, but would cast off all pretense of neutrality and join them. So, as far as was possible, they avoided giving offense. They assisted him in his pretense of neutrality. And that was what caused the situation. It was worthy of a comic opera. Before the return of the allied troops to Salonika, there were on the neutral soil of Greece, divided between Salonika and the front in Serbia, 110,000 French soldiers and 60,000 British. Of these, 100,000 were in Salonika. The advanced British base was at Doiran and the French advanced base at Strumnitza railroad station. In both places martial law existed. But at the main base, at Salonika, both armies were under the local authority of the Greeks. They submitted to the authority of the Greeks because they wanted to keep up the superstition that Salonika was a neutral port; when the mere fact that they were there, proved she was not. It was a situation almost unparalleled in military history. At the base of a French and of a British army, numbering together 170,000 men, the generals who commanded them possessed less local authority than one Greek policeman. They were guests. They were invited guests of the Greek, and they had no more right to object to his other guests or to rearrange his house rules than would you have the right, when a guest in a strange club, to discharge the servants. The Allies had in the streets military police; but they held authority only over soldiers of their own country; they could not interfere with a Greek soldier, or with a civilian of any nation, and even the provost guard sent out at night was composed not alone of French

and English but of an equal number of Greeks. I often wondered in what language they issued commands. As an instance of how strictly the Allies recognized the authority of the neutral Greek, and how jealously he guarded it, there was the case of the Entente Café. The proprietor of the Entente Café was a Greek. A British soldier was ill treated in his café, and by the British commanding officer the place, so far as British soldiers and sailors were concerned, was declared "out of bounds." A notice to that effect was hung in the window. But it was a Greek policeman who placed it there.

In matters much more important, the fact that the Allies were in a neutral seaport greatly embarrassed them. They were not allowed to censor news despatches nor to examine the passports of those who arrived and departed. The question of the censorship was not so serious as it might appear. General Sarrail explained to the correspondents what might and what might not be sent, and though what we wrote was not read in Salonika by a French or British censor, General Sarrail knew it would be read by censors of the Allies at Malta, Rome, Paris, and London. Any news despatch that, unscathed, ran that gantlet, while it might not help the Allies certainly would not harm them. One cablegram of three hundred words, sent by an American correspondent, after it had been blue-pencilled by the Greek censors in Salonika and Athens, and by the four allied censors, arrived at his London office consisting entirely of "and's" and "the's." So, if not from their censors, at least from the correspondents, the Allies were protected. But against the really serious danger of spies they were helpless. In New York the water-fronts are guarded. Unless he is known, no one can set foot upon a wharf. Night and day, against spies and German military attachés bearing explosive bombs, steamers loading munitions are surrounded by police, watchmen, and detectives. But in Salonika the wharfs were as free to any one as a park bench. To suppose spies did not avail themselves of this opportunity is to insult their intelligence. They swarmed. In solid formation German, Austrian, Bulgarian, and Turkish spies lined the quay. For every landing-party of bluejackets they formed

a committee of welcome. Of every man, gun, horse, and box of ammunition that came ashore they kept tally. On one side of the wharf stood "P. N. T. O.," Principal Naval Transport Officer, in gold braid, ribbons, and armlet, keeping an eye on every box of shell, gun-carriage, and caisson that was swung from a transport, and twenty feet from him, and keeping count with him, would be two dozen spies. And, to make it worse, the P. N. T. O. knew they were spies. The cold was intense and wood so scarce that to obtain it men used to row out two miles and collect the boxes thrown overboard from the transports and battleships. Half of these men had but the slightest interest in kindling-wood; they were learning the position of each battleship, counting her guns, noting their calibre, counting the men crowding the rails of the transports, reading the insignia on their shoulder-straps, and, as commands and orders were wigwagged from ship to ship, writing them down. Other spies took the trouble to disguise themselves in rags and turbans, and, mixing with the Tommies, sold them sweetmeats, fruit, and cigarettes. The spy told the Tommy he was his ally, a Servian refugee; and Tommy, or the poilu, to whom Bulgarians, Turks, and Servians all look alike, received him as a comrade.

"You had a rough passage from Marseilles," ventures the spy. "We come from the peninsula," says Tommy. "Three thousand of you on such a little ship!" exclaims the sympathetic Servian. "You must have been crowded!" "Crowded as hell," corrects Tommy, "because there are five thousand of us." Over these common spies were master spies, Turkish and German officers from Berlin and Constantinople. They sat in the same restaurants with the French and English officers. They were in mufti, but had they appeared in uniform, while it might have led to a riot in this neutral port, they would have been entirely within their rights.

The clearing-houses for the spies were the consulates of Austria, Turkey, and Germany. From there what information the spies turned in was forwarded to the front. The Allies were helpless to prevent. How helpless may be judged from these quotations that are translated from

Phos, a Greek newspaper published daily in Salonika and which any one could buy in the streets: "The English and French forces mean to retreat. Yesterday six trains of two hundred and forty wagons came from the front with munitions."

"The Allies' first line of defense will be at Soulowo, Doiran, Goumenitz. At Topsisin and Zachouna intrenchments have not yet been started, but strong positions have been taken up at Chortiatiss and Nihor."

"Yesterday the landing of British reinforcements continued, amounting to 15,000. The guns and munitions were out of date. The position of the Allies' battleships has been changed. They are now inside the harbor."

The most exacting German General Staff could not ask for better service than that! When the Allies retreated from Servia into Salonika every one expected the enemy would pursue; and thousands fled from the city. But the Germans did not pursue, and the reason may have been because their spies kept them so well informed. If you hold four knaves and, by stealing a look at your opponent's hand, see he has four kings, to attempt to fight him would be suicide. So, in the end, the very freedom with which the spies moved about Salonika may have been for good. They may have prevented the loss of many lives.

During these strenuous days the position of the Greek army in Salonika was most difficult. There were of their soldiers nearly as many as there were French and British combined, and they resented the presence of the foreigners in their new city and they showed it. But they could not show it in such a way as to give offense, because they did not know but that on the morrow with the Allies they would be fighting shoulder to shoulder. And then, again, they did not know but that on the morrow they might be with the Germans and fighting against the Allies, gun to gun.

Not knowing just how they stood with anybody, and to show they resented the invasion of their newly won country by the Allies, the Greeks tried to keep proudly aloof. In this they failed. For any one to flock by himself in Salonika was

impossible. In a long experience of cities swamped by conventions, inaugurations, and coronations, of all I ever saw, Salonika was the most deeply submerged. During the Japanese-Russian War the Japanese told the correspondents there were no horses in Corea, and that before leaving Japan each should supply himself

a ticket speculator disgorges a front-row seat, and the ship's doctor sells you a berth in the sick bay. But in Salonika the rule failed. As already explained, Salonika always is overcrowded. Suddenly, added to her 120,000 peoples, came 110,000 Greek soldiers, their officers, and with many of them their families, 60,-



From a photograph, copyright by American Press Association.

The quay from which spies watched the Allies disembark.

with one. Dinwiddie refused to obey. The Japanese warned him if he did not take a pony with him he would be forced to accompany the army on foot.

"There will always," replied Dinwiddie, "be a pony in Corea for Dinwiddie." It became a famous saying. When the alarmist tells you all the rooms in all the hotels are engaged; that people are sleeping on cots and billiard-tables; that there are no front-row seats for the Follies, no berths in any cabin of any steamer, remind yourself that there is always a pony in Corea for Dinwiddie. The rule is that the hotel clerk discovers a vacant room,

100 British soldiers and sailors, 110,000 French soldiers and sailors, and no one knows how many thousand Servian soldiers and refugees, both the rich and the destitute. The population was quadrupled; and four into one you can't. Four men cannot with comfort occupy a cot built for one, four men at the same time cannot sit on the same chair in a restaurant, four men cannot stand on that spot in the street where previously there was not room enough for one. Still less possible is it for three military motor-trucks to occupy the space in the street originally intended for one small donkey. Of Sa-

lonika, a local French author has written: "When one enters the city he is conscious of a cry, continuous and piercing. A cry unique and monotonous, always resembling itself. It is the clamor of Salonika."

Every one who has visited the East, where every one lives in the streets, knows

Teyang Teyah"; by the tin horns of the trolley-cars, the sirens of automobiles, the warning whistles of steamers, of steam-launches, of donkey-engines; the creaking of cordage and chains on cargo-hoists, and by the voices of 300,000 men speaking different languages, and each, that he

may be heard above it, adding to the tumult. For once the alarmist was right. There were no rooms in any hotel. Early in the rush John McCutcheon, William G. Sheppard, John Bass, and James H. Hare had taken the quarters left vacant by the Austrian Club in the Hotel Olympus. The room was vast and overlooked the principal square of the city, where every Salonikan met to talk, and the only landing-place on the quay. From the balcony you could photograph, as they made fast, not forty feet from you, every cutter, gig, and launch of every warship. The late Austrian Club became the headquarters for lost and strayed Americans. For four nights, before I secured a room to myself by buying the hotel, I slept on the sofa. It was two feet too short, but I was very fortunate. Outside, in the open halls, on cots were English, French, Greek, and Servian officers. The place looked like a military hospital. The main salon, gilded and be-



From a photograph by the author.

Headquarters of the French commander in Grevac, Servia.

the sound. It is like the murmur of a stage mob. Imagine, then, that "clamor of Salonika" increased by the rumble and roar over the huge paving-stones of thousands of giant motor-trucks; by the beat of the iron-shod hoofs of cavalry, the iron-shod boots of men marching in squads, companies, regiments, the shrieks of peasants herding flocks of sheep, goats, turkeys, cattle; the shouts of bootblacks, boatmen, sweetmeat venders; newsboys crying the names of Greek papers that sound like "Hi hippi hippi hi," "Teyang

mirrored, had lost its identity. At the end overlooking the water-front were Servian ladies taking tea, in the centre of the salon at the piano a little Greek girl taking a music lesson; and at the other end, on cots, officers from the trenches and Servian officers who had escaped through the snows of Albania, their muddy boots, uniforms, and swords flung on the floor, slept the drugged sleep of exhaustion.

Meals were a continuous performance and interlocked. Except at midnight, dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants were

never aired, never swept, never empty. The dishes were seldom washed; the waiters—never. People succeeded each other at table in relays, one group giving their order while the other was paying the bill. To prepare a table a waiter with a napkin swept everything on it to the floor. War prices prevailed. Even the necessities of life were taxed. For a sixpenny tin of English pipe tobacco I paid two dollars, and Scotch whiskey rose from four francs a bottle to fifteen. On even a letter of credit it was next to impossible to obtain money, and the man who arrived without money in his belt walked the water-front. The refugees from Serbia who were glad they had escaped with their lives were able to sleep and eat only through the charity of others. Not only the peasants, but young girls and women of the rich and more carefully nurtured class of Servians were glad to sleep on the ground in tents.

The scenes in the streets presented the most curious contrasts. It was the East clashing with the West, and the uniforms of four armies—British, French, Greek, and Servian—and of the navies of Italy, Russia, Greece, England, and France contrasted with the dress of civilians of every nation. There were the officers of Greece and Servia in smart uniforms of many colors, blue, green, gray, with much gold and silver braid, and wearing swords which in this war are obsolete; there were English officers, generals of many wars, and red-cheeked boys from Eton, clad in businesslike khaki, with huge cape-like collars of red fox or wolfskin, and carrying, in place of the sword, a hunting-crop or a walking-stick; there were English bluejackets and marines, Scotch Highlanders who were as much intrigued over

the petticoats of the Evzones as were the Greeks astonished at their bare legs; there were French poilus wearing the steel helmet, French aviators in short, shaggy fur coats that gave them the look of a grizzly bear balancing on his hind legs; there were Jews in gabardines, old men with the



From a photograph by William G. Sheppard.

John T. McCutcheon.

Richard Harding Davis.

John F. Bass.

James H. Hare.

American war correspondents at the French front in Servia.

noble faces of Sargent's apostles, robed exactly as was Irving as Shylock; there were the Jewish married women in sleeveless cloaks of green silk trimmed with rich fur, and each wearing on her head a cushion of green that hung below her shoulders; there were Greek priests with matted hair reaching to the waist, and Turkish women, their faces hidden in yashmaks, who looked through them with horror, or envy, at the English, Scotch, and American

nurses with their cheeks bronzed by snow, sleet, and sun, wearing men's hobnailed boots, men's blouses, and, across their breasts, men's war medals for valor.

All day long these people of all races, with conflicting purposes, speaking, or shrieking, in a dozen different tongues, pushed, shoved, and shouldered. At night, while the bedlam of sounds grew less, the picture became more wonderful. The lamps of automobiles would suddenly pierce the blackness, or the blazing doors of a cinema would show in the dark street, the vast crowd pushing, slipping, struggling for a foothold on the muddy stones. In the circle of light cast by the automobiles, out of the mass a single face would flash—a face burned by the sun of the Dardanelles or frost-bitten by the snows of the Balkans. Above it might be the gold visor and scarlet band of a "Brass Hat," staff-officer, the fur kepi of a Serbian refugee, the steel helmet of a French soldier; the "bonnet" of a Highlander, the white cap of a navy officer, the tassel of an Evzone, a red fez, a turban of rags.

This lasted until the Allies retreated upon Salonika and the Greek army evacuated that city. It was a most orderly, po-

lite retreat, a sort of "after you, my dear sir," retreat. Those of us who for a few days were in it did not know we were retreating. We were shelled off the top of a mountain in Serbia, but no one else left the mountain, nor, from the way they were digging themselves in, seemed to have any intention of leaving it.

But a week later the Servians, retreating into Albania, left the French flank exposed, forcing the Allies to withdraw upon Salonika. Then, to give them a clear field in which to fight, the Greeks withdrew, 100,000 of them in two days, carrying with them tens of thousands of civilians—those who were pro-Germans, and Greeks, Jews, and Servians. The civilians were flying before the expected advance of the Bulgar-German forces. But the central powers, possibly well informed by their spies, did not attack. That was several months ago, and at this writing they have not yet attacked.

What one man saw of the approaches to Salonika from the north leads him to think that the longer the attack of the Bulgar-Germans is postponed the better it will be, if they love life, for the Bulgar-Germans.



From a photograph by the author.

A halt on the water-front.
The Greek army evacuating Salonika.

PIERROT AT WAR

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELENORE PLAISTED ABBOTT

A YEAR ago in Carnival
We danced till break of day;
A year ago in Carnival
The boulevards were gay;
And roses shook the whispering air
Like a great sibilant soft fanfare.

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes,
To the sound of fifes, and the sound of horns,
And the sound of little drums.

A year ago in Carnival
The lamps along the quays
Lay sweeter on the misty night
Than stars in leafy trees;
And down the ribboned sparkling street
Pierrot ran on twinkling feet.

Ah year! there is no Carnival!
The north burns dusky red,
And on the white of Pierrot's brow
Is a long scar instead;
While ever the muttering runs
From the bleeding lips of the guns.

This year, this year at Carnival
A Prince of Magic comes,
With blood-red crest against the sky
And a snarl of angry drums.



In Carnival, in Carnival,
A Prince of Magic comes.

[Pierrot at War.]



Ah year! there is no Carnival!
The north burns dusky red.

[Pierrot at War.]



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

It was the way she danced—bringing out the tune.—Page 421.

RUDOLPH IN REPERTOIRE

A TALE OUT OF SCHOOL

By Roy Irving Murray

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



IT was his being a clergyman that rattled everybody. Of course it's a parish school—but even at that! And it's always been such a corker of a school, too—about three hundred fellows, counting the little kids. I don't want to describe it too much, because it's right here in the city. Besides, there's no need.

Lots of people don't understand clergymen—they get the idea that they don't know anything but about preaching, and, well—churchified things like that. You know. I used to think that, too. Now I know better.

But we were awfully pessimistic about it at first—I mean when we first heard he was coming to be head master of the school. Jerry Maxon wrote me about it last August while I was still in Maine, where I go every summer with Aunt Emily. Jerry found out from Partridge; Partridge's mother got it from somebody, I don't know who. But you know how women get the news. Anyhow, you can imagine how I felt! I'd been out sailing all day, and when I got back to the house there was Jerry's letter, like a bolt from the blue. I know that's an old expression, but I can't think of a better one now, and I want to get to the really interesting part.

That's the trouble with stories, you have to do so much explaining. Our rhetoric says, in the part about narration: "Let the introduction be as short as is consistent with securing for the reader as immediately as possible a comprehensive grasp of the essentials of the situation about to be developed." I remember Rudolph's reading that to us in English III. He read it twice. Then he said something I didn't quite get—about somebody nodding—Homer, I think it was.

Well, the "essentials of the situation" didn't get much introduction from Jerry. I wish I'd kept his letter; but I was so excited that I ran into the house to write to Mason about it, and Jerry's letter must have blown off the veranda railing into the ocean—anyhow, it disappeared. What it said was that the old Doctor had been retired as head master of the school, and that the new one was coming back from England, where he'd been studying. Also it said that he was a clergyman. Well, you can imagine the stir *that* made! I began getting letters from all over the map. Even Fat McPherson wrote from way out in the Middle West. Jerry must have sent out about a hundred letters. I sent a few, too.

It wasn't that we were exactly *sore*, but it seemed as though it would bust up the school, having the old Doctor go. Why, I even wrote the Doctor—I felt like a funeral. And I'm going always to keep his letter, especially now that I know he was right about Rudolph.

Everybody calls him that at school. I wasn't going to tell this, but I might as well. I called him that myself once, right to his face, right in the vocative case. That's Latin. We were talking to him about Senior Night—this story is about that—the two Maxons and Donovan and I. I was going to say: "What do you think about giving a regular play, Mr. Hastings?" and what I did say was: "How about a play, Rudolph?" Anyhow, the rest of them swore that I said that. Maybe I did. Probably. But he never batted an eye. That's the way he is.

Well, school started on the 15th of September, a week behind the public schools, like it always does. And, sure enough, there he was, at the end of the line when the faculty came in, with the head master's big gown on; only it didn't

come anything like as near the floor as it used to on the Doctor.

I don't know how, exactly, but I knew the way his voice was going to sound before he opened his mouth. It sounded like he looked—sort of competent and all-there. He didn't talk very long, but it was hot stuff. You know how I mean—just right and nothing splashy. And before we knew it school had started, and in a week you got to feeling that he'd always been there. Hemingway was head boy that year and, of course, president of the school court. And when Hemingway came out of Rudolph's office after school that first day you could tell, from his face, that something had happened to him. It happened to me about a week later; by Thanksgiving, it had happened to the whole school.

* * * * *

This star business is great! You can put them into a story and skip any length of time you want to. I've skipped now right up to last May. Of course, that leaves out Brayley's accident, and three dances, and the time Jack Oliver rang the bell, and a lot of other interesting things. But it's like Rudolph says in English III—you've got to leave *something* to the reader's imagination.

Well, it was one of those hot days that always come in May, and it was the last period before recess, and I was monitor. That means that I was sitting at the desk in charge of the High School Study Hall, which is some job, believe me, just before recess on a hot day! Only one class was out, Greek IV, which had eight boys in it. That left about seventy in the room. I had just given Red McKibbon and Brayley each a demerit mark. Red had been sort of muttering to himself, and when I asked him what he was talking about he said:

"I wasn't talking—I was saying Latin verbs over to myself."

"He was not!" Brayley bawled out. "He was saying: 'Jitney Boob! Jitney Boob!'"

Of course, everybody howled at that, and I had my hand raised to bang on the bell when, all of a sudden, the room got as still as death. I looked around, and there she was, in the doorway, at one side

of the platform where the desk is. I can't describe her, because I don't know enough about women's clothes, but anybody could tell right off that she was some class. Young, too, and the kind of good-looker that you see in the best Sunday supplements.

It was up to me, of course, so I got down off the platform to see what she wanted. But before I'd said a word she took one look at everybody in general—one of those sort of smiling looks—it gave you the feeling that somehow she'd spoken to everybody in the room. She got to me last, though the whole thing hadn't taken a second.

"I wanted to see the head master." Her voice matched her eyes—sometimes, you know, it doesn't. But hers did, and that was going some!

"I'll send for him if——"

"Oh, no," she cut in. "I will wait. May I wait?"

If she'd said "May I drive a nail in your face?" it would have been all the same. So I asked her to sit down, and she did—but not where I meant. She stepped right up on the platform as though that was the one possible thing to do, and she sat down in the only other chair there besides mine. There wasn't anything else for me but to walk around and sit where I was before; so there we were, and the whole school, with its jaws open and its eyes not even winking for fear of missing something. Oh, I forgot—they'd all got up, of course, when she came in.

"Please ask them to sit down," she whispered. I did, and they did. Naturally, I was pretty much rattled—anybody would be with that audience! And it was ten minutes before the Greek IV class was due back, and Rudolph with it. I tried her once more, but she wouldn't let me send for him.

"No," she said again, "I'd rather wait." Suddenly something struck her. "I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

"Oh, no," I said—what else could I say? Nobody could hear us, because we didn't talk out loud. It was the funniest feeling—me and that awfully pretty girl sitting up there and whispering back and forth in front of the whole school. And she got prettier every minute—there are

people like that, you know. By that time most of the fellows were pretending to work, and I'd got sense enough to enter the disorder marks for Red and Brayley in the demerit book. She asked me if she could see the book. Then she said:

"That tall boy in the back seat in the corner—the one with the yellow hair—is that von den Ahrens?"

It was Frayling, so I said: "No." But I guess I must have looked as fussed as I felt, for she said, right off:

"Oh, it's you!"

By then it was the end of the period, so I jammed down the push-button that rings the classroom buzzers, and I held it down good and long. I didn't want Rudolph and the Greek class to miss hearing it!

Anybody who's been at school can imagine that I got what I knew was coming to me that recess. And that was only the beginning of it. I couldn't wear a new tie or different clothes or even shoes without somebody bawling out: "She's due again to-day, fellows! von den Ahrens' all mussed up!" They got to calling her "Lady Agatha," because that ass, Beauchamp, said she looked like a picture of Lady Agatha Somebody-or-Other that his mother had at home. Well, it was awful, though, of course, I knew they were just jealous. Still, by George! one day, about a week after, she *did* come back. But Rudolph was at the desk, so it didn't matter. Only everybody turned around and looked at me the minute Rudolph took her into the office, which he did pretty quickly. Finally, a notice appeared in the school paper: "If Francis von den Ahrens will look in the window at the corner of So-and-So and So-and-So he will see something to his advantage." It was a photographer's, for, of course, I sneaked up there to take a slant at the place. And, sure enough, there was a picture—one of those misty, shadowy things—that did look a lot like her.

Well, that's the way things went for about two weeks, and then it sort of petered out; everybody was getting ready for the final exams. Besides, there was Senior Night coming, and that's always exciting.

It was more exciting than ever last year on account of our having a new

head master. Senior Night is the time when all the big guns of the parish show up to sort of take a look at the school and see how things are doing. I mean the vestrymen and the people who've founded prizes and all that sort of thing. You'd think they'd come and visit some classes or see a fire-drill or something like that. But no—they all blow in for Senior Night—it's a tradition—old tops in evening clothes, rich old ladies—young ones, too—there's always a long line of motors outside. Besides, the whole school turns out, and the parents, and the girls who stay for the dancing afterward. It's really the big thing of the whole year.

Well, we'd decided to give a play instead of having the same old stunt of speeches and essays and a class history and all that rot. Rudolph said the fellows could show what was in them that way as well as any other—besides, as he said, too, it would be a lot more sport. He'd started a dramatic club of the seniors and juniors early in the year, and five of the seniors were to give the play. I wasn't in it, being a junior, but I was on hand for most of the rehearsals, and my job was going to be making the fellows up on the night of the show.

The invitations got out about two weeks before the date, which was the night before Commencement—Thursday, the 10th of June. That's one date I'll bet I don't forget. There are some others I'll bet won't forget it either. Not very soon!

The rehearsals were more fun than a goat, and what Rudolph didn't know about putting on a play you could get into your eye. The way he brought things out of that play—all kinds of little tricks you'd never guess unless somebody showed you what they were—it was great! Of course, it couldn't help being funny, as three of the fellows were taking women's parts, but even I didn't know how funny it was really going to be until the dress rehearsal. That was the afternoon of the play, and when I saw Atkinson dressed up as Mrs. Ondego-Jhones, in a long-tailed dress, low neck, with red beads and bracelets and a wrist-watch and a lorgnette and a gray wig, I didn't blame young Chartries for what he said. The kid happened to be looking in at one

of the open windows of the Big Room, and when he saw Atkinson he just opened his mouth and said, sort of solemn: "Oh, my God!"

Rudolph heard it and in about one minute he had that kid inside, and if he ever swears again it will be when he's talking in his sleep! Still, I couldn't blame him, and Atkinson wasn't the only scream, at that.

Of course, a dress rehearsal is always bum, but they kept at it until four o'clock and then Rudolph sent them home to eat. Brayley and Partridge lived out of town and would have to hurry, as everybody had to be back to dress by seven. I didn't go home at all; I'd brought some sandwiches. Partridge had his motor-cycle, with a tandem seat on it for Brayley. They were the last to go, and then I threw my sandwiches in the ash-can and went around the corner to one of those "Q and D" restaurants—you know—"Quick and Dirty." They have such good baked beans there always. Aunt Emily would kill me if she knew—but she doesn't.

I had some errands to do for Aunt Emily, but I was back before seven. The place was all lighted up and, with the decorations and all, it looked fine. The stage was set like a drawing-room, with the big grand piano and some furniture Rudolph had sent in, and there were palms and flowers—even some pictures hung on the back drop. They'd forgotten to let the curtain down, so I did that; then I made sure that the make-up stuff was all ready. It wasn't long before Rudolph showed up; he lives right in the building, anyhow. There were some people with him, but they stayed down by the door.

The fellows had to dress in the wings, as there aren't any dressing-rooms, and it was some job getting the right things on the right people. Maxon, who was "Lady Guinevere," couldn't find his pumps, and Frayling, who was "Ted Rawlston," managed to get rouge all over his dress shirt when I wasn't looking. By this time you'll know that the play was that "Box of Monkeys" thing that everybody's given since the year One.

Well, right in the middle of the general confusion the janitor poked his head in

and said that somebody wanted Rudolph on the 'phone. His face—Rudolph's, I mean—was about a mile long when he came back. Even Maxon stopped whining about his pumps to find out what was the matter.

"It's Partridge," Rudolph sort of gasped. "He and Brayley smashed into a truck on the other side of the ferry on the way over."

"Anybody dead?" Frayling always tries to be funny.

"Dead? No!" Rudolph said, pretty sharply, the way he does sometimes in Latin class. "Broken arm and sprained ankle—one apiece. It's that fool motor-cycle of Partridge's."

I didn't wonder he was upset. Everybody, even Frayling, saw the fix we were in.

"What—" I started to ask.

"I don't know," Rudolph cut in, "I certainly do not know!" He sat down on the edge of the make-up table and groaned. Nobody said a word—it was too awful. And it was getting later every minute.

Pretty soon Rudolph looked at me. I saw what he was thinking.

"Couldn't you—?" he began.

"No," I said, "I couldn't. I don't know the lines well enough. Not nearly."

Then Maxon butted in.

"*You* know them—don't you?" he said to Rudolph.

Rudolph looked at him for a second and then burst out laughing. Maxon had put on his wig, and it didn't seem to match the rest of what he had on—which was about as nearly next to nothing as it could be.

"Well, you *do*," he said again.

"Yes." It was Frayling this time. "But what about Brayley's part—who's going to be 'Sierra'?"

All of a sudden Rudolph sort of woke up. He jumped down off the table. "Give me two copies of the play," he said. I had them in the table drawer. He looked at his watch. "We've got less than half an hour. Not enough." He seemed to be talking to himself. "She'll need at least three-quarters. We'll have to start late." Then: "von den Ahrens, the minute I get out of here you run up

the curtain. The rest of you get dressed. I'll 'phone one of the theatrical agencies to send us a man to fill in until we're ready." He rapped the orders out like a general; I knew he'd fix it up somehow. Then he grabbed the two copies of the play and skipped. I ran up the curtain, like he told me.

There wasn't any more fooling after that. Atkinson, who hadn't said a word, anyhow, found Maxon's pumps and got him dressed. I fixed Frayling's shirt with some talcum powder and helped Atkinson pull Maxon's dress together down the back. I'd done it for Aunt Emily a few times, but Maxon was a lot worse, for he wasn't as slim as he ought to be *where* he ought to be. Still, we did it. Maxon said he couldn't breathe, which was a lie, for he let out a good enough yell when I happened to stick a pin into him a little. He didn't need much making up—being red in the face as it was.

It was beginning to get a little rackety out front; most of the boys were in the first rows, and they knew it was time for the show to start. Pretty soon the noise stopped dead, and there was the most awful row of hand-clapping and laughing. I was blackening Atkinson's eyebrows, but it didn't take me long to turn around. I thought maybe Frayling had wandered out on the stage, not noticing that the curtain was up. He's absent-minded and he wasn't by any means dressed, either.

But it wasn't Frayling. For a minute I thought I was seeing things—then I came to: it was the man from the agency, of course. Only it wasn't—at least, it wasn't a man. Then, in another minute, I noticed her shoes, and came to again. She didn't say a word; just stood there and let the audience yell. Of course, her clothes were most awfully funny—a man dressed up like that is funny, anyhow—but there was something else. Nobody can tell just why it is—some actors can get a laugh like that without doing a thing. After a bit it stopped. She set down the package she was carrying and took a cloth off it. It was a cage with a big green-and-red parrot inside. He was sitting on a perch; you know how they sit sometimes, like that, without moving.

Well, everybody was waiting, of course,

to see what would happen. That awful-looking object stood in the middle of the stage, sort of teetering back and forth, in a green-and-purple plaid skirt and one of those old-fashioned jacket things, a lot too short in the sleeves, and with mitts on—like old ladies in pictures. She had peroxide hair and a purple veil, pulled down. On top of everything was a scream of a hat, wide, with a big feather and an elastic that went under her chin. Still she didn't say anything—just kept teetering and teetering back and forth.

All of a sudden she began to sing. Then I knew I *had* been wrong, in spite of the shoes. It was one of those flashy opera songs, full of runs and trills. Aunt Emily, who was there, told me afterward what it was, but I forget the name. Right in the middle of it the parrot let out the most awful yell. She stopped singing like a shot and took one look at the parrot. Then I changed my mind *again*, for she faced around and said in a bass voice that shook the windows: "What's the use?" And that's every word she did say. But, coming after that singing, it brought down the house. People just hooted. We had to pin Maxon up again later—he lost several buttons.

Suddenly, after it got quiet again, she went over to the piano. I've been to vaudeville shows a good deal, but I never saw anything like what happened then. She took her mitts off and threw them on the floor. Then she sailed in. It was "Turkey in the Straw." She played it straight through, then began to rag it. Then she double-ragged it, if you know what that is. It was great! Then she stood up and began to clog, still playing. I tried it afterward at home. It can't be done.

Pretty soon she danced right away from the piano, and that was the queer part—you could still hear the tune. It was the way she danced—bringing out the tune—I don't know how, but you could hear it, as plain as day. And it was *some* dancing besides! Well, it took! I saw it wasn't going to matter much whether the real show fell through or not, everybody was so tickled. Rudolph had certainly picked a winner.

Next time she took another tune—I

forget what—but the same thing happened; only she only played a little of it at first, with one finger. It was different kind of dancing, but you got the tune, same as before. Aunt Emily says it was the way she suggested the rhythm. Which is true, all right, but doesn't give the directions.

Well, she did it three or four times—each time with a new kind of dancing. You forgot all about the crazy clothes she had on; it was so wonderful that it stopped being funny at all. Aunt Emily says that that showed how artistic it was. Well, maybe—I don't know much about that. Anyhow, people went nutty. I saw one old man, half-way down on the middle aisle—it was the senior warden of the parish, for I know him—thumping on the floor like mad with his stick, and if you knew the senior warden you'd know what that meant!

She certainly did fill in the time, all right—nobody missed the play. But the last was the best. She stood right in one spot until the hall got perfectly quiet. Then she started to dance without giving out any tune at all. You could hardly hear her shoes on the stage, she was so light on her feet. Pretty soon you began to get the rhythm, as Aunt Emily calls it. There wasn't a sound, at first, except that queer, light accent. You could *feel* everybody guessing after the tune. Then people began to get it—you could feel that, too. It was the weirdest business you can think of! All of a sudden I caught it—just when she began to dance away from that one spot. She was leaning forward a little, with one hand up to her ear and the other sort of beating time and beckoning, the way singers do when they want the gallery to join in on the chorus.

All at once they *did* begin to sing—me, too—you couldn't help it. First, some of the boys—that pitched the tune—finally, about everybody:

"It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long, long way to Tipperary—
To the sweetest girl I know——"

It was last June, remember.

Well, that's all. I see I haven't told it very well. I don't see how anybody

could really describe it. But people are still talking about it, and I guess they always will. It ended by her dancing over to where the parrot-cage was, and with nearly everybody standing up—still singing—as she danced right off the stage and ran up the stairs that lead off the stage to the faculty Common Room.

I saw, pretty soon, that it was over—she wasn't coming back. People clapped and clapped, but—nothing doing! I looked at my watch—it was nearly nine o'clock. Then, as I was letting down the curtain—Rudolph had told me to be sure to do that the minute the agency man finished——

"I *think* I know it now."

I turned around; I was certain that I recognized the voice. Sure enough, it was "Lady Agatha"! I almost called her that, I was so excited. Right away I saw what had happened; she'd been one of the people who came early with Rudolph, and he'd got her to take Partridge's place as "Sierra" in the play.

"Look," she said, and spread out a big fan she had. She'd torn some pages out of the play and pinned them to the fan. But she never once looked at them, for I watched all through to see. Well, maybe that wasn't the only reason I watched.

"Is Mr. Hastings ready?"

Somebody laughed. It was Rudolph. How he got back in I don't know—I wasn't watching for him much just then! Oh, it was then that we pinned Maxon together again—at least, *she* did it.

"Places, everybody!" Rudolph snapped his fingers. "All right!" He nodded to me: "Curtain!"

Well, it went like a dream. Everybody was sort of keyed up, anyhow; besides, the audience felt good, and that always makes a lot of difference. I'm not going to tell about the play—everybody's seen it—most everybody's been *in* it. But Rudolph had saved the day, all right—he and the girl. Both of them were splendid. All the boys yelled the minute he appeared; they recognized him in a second, of course, and yelled. By the middle of the first act it was all settled—it couldn't be anything but a star performance. Even Frayling remembered his lines. It finished in a blaze of glory for

everybody. I know that's more old stuff, but I'm nearly through now and I want to get to the end.

The dancing came afterward, as soon as they could move the chairs out. I ought to have helped with that, but I hung around to see if I could get a dance with her. Not a chance! At least, not for a while. A lot of the old tops and their wives buzzed right up the minute Rudolph brought her out from behind the stage. It seems the news had got around why she and Rudolph were in the play; people were a good deal pleased at the way he'd got away with it. The old senior warden ploughed straight through the crowd and grabbed Rudolph from some fat old lady he was talking to and just about shook his hand off. I got in for some of the things he said.

"Efficiency"—the senior warden is a judge and he talks like one—"yes, sir, efficiency—in every walk of life. In the office, in the Church, in our schools—everywhere—men are required, in these days, who can rise instantly to life's emergencies. The sinking of one's personality, without loss of dignity, at a critical moment, for a worthy end—admirable, sir, admirable!"

Rudolph certainly had struck twelve with the senior warden that night! And I knew enough parish gossip—from Aunt Emily—to see what that meant for Rudolph and for the school.

Other people besides me were listening by then.

"I myself never cared much for theatricals"—it was Colonel Penny, the chairman of the school committee—"but the performance to-night, especially that young lady——"

"Charming, charming!" Rudolph's fat old lady butted in.

"The fact is," the co'onel went on, "the fact is, I am by way of becoming converted, so to speak. This spring, in London"—even *she* was listening now—"this spring I went alone three times to see the same play. In the Kingsway Theatre, you know, judge," he explained. "A play called 'Bypaths.' The same company are to bring it out here, I understand, as an experiment this summer. I shall certainly see it again. There was something so subtle, something so re-

freshing, so exquisitely finished"—I *think* I'm getting it as he said it—"about the acting of the young woman in the leading rôle. A remarkable performance—quite!"

I could see Rudolph smiling. "My sister," he said, "will be glad to hear that." Then he introduced the colonel to her.

I don't yet know why I didn't drop dead.

"Colonel," she asked him, "may I repeat part of that—at the next rehearsal—about your 'conversion'?"

"Bless my soul," the colonel gasped. "Bless my soul! You!"

* * * * *

I've put these stars in because there's no other way of expressing how I felt. There I'd been hanging around to get a dance with the best advertised actress in the country. Me! When I really woke up I was sitting alone in a corner, behind some palms, explaining it all over to myself. It was all plain enough then. No wonder she'd learned the lines so quickly; no wonder she'd made such a hit—a girl the papers had been writing about for months! That was why her picture had been in that swell photograph place—that was why she'd looked around the school the way she did that first day—it was even why she'd stepped right up on the platform and hadn't been fussed. Rudolph's sister! Of course, her stage name was different. And she——

"Oh, here he is!"

I jumped up—a dead man would come to life at a voice like hers.

"Mr. von den Ahrens"—she called me that—"I've been waiting for you to ask me to dance. Aren't you going to?"

Some things can't be written about, and that dance is one of them.

When it was over we hunted up Rudolph again. He had the next with her. His sister—I couldn't get over that. Just as the music started, and I was going:

"Oh, Rudolph," she said, "I've been wanting to ask you: how did you ever happen to have that awful old costume right on tap? You can't have used it in years. Remember the Effinghams' house-party—when you danced? And where did the stuffed parrot come from?"

"Well," he said, "it was pure luck.

I'd got the whole rig out just this morning to send to Binny Edwards. He's trying for the dramatic club at college this June. And the parrot——"

Then he realized that I was still there and his jaw dropped.

"Von den Ahrens," he started, "if you ever *tell*——"

With that she whirled around to me and put a hand on each of my shoulders. "You won't tell, will you? Promise?"

I may be only seventeen, but she had to look up into my face, and if Rudolph hadn't been there—but he was.

Now you can understand why I'm likely to remember the 10th of June for some time to come: Rudolph's stunt—I wouldn't care *who* knew it, if I could do a thing like that—and, well—and the rest that happened. I see now that I can't show this story to anybody. But I just *had* to write it. Maybe, some day, I can show it to her. I'll be through school and college in five years. Maybe I won't go to college. I don't think she can be so very much older than I am. Besides, a person's age doesn't make any difference in—love.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF THRACE

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THREE long promontories, projecting tridentwise from that southwestern corner of Thrace known as the Chalcidice, prick the north edge of the Ægean like a little Greece. The westernmost reaches past Olympus and makes the lower part of the Gulf of Salonica. The easternmost, pointing toward Lemnos and the Dardanelles, is of great renown in the Greek world. Mt. Athos is a steep wooded ridge five to ten miles wide, terminating some forty miles seaward in the peak that gives the peninsula its name. This solitary marble cone, rearing abruptly from the sea to a height of seven thousand feet and capped three parts of the year with snow, has always impressed the imagination of its beholders. Pliny makes it throw its sunset shadow on Lemnos, a hundred miles away. Æschylus names it as one of the heights from which the fall of Troy was signalled to Mycenæ. Xerxes so redoubted its windy humors, having lost a fleet by them, as to cut a canal across the low neck uniting it to the mainland. The sculptor Stasicrates proposed to Alexander the Great to carve the peak into a colossal statue of the conquering Macedonian, with a city in one

hand and a river pouring from the other. And an early Christian legend hallowed it as the high mountain from which Christ was shown the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Losing its ancient name of Acte, it thereupon became known as Ἁγίου ὄρος, the Monte Santo of mediæval travellers, in sanctity second only to Jerusalem, a refuge from the world as famous as the Thebaid.

Local tradition dates its status as a community set apart for men of God from the reign of Constantine the Great, and connects several of the monasteries with the earlier emperors of Constantinople. The authentic history of Mt. Athos, however, does not begin before the tenth century, when Nicephorus Phocas founded the monastery of the Great Lavra. From that time it became the fashion among the princes of the East to patronize the monasteries of the Holy Mountain. Indeed, there still exist on the east side of the peninsula the ruins of an abbey built by Latin monks from Amalfi—and when the congregations were expelled from France, a few years ago, the French members of the same order made an attempt to re-establish that ancient claim. The schism between East and West, however, naturally brought it about that Mt. Athos



In the court of the Serbian monastery of Hilendár

remained in the sphere of the Greek Church. But the emperors and empresses of Constantinople were not alone to leave there the monuments of their piety. Ivíron, the second monastery in point of age, was founded by princes of Georgia. While it has now passed into Greek hands, it still possesses a library of precious Georgian manuscripts, and keeps the ancient Georgian time—counting twelve o'clock not from sunset, like the rest of the Levant, but from sunrise. Another of the older abbeys, Hilendár, was founded in the twelfth century by the Serbian king Stephen, whose son Sava retired thither and became the patron saint of his race. The Bulgarians likewise established a monastery on the sacred mount, while Russian, Moldavian, and Wallachian princes carried on after the fall of Constantinople the Byzantine tradition with regard to the monks of Athos. And we even hear of a Turkish sultan restoring a monastery destroyed by an earthquake.

Until the Greek War of Independence, when the monks naturally enough took

the part of the rebels, the Turks did not molest them. Then, however, the peninsula was invaded and more than one monastery was sacked. Fifty years later, when their vast Moldavian and Wallachian domains were confiscated by the new kingdom of Roumania, the monks suffered even more severely. Yet until the Balkan War Mt. Athos occupied in the Ottoman Empire a privileged position, not unlike that of Samos and the Lebanon. Nominally governed by a Turkish *Kaïmakam*, dependent on the *Vali* of Salonica, its real government was vested in a species of local parliament, made up of representatives from the various monasteries and sitting in the central settlement of Karyés. The *Kaïmakam* did no more than to collect the annual tribute of £T. 700, to act as arbiter in local disputes, and to sigh over the rule of the saintly republic which forbids any woman to set foot in it.

The readjustments of the Balkan War put an end to this state of affairs, in that Mt. Athos and its hinterland fell to Greece. But the precise future status of



St. Pantelimon.

the community was one of the points left open by the Treaty of Bucharest. For Bulgaria, Roumania, Russia, and Serbia all have more or less definite interests there, as well as Greece. Even Austria filed a claim to be consulted, by reason of the fact that the greater part of the Serb race, a considerable fraction of it following the Greek rite, is under her sway. Circumstances have enabled Greece to ignore this and other claims. Later developments in the Near East, however, promise to bring the question again to the fore. And they give a new interest to that venerable monastic community, whose existence has been almost forgotten by the Western world.

Mt. Athos illustrates better than any other place in the Balkan Peninsula, after Constantinople, the clash of populations and interests which has always complicated the government of that region, and which makes all but impossible a final equilibrium of races. The territory of the monastic republic is unequally divided between twenty monasteries. Dependent on these, in that they derive their lands

from, and are represented in the local parliament by, the parent abbeys, are *skítai* and *kellía* to a much greater number. Of the twenty monasteries seventeen are Greek, one is Bulgarian, one is Russian, and one is Serb. But the three last play a rôle vastly disproportionate to their relative representation at Karyés. St. Pantelimon—or Ro'ussico, as the Greeks call the Russian monastery—is by far the largest and richest of them all; while Zograf, of the Bulgarians, ranks not far from third. Moreover there are Russian and Roumanian *skítai* which are larger and richer than the Greek monasteries to which they are nominally subject. Thus a half or more than half the population of the peninsula—estimated so variously as from 7,000 to 20,000 souls—is Slavic, or at least not Greek. This circumstance is the germ of whatever real vitality subsists on Mt. Athos to-day. The rivalry between the races has taken the place of such ancient questions as shook the sacred mount in the fourteenth century over Barlaam of Calabria and the Uncreated Light of Tabor. A despatch in January of this year announced

that the Bulgarian monks had endeavored to oust the Serbian monks from their monastery, but failed and then set fire to a portion of the structure.

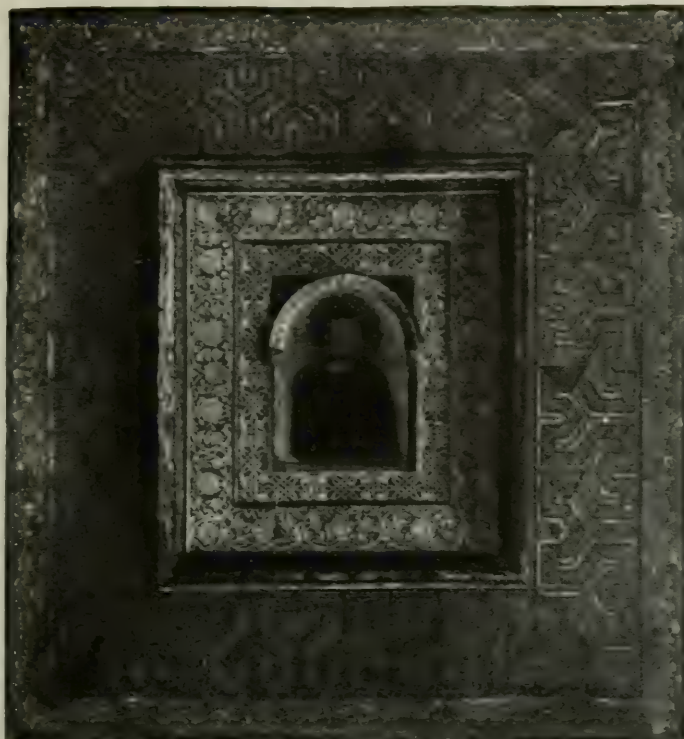
To us of the West it may perhaps seem incomprehensible that men of God, withdrawn from the world and professing identical religious

beliefs, should find it difficult to live at peace on a lonely and beautiful peninsula of the Ægean. The fact that they do, illustrates the other fact that the sentiment of nationality has increasingly proved to be a more powerful cohesive force than the sentiment of religion. It also illustrates the fact that in this part of the world, where church and state are still much nearer one than in the West, the church has taken the more active part in cultivating the spirit of nationality. I have already alluded to the sympathy of Mt. Athos with the Greek revolution. During my own pilgrimage among the monasteries, while they were still under Turkish rule, I continually noticed pictures supposed to represent Constantine XII, last emperor of Constantinople, beside portraits of the King of Greece and of white-kilted leaders of Epirote and Macedonian bands. It was perfectly evident that the thoughts of the Greek monks were tinged by the past of their race, and that they looked forward to a day when they would no longer pay tribute to an Asiatic suzerain. Nor would they admit that the hegemony of their church had passed to the great empire of the north. And in spite of what the monasteries owe to Russian benefactions, relations

between monks of the two races are none too friendly.

The Greeks do not even hesitate to accuse the Russians of having obtained their present foothold by fraud. Fifty years ago St. Pantelémon was a Greek monastery, although considerably be-

holden to the piety of the Romanoffs. When a few Russians applied for admittance, about the time of the Crimean War, they were accepted without difficulty. And when they proved their devotion by giving the monastery financial help, they were allowed to bring more of their fellow countrymen and to have the mass celebrated alternately in Russian. But



Ceiling decoration in the refectory of Hilendár.

before the Greeks knew it they were outnumbered. To-day there are only about fifty of them left, among the thousand or more of their supplanters. Mass is still celebrated in alternate languages in the old catholicon, now modernized out of all recognition. The Russians have built a larger church of their own, however, in the monastery proper, where the antique Byzantine chant has given place to the rich Russian choral and where there is a significant if not very artistic profusion of gilding and precious stones.

Certain statesmen have been pleased to see in the great establishment of St. Pantelémon a military outpost of Russia on the Ægean. Russia has never disguised her ambitions in that direction, and it may well be that she has seen no reason to discourage the movement of pious *mouzhiks* toward Mt. Athos—or Jerusalem. A weekly steamer from Odessa, at all events, long lent color to that inference,

and ambassadors and grand dukes have more than once helped St. Panteléïmon to gain a point. Indeed I happened to witness there myself a visit from the Constantinople embassy despatch-boat. For

of Thrace, with the only breakwater and quays existing between Salonica and Kavala, and not without ample storehouses and barracks.

With regard to the Serbs, the Greek

monks feel none of the same distrust. Hilendár has always belonged to its present inmates. It happens to be very small and poor, moreover, as compared to St. Panteléïmon, nor does it occupy so strategic a situation. For myself, I was happy to feel free in it, for once, from the politics of the peninsula. I also found it one of the most picturesque of all the monasteries, though out of sight of the sea. The fine central court contained admirable specimens of Byzantine brickwork, in the refectory was a most interesting carved and painted ceiling, and the monks showed us a certain splendid golden Gospel they possess. Yet chance willed that we should find them in the throes of preparation for a visit from King Peter of Serbia. He had



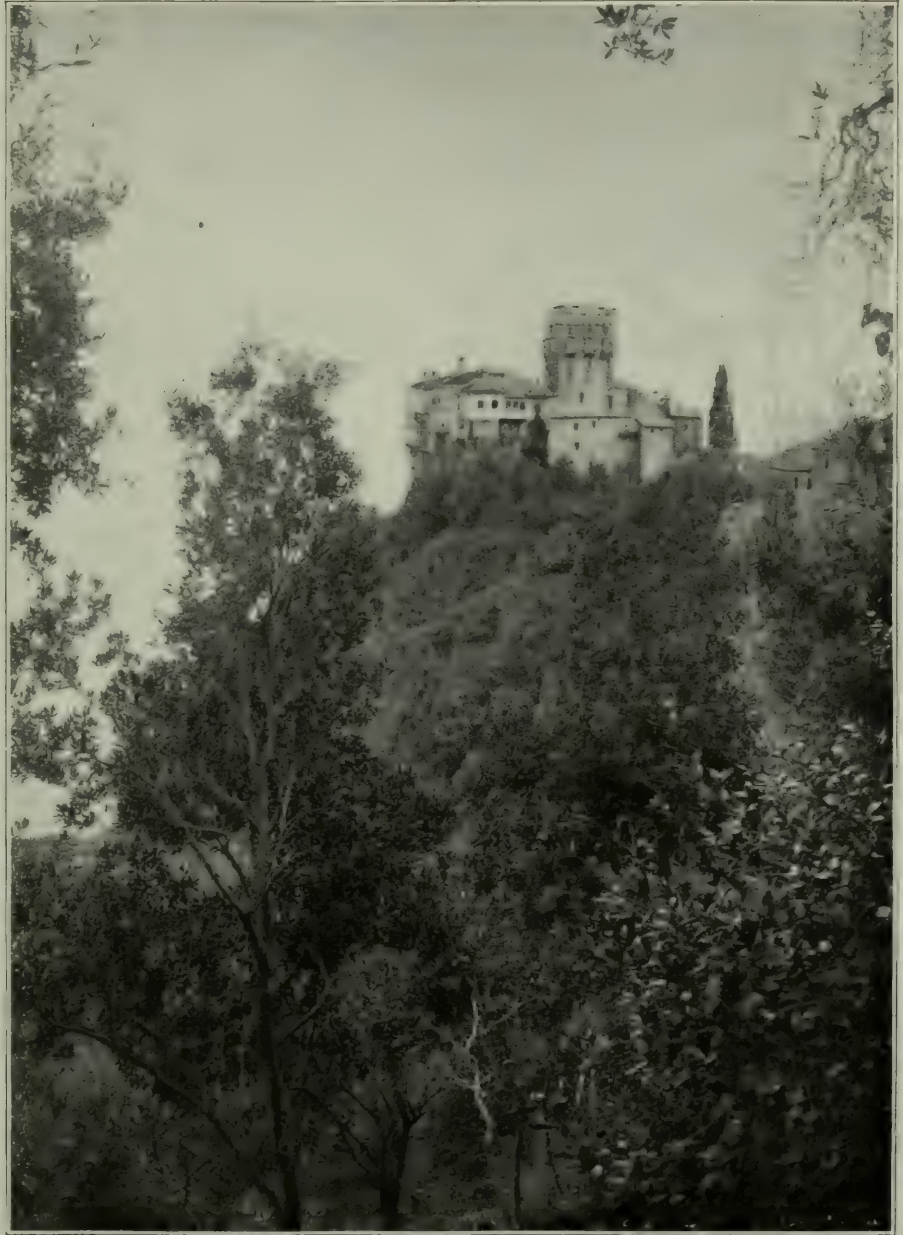
The cypresses of Zograf.

the rest, nothing is more natural than for the Russians to flock to the holy places of their church. But equally natural is the Greek hostility toward the Russians, when their own claims, in Mt. Athos as in Constantinople, are so much older than any other. Nor is it uninteresting in this connection, and at this moment of history, to recall that Russia has a little seaport of her own on that southern coast

been to Sofia and Constantinople to pay his respects to King Ferdinand and Sultan Mehmed V. He returned by way of Salonica, in the Sultan's yacht, stopping to make homage at the shrine of St. Sava, to fill the other monasteries with excited envy, and to give a heretical pilgrim from overseas considerable matter for rumination with regard to the activities of anchorites on remote peninsulas.

Another aspect of the situation is presented by the Bulgarian monastery of Zo-gráf. That large and prosperous establishment struck me as being even more than St. Panteléimon in contact with living issues. It is very clean, very conveniently fitted up with telephones, typewriters, I know not how many other modernities. It is also very uninteresting from an artistic point of view, except for the romantic wooded valleys it dominates and two magnificent cypresses in its court. Nevertheless I found it an extremely interesting place—nor solely, I think, because we were entertained there more hospitably than anywhere else. Behind St. Panteléimon there may be a policy, but it is as unlikely of fulfilment as the dream of the Greeks; while the visionary-looking monks and pilgrims who swarm there in all simplicity of heart hint little of Slavonic ambitions. The Bulgarian monks have quite a different air. Nominally of the cenobite order, they show something more than the liberality of the idiorrhhythmic monasteries. They read papers, they maintain relations with the "world," they betray various other tendencies frowned upon by stricter ascetics. No doubt it is largely due to the more positive stamp of their racial character. Yet I seemed to divine among

them a temper not of exiles, an order of aspiration which I shall not make the mistake of attempting to specify. With Bulgaria they outwardly and visibly appeared to have small affiliation. King



Stavronikíta.

Ferdinand is not, like King Peter, of the Orthodox faith. But a large proportion of the monks were recruited from Macedonia. There were Serbs, Vlachs, and Albanians among them. One of the Epi-tropes and their representative at Karyés were of the last nationality. Most of them spoke Turkish, and Macedonia, not Bulgaria, seemed to be with them the pivot of interest.



The Bulgarian monastery of Zograf.

This is fortunately not the place to reopen the thorny Macedonian question. There are those, however, who do not consider it definitely answered yet; and among them I should not be surprised to find some extremely intelligent monks of the Bulgarian monastery of Zograf. Whether they have an answer of their own to suggest is not for the guest of a night to know. But he may at least point out what, strangely enough, no one has yet done—that the Bulgarians feel a peculiar sentiment with regard to central Macedonia, because it was the heart and cradle of their whole national movement, long before an independent Bulgaria existed in the north. They will never be content until their boundaries include that region.

Hearing of their handsome revenues, and having noticed on the map how easy it might be for visitors from the mainland to come and go without attracting attention, it occurred to me to wonder whether the monks had ever entertained relations with Macedonian bands. I was therefore considerably interested to meet, in the cell of a father who showed us great

courtesy, a young civilian whom, from the smallness of his hands and feet, the pointedness of his fair beard, and a troubled look of his blue eye, I inwardly set down for a poet. What, then, was my astonishment to be introduced to Mr. Panitsa, the famous Bulgarian outlaw. That small hand shot down Boris Saraffo in the city of Sofia. Those small feet led Miss Stone for six months over the mountains of Macedonia. The brigand who abducted her was at the time I met him a schoolmaster, if you please, at the town of Drama, in the marches of Thrace. Which did not prevent him from sitting in the councils of the Young Turks. Conversation with him proved none too easy, for he knew, or professed to know, neither French nor Greek, while his Turkish seemed even more limited than mine. He displayed a becoming modesty with regard to the exploits of his youth, being more willing to speak of Abd-ül-Hamid, whom he said he had twice seen in Salonica.

I afterward asked our common host if this were the first time Mr. Panitsa had visited the monastery.



This character is often more marked among the small abbeys.

"Who knows?" replied that discreet ascetic. "It is at least the first time that he comes officially."

The political interest of the monastic republic is after all a temporary one. To the world at large it has another and a more picturesque interest. For in spite of time, violation, and insidious modernities, it is the most complete and the most singular survival in Europe of a world that has disappeared. There are more splendid specimens of Byzantine architecture in Constantinople, Salonica, Ravenna, or Venice. The treasury of St. Mark's and some of the great museums contain perhaps more precious pieces of Byzantine craftsmanship. But the monasteries of Mt. Athos are in themselves a last and living fragment of Byzantium.

While the monasteries naturally present many general similarities, there are very few out of the twenty which I would not willingly revisit for the sake of some interesting individuality. This character is often more marked among the small abbeys, because they contain fewer monks, because they possess fewer treas-

ures upon which to expend their care, and because they happily have less money to enclose their open arcades withal, to change their wooden corbels for iron girders, or to plaster up their ornamental brickwork and inset porcelain. Indeed I think one of the very smallest of them all, Stavronikíta, ravished me more than any other—for its romantic situation on a rocky point of the east coast, for the nightingale-haunted wood behind it, for the flagged grape-arbor at its door, through whose budding interstices the white peak of Athos looked like a little Ætna, for the picturesqueness of its Samian door-keeper, and for the perfection of its hospitality. And did I not have the happiness to discover there two books whose sight alone would have repaid me for my whole pilgrimage? One of them was a Psalter of the twelfth century, written in gold on fine white vellum, with a big portrait of King David in a red robe playing his harp, and exquisite title-pieces. There is only one other golden book on the peninsula, and very few—Greek ones at least—in the whole world. The second book, a Gospel of the eleventh century,



Simopetra.

was for the richness and delicacy of its illuminations the finest manuscript I saw at any monastery. The amiable librarian insisted on holding the two himself for me to photograph, which of course spoiled my films; and then he trotted me up-stairs to have a bottle of beer. In a corner of the room where we partook of this refreshment hung an old picture before which my companion crossed himself devoutly, informing me that it was an icon of the Redeemer. I did not know what to think, unless of Heine's "Gods in Exile"; for it seemed to me that those great eyes and that proud mouth must originally have been intended to represent a personage of an imperial rather than of a holy family, and of the sex debarred from Mt. Athos. I wondered by what apotheosis a profane Byzantine princess could have come to merit the veneration of these men of God. But I made no attempt to betray her incognito.

Simopetra again: who could forget Simopetra, perched on a crag a thousand feet above the Ægean? There is nothing to see at Simopetra—nothing, that is, except a white donjon at the water's edge,

and the stony road zigzagging up and up and up through olive-trees, and the spidery galleries hanging to the face of the monastery, and the aqueduct of superposed arches linking it to the mountain-side, and the tunnel of an entrance leading to small courts at different levels, and the stupendous view. It was all mysteriously pervaded, I remember, by the falling of water. And the Hegumen did us the honor to dine in private with us. When we went to pay him our respects before going away we found him sitting with a peasant from one of his estates, his black staff of office across his knees, counting out piles of tributary gold.

Of quite another air was Esphigméno. Esphigméno received us, we seemed to feel, a trifle coldly. Not in outward speech, nor yet in material hospitality; for we dined there more sumptuously than at plutocratic Vatopéthi. But the gaunt old librarian who lighted us up a corkscrew stair of stone to his lair above the church porch significantly told us of a learned stranger whom he had not permitted to photograph a certain interesting palimpsest of the sixth century, because



Esphigménio.

the learned stranger did not happen to be Orthodox. And he barred our cameras out of the church altogether. I could have let the church go, although one or two details caught my eye. But his prohibition was cruel when it came to an icon of fine mosaic which he set before us, in a frame of beaten gold ornamented with beautiful little images of apostles. He would not have shown us the chief treasure of the church at all if Curzon had not given us the cue to insist—namely, a gold cross which tradition makes the gift of the empress Pulcheria—a cross of delicate filigree six or eight inches long, containing a fragment of the True Cross set in ancient diamonds and pearls, with one big uneven ruby at the top and three radiating spikes of emerald.

After the willingness of Vatopéthi to be photographed, the unwillingness of Esphigménio was the more marked. It extended to the frescoed refectory; even, if you please, to the great dark-raftered kitchen, where a votive lamp twinkled to the Virgin. The curious part of it was that the cook had been to America. Nor was it only he. Four others in the monas-

tery had tried their fortunes in the New World, and having not found them had taken refuge in this sea-washed sanctuary where the prayer-gong called them instead of the factory-whistle, and where poverty was certain but without anxiety or shame. One wondered if the difficulties we encountered had anything to do with the impression those five caloyers had carried away with them from the country in which they had failed to find a place. It had left an unmistakable mark upon them nevertheless. We afterward met quite a number of monks in the same case, all young men save one who had been a sailor on the old receiving-ship *Colorado* and another who had kept a shop for twelve years in Lowell and had picked up less English than Neapolitan Italian and Canadian French. Others, like the *vimatário* of Vatopéthi, had friends or relatives in America, while among the muleteers and boatmen who took us from monastery to monastery there were not a few whose dream it was to go there.

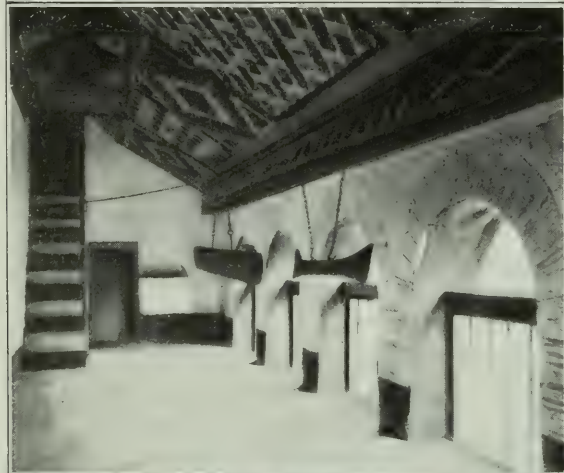
Esphigménio was by no means the only monastery to look askance upon the her-



Guest-room at Ksiropótamo.



The church porch—St. Dionysios



Synandra at Vatopéthi



A monastic kitchen.

etic. Ksiropótamo received him with heart-warming welcome and with voluble promises of every facility. But when it came to the point the old priest detailed to display the treasures of the church would have none of my camera. Only by interviewing the Epitropes in person, and refreshing their memories with regard to the promises they had made, did they send down word to give me my way. But how reluctantly was it granted me by the spark-eyed old—fanatic is a boomerang of a word that usually hits the user harder than any one else. How slowly did he lay on the marble pavement, first bespread with flowered silks, a monstrous double-armed chip of the True Cross, set in gold and aureoled with eight long emeralds! How unwillingly did he afterward permit me to put there a small vellum Gospel in covers of repoussé gold, the heirloom of an emperor! And with what resentful mumblings did he withdraw a certain twisted gold cup, with its lining of little jade saints and its inscription from Pulcheria Augusta to her Fold of the Forty Martyrs, from the bowl of water in which it is iniquitously kept—to make an antidote for snake bites! *The* Pulcheria Augusta, a fifth-century Queen Elizabeth who vowed herself to perpetual virginity, lived long before Ksiropótamo is likely to have existed. But she built a church in Constantinople to the Forty Martyrs of Sivas, who are also the patrons of Ksiropótamo; and one would like to think that this cup, like the two big icons at Vatopéthi from St. Sophia of Salonica, may somehow have been cast up here from the shipwreck of Byzantium.

At the monastery of St. Dionysios, once more, no prayer availed to get my camera into the church. And this despite the fact that with several of those highest in authority I formed imperishable ties. There were reasons for taking my camera into the church. Its frescos looked older than many we had seen and I found the icons unusually interesting. Then there was a knuckle of St. John the Baptist in a charming little fluted filigree reliquary with enamel blobs, and the whole skeleton, minus the skull, of one St. Niphon, a former monk of the monastery and Patriarch of Constantinople, in a huge silver-

gilt model of the monastery church where he died in Wallachia, with much intricate tracery and two rows of saints and apostles in enamel. But when I asked for the turquoise cup that Curzon describes as superior to the famous one in St. Mark's they blankly disclaimed it. Does Mr. Arthur Cosslett Smith know anything about that turquoise cup?

Among the friends I made at St. Dionysios was a stout old gentleman who in his black veil and flowing draperies reminded me irresistibly of the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland." He first approached me on the subject of the unity of the church—with regard to the possibility of which, I may remark in passing, we were often questioned. From the unity of the church it was but a step to a collection of antiquities which he consented to show me, I think not without hope of finding a customer. The antiquities consisted chiefly of illegible coins. I dealt their owner a cruel blow when I told him that the description in a catalogue some one had sent him, of a coin lettered identically with a small denarius he showed me and priced at three thousand francs, was of a large medal. Nor would he be persuaded that the image and superscription of Aloysius Mocenigo, Doge of Venice, on a thin silver piece he had, were not those of a Roman Cæsar. He finally produced from the recesses of his capacious bosom a terra-cotta figurine of a pregnant woman, for which he said he had refused three napoleons. He delicately inquired how much I would give for her. I somewhat indelicately told him I would not give three piasters; for the object was not particularly beautiful in itself, it was broken off at the knees, and I am no connoisseur of terra-cotta figurines. He smiled sadly yet indulgently at me. "Neither would I!" he confessed. "But why should that German have offered me three napoleons for such a thing? I asked ten, to see what he would say, and when he said three I thought he would give five. Do you know what I think?" he added confidentially, leaning over to me and pointing out a pin-hole at the back of the head. "I think there is a diamond in there." He gave a wonderful sidelong roll of his melodramatic eyes. "Otherwise why should they



The amiable librarian insisted on holding these books himself.



The door-keeper of Stavronikita.



The Epitropes and secretary—Lavra.



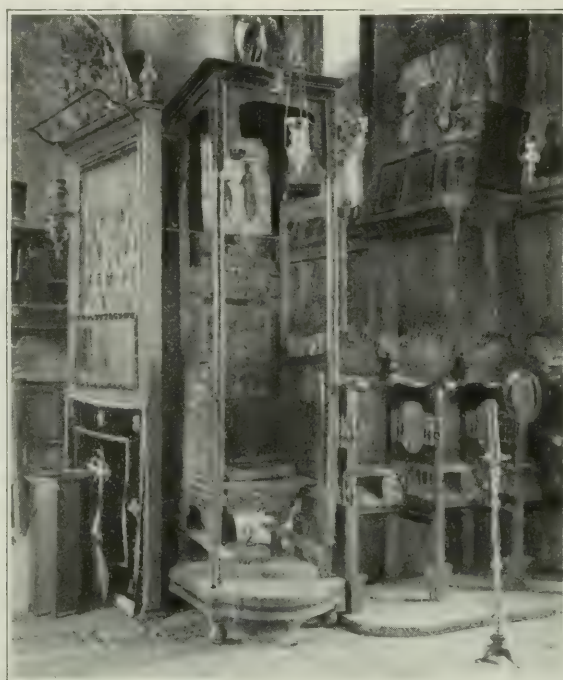
A studio at Kavso-kalyvia.

offer me three napoleons? What is it? two bastions of the mountain. We came A brick! A broken brick!" I suggested that he break the head and get the diamond out. I evidently put my finger on the great question of his life. "A thousand times have I lifted it up to break it!" he exclaimed. "But then I always ask myself: What if there should be no diamond?"

His bosom heaved desperately as he put his mutilated lady back into the strange haven she had found after so many centuries.

At the extreme seaward point of

Mt. Athos the *skíti* of Kavsokalývia finds there. Among those wild fastnesses of what foothold it may in a hollow between the Holy Mountain what stories may



Throne of Andronicus Palaiologos.

precipices where Darius and many another ancient captain lost his ships. Hermits live there now. They might form quite a society among themselves, if they did not seem to have taken pains that no one but a seabird should be able to visit them. The huts clinging in crannies of the rocks made me think of a young American we heard about, who disappeared after a pilgrimage to Mt. Athos and whose friends had tried to trace him back



Between the two . . . stands the most . . . inimitable of moated towers.—Page 439.

not be buried—too safely to be ever known?

We were landed at nightfall at the bottom of a long flight of stone steps. Our boatmen shouted until a man appeared at the top. After some parley he took charge of our luggage, giving us into the

ever, that rival their mother monasteries in all but the name, as there are "cells" that differ from country villas only in that their occupants wear black robes and do not cut their hair. In this *skiti*, a dependency of Lavra, I especially enjoyed being able to go out-of-doors after



Mt. Athos on Athos Peninsula in the Aegean Sea.

hands of a moccasined peasant whom we followed up a breathless slope to a small stone house in a garden. The arrival of two famished foreigners at an hour when the occupants of the house had already eaten their Lenten supper could hardly have filled them with delight. But the three fathers received us with the greatest possible friendliness. The superior, who also happened to be one of the three Elders of the settlement, cooked with his own venerable hand some fish we had heretically brought with us, while one of the others laid us a table in the little sitting-room and served our dinner. He spoke a very good French, which he learned at an Assumptionist mission in Asia Minor.

The experience was in various ways a novel one. We had not before visited a *skiti*. A *skiti*—related to our word ascetic—is theoretically an industrial community living under the monastic rule in detached "cells." There are *skitai*, how-

dinner. I never heard monastery gates clang to at dusk without feeling that I was in prison. But the most interesting part of the experience, to me, was the character of our hosts. For Kavsokalývia is a colony of artists. While its history does not go back to the earliest days of Lavra, painters and wood-carvers, illuminators of manuscripts and masters of mosaic, began long before the Renaissance had reached its height to gather at this inaccessible monastic Barbizon. After the fall of Constantinople it kept alive in the Levant the traditions of Byzantium. And though Russia is now the centre of the Greek Orthodox world in all that concerns religious art, Kavsokalývia still paints icons and carves altarscreens for a considerable world.

As we stood in front of the house and looked down into the great space of darkness that dropped suddenly away from the edge of the terrace—a darkness vaguely sprinkled on one side with lights,

merging in the distance into a clear sky of stars, and full of the sound of the sea—it seemed to me that Kavsokalývia must offer some of the happiest conditions of the artistic life. I thought so again the next morning, when the better part of that great space resolved itself into so fairly a blue of the Ægean that no one could believe half the galleys of antiquity lay under it. And the ramps of the mountain towered up from it with such an air that one seemed to find an immediate inspiration for the indescribable nobility of the old Athonite art. One of our hosts was good enough to take us for a walk through the *skíti*. The white houses and terraced gardens scattered themselves irregularly about a church, in a high rocky amphitheatre facing the sea. Athos himself, half invisible in morning mist, formed the rear wall of the amphitheatre. I judged from the frescos of the church that the villagers of the period had been too occupied by greater works to give their genius sway. I was delighted, however, by a St. Anthony, whose special temptation cannot have been too difficult to resist if it took the form represented by the monkish painter. The terrace in front of the church was shaded by an enormous tree, from one of whose branches hung the village prayer-gong. As we went away a monk began to beat the knell of a dead artist. We also visited two or three of the houses. In each was a chapel and a studio, between which the colonists divide their time.

The studio in the house of our hosts was a room with two ordinary windows—looking south—an open fireplace, and a high wainscot shelf on which were a quantity of florid lithographs. Three heavy easels stood in different parts of the floor. On them, and stacked about the room, were wood panels of holy personages in various stages of coloration. But they bore small resemblance to the dark and solemn saints of whom we had seen so many in the monastery churches. They were lighter and gayer, like their garments. They had taken on flesh. They seemed to have gained cheerfulness at the expense of expression. Altogether it was patent that a new air had blown over Kavsokalývia. I asked one of the caloyers if they used models. "Yes," he

answered, pointing to the lithographs. "The men who painted those studied at academies, and we have not. Therefore we can learn from them." And he showed me a St. Nicholas, a commission for a church in Greece, borrowed from a feverish hunting scene.

It was pleasant, for once, to be rid of the claptrap of too many studios. And out of such eagerness and good faith, surely, have sprung some of the most original movements in art. But I could hardly express another sense that seemed to fill the room as I looked around at those pictures that were either childish or tragic—a sense of endless years, and the passing of things, and the pity and irony of it. Was it not because Greek monks a thousand years ago made little pictures of saints and put them into frames of beaten gold that the modern easel picture came to be, set about with gilt carving, and the cheap modern reproduction thereof? Yet to-day, lighted only by a last reflection of the fire themselves once kindled, the painters of Mt. Athos grope blindly toward something their older art did not express, without a shadow of its immense distinction, its supreme understanding of decorative values. No one would have believed that that empty St. Nicholas was the legitimate descendant of the tragic St. John of Karyés, that from this mountain artists went in the twelfth century to execute the noble mosaics of Cefalù, that the forebears of these copiers of trashy German lithographs were the inheritors of the Hellenic tradition, the masters of Duccio and Cimabue, collaborators toward the prodigy of the Renaissance. The whole case of Mt. Athos was in that room. I think I never felt so intensely before the rhythm of history, the flicker of something that heats an art or a people for a moment into supremacy and then dies away.

To speak of Mt. Athos and not of Lavra would be to describe Italy without mentioning Rome. Lavra, the proprietor of the Sacred Mount itself—whose ascent on the 6th of August, the feast of the Transfiguration, is only less meritorious than a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—is the oldest of the monasteries, the chief of them in

the hierarchy of the peninsula, the *tribuna* as it were of the entire collection. The monastery was founded in 963 by Nicephorus Phocas, out of the spoils of Crete, because he fell in love with the beautiful empress Theophano instead of retiring from the world with his friend St. Athanasius. It is not for me to say which of them had the best of it. Nicephorus met his death at the hands of the beautiful Theophano, while Athanasius was killed by a falling dome of the monastery church he loved. As for Theophano, she also came to a tragic end. All her beauty could not save her from the lover for whom she murdered Nicephorus. But Lavra remains to this day, a monument to the power upon one another of three great persons, more beautiful after its thousand years than when it rose in penance and in scorn of the love of women.

It lifts its processional outline on a grassy plateau under the eastern point of the peninsula, far from any other monastery. Above it wooded heights climb sharply through sea mists to the overhanging peak. Below it meadows of ancient olive-trees slope to two rocky coves, one more perfect than the other. The smaller, a mere transparent pool among the rocks, is the port of the monastery. Strange craft ride there of forward-raking masts, wherein black-gowned pirates will speciously offer to sail you whither you desire to go, afterward marooning you half-way. Or so they did to us. The larger, an open crescent more subject to the humors of the Ægean, is such a place as one waits in for an emperor's galley to sweep around the point, meantime listening to the rhythm of the water and wondering why it always looks so much more desirable through an olive-tree. And between the two, on a jagged rock tufted with sweet-william and white iris, stands the most romantic, the most inimitable, of moated towers. It is garrisoned by an ancient monk and a Greek customs officer, only too happy in his homesickness to offer coffee to a casual stranger.

The monastery itself, entered crookedly through three great iron-bound doors, is in some ways less beautiful than it must once have been. The court, as centuries have gone by, has gradually filled until

it is difficult to find a good perspective. Earthquakes, too, have made unhappy devastation. And the repairs following upon the last betray an ominous partiality for local marble and iron girders. Still the seeker after effects of a kind shall not wander there in vain. There are certain cavernous archways. There are certain subtly swelling roofs warmed never so delicately with yellow lichen. There are bits of brickwork and inset plates and tiles. There is in particular a small square between the refectory and the church, where a graceful Byzantine fountain stands between two cypresses so venerable that St. Athanasius himself may have planted them, as the monks declare.

There are also rarer things, not to be beheld without ceremonious sending back and forth of embassies, without brandishing of portentous keys and the supervision of long-suffering caloyers. Of such is the library, the richest collection of books on the peninsula. It contains over fifteen hundred Greek manuscripts, besides many Venetian and other early prints. One of the most beautiful manuscripts is a great illuminated Gospel of the eleventh century, presented by the emperor Alexius Comnenus. Not the least curious is a botany of Dioscorides, illustrated by paintings. The librarian also fished out of a loose envelope some fragments of an epistle of St. Paul, of the fifth century, sacrilegiously annotated in English in purple ink. He was most anxious, however, that we should examine his visitors' book and add to its collection of polyglot sentiments.

Another room in the same building was the more interesting because we had seen nothing else of the kind. We were escorted thither by the two Epitropes and the secretary of the monastery in person, in order to see the golden robe of Nicephorus Phocas. We did not see very much of it, because it lay in a big case among a quantity of other ancient vestments. It did not look its thousand years. I made no indiscreet remark, however, being too curious to paw over the antique stuffs that filled the rest of the case. Some of them were embroidered with seed pearls. On others were bits of miniature painting. More church finery was folded in piles on

a series of curtained shelves along the walls. On a higher shelf stood a jug of old Venetian glass, stuck all over with colored flowers, and some Persian and Rhodian plates for which I would have given my head. A bronze quiver inscribed in Arabic dangled from the knob of a cupboard—perhaps a memento of Nicephorus's Cretan campaign. There were other cupboards and a number of wooden chests, one of them curiously painted, containing who knew what priceless treasures. As we came away the old librarian nudged me in the ribs and whispered "Complimentt." He cherished a not always realizable aspiration to speak French. I thereupon expressed to the Epitropes in an equally inadequate Greek my sense of the extreme honor they had shown us. But I privately considered my Greek as adequate as the opportunity we had had to rummage through that tantalizing room.

I was of a similar mind the next morning, when we were shown the church. Perhaps its gilded bronze doors, its tessellated pavement, its blue-green tiling, its splendor of lamps and icons, and its noble frescos impressed me the more because we were not allowed to photograph them. But we had by that time seen the chief churches of Mt. Athos, and not even in those of Vatopéthi and Karyés did I gather such an effect of supreme distinction. The relics were shown us by a vested priest, as they deserved, between lighted candles, on a table in front of the altar door. I seem to recollect the skull of some saintly person, set in silver. I remember more clearly a mosaic icon framed in filigree whorls of gold, donated to the monastery by that Armenian John Tzimisce who brought Nicephorus and Theophano to their unhappy ends. What

I could not take my eyes away from was the bit of the True Cross given to St. Athanasius by Nicephorus himself, set crosswise in a great gold case with folding doors of gold. The outside of the case was studded in the Byzantine fashion with large pale gems. Inside were smaller and rarer stones, including some of the most antique diamonds known, and small reliefs of saints and apostles.

There are, of course, many things more ancient in the world. But I have not often felt so completely about me the illusion of another time. That old piece of church jewelry, so perfectly preserved that it might just have come from the hand of the Byzantine goldsmith who made it, had the strangest power to bring back its world of a thousand years ago. And it secretly pleased my sense of the fitness of things that we were not allowed to open our cameras. The solemn frescos seemed to look down rebukingly upon those pert modern engines of art. Who were two little mongrel American tourists, barbarians from beyond unknown seas, that they should trifle with the sanctity of imperial relics?

At another monastery we had made the acquaintance of a monk who interested me greatly. Among many intelligent and open-minded caloyers he was the one scholar we happened to meet. He knew Paris, he had matriculated at a German university, he was a student of history and philology, he subscribed to the "*Byzantinische Zeitschrift*." *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* I asked myself. But as we rode away from Lavra, still dazed by the church, through a long lonely land of climbing forests and foam-edged sea, of wild flowers and nightingales and dropping water, I thought of that monk again. After all——!



THE STORY OF ATALAPHA

A WINGED BROWNIE

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

THE TWINS



THE Beavers had settled on the little brook that runs easterly from Mount Marcy, and built a series of dams that held a succession of ponds like a wet stairway down the valley, making a break in the forest that gave the sky a chance to see its own

sweet face in the pools below.

The Rose Moon was queen of the blue and was glowing on the pine-robed mountain. The baby Beaver were learning to slap with their tails, and already the chirring in high places told of young birds grown and lusty. The peace of the forest was abroad, for it was calm and cool in the waning light.

And now the winged Brownies of the Woods, the hush people of Shadowland, came trooping down the open aisle above the beaver-ponds. Skimming and circling on lightning wing, catching the butterflies of the night or pursuing each other with shouts that to them seemed loud and boisterous, though to us they would be merely squeaks and twitters too thin and fine for any but the sharpest ears.

Somewhat in order of size they came; the smallest first, the larger as the shadows deepened. Then almost at the twilight's end appeared the last and royalest of them all. Clad in its frosted sable-furs, it swooped into view on ample wings, biggest, strongest, rarest of the folk of Shadowland, the king of its kind, the chief of the winged Brownies, and yet for

which we blind ones have no better name than Great North Hoary Bat.

Darting up and down the waterway chasing the fat moths and big game of the night, *noctua*, *samia*, *lachnosterna*, or stripping their bodies of legs and wings to devour the soft parts in air, the great Bat flew, first of the royal house to come. Sometimes skimming low over the waters, sometimes shooting skyward above the trees, sometimes spinning up and down, faster than any of its lesser kin. One not gifted with night eyes would have marvelled to learn that in all this airy wheeling and speeding, she, for it was a Queen Bat, carried a heavy burden. Clinging to her breast were two young Bats, her offspring. They were growing fast and already a heavy weight; but none who marked only the mother's flight would have guessed that she was so trammelled and heavy laden.

Up and down the fare-way of the water she skimmed, or high above the trees where roam the bigger flyers of the night, till she had caught and eaten her fill, then after another hovering drink at the beaver-pond, she left the almost deserted fly-way and, soaring over the tree-tops, she made up the mountainside to her home den, a knot-hole in a hollow maple, too small to be entered by Marten or Hawk or any creature big enough to do her harm.

II

THE SCHOOLING OF A BROWNIE

As June, the Moon of Roses, passed, the young Bats grew apace. They were full furred now, and their weight so great that the mother left them in the den in the hollow branch each time she went forth seeking food. Now she brought back the bodies of her prey, moths and June-bugs; for the young were learning to eat solid food, and when their mother came home after the evening hunt, they would meet

her at the door with a soft chirring of welcome, spring on the food she brought, and tussle with each other for the pieces.

Two meals a day, or rather each night, is a rule of the Bat life—one in the evening twilight, and again in the morning twilight. And twice each day the mother stuffed them with food, so they grew and grew. The difference of their dispositions was well marked now. The lesser brother was petulant and a little quarrelsome. He always wanted the June-bug that had not been given him, and paid little heed to the warning "chirr" that his mother sometimes gave to stop him scrambling after his brother's portion. But the bigger brother was not easily provoked; he sought for peace. What wonder that the mother found it pleasanter to stroke and lick the big one's fur than to be chattered at by the little one.

June went by; July, the Thunder Moon, was half gone, when a great event took place. The young had been growing with wonderful rapidity. Though far from being as heavy as the mother yet, they were nearly as long and had a wing stretch that was fully three-quarters of hers. During the last few days they had dared to sit on their home branch outside of the den, to wait for mother with the eatables. Each time they saw her coming, their well-grown wings fluttered vigorously with excitement, and more than once with such power that the young bodies were lifted almost off their feet; surely the time had come for the great experiment. Instead of giving them the food that evening, the mother Bat kept a little way off.

Holding the body of a cockchafer, she alighted on a branch, and when the hungry little ones pursued her, clamoring, she kept just out of reach and continued on to the end of the branch. The little ones scrambled after her, and just as they reached the prize she launched into the air on her wings. The Big Brother was next her. He had been reaching for the food; the suddenness of the move upset him. He lost his hold and in a moment

was falling through the air. He gave a little screech, instinctively spread out his wings, and flapped very hard. Then lo! instead of falling, he went fluttering forward, and before he knew it *was flying*.

It was weak and wabbly, but it was flight; Mother was close at hand and when he seemed to weaken and failed to hold control, she glided underneath and took his weight upon her back. Wheeling, she mounted with strong, sturdy strokes. Soon again he was back to the home den and his maiden flight was over. It was three days before Little Brother would take his flight. And many a scolding his mother gave him before he could be persuaded that he really had wings to bear him aloft if only he would try to use them.

From this time on the twins' real life began. Twice nightly they went flying with Mother to the long wet valley through the timber, and though at first

they wearied before they had covered thrice the length of the beaver-ponds, their strength grew quickly, and the late Thunder Moon saw them nearly full grown, strong on the wing, and rejoicing in the power of flight. Oh! what a joy it was, when the last streak of light was gone from the western world rim, to scramble to the hole and launch into the air—one, two, three—Mother, Brother, and Little Brother, to go kiting, scooting, circling, sailing, diving, and soaring—with flutter, wheel, and downward plunge. Then sharp with hunger they would dart for the big, abounding game—great fat luna moths, roaring June-bugs, luscious cecropias, and a thousand smaller game were whizzing and flitting on every side, a plenteous feast for those with wings of speed. One or two small moths they seized and gobbled in mid-air. Then a fat June-bug came booming by and away went the youngsters twittering with glee, neck and neck, and Mother hovering near. Within half a pond length they were up to him, and pounced and snapped, Little Brother and



Portrait
of a
Brownie



She swooped after the roaring bug.

Big Brother. But an unexpected difficulty arose. The June-bug was so big and round, and clad in such hard-shell armor, that each time the young Bats pounced and snapped, their little jaws could get no hold, but sent the bug rebounding, safely speeding.

Snap, snap, snap went the little Bats, but it was like a terrier snapping at an armadillo or a kitten at a turtle. For the June-bug kept his legs tight tucked and all the rest was round and hard. "Snap" went Brother at his head and "snap" went Little Brother at his tail. They nearly bumped into each other, but the booming bug escaped and Little Brother chattered angrily at every one.

Then the mother Bat came skimming by and said in Bat language, "Now, children, watch me and see how to manage those big, hard things you cannot bite." She swooped after the roaring bug, but making no attempt to use her teeth she sailed over, then in a twinkling curled her tail with its broad flap into a bag and scooped the June-bug in. Her legs

helped to close the net; a quick reach back of the supple neck and the boomer was seized by the head. Her hind feet clutched it firmly, a few quick movements of her jaws, the wing cases, the armored legs and horns, went down rattling into the leafage, and the June-bug's body was like a chicken trussed for eating, cleaned of all but the meat.

Calling to the twins with a twittering squeak she took the fat lump in her teeth and flew onward and upward, still calling. Then, as they labored in pursuit, she rose a little and dropped the big, luscious prize.

Away went Brother, and after went Little Brother in pursuit of the falling food. It fell straight, they darted in zig-zags. Again and again they struck at it, but could not hold it. It was surely falling to the ground, where it would be lost, for no Frosted Bat would eat food from the ground. But Mother swooped and with her tail scooped the round thing in again.

Once more she flew to the higher level above the trees. Again she called to the Brothers to try their powers. And as the

fat body dropped a second time they resumed their eager zigzags. A little screech of joy from Little Brother announced that he had scooped the body, but he lost his wing balance and dropped the June-bug to recover himself. It had not fallen twenty feet before Brother dashed under sideways and up, then twittered in needle tones of joy, for he had won the prize and won it in fair play. The old Bat would have eaten it on the wing, but the little ones were not yet steady enough for that, so they flew to a tall tree and to a top branch which afforded a good perch and there they revelled in the spoils.

III

THE UNDOING OF LITTLE BROTHER

THE Thunder Moon was worthy of its name. Night after night there were thunder-storms that prevented the Bats going out to hunt, and the hardship of hunger was theirs, for more than once they had to crouch in the home den while the skies and trees shivered in thunder that shook down drenching streams of rain. Then followed a few clear days and nights



with growing heat. Little Brother, always petulant, chattered and crooned in querulous notes, but Brother and Mother bore it all silently. The home was surely very close, but it was a safe refuge. At last Little Brother would stand it no longer. The morning hunt was over, that

is the second meal, the east was showing a dawning. All three had huddled in the old safe home, but it got closer and hotter; another blazing day was coming, and Little Brother, in spite of warning chitters



from his Mother and bead-eyed wonder of his Brother, crawled out of the den and hung himself, bat-fashion, heels up under a thick and shady spruce bough close at hand.

Mother called once or twice, but he answered her only with an impatient grunt or not at all. He was very well pleased to find it so much cooler and pleasanter under this bough than in the den, though in truth the blinding sun was far from agreeable.

The brightness and the heat grew and the bird voices mostly died away. But there was one that could be heard in sun or shadow, heat or twilight, the loud "Jay, jay" of the Bluejay, the rampant, rollicking, mischief bird, the spy and tell-tale of the woods.

"Jay, jay," he screamed when he found a late fledgling in the nest of a Vireo and gobbled the callow mite as its parents wailed around. "Jay, jay, to-rootel," he chortled as he saw a fat grasshopper left on a thorn by a Butcher-bird who believed in storing food when it was plenty. But the Jay polished off the dainty and hopped

gayly to a cleft tree into which some large insect had buzzed. The Jay tapped with his bill; an angry buzz gave warning.

"Nay, nay," said the blue terror and lightly flitted to a tall fir out of reach of the angry hornets.

Here his keen eyes, glancing around, caught a glimpse of a brownish-looking lump like an autumn leaf or a moth cocoon.

"Took, took," murmured the Jay. "What is that?" It hung from the lower side of a limb. The Jay hopped just above it. The slight jarring of his weight caused two tiny blinky eyes to open, but the sunlight was blinding, the owner was helpless, and with one fell blow of his sharp bill the Bluejay split its skull. The brown form of the Bat shook in the final throes, fell from the perch, and was lost to view, while the Bluejay croaked and "he-he'd" and went on in the rounds of his evil life.

That was the end of Little Brother.

His Mother and Brother knew he was killed, but they could see little of it in the brightness; they were sure only of this: they never saw him again.

But a man, a good naturalist, was prowling through the woods that day with trout-rod in hand. It was too hot to fish. He was lying under a tree in the shade when the familiar voice of the Bluejay sounded above him. He saw nothing of the bird. He knew nothing of its doings overhead, but he did know that presently there fluttered down a beautiful form, the velvet and silver-clad body of a Great Northern Bat, and when the wings had ceased to flutter, a closer glance showed that the skull was split by a blow from some sharp instrument. But the rare specimen was little harmed; he gladly took it to an honored resting-place. He had no answer to the riddle, but we know it for the working out of the law—obedience is long life.

IV

ATALAPHA'S TOILET

ATALAPHA, the Big Brother, now lived alone with his Mother, learning many things that were needful to his life success; being taught by her, even as she was taught by her mother, chiefly through the power of example, developing so fast that he was full grown before the waning of the Thunder Moon, and was far advanced for his age in all the wise ways of Bats.

One of the first lessons was the making of his toilet, for the winged Brownies are exquisitely clean in their person. This was the way of his washing. After dipping once or twice in the water

so the lower fur was dripping wet he would fly to some well-known roost and, hanging by first one foot then by the other, would comb his fur all over with the thumb that grows on each wing bend, and

then with finer application of his teeth and tongue every part was dressed and licked as carefully as a cat might dress her coat. And last his wings are rubbed and massaged inside and out. He would lick and pull at the membrane, and stretch it over his head till every part was cleared of every speck of dust, and the fur slick and clean and fluffy soft.



He knew how to take the noisy June-bug in the scoop-net. How to snap the small but juicy May-flies and mosquitoes

basilona cannot be scooped, but must be struck from above and dewinged; so also with the lightning hawk-moth, the



The flittering host of the moonlight.

in his mouth and cut their wings with his side teeth. He could seize, strip, pluck, bone, and eat a noctua or a snowy mænas without changing his line of flight. He knew that a polopias was a hard-shell and a stinger to be let alone; some young Bats have lost their lives through not knowing what a deadly creature is this steel-blue mud wasp. He knew that the woolly luna, the fluffy samia with her owl-eyed wings, or the blazing yellow

royal citheronia, and the giant cecropia, the hardest of all to take, the choicest food in the air. He learned to keep away from the surface of the beaver-pond when the great trout were jumping, and he had discovered the wonderful treat that one may eat hovering in front of a high honeysuckle when honey, pollen, and smoke-flies mixed made a thick, delicious food that was a new sensation. He knew the booming hoot of the Horned Owl and the

screech of the early Pigeon Hawk. He could dart at full speed, without touching, through an opening but little wider than



one wing. He could comb his left side with his right thumb-nail. He learned to enjoy teasing the great, clumsy Night-hawks; and when he saw one spreading its enormous gape to close on some fat basilona, he loved to dart between and in a spirit of mischief and sport to bear the coveted morsel away. All Great Northern Bats are marvellous on the wing, but Atalapha was a marvel among the young of his kind. He rejoiced in the fulness of his speed. He gloried in the strength of his wings; and—shall I tell it?—he became a little puffed up. Because he pleased his Mother, and was a little abler than his mates and had taken with credit the first steps in the life journey, he reckoned himself a very important being; and thought he knew it all. He had an awakening. For late on a night in the early Red Moon the air was filled with a droning hum that puzzled him, but stirred his Mother to leap for the door and wing away. The air was filled with new Bats, bigger, stronger than he was used to, and among them was Atalapha's Father. He had come again to his bride,

and henceforth Atalapha was left to himself, had indeed to seek a new home.

When autumn came and the Bat host went South, the males went first and Atalapha instinctively followed. Afar in the groves of Florida he spent the cold term and grew to be the biggest and richest clad of all his sportive kind.

When spring came back he joined his male companions for the northern flight. On past Marcy Mount they went; any impulse he had to stop was held in check by the example of others. Marcy Vale was a range of female Bats, the males must live apart and on they went till the Saranac was blue and white below, and there they halted; this was home.

Here he spent the spring and the summer, here he learned to live the free life of a full-grown Bat, and to meet and rejoice in meeting the dangers that were thick about from the Owl and Hawk to the jagged thorn or the stinging aca-



rus, from the leaping trout in the brook to the weird mystery—a column of hot and deadly vapor that rose from a glowing man-made pile of stones by the upper Saranac, a place that in his mind was noted as the place of the *unknown death*.

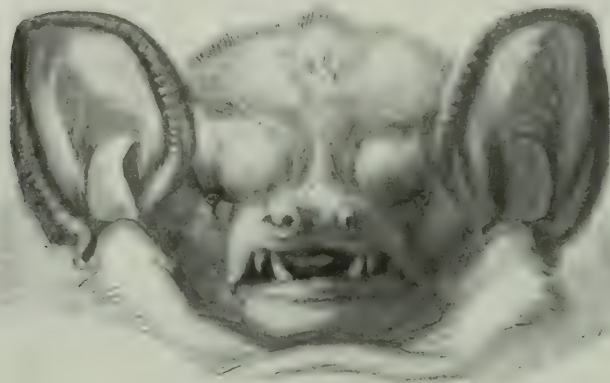
V

ATALAPHA WOUNDED AND CAPTIVE

A GOOD naturalist who found Bats worthy of his whole life-study has left us a long account of a Bat roost where ten thousand of the lesser tribes had colonized the garret of a country dweller's home. It was in a land of flies, mosquitoes, and many singing pests with stings, but all

home. Yes, every time a Bat scoops up a flying bug it deals a telling blow at mankind's foes. There is no creature, winged or walking in the woods, that should be better prized, protected, blessed than this, the harmless, beautiful, beneficent Bat.

And yet young Haskins of the Mill, when his uncle gave him a shotgun for his birthday, must needs begin with practise on these fur-clad swallows of the



Atalapha

about the house was an Eden where such insects were unknown. Each Bat needs many hundred little insects every night; what wonder that they had swept the region clear!

Slow-moving science has gathered up facts and deciphered a part of the dim manuscript of truth that has in it the laws of life.

We know now that typhoid, malaria, yellow fever, and all sorts of dreadful maladies are borne about by the mosquitoes and the flies. Without such virus-carriers these deadly pests would die out. And of all the creatures in the woods there is none that does more noble work for man than the skimming fur-clad Bat. Perhaps he kills a thousand insects in a night. All of these are possible plague-bearers. Some of them are surely infected and carry in their tiny baleful bodies the power to desolate a human

night that skimmed about the mill-dam when the sun went down behind the nearer hills.

Again and again he fired without effect. The flittering swarm was baffling in its speed or its tortuous course. But ammunition was plentiful, and he blazed away. One or two of the smaller Bats dropped into the woods, while others escaped only to die of their wounds. The light was nearly gone from the western sky when Atalapha, too, came swooping down the valley about the limpid pond. His long sharp wings were set as he sailed to drink from the river surface. His unusual size caught the gunner's eye; he aimed and fired. With a scream of pain the great Bat fell in the stream, and the heartless human laughed iumphant, then ran to the margin to look for his victim.

One wing was useless, but Atalapha

was swimming bravely with the other. He had nearly reached the land when the boy reached out with a stick and raked him ashore, then stooped to secure the victim; but Atalapha gave such a succession of harsh shrieks of pain and anger that the boy recoiled. He came again, however, with a tin can; the wounded Bat was roughly pushed in with a stick and carried to the house to be shut up in a cage.

That boy was not deliberately cruel or wicked. He was simply ignorant and thoughtless. He had no idea that the Bat was a sensitive, high-strung creature, a mortal of absolutely blameless life, a hidden worker, a man-defender from the evil powers that plot and walk in darkness—the real Brownie of the woods, the uncrowned king of the kindly little folk of Shadowland—and so in striking down Atalapha the fool had harmed his own, but the linking of his life with the inner chain of life was hidden from him. Cruelty was far from his thoughts; it began with the hunting instinct, then came the desire to possess, and the gratification of a reasonable curiosity—all good enough. But the methods were hard on the creature caught. The boy pressed his nose against the close wire netting and stared at the wet and trembling prisoner. Then the boy's little sister came and gazed with big blue eyes of fear and wonder.

"Oh, give it something to eat," was her kind suggestion. So bread, for which the wounded one had no appetite, was pushed between the bars. Next morning, of course, the bread was there untouched.

"Try it with some meat," suggested one, so meat and, later, fish, fruit, vegetables, and lastly insects were offered to the sad-faced captive without getting any response.

Then the mother said: "Have you given it any water?" No, they had never thought of that. A saucerful was brought, and Atalapha in a fever of thirst drank long and deeply, then refreshed he hung himself from a corner of the cage and fell asleep. Next morning the insects and all the fresh meat were gone; and now the boy and his sister had no difficulty in feeding their captive.

VI

THE WINGS THAT SEE

ATALAPHA'S hurt was merely a flesh wound in the muscle of his breast. He recovered quickly, and in a week was well again. His unhinging had been largely from the shock, for the exquisite nervous sensibilities of the Bat are perhaps unequalled in the animal world; how fine none know that have not been confronted with much evidence. There was once, long ago, a cruel man, a student of natural history, who was told that a Bat has such a marvellous gift of nerves and such a tactile sense that it could see with its wings if its eyes were gone. He did not hesitate to put it to the proof, and has left a record that sounds to us like a tale of magic.

There was sickness in the small settlement, and the Doctor, calling, learned of the children's captive. He knew of Spallanzani's account and was minded to test the truth; but he was not minded to rob a fellow being of its precious eyesight. He could find other means.

Opening the cage he seized the fur-clad prisoner, then dropping deftly a little soft wax on each eyelid, he covered all with adhesive plaster so that the eyes were closed, absolutely sealed, there was no possibility of one single ray of entering light. And then he let the captive fly in the room. Strong once more on the wing, Atalapha rose at once in wavering flight, then steadied himself, and hovering in the air he dashed for the ceiling. But a moment before striking he wheeled and skimmed along the cornice, not touching the wall, and not in seeming doubt. The Doctor reached out to catch him, but the Bat dodged instantly and successfully. The Doctor pursued with an insect net in hand, but the blinded Bat had some other sense that warned him. Darting across the room he passed through the antlers of a deer's head, and though he had to shorten wing on each side, he touched them not. When the pursuing net drove him from the ceiling, he flew low among the chairs, passing under legs and between rungs at full speed, with not a touch. Then in a moment of full career near the floor he halted and hovered like a humming-bird

before the tiny crack under the door, as though it promised escape. All along this he fluttered, then at the corner he followed it upward, and hovering at the key-hole, he made a long pause. This seemed to be a way of escape, for the fresh air came in. But he decided that it was too small, for he did not go near, and he certainly did not see it. Then he darted toward the stove, but recoiled before too close. The roaring draught of the damper held him a moment, but he quickly flew, avoiding the stove-pipe wire, and hovered at another hair-like crack along the window.

Now the Doctor stretched many threads in angles of the room and set small rings of wire in the narrow ways. Driven upward from the floor the blinded prisoner skimmed at speed along the high corners of the room, he dodged the threads, he shortened wing and passed in full flight through the rings, and he wheeled from every obstacle as though he had perfect vision, exact knowledge of its place and form.

Then, lastly, the Doctor gave a crucial test. On the table in the middle of the room he set a dish of water and released a blue-bottle fly. Every one present was cautioned to keep absolutely still. Atalapha was hanging by his hind feet from a corner of the room, vainly trying to scratch the covering from his eyes. Presently he took wing again. The dead silence reassured him. He began once more his search for escape. He made a great square-cornered flight all around the door. He traversed at a wing length the two sides of the sash and then inspected the place where the cross-bars met. He passed a mouse-hole with a momentary pause, but hovered long at a tiny knot-hole in the outer wall. Then reviving his confidence in the silence of the room, he skimmed several times round and, diving toward the pan, *drank as he flew*. Now

the fly that had settled on the wall went off with a loud hum. Instantly Atalapha wheeled in pursuit. It darted past the deer's antlers and through the loops and zigzag threads round here and there, but not for long. Within half the room's length the fly was snatched in full career. Its legs and wings went floating away and the body made a pleasant bite of food for the gifted one.

What further proof could any ask, what stronger test could be invented? The one with the wonderful wings was the one with the tactile power that poor blind man gropes hard for words to picture even in the narrow measure that he can comprehend it.

Tired with the unwonted flight Atalapha was hanging from the wall. His silky seal-brown sides were heaving just a little with the strain. The butterfly net was deftly dropped upon him; then with warm water and skilful care the plasters and wax were removed and the prisoner restored to his cage, to be a marvel and to furnish talk for many a day as "the Bat that

could see with his wings."

Then in the second week of captive life there was a change. The boy came no more with coarse lumps of food, the sister alone was feeder and jailer, and she was listless. She barely renewed the water and threw in the food, taking little note of the restless prisoner or the neglected cage. Then one day she did not come at all. And next day, after hasty feeding, left the door unlocked. That night Atalapha, ever searching for escape, trying every wire and air-hole, pushed back the door, then skimmed into the room, and by an open window launched out into the glorious night again upon his glorious wings, free! free! free! And he swooped and sailed in the sweet fresh air of the starry night, and sailed and soared and sang.



And who shall tell the history of his bright young jailers at the mill? Little is known but this: the pestilence borne of the flies alighted on that home, and when the grim one left it there were two new mounds, short mounds in the sleeping ground that is overlooked by the wooden tower. Who can tell us what snowflakes set the avalanche a-rolling, or what was the one, the very spark, which, quenched, had saved the royal city from the flames! This only we know: that the Bats were destroying the bearers of the plague about that house; many Bats had fallen by the gun, and the plague struck in that house where the blow was hardest to be borne. We do not understand. It is a chain with many links, we have not light to see, and the only guide that is always safe to follow in the gloom is the golden thread of kindness, the gospel of Assisi's saint.

VII

ATALAPHA MEETS WITH SILVER-BROWN

THE Thunder Moon was passing now. Atalapha was well and strong as ever, yes, more than ever before. He was now in his flush of prime. His ample wings were longest in the tribe, his fur was full and rich; and strong in him was a heart of courage, a latent furnace of desire. Strange impulses and vague came on him at times. So he went careering over the mountains or fetching long sweeping flights over the forest lakes from far Champlain to Placid's rippling blue.

The exuberant joy of flight was perhaps the largest impulse, but the seeking for change, the hankering for adventure, were there.

He sailed a long way toward Marcy Mount one night, and was returning in the dawning, when he was conscious of nearing a place of peril. A dull glow in the valley ahead—the Unknown Death. And he veered to the west to avoid that invisible column of poison. When far to the east of him he heard a loud screeching, and peering toward the broad band of day that lay behind the eastern hilltops, he saw a form go by at speed, with a larger one behind it.

Curiosity no doubt was the first motive

to draw him near, and then he saw a Bat, one of his own kind, a stranger to him and of smaller, finer make than his robust comrades on the Saranac. Its form brought back memories of his mother, and



it was with something more than passing sympathy he saw she was being done to death by a bird of prey. It was early, but already the ravenous Chicken-hawk was about and haunting a place that had yielded him good hunting before. But why should a Bat fear the Chicken-hawk? There is no flier in the sky that can follow the Great Hoary Bat, but follow he did, and the Bat, making wretched haste to escape, seemed to forget the tricks and arrowy speed of her kind, and was losing in an easy race. Why? Something had sapped her strength. Maybe she did not know what, maybe she never knew, but her brain was reeling, her lungs were choking, she had unwittingly crossed the zone of the Unknown Death; and the Hawk screeched aloud for the triumph already in sight.

The fierce eyes were glaring, the cruel beak was gaping, the deadly talons reached. But the stimulus of death so near made the numbed Bat dodge and wheel, and again, but each time by a narrower space, escaped. She tried to reach a thicket, but the Hawk was over-cunning and kept between. One more plunge; the victim uttered a low cry of despair. When, *whiz!* past the very eyes of the great Hawk went a Bat, and the

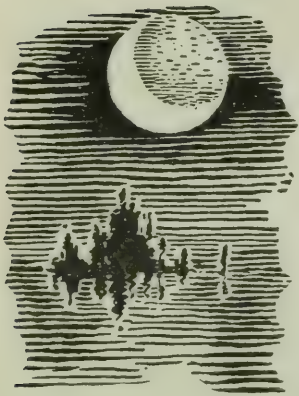
Hawk recoiled before he knew that this was another. Flash, flap, flutter, just before his eyes, and just beyond his reach, came the newcomer full of strength and power, quicker than lightning, absolutely scorning the slow, clumsy Hawk, while Silver-brown dropped limply out of sight to be lost in a hemlock top.

Now the Hawk was roused to fury. He struck and dived and swooped again while the Bat skimmed round his head, flirted in his face, derided him with tiny squeaks, and flouted the fell destroyer, teasing and luring him for a while, then left him far away as the Sea-gull leaves a ship when it interests him no longer.

There was no deep emotion in the part the big Bat played, there was no conscious sex instinct, nothing but the feeling of siding with his own kind against a foe; but he remembered the soft, velvet fur of Silver-brown as he flew, and still remembered it a little when he hung himself up for his day sleep in the hollow he felt was home.

VIII

THE LOVE FIRE



THE Red Moon rose on Saranac, and with it many a growing impulse rose to culmination. Atalapha was in his glorious prime; the red blood coursing through his veins was tingling in its redness. His limbs, his wings—those magic wings

that, sightless, yet could see—were vibrant with his life at its flood-tide rush. His powers were in their flush. His coat responded, and the deep rich yellow brown that turned pale golden on his throat and deepened into red on his shining shoulders was glossed on his back with a purple sheen, while over all the color play was showered the silver of his frosting; like nightly stars on a shallow summer sea where the yellow tints of weeds gleamed through, it shone; and massing on his

upper arm formed there a band of white that spanned his shoulders, sweeping down across his throat like a torc on the neck of some royal rover of the horde that harried Rome, the badge of his native excellence, the proof of his self-won fame.

Rich indeed was his vestment now, but his conscious pride was the great long-fingered pulsatory wings, stretching out to grasp huge handfuls of the blue-green night, reaching, bounding, throbbing as they answered to the bidding of the lusty heart within; whether as a bending bow to hurl himself, its arrow, up toward the silent stars, or to sense like fine antennæ every form or barricade, or change of heat or cold, or puff of air, yes, even hill or river far below, that crossed or neared his unseen path. And the golden throat gave forth in silver notes a song of joy. Sang out Atalapha, as every sentient being sings when life and power and the joy of life have filled his cup brimful.

And he whirled and wheeled, and shrilled his wildest strain, as though his joy were rounded out complete.

How well he knew it lacked!

Deep in his heart was a craving, a longing that he scarcely understood. His life, so full, so strong, was only half a life; and he raced in wanton speed, or plunged like a meteor to skim past sudden death for the very pride and glory of his power. And skirling he "spieled" the song that he may have used as a war-song; but it had no hate in its vibrant notes: it was the outbursting now of a growing, starker, urging, all-dominating wish *for some one else*. And he wheeled in ever larger lightning curves; careering he met his summer mates, all racing like himself, all filled with the fires of youth and health, burning and lusty life, that had reached a culmination. All tingling as with some pungent inbreathed essence, racing, strenuous, eager, hungry, hankering, craving for something that was not yet in their lives. Seeking companionship, and yet when they met each other they wheeled apart, each by the other shunned, and circling yet voyaging in the upper air they went, drifting, sailing, alone though in a flock, away to the far southwest.

Fervent in the fervent throng and lightning swift among the flashing speeders was Atalapha in his new ecstatic mood. He had perhaps no clear thought of his need and void, but a picture came again and again in his mind, the form of a companion, not a lusty brother of the bachelor crew, but the soft, slight form of Silver-brown. And as his feelings burned, the impulse grew and his fleet wings bore him like a glancing star away and away to the valley where ten nights back he had seen her drop as the death Hawk stooped to seize her.

Star! red star of the Red Moon nights!

Star blazing in the sky as a ruddy fire-fly glowing in the grass, as a lamp in a beacon burning!

Oh! be the wanderer's star to-night and guide him to the balm-wine tree!

Oh! shine where the cooling draught awaits the fevered lips and burning!

The strong wings lashed on the ambient wind and that beautiful body went bounding, swinging, bounding. High holding his swift line he swept o'er Saranac and on. Low glancing like an arrow newly sped he traversed Pitchoff's many-shouldered peak. Like a falling star he dropped to Placid's broad, blue breast and made across the waving forest heads.

For where? Did he know? For the upper valley of the river, for the place of the Unknown Death, for the woods, for the very tree in whose bosky top he had had the last, the fleeting glimpse of the soft little Silver-brown.

There is no hunger for which there is no food. There is no food that will not come for the hunger that seeks and seeks and will not cease from seeking. Speeding in airy wheels in the early night, careering around the hemlock top as though it held and had held these many days the magnet that he had never realized till now. And many of his brethren

passing near wove mystic tracteries in the air; he sensed them all about, but heeded none—a compass for a compass has no message. When a subtle influence turned him far away, another power, not eyes nor tactile wings; and he wheeled with eager rush as one who sees afar a signal long awaited.

There! Yes! A newcomer of his race, of different form perhaps, and size and coat, but these were things he had no mind to see. This had a different presence, an overmastering lure, a speechless bidding not to be resisted—a sparkling of the distant spring to the sand-worn traveller parched athirst.

Now sped he like a pirate of the air. Now fled she like a flying yacht gold-laden. And away, and the warm wind whistled, left behind. But the pirate surely wins when the prize is not averse to be taken. Not many a span of the winding stream, not many a wing-beat of that flight ere Atalapha was skimming side by side with a glorified Silver-brown. How rich and warm was that coat! How gentle, alluring the form and the exquisite presence that told without sounds of a spirit that also had hungered!

"He-ooo, he-ooo, he-ooo," loud sang Atalapha in ecstasy of the love-dream that came true.

"He-ooo, he-ooo, he-ooo," and she sailed by his side. And as they sped the touch of lips or ears or wing-tips was their lover greeting, or tilting each way, as side by side they flew, their warm, soft breasts would meet and the beating hearts together beat in time. The seeing wings supplied their comprehension in a hundred thrills, magnetic, electric, overwhelming. So they sailed in the blue on their bridal flight. So the hunger-mad joined in a feast of delight. So the fever-burnt drank at the crystal spring, for the moon that was full was the Red Love Moon, and it blazed on the brawling river.



IX

THE RACE WITH THE SWALLOWS

THE fiercer the fire the faster it fades, and when seven suns had sunk on Marcy Vale, Atalapha and his bride and the merry-mated host that came that night from Saranac were roaming in the higher winds with calmer flights and moods. The coursers of the night went often now alone. The ardor of the honeymoon was

troop of Swallows came fleet-winged from the north, and so the two swarms went together.

It seems impossible for two swift creatures, not actually companions or mates, to travel the same road long without a race.

At first each Bat that happened to be near a Swallow took care not to be left behind. But the interest grew, and not half the first little valley was crossed before the rivalry between chance Swallow and



over and, strange to tell, with the dulling of that fire the colors of their coats dulled too.

August, the Red Moon passed, and according to their custom the Bats prepared to go, like ancient pilgrims, in two great flights, the males in one, their consorts in a different, later company.

Atalapha had seen no more of Silver-brown during the last week than he had of many others, and the law was easily obeyed. She was living with her kind, and he with his.

Then came again the stirring times when the nights turned cold. At last there was a nip of frost, and a great unrest ran through the Bat community. Next morning after feed time, Atalapha made not for his lurking-place, but wheeled toward the open, and after him the fluttering host, sailing and circling high. They were not dashing in feverish excitement as a month before, but wheeling upward as with a common purpose. So when the great spiral flock had soared so high that it was reflected like smoke in the river far below, its leader wheeled in a final wheel on the air-current that suited him best; all followed, and their journey was begun. A

chance Bat had grown till the whole Swallow army was racing the whole army of Bats, and Atalapha was matched with a splendid fellow in steely blue, whose wings went whistling in the wind.

Away they sped, keeping the same air level and straggling out as the different individuals showed their different powers. Who that knows the merry glancing Swallow can doubt that it must win? Who that has watched the Northern Bat could ever have a question? Yet the race was nearly even. There were Bats that could not hold their own with certain Swallows, and there were Swallows that strained very hard, indeed, to keep near the Bats. Both sped away at their swiftest pace. A second valley was crossed and then a low range of hills. Both armies now were strung out at full length, and yet seemed nearly matched. But there was one trick that the Swallows could not keep from doing: that was curvetting in the air. The habit of zigzag flight was part of their nature. The Bats often do it too, but now with speed as their aim they laid aside all playful pranks of flight, and, level-necked like a lot of Wild Geese, flapping steadily at a regular beat, beat,

beat—dropping or rising as their sensitive feelings showed was wise when the air-current changed, their wings went beat, beat, beat. Another valley crossed, and Atalapha made better choice of the air levels; his rival dropped behind. His kinsmen followed. The Swallows began to lose a little, then, losing ground, lost heart; and before another river had been passed, the first of the Swallows had dropped behind the last of the Bats, and silken wings had beaten whistling plumes.

X

LOST ON THE WATER

MOST migrants seek the sea if it be anywhere near their course, no doubt because of the great guide line of its margin. Down the Connecticut Valley they had sped and were not far from the sounding shore when the leader of the Bats led his following into hanging quarters for the day.

They were a tired lot, especially the youngsters whose first long flight it was, and when the evening-meal hour came, most of them preferred to go on sleeping. The night was waning, the morning was coming when the leader roused the host, and all went out to hunt. The great game season was over and food was so scarce that the sun arose while many yet were hunting, and now it was time to be moving on the long south march. Turning the gold of his breast to the southward, Atalapha with his friends in long array behind went swinging easily down the valley to the sea, when a change of wind was felt, a chilly blast from the north arose. The leader soared at once to seek a pleasanter level, but found it worse; then sank so far that at last they were tormented with eddies answering to the contour of the hills, and, flitting low, were surprised with a flurry of snow, that sent them skurrying into sheltered places, where they hung and shivered, and so they passed the rest of that day and the night after a slowly gathered meal.

The dawn time came and the Bats were all astir, for the spirit of unrest was on them. The snow was gone and the weather mild, so they held their course till

the crawling sea was far below them, and its foaming sandy shore was the line that guided their army now.

The day had opened fair, but they had not sailed an hour before the sky was darkened, a noisy wind was blowing in changing ways, and an overstream of air came down that was stinging, numbing cold.

Wise Bats know that the upper air may be warm when the world is cold, and Atalapha, soaring, led in a long strong upward slope and on a warmer plane he sped away. But in a little while the world below was hidden in a flying spume of fog that was driven with whiteness, and in the veil the Bats again were lost: only the few strong fliers near him could be seen; but Atalapha sped on. He saw no landmarks, but he had a winged thing's compass sense. So he flew high above the veiled world, never halting or fearing—but on.

He would surely have kept the line and outflown the storm but for a strange mischance that brought him face to face with an ancient foe.

The mizzling fog and driving sleet had ceased for a little, so that he could see some distance around. A few of his daily comrades were there, but among them flying also was the huge brown form of a Hawk.

He was sailing and flapping by turns, and easily wheeling southward rather than moving by direct flight. But as soon as he saw the Bat so near he turned his cruel head with those hungry, yellow eyes and made for him, with the certainty that here was an easy meal.

Atalapha was a little cold, but otherwise fresh, and he eluded the onset with scarcely an effort; but the Hawk too was fresh. He swooped upward again and again, so the flight became a succession of zigzags. Then the fog and snow closed in. The Hawk made another pounce which Atalapha easily dodged with a swift upwheel that took him far from danger of those claws, but also, as it happened, into a thicker, chillier cloud than ever, and, so far as he could see, he was alone in space. His other sense, the vision of his wings, was dulled by the cold; it told him that the enemy was not so far away, but that was all; and he sped in the white darkness

of the mist as fast as he could, away from the boding menace.

Still he went at his steady pace. He saw no more of the Hawk, but the fog and the snow grew heavier; then the wind arose and he followed, for he could not face it, and flew on and on. The day should have come in brightness, but the clouds were heavy above, so he sailed and sailed. Then when sure he was safe and would descend to rest, he lowered through the snow-laden wind to find that there was *nothing below but the sea*, heaving, extending, appalling, so he rose and flew again for a long, long time, then he descended to find the awful sea. He arose once more, flew on and on and on, and still on, but the sea was below him. Then the snow-storm ceased, the sky cleared off as the sun began to go down, and the Bat's little eyes could glance round and round to see nothing but heaving sea, no sight of tree or land or any other Bats, nothing but the dark, hungry waters. He flew, not knowing whither or why; the only guide was the wind now falling; he was no longer numbed with cold, but he was wearied to the very bone.

Yet the only choice was go on or go down, so he flapped and sailed as he had since the dawn, and when the favoring breeze died away he soared a little, hoping to find another helpful wind, and sailed with his worn, weary wings—sailed as the hunger pang weakened him—sailed, not the least knowing whither. Had he had the mind of another being, that thought might have struck him down, but his animal frame was strong, his vision of danger was small, and he sailed ever onward and on.

XI

THE REMORSELESS SEA

AN hour, and another hour, slowly passed, the sun had gone, the soft light that he loved was coming down, but his spirit was failing. He did not know where he was going, or whether he should turn and follow the sun till he dropped. As soon as the doubt came on him he felt his strength go. He kept on, but it was a feeble flutter with little direction. Surely now the sea would swallow him up, as it

doubtless had done many of his fellows. His courage never really failed till now. His flight was drifting downward, when far behind he heard a strange loud cry, a sound of many voices, and a backward glance showed skimming low over the water a far-flung string of long-winged birds—smaller than Hawks, black and white, whistling as they flew. The instinct to save himself caused him to rise higher, but his flight was slow now, and the broad-fronted horde of ocean roamers came up and passed him with a whirring and a whistling to fade in the gloom to the south.

They had paid no heed to him, yet when they were gone they helped him. He did not know that these were Golden Plovers migrating. He did not know that they were headed for the ocean islands where winter never comes, but the force of their example was not lost. Example is the great teacher of all wild things, and spurred by the clamorous band, Atalapha took fresh heart, and following their very course, flapped on, wearily, hungrily, slowly for him, but on. The night wind



followed the sun for a time, but Atalapha put forth a little of his feeble strength to rise till he found an upper breeze that was warm and would help him.

All day from earliest dawn he had flown, in the early part at least, in peril of his life; not a bite had he eaten, but on and on he kept; not the swift swooping flight of the arrowy Bat as he comes when the shadows fall on Saranac, but slowly flapping and low, like a Heron flying with heavy flagging flight, without curvet, but headed with steady purpose, swerving not, and on.

Six hundred miles had he flown, his little breast was heaving, the rich dark fur was matted with the spray, the salt



on his lips was burning, but on and on he flew.

Flap, flap, flap. There was no sound but the moan of the sea, nor sight for his eyes to rest on, or hint that his magic wing could sense of a place of refuge; but on and feebly on.

Flap—flap—flap—there was naught but the pitiless ocean, and the brave little heart was sinking, and yet on—on.

Flap—flap. His eyes were long dimmed. His wings were forgetting their captain, but on—on—in the wake of the Plovers still on.

The All-mother, inexorable, remorseless always, sends this, at least sometimes, a numb sleep to dull the last pang, and the wing-wearied flier was forgetting. But on in a slow, sad rhythm that was surely near the end, when away out ahead in the darkness came a volume of sound, a whistling, the same as had passed him.

Like a thrill it ran through his frame, like food and drink it entered his body, and he bounded, awake, at a better pace. He put forth his feeble strength and flew and flew. Then the clamor grew loud. A great shore appeared and all along the strand were the Plovers running and whistling. Oh, haven! oh, haven at last! Oh, rest! And he sailed beyond the sand, there flung outspread, shivered a little, and lay still.

The remorseless All-mother, the kindly All-mother, that loves ever best her strong children, came and stood over him. She

closed his eyes in a death-like sleep, she blew the grass blades over him, that no Gull nor evil creature of the sea might do him harm. So he slept; and the warm wind sang.

XII

THE BROWNIES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

THE sandflies fluttered over him and the Plovers whistled along the shore as he lay when the sun arose; but the All-mother was kind, had hidden him from the hungry Gull and from the sun's noon rays. The little tide of mid-ocean rose on the beach, but did not reach him in his death-like sleep. The second tide had risen and gone, and the sun had sunk in the dark western waters before he stirred. He shivered all over, then slowly pulled himself together; the captain awoke, took anew command of the ship—Atalapha was himself once more. He was conscious, but weak and burnt with a fervent thirst.

His wings were strong but bone-tired and stiff. Spreading them out he rose with an effort. The water was there. He sailed over it and dipped his lips only to sputter it out. Why had he forgotten? Had not he learnt that lesson?

With parched and burning tongue he sailed inland. A broad rocky pool was dragging down a fragment of the bright sky to contrast it with the dull ground. He knew this was right. He sailed and

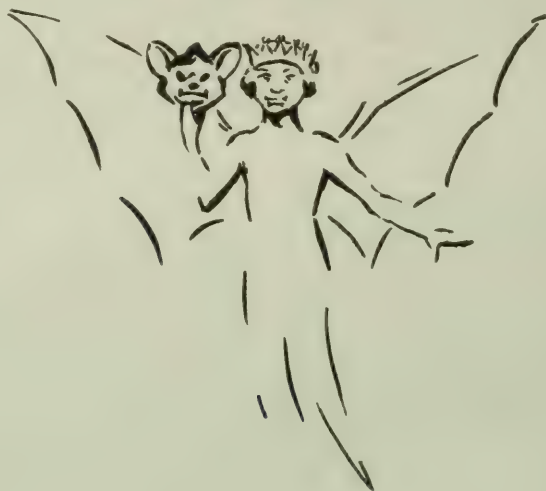
dipped. Oh, joy! sweet, sweet water. Oh, blessed balm and comfort! Sweet and cool with recent rain. He drank till the salt was washed from his burning lips. He drank till the fever fled, till his body's pores were filled, till his wings were cool and moist, and now his brain was clear, and, with strength renewed, he swept through the air and about that pool found a plenteous feast—found food in a glad abundance.

Who would follow his unheroic winter life in those isles of eternal summer! Or who will doubt the spring unrest that surely comes, though there be no vernalization of the hills! Or the craving for home, and at last the bold dash on a favoring wind over ocean's broad pitiless expanse, with the clamoring birds, and of his landing, not broken but worn, in the pines of a sandy coast; and the northwest flight on the southeast wind, with his kin once more, till again ere the change of the moon he was back on the reaches of Saranac, chasing the fat noc-

tuas, scooping the green darapsas, or tearing the orange tiger-moths that one time looked so big and strong to him!

You may see him if you will along the pond above Haskins's mill; you will know him by his size and marvellous flight. You may see him too if you spend a winter in the Bermudas, for he loves to take that vast heroic flight just as an Eagle glories in the highest blue for the joy of being alone on the noblest plane of exploit.

Yet another thing you should know: if you seek the cool, green forest aisles made by the beaver-pond east of Marcy, you will marvel when the Winged Brownies come. They are there in merry hordes; the least come first, and quite late in the evening, if you watch, you will see a long-winged Bat in velvet fur of silver-brown with a silver bar on either shoulder. Still later in the season, if you have wonderful eyes, you may see flying with her two others of the royal blood with orange fur and silver on the shoulders, only on their coats the silver is complete and goes right across, exactly as it does on Atalapha.



THE HERITAGE

By Alice Duer Miller

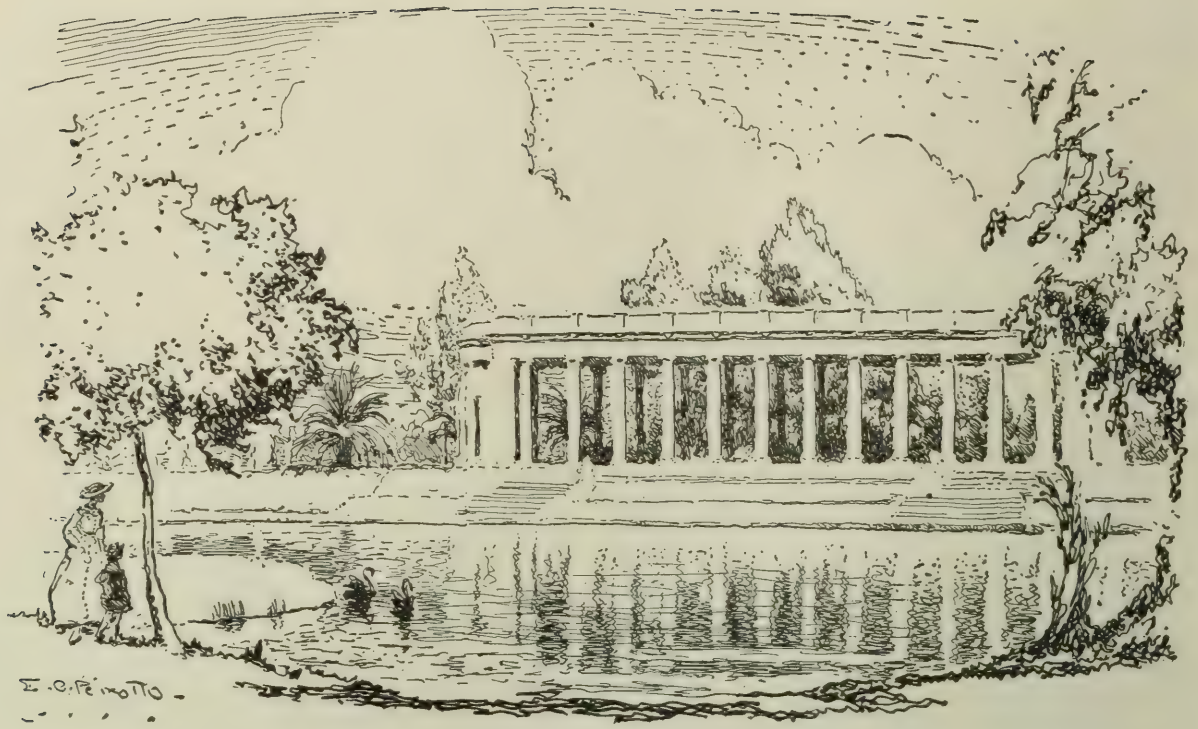
ON summer evenings when the full moon shines
Serene and fair,
High in the crystal air,
On hillsides deep in birches and in pines,
Then in all hearts there stirs a hidden fire
Of hope, or memory;
Some their beloved dead more yearningly desire,
Some dream of loves to be,
Some weep their swift and sweet mortality.

But I remember only,
Long centuries ago,
A glen more dark and lonely
Than these which now I know,
The noise of waters flowing,
And faint, salt breezes blowing,
Ivy and myrtle growing,
As here they do not grow.

There, when the moon was at full we would come, we would come,
To the shrilling of pipes, and the terrible tone of the drum
Rolling long, rolling loud, as the voice that presages the rain,
We would come to the cavern profound, to the holy domain.

Then in the moonlight entrancing,
Figures moved agile and fleet,
Then there was dancing, ay, dancing,
Leaping and stamping of feet,—
Dancers that drifted and darted,
Light as a leaf in the breeze,
Circles that met and that parted,
While the stars danced through the trees.
Quickening, the drums beat the measure,
All the night long on the hill,—
Such was the Thunderer's pleasure. . . .
This I remember me still.

O placid northern moon on this calm lake
Beaming demure and tame,
How can I take
Aught of delight in thy pale flame?
I ache
For a communion I have known
Long centuries ago,
Which nevermore the world will seek, or will know;
For a belief outgrown,
Yet how much more my own
Than creeds that hold me quiet on my knees;
For rites that brought delights like these,
And Gods I once knew how to please.



In the Public Garden.

THE CHARM OF NEW ORLEANS

By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



HEREIN does it lie, this special charm of New Orleans—certainly the most alluring among the larger communities of our country? Not alone does it dwell in the byways of the old French quarter, though there, doubtless, lurks a unique attraction, but in the newer quarters, as well as in the life of the people, and especially in the romantic country round about, where still lakes and bayous are choked purple with water-hyacinth; where dark and dismal forests of cypress, bearded with Spanish moss, “lift their knees in the swamps,” weird, fantastic reminders of the struggles of the early settlers, of the tragic beginnings of the infant colony, when flood and pestilence, Indian and pirate, added misfortune to disaster and wrote upon the land a history dark and sombre as a Greek tragedy.

To prepare yourself for this romantic

impression you should approach the city by the water route as the French colonists used to do in the early days, and like them ascend the Father of Waters a hundred miles or more. In their day the shores were but a tangle of dank, semi-tropic foliage interspersed with dunes and pestilential inlets where death lurked in a thousand forms. One can readily imagine the feeling of these first settlers—poor Manon Lescaut and the *filles de joie*, her companions—who, after their long buffetings at sea, turned their lack-lustre eyes upon so dreary a prospect.

Now the scene has changed. The swamps have been opened to the sun and air, and pestilence has been banished from the land.

After the soft caress of a long blue day in the Gulf of Mexico, we raised the lights on the Eads Jetties toward midnight, took the river pilot aboard, and threaded the narrow South Pass, one of the long

toes of the Great Delta that reaches like a giant web-foot out into the gulf. Even on this moonless night the river showed thick and murky as it swirled its yellow waters in eddies that ceaselessly moved about the great ship as, one by one, the lighthouses of Pilottown slipped by in the darkness.

At daybreak I looked out of our cabin window, and the shores showed low and close. Willows, vivid green even in the dim light, fringed the banks, which, here and there, were palisaded so as to raise them well above the level of the low-lying fields that stretched, clothed in their verdant spring mantle, off to the trees that fringed the horizon.

Our big steamer towered high in air, and the view from her upper deck embraced an extended landscape. Off in the rice-fields homesteads still slumbered in the shade of fragrant magnolias; negro cabins dotted the dikes, and once in a while a huge, white-pillared mansion would appear set in a bouquet of towering live-oaks, with its stables and barns placed at a discreet distance on the one hand and its double row of negro cabins, neat and orderly, set out upon the other—the humble church spire ever marking the devotion of the plantation negro.

The sun now rose and tinged the tree-trunks pink, cutting faint blue shadows upon the murky waters. The birds redoubled their songs and filled the air with melody—the lark, the mocking-bird, now in its mating season, and the purple grackle. White mists hung ghostlike in the bayous, and now and then, but very seldom, a boat—a tug with barges, or a wherry ferrying some workmen from shore to shore—would glide silently by.

The banks, too, were but sparsely peopled. Here and there "dark ladies," as our first officer called them, walked upon the levees, or began their morning washing by the river, and a horseman, an overseer in white, left the gang that he had set to work in the cane-brakes. Pointe à la Hache, Sainte Rosalie, Belair, Sainte Anne—one by one the old French settlements slid by.

Finally, at historic Chalmette, where Jackson defeated Pakenham's seasoned veterans in the ever-memorable battle of New Orleans, the city first makes itself

felt. Alas, for its old-time picturesque water-front! The levees that I remember, with their throngs of negroes and whites, their acres of cotton bales baking in the sun, their river packets like floating palaces—nine-boiler boats manned by a hundred roustabouts apiece and capable of carrying four hundred passengers—all these have departed, swept away, supplanted, in a wave of improvement, by long wharves with dun-colored warehouses that, one after another in endless succession, effectually screen the charming Crescent City that used to string its houses and plazas along the river bank.

The old prints thus show it nestled in its sharp bend of the Mississippi, eleven squares facing the water, multiplied by five running inland from the levee. The rectangle thus formed, still known as the Vieux Carré, was at first surrounded by palisades and later by walls about fifteen feet high protected by a moat some forty feet wide. A fortress guarded each angle and an extra fort stood at Congo Square in the middle of the long front opposite the river.

This old French quarter, laid out in the early days of the eighteenth century by de Bienville and his engineer, Le Blond de la Tour, retains much of its old-time character. The names of its streets perpetuate the men and the places dear to the French heart of that time: Bourbon, Dauphine, Chartres, Toulouse, Conti. The houses are simple, but dignified and expressive, seldom more than two or three stories high and often but one, and their lime-washed walls are tinted ochre, gray, white, or water-green.

Though built for the most part during the Spanish occupation, after two great fires had devastated the city in the last years of the eighteenth century, their unmistakable Hispanic character is strongly tinged with and tempered by the refinement and delicacy of detail loved by the French. Their architecture thus fitly expresses the social structure of the colony where these two impulsive nations met on a foreign soil, upon which each sought to impress its home traditions.

A special characteristic is imparted by the "galleries," as they are locally called, that shade each story—broad balconies furnished like rooms and gay with awn-

ings and vines and potted plants, and further ornamented with iron railings braced with brackets and upright panels of iron wrought or moulded into pleasing and intricate patterns.

These iron embellishments, more especially those of such of the finer edifices as the Pontalba Mansions and the Cabildo, are certainly worthy of more serious study than they have yet received, deserving to rank with similar specimens of wrought-iron work that are carefully preserved in the Musée Carnavalet in Paris.

The house fronts of this Creole quarter, outwardly so simple, mask many a charming home. In many cases these are still inhabited by descendants of the old families, but in others, alas! are given over to tenements. A large proportion have courtyards and gardens hidden behind them, some simple, laid out with prim little shell pathways and tiny arbors; others dank and green with ferns and varied cryptogamia.

A few are spacious and handsome enough to contain coach-houses and stalls for a dozen horses. Such, for instance, is one in Chartres Street, whose double gate could easily admit a coach and four; such is another in the Rue Royale, which reveals itself from the street by a glimpse of a thicket of banana-trees. The deep archway, stained strawberry-pink; the long runnel for water in the flagstones; the moonflowers and lilies, the amaryllis, the pepper-trees and oleanders that top the walls; the geometric flower-beds with their violet borders, transport you by magic to the West Indies and the patios of the tropics.

I spent one dreamy afternoon, still and sultry, sketching in this court. The baskets, dangling at the ends of cord, waiting to hoist provisions to various apartments, hung limp and listless. A little lead cherub upon a fountain, dry and neglected, remained my only companion, save for a silent old man in a far-away corner intent on polishing the mahogany post of a great tester bedstead. Once, and once only, the silence was broken, when a young man issued from the house and called to his mother, whose soft Creole voice answered from within the curtained windows with their fan-shaped lights: "*Au 'voir, mon cher—à bientôt!*"

This sort of atmosphere pervades the entire quarter. It lurks especially in the streets that surround the cathedral of St. Louis, that forms the hub, as it were, of the old city. There, through narrow alleyways, the hot wind sucks in from Jackson Square and lazily flaps the curtains that hang at porch and window. A wagon seldom rumbles over the flagstones that, worn with age, heave in hummocks; a foot seldom treads the stepping-stones that span the open gutters. Once in a while a negress in gay colors, with her basket of provisions on her head, returns from the French market near by, or a cassocked priest slips from the transept door to the simple house opposite reserved for the clergy, whose frugal living-room, flush with the sidewalk, stands open to the street, disclosing to the passer-by its devotional pictures and its anchoretic furnishings.

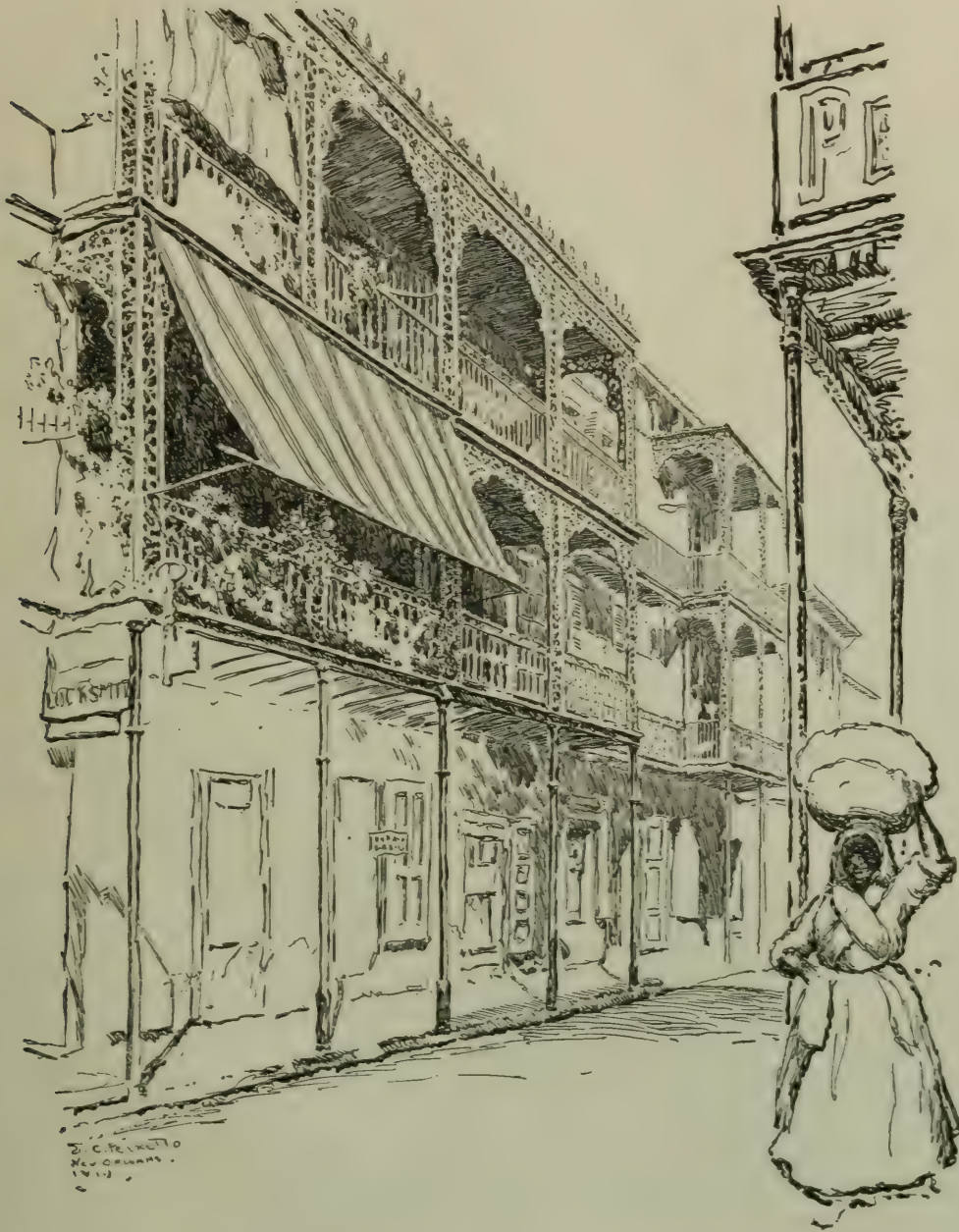
In Royal Street curiosity-shops succeed each other in alluring profusion, displaying their trinkets and odds and ends of Sheffield plate and bits of Sèvres; their French clocks and decanters and their sets of Limoges. Between, stand old book-stalls where somnolent venders drowse over musty tomes, while possible purchasers browse along the shelves as they might upon the Quai Voltaire. Stores of more modern aspect display copies of *Le Rire*, *Excelsior*, *L'Illustration*, and *L'Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*, the oldest French paper published in America.

The little English that one hears is strongly tinged with the Creole dialect. The French Opera House, but a block or two away, with its rows of red *loges* and its silver-chained *huissiers*, is tinged with centuries of tradition, while tucked in these same by-ways, scarcely noticed by the casual eye, hide the French restaurants that have long been famous.

What oases they are in the gastronomic desert of American hotel cookery, with its eternal roasts and chops and steaks! Simple, devoid of gilded ornament, but neat and clean and with attentive waiters, these little establishments tickle your appetite with an array of delectable dishes, the mere memory of which brings joy to the palate: pompano en papillote, sheephead and red snapper; terrapin,

snapping turtle; crabs both hard and soft; shrimp from sea or lake; game—snipe, woodcock, grouse, wild turkey—from the forests; and duck—mallard, canvasback, and teal—from the marshes,

fascinating little dictionary of Creole proverbs. And, if you have well chosen your dinner, you “depart,” as a brochure issued by one of these restaurants quaintly puts it, “not with that dull, heavy feel-



Gay with awnings and vines and potted plants.—Page 461.

prepared with those savory sauces *à la Richelieu* or *à la Périgord* that smack of the essays of Brillat-Savarin.

There are, too, the special New Orleans delicacies: the *matelottes* and *courtbouillons*, the *bouillabaisse*, and, above all, the *gombo aux herbes*—“gombo zhèbes,” in the mouths of the old Creole mammies—that gave its title to Lafcadio Hearn’s

ing which is the result of a coarse, avoirdupois meal, but in a rejuvenated, happy sentiment so well illustrated by Rabelais in his epicurean essays.”

The proprietors, a family of chefs trained at the Brébant or *chez Marguery*, take their art seriously and personally supervise everything. One of my friends told me a characteristic incident that he

himself had witnessed. A young man, a Texan, attending an intercollegiate football match, came in one day to "La Louisiane" for breakfast. It happened that the coffee was the first thing brought, as he had ordered it, but after a sip or two he pushed it away with the exclamation: "Take away that wash." Alciatore, the proprietor, overhearing the remark, quickly came forward and said to the scandalized waiter: "Remove everything from that table—*couverts*, salt, pepper, *tout!*" "But," exclaimed the young man, "I wanted to breakfast here." "Non, monsieur, that cannot be. There is one thing in my establishment that I am sure of, and that is my coffee. If you do not approve of that, how can I hope to please you with anything else? We are not able to serve you!" The young man looked angrily about, on the point of making a row, but, seeing only quiet people casting disapproving looks in his direction, he picked up his hat and vanished.

The guide-books will tell you of all the interesting old houses and the legends connected with them. If you wish to visualize these legends and have a whiff, as it were, of the romantic lives of the people that figured in them, go some morning to the Cabildo, or Casa Curial, whose ponderous arcade fronts the Place d'Armes next to the cathedral. Its windows have looked upon many an important event in the history of the city, for the Place d'Armes, now Jackson Square, was always used for reviews, executions, official ceremonies, and public gatherings of all kinds.

Its rooms, too, are eloquent of the past and have recently been arranged by an enlightened curator to form one of the most attractive museums in our country. From the walls of the monumental stone staircase the early governors look down: de Bienville, founder of the city, Iberville, founder of the province, in big wig and plate armor; Carondelet, lean and spare, in his tight red breeches; and Claiborne, the first American governor, in buff and blue.

Fronting the square, with all its seven bays, is the great reception-hall, Napoleon's death-mask lying in the centre. Inappropriate, you say? But did not

Girod plot to bring the captive emperor here from St. Helena with the aid of a Barataria privateer? Is not the house to be seen to-day that was prepared for his reception? Only his death, it is said, marred the working of the plot. In cases, up and down this room, are gathered the *fanfreluches* of the old French régime—miniatures and cut silhouettes, ornamental buttons, seals and rings, and the elaborate fans that once veiled ardent Creole glances. And in these same cases are collected the duelling weapons—the rapiers, or *colichemards*, of the French and the pistols introduced by the Americans. In smaller rooms adjoining, rare documents are ranged in chronological order, thus visualizing the history of the State, while curious maps and charts show the growth of the city from the original de Bienville plan to the great metropolis of the present day. Part of the room is devoted to the memory of Audubon, of whom the city is justly proud, while by no means the least attractive of the collections are the French play-bills and opera libretti of the last century.

I have hinted my conviction that within the old French quarter lies only a part of the charm of New Orleans. If we look elsewhere, what do we find?

Canal Street is more than a city thoroughfare. It is a boundary. Whether with this in mind or not I do not know, but its central "banquette," where you board the various street-cars, is called Neutral Ground. Once across it, you have returned to America, but an America set in a delightful Southern atmosphere. The shops are very businesslike and up to date, but the streets are still shaded, happily with broad balconies that form arcades—shelters from the heat of the sun in summer and from the violent tropic rain-storms that sweep the city at other seasons.

Most tourists visit New Orleans in the early spring at the Mardi Gras, when, of course, the life is at its gayest and the city wears its well-known holiday dress.

But later on, in the early summer, there is another and a different charm. The intermittent cold spells have vanished. The gardens, rank and swelling with life, pour forth their blooms. The oleanders,



A street in the old French quarter.

pink and white, burst into flower, and sweet-smelling magnolias, luxuriant, opulent, Junoesque, spread their lustrous leaves and snowy flowers to the kiss of the sun.

The people in the street answer nature's invitation. Not only the women, but the men, don white and panamas, and cream-colored "Palm Beach suits" be-

come the usual city attire. The restaurants open their fronts to the street; the big fans begin to revolve; the soda-fountains prepare for the summer rush, and the barkeepers, who shake those celebrated Creole gin fizzes behind a certain counter near the St. Charles Hotel, can scarcely keep up with the demand. As the twilights lengthen and succeed the



A little lead cherub upon a fountain remained my only companion.—Page 462.

sultry glare of midday, the car service to Spanish Fort is doubled, and young and old betake themselves to the shores of Pontchartrain for rest and recreation at the boat clubs of West End or at the restaurants and “attractions” of Spanish Fort itself.

There, under the very bastions of this historic outpost against Indian and pirate, built by de Ulloa just after he had forti-

fied the harbor at Vera Cruz, they indulge in those delicious fish dinners for which the place has long been famous, and which are said to have wrung from Thackeray his oft-quoted remark: “In New Orleans you can eat a bouillabaisse, the like of which was never eaten in Marseilles or Paris.” These dinners are served very well indeed at the blatant restaurant facing the lake, but I prefer

the more intimate atmosphere of a certain little resort that fronts the Bayou.

We were introduced to it by a valued friend—a gentleman steeped in all the traditions of New Orleans, and with him enjoyed a *courtbouillon* of exquisite aroma, concocted by the proprietor himself, whom we afterward visited and complimented in his kitchen. The “petit pernod,” the peppery, saffron-colored sauce, the white wine diluted with seltzer (the evening was warm), the boats that silently glided by through the narrow waterways of the bayou—all these transported us in fancy to a small lagoon that we know well, where the Marseillais fishermen, over open fires of burning cane-stalks, concoct their own version of bouillabaisse, savory and aromatic.

These summer evenings on the shores of Pontchartrain are most agreeable—a welcome change from the spent air of the city’s streets. Sometimes the evening is still and sultry, but the heat is tempered by the nearness of the water that stretches afar until it meets the sky. Sometimes

cumuli pile their heads together, and a leaden pall overspreads the sunset. The flags at the mastheads flutter, the tablecloths billow, the waiters scurry about, and a deluge drenches the terraces. In ten minutes all is over. The air is cool and refreshed, the stars shine radiant again, and the dancers tread their fox-trots and two-steps in the changing lights of the glittering pavilion.

The walks and rides in New Orleans are rendered doubly interesting by the nomenclature of its streets, for the city’s history stands written upon them, an open book for him who would read. I have already alluded to the names in the French quarter. The Spanish occupation is perpetuated in another group up near the Poydras Canal: Lopez, Galvez, Salcedo, Gayoso. The Neo-Classicism of the French Revolution finds expression in Apollo, Bachus, Dryades (*sic*), and the demigods and all the muses that cluster round Lee Circle. While, to recall the Grande Epopée, there is the group about Napoleon Avenue: Iéna, Austerlitz, and Marengo. A linguist will be scandalized



The old Beauregard house.



Those remarkable plantation homes that date from the Spanish period.

at the pronunciation of some of these names, and will writhe at their sound in the mouths of cabmen and car-conductors, who call Terpsichore, Terpsikōr; Melpomene, Melpomēen; and Euterpe, Euterp.

The streets, in the quarter of the city that dates from the American occupation, bear the names of our national heroes, and in them still stand a number of spacious brick mansions of antebellum days, demesnes particularly appropriate to the place and climate, for their tall windows, their porches ornamented with arches and iron railings, their vast rooms, cool and airy, convey a general and agreeable sense of spaciousness, and it seems a pity that their style has not been more closely followed in the architecture of more recent days.

In the vicinity of Lee Circle and along Tchoupitoulas Road a number of these old mansions may be seen, and sprinkled among them, especially along the Bayou Road, one or two of those remarkable plantation homes that date from the Spanish period—great, square houses of brick two stories high, with wide verandas extending along all four sides, sup-

ported by tall Tuscan columns plastered with stucco and painted white. The low-pitched roof, the high windows that open freely on porches above and below, the rooms of vast proportion are the logical adaptation of Spanish ideas and taste to fit local conditions.

Yet it must not be denied that the stately modern homes along St. Charles Avenue have a dignity of their own set in their gardens shaded by noble trees. In fact, not the least of the charms of New Orleans lie in these same gardens, both private and public—gardens often a riot of color where velvety lawns set off vivid thickets of hibiscus, camellias, and coleus with bright, shining leaves. The rose of Sharon, the cape jessamine, the crepe myrtle grow almost into trees, while the sturdy oleanders put to shame the tubbed plants of Italy.

The streets are often parked and shaded by palms, peppers, and umbrella china-trees. The Public Garden is delightful and invites to quiet and repose, with its peristylum, casinos, and varied features, while a romantic touch is added by those “duelling oaks” in whose dense shade many a famous encounter

has been fought—many a duel with rapiers between the spirited Creoles and many a fight with pistols between the peppery American plantation-owners.

I have not even mentioned Audubon Park, where the great oaks hang heavy with Spanish moss—that strange epiphyte that grows upon a telegraph-wire quite as well as upon a tree, and whose long filaments sway in the breeze like pendent pennants. Neither, in this little catalogue of the charms of the Crescent City, have I alluded to the Old French Market, quaint and full of character to-day as ever it

was, nor to the ancient cemeteries, with their wall-tombs and graves hung with bead wreaths and artificial flowers; nor to the oldest building in the Mississippi, the venerable Convent of the Ursulines; nor to the old Pickwick Club and the Chess and Checkers; nor to the delightful new Country Club, airy, spacious, set in its park of oaks out in the Metairie. But if I have conveyed to the reader some faint idea of the city's charm viewed to-day by a casual tourist with a love for the picturesque, I have done all that I set out to do.

THE PATH THAT LEADS NOWHERE

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

THERE'S a path that leads to Nowhere
In a meadow that I know,
Where an inland island rises
And the stream is still and slow;
There it wanders under willows,
And beneath the silver green
Of the birches' silent shadows
Where the early violets lean.

Other pathways lead to Somewhere,
But the one I love so well
Has no end and no beginning—
Just the beauty of the dell,
Just the wind-flowers and the lilies,
Yellow striped as adder's tongue,
Seem to satisfy my pathway
As it winds their scents among.

There I go to meet the Spring-time,
When the meadow is aglow,
Marigolds amid the marshes,—
And the stream is still and slow.
There I find my fair oasis,
And with care-free feet I tread
For the pathway leads to nowhere,
And the blue is overhead!

All the ways that lead to Somewhere
Echo with the hurrying feet
Of the Struggling and the Striving,
But the way I find so sweet
Bids me dream and bids me linger,
Joy and Beauty are its goal,—
On the path that leads to Nowhere
I have sometimes found my soul!

BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

V

MR. ADDIS WINS AN ALLY



GENTLEMAN stood there, a man who was very substantial-looking and by no means formidable in appearance. The hall light fell on him. It seemed to Bonnie May that he was quite middle-aged. He was well dressed in a rather informal way. A short-cropped black mustache had the effect of retreating slightly between two ruddy cheeks. The instant the door opened his eyes expressed some degree of merriment—of mischief; and this fact gave him standing immediately with the child who confronted him.

"Good evening," said Bonnie May in her most friendly manner. She waited, looking inquiringly up into the twinkling eyes.

"I came to see Miss Baron. Is she at home?"

"Will you come in? I'll see."

She led the way into the big drawing-room, which was in complete darkness save for such rays of light as penetrated from the hall. "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to light the gas," she added. "It's too high for me to reach."

"Maybe I'd better wait in the hall until you go and tell Miss Flora."

"Certainly not. Light the gas, please."

He obeyed, and as the light fell suddenly upon his face she saw that there was a mischievously meditative gleam in his eyes.

Still holding the burnt match in his fingers, he turned to her. "I don't believe I've met you before?" he said.

"I only came to-day. Will you sit down?"

"You—living here?" The caller ap-

peared to be in no hurry to have his arrival announced. He listened to the faint voices above and seemed reassured.

"Why, yes—I think so. You see, I always live wherever I happen to be." She smiled brightly to rob her words of any seeming unfriendliness. She regarded him more in detail. He was a big-bodied man, with a proper tendency to dwindle away neatly from the shoulders down. His hair was of the sort that refuses to be quite nice. It was astonishingly thick and dark, with an occasional glint of silver in it, and it was close-cropped. She liked the way he stood, too—his chest well out, his head back, and as if nothing could disturb his balance. Bonnie May had seen so many men who stood as if they needed propping up, or as if they would be more secure if they had four legs to stand on.

He returned her careful scrutiny, and the look of approval in her eyes brought a ruddier glow to his cheeks and a merrier look to his eyes.

He sat down and held out both his hands, smiling so broadly that she could see many white, lustrous teeth. She put her hands into his without hesitation. She felt extraordinarily happy.

"Tell me," she whispered, "are you the—the Romeo in the cast?"

He released her hands and brought his own down upon his knees with vehemence. His eyes were almost shouting with merriment now.

"Wasn't Romeo in kind of bad standing with his prospective parents-in-law?"

"Something like that. He couldn't see Her, except up in a balcony."

He nodded his head. "Well, then, I'm the Romeo!"

Again she regarded him critically. "You seem a little old for the part," she suggested.

"Do you think so?" He was thought-

ful for a moment. "Maybe that's what Mrs. Baron thinks. She won't even let me stand under a balcony when she can help it."

"Isn't she quaint!" This with smiling indulgence. "But of course you don't pay any attention to that?"

"Oh, yes, I do; we—we have to!"

Bonnie May looked puzzled. "I can't understand it," she said. "You look like the kind that they always play the loud music for."

"The—loud music?" he echoed.

"As if you were the eldest son, come back in the last act to lift the mortgage."

They smiled into each other's eyes, and then Bonnie May drew close to him. She whispered: "I'll see if I can't get her out of the balcony. Shall I just say that—Romeo is here?"

He stared after her in delighted amazement. "Lord help us, no! Say it's Mr. Addis." His face radiated a joyous light even after she went out of the room and softly closed the door.

When she returned, walking sedately behind Miss Baron, she saw the outlines of a masculine form mounting the front steps. The frosted glass in the door permitted this much to be seen.

"Some one else!" commented Bonnie May, and she turned to Flora. "Do you have so much company every evening?" she asked.

"So much company!" echoed Flora; she looked puzzled.

"Well, never mind," Bonnie May hastened to add. "Some one is expecting you in the drawing-room. And please let me receive the new visitor!"

She opened the drawing-room door and watched while Flora wonderingly entered. Then she pulled the door to cautiously. She had heard a low, forlorn note of surprise in Flora's voice and Mr. Addis's eager, whispered greeting.

Then she opened the front door in time to prevent the newcomer from ringing. A young man of a rather assertive Bohemian appearance stood before her.

"Hello!" was his greeting. The tone denoted surprise rather than familiarity. He hastily added: "Excuse me—is Victor—Mr. Baron—in?"

Bonnie May perceived that he was not

quite comfortable, not at all self-possessed. He seemed to her a strange person to be calling on any of the Barons. Still, he seemed rather human.

"I'll see," she said. "Please step inside." She would make him wait in the hall, she decided.

"Tell him, please, that Baggott has called—that I've brought the first act of my play."

"A play! Oh!"

Again she hurried up the stairs, this time with unconcealed eagerness.

Victor was alone in the library. He was in the attitude of one who is about to write, but he was not writing. He was glowering at the paper before him. He sprang to his feet eagerly when Bonnie May appeared.

"Mr. Baggott has called," she said. "It's about a play." She was breathing uneasily. "And couldn't I sit with you and listen, please?" she added.

"Oh! Baggott! Baggott is one of my crosses, Bonnie May. Couldn't you shut the door in his face? It would be quite proper. He is one of those silly fellows who think they are destined to write great plays. Couldn't you go down and put him out?"

She looked at him steadily without a word. She was smiling a little scornfully.

"Very well. Suppose you go and ask him to come up—this time."

"And—do let me come, too! They've often let me listen when new plays were being read."

"Such wanton cruelty!" He shook his head slowly, as if it were quite incredible. "Oh, well, you may come, too," he added.

"Hello, Baggott!" cried Baron when the writer appeared. "Done something great again, of course."

"Yes, I have!" retorted Baggott angrily. "You're going to say so, too. I've got the first act finished. I've only got to fill in the scenario of the other acts and I've got the greatest play that ever came out of America."

Baron smiled wearily. "And I'm to listen while you read the first act of the greatest play, etc.?"

"Yes—and you're to agree with me, too. I don't see anything great in your sneering at me all the time!" He pulled

up a chair and sat down so that his knees almost touched Baron's.

Obviously they were a pair of young men on very intimate terms.

Bonnie May slipped into a remote corner of the room and climbed into a big chair. Her hand supported her chin; her eyes were luminous. She did not mean to miss a word.

And Baggott began to read.

Bonnie May was like one in a beautiful dream for perhaps half an hour. She was not only listening to the play, she was living it. And then her dream was broken in a manner which filled her mind with almost blank astonishment.

Mrs. Baron appeared in the doorway.

"Bonnie May," she announced, "I think it's high time for a little girl to be in bed."

VI

CONCERNING A FROCK

It might have been, and should have been, apparent to the several members of the Baron household that Bonnie May had been giving an admirable exhibition of self-repression from the moment she entered the house. Now something gave way.

"I'm not used to going to bed at this hour," she declared bluntly. She arose and stood by her chair, like a soldier by his guns, as the saying is. And taking in the inexorable expression in Mrs. Baron's eyes, she turned appealingly to Baron. She was relying upon him to help her.

"Couldn't she—" began Baron weakly, and added, quite without conviction: "You know it's Saturday night, mother!" He was glad he had thought of its being Saturday, though he couldn't see why that should make very much difference. He really believed his mother's position was strong enough, if she had only gone about the matter more tactfully.

"Saturday night doesn't make any difference," declared Bonnie May, her rebellion now including Baron in its scope. "It just isn't a reasonable bedtime."

Baron felt ready to surrender. "Anyway, it won't be bad just for one night," he ventured.

"Never mind, Victor," said Mrs. Baron pointedly. She addressed herself to Bon-

nie May. "What you've been accustomed to may not be quite so important as what you ought to be accustomed to," she said. "Come!"

The child sauntered thoughtfully from the room. She had been impressed by the fact that even Baron had not seemed surprised by the suggestion that she ought to go to bed. She was trying to comprehend the situation. After all, people who were not of the profession had ways of their own, she realized. If they had *all* decided to go to bed, she wouldn't have minded so much. But they were laying down a special law for her.

Rebellion triumphed again. In Mrs. Baron's room she halted. "Where am I to sleep?" she inquired.

"I think you heard me tell Mrs. Shepard to prepare a room."

"In the attic? Yes. But I'm not going to sleep there."

"Indeed, you are."

"I beg your pardon! Not under any circumstances!"

Mrs. Baron lifted her fingers to her lips and coughed—a very inexpert cough. "You'll have to do as I tell you, you know." She resumed a resolute march toward the hall, her hand pressed firmly against Bonnie May's back.

The child jerked away with a sense of outrage. She had never been treated so before.

"Truly, you'll have to obey me," repeated Mrs. Baron.

Bonnie May was alarmed; she quite lost control of herself. "Stop your kiddin'!" she said, with a catch in her voice. She tried to say it playfully, but her self-possession was gone. Her remark had sounded simply offensive, indelicate.

Mrs. Baron turned away quite frigidly and sought her daughter, whom she met coming softly up the stairs.

"I wish," she said, "you'd put that little limb of Satan to bed." Flora saw that her mother's hand, on the balustrade, trembled.

"Where shall I put her?" she inquired.

"Anywhere! just so you get her covered up for the night."

Flora paused, her eyes uneasily seeking her mother's.

"I'm afraid you're angry with me, mother," she said humbly.



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"You seem a little old for the part," she suggested.—Page 470.

"With you? Certainly not."

Flora was puzzled. Her mother had long ago declared that Mr. Addis must not be accepted as a visitor. Did she know that he had just gone? She was about to enter her mother's sitting-room when something prompted her to turn.

"You knew Mr. Addis called, didn't you?" she asked.

Mrs. Baron's face flamed again. "Knew it? Certainly I didn't know it! I've told Mrs. Shepard—I don't intend that he shall annoy you!"

"Oh, mother! He doesn't! And I think Mrs. Shepard didn't know, this time. Bonnie May went to the door and let him in. She called me down-stairs without telling me who it was." Flora surveyed her mother yearningly, yet with a kind of gentle courage. "I don't believe in hiding things from you, mother. But I was glad to see him."

Mrs. Baron looked grimly toward her own door. "*She* let him in! Very well. Put her to bed!"

When Flora entered the sitting-room she found Bonnie May standing in uneasy contemplation.

"Mother says I'm to put you to bed," said Miss Baron, and she led the anxious guest away to Victor's room.

"You won't mind my helping you?" she pleaded when she had closed the door.

"Helping me?"

"To undress, you know—and to be tucked in!"

The guest looked at her unresponsively. "But I've been used to doing that for myself," she said.

Flora quickly stooped and took her into her arms impulsively. "Dear child!" she cried, her voice tremulous, "let me do it to-night! I think you'll love it—and I'll love it, too." She drew the perplexed face almost roughly against her own.

She did not want to be refused. She hurried into the bathroom and busied herself; she was singing a little crooning song. There was also the noise of water splashing into the tub. She appeared presently. "The water is ready—for your bath, you know; and I've left one of my nighties there for you." She smiled happily. "Of course it will be too big. I'll make you some little ones soon."

The seeming perversion of the child asserted itself again. "I usually take my bath in the morning," she said a little stiffly; but she saw how the glad light in Miss Baron's eyes wavered, and she added quickly, "but it will be all right." And she went into the bathroom. When she reappeared she was smiling radiantly. She had on Flora's nightgown, soft and white, with pink ribbons. She held it daintily up before her feet and glanced back at the train that dragged behind. "Isn't it lovely!" she said.

"It is, dear," said Flora.

She had turned the white coverlet and the sheet down. Now she watched the child scramble up into the bed. She wanted to help, but she refrained.

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" asked Flora.

Bonnie May looked at her swiftly, incredulously. "No!" she said. Then she burst out into riotous laughter. "I'm not an *infant*," she explained.

Flora flushed. "Very well," she said gently. Yet she lingered in the room a little while. She put some of Victor's masculine decorations out of sight. She adjusted the blind. She was about to extinguish the light when she looked again at the strange guest.

The child's eyes were fixed upon her widely, wonderingly.

"You lovely thing!" said Bonnie May.

"Good night, dear!" said Flora. And then she knew that the child wished to speak to her, and she went over and bent above the bed. "What is it, Bonnie May?" she asked.

The child stared before her in silence for a moment and then the words came. "I wished so much that she would love me!" she said. "I tried so hard . . ."

Flora slipped her hand under the guest's head. "I'll tell you a secret," she whispered. "If she hadn't cared for you she would have been quite polite; she would have been wonderfully gracious. She was ungracious and unkind because—because she loves you, dear. It seems absurd, doesn't it? But I know."

The usual Sunday morning quietude of the mansion was disturbed somewhat when the family assembled for breakfast. An extraordinary event had occurred.

Mrs. Baron had sat up late the night before and had made a Dress.

In announcing the fact she had pronounced the word in such a manner that the use of the capital letter is fully justified. She displayed the Dress for the admiration of her son and her daughter and her husband. And finally she generously relinquished it to Flora. "You may give it to her," she said rather loftily.

Bonnie May had not yet appeared.

Flora knocked softly on the guest's door and without waiting went into the room, displaying the new garment rather conspicuously.

"What's that?" inquired Bonnie May dubiously.

"It's a new dress for you."

"It was never made for me," affirmed the child with conviction.

"Indeed, it was. Mother sat up ever so late last night and made it for you."

"Well, that, of course, was a matter I should have been consulted about."

Bonnie May was now sitting on the edge of the bed, trying to make the toes of one foot come in contact with the floor. Miss Baron sat on a low chair in the middle of the room, the new dress spread across her knees.

"Take my word for it," said Bonnie May. "It won't do."

Miss Baron felt for the moment as if she could have pounced upon the child and spanked her. But she noticed how one curl fell outside her ear, and how the eyes and voice were profoundly earnest, and how the attitude was eloquent of a kind of repentance before the fact.

And so she said: "Won't you do something for me that will please me better than anything else I can think of—something that will take only a minute?"

Bonnie May looked at her meditatively—and then began to laugh quite riotously! "You don't look the part!" she gurgled in justification.

"What part, please?" The question was put somewhat blankly.

"You're talking like a—oh, a Lady Clare, and you haven't even got your shoes buttoned up!"

Miss Baron slowly regarded her shoes; then her glance travelled calmly to Bonnie May; then she rather dully inspected the dress that lay across her knees. Her

countenance had become inscrutable. She turned away from the guest's scrutiny, and after a moment she arose slowly and left the room, carrying the dress with her.

She did not stop to define her feelings. She was wounded, but she felt sharp resentment, and she was thinking rebelliously that she was in no degree responsible for Bonnie May. Still . . . her sense of justice stayed her. She had the conviction that the child's remark, if inexcusably frank, was a fair one. And it had been made so joyously!

Nevertheless, she meant to go to her mother with a request to be excused from any further humiliation as Bonnie May's handmaiden. But before she had proceeded half a dozen steps she began to fear even greater disaster if Mrs. Baron should undertake to be the bearer of the rejected dress.

It would be a victory worth working for if she could overcome the fastidious guest's prejudice.

She went to her room and carefully buttoned her shoes and made other improvements in her toilet. Then she went back to Bonnie May's presence.

"I was untidy," she confessed. "I hope you'll excuse me." She was smoothing out the new dress. "You see, I only meant to wear my every-day shoes until after breakfast and then put on my good shoes for Sunday-school and church. And I've been very busy."

Bonnie May pondered this judicially. "It's lovely of you to be so nice about it," she finally admitted, "but I'm afraid I don't get your idea. . . ." She frowned. "'Every-day shoes' and 'Sunday shoes,'" she repeated vaguely.

"Well?" said Flora persuasively.

"Don't you like to be as good on Saturday as on Sunday?"

"Why, yes—just as good, certainly." Flora was looking bewildered.

"And on Friday, and on other days?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, why shouldn't you wear your 'good' shoes all the week, then?"

"But people must look nicer on Sundays than on other days."

"I don't see why. If you only look nice, I don't see what's the good. And if you really are nice, I think the nice shoes might help all the time."



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

A most extraordinary ancient man stood there watching her.—Page 478.

"What I mean is," persisted Flora patiently, "I don't like to work in my nice shoes." She brought this out somewhat triumphantly.

"That's funny. That's the very time I like to look my best. Nothing is as important as your work, is it?"

Flora was almost in despair. "I doubt if I ever thought of it in just that light," she admitted. "I'll think it over, if you'll try the dress on—and if you don't like it, off it comes!"

"Well, all right." (This with a sudden calm which was not reassuring.)

Flora slipped the dress into place, and patted it here and there with the air of one who admires, and viewed it with her head inclined a little, as women do in such a situation. It was of gingham, with very small checks in it. "It's the dearest thing!" she said honestly. "Now come and see how you look."

The mirror was a little high. She lifted Bonnie May to a chair.

She was alarmed by what ensued. The child stared fixedly, with incredulous eyes in which a great horror grew.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried, clapping her hands over her eyes. "Take it off! Take it off!"

"What in the world is the matter?" demanded Flora.

"She asks me what is the matter! Oh, heavens!" Bonnie May jumped down from the chair and turned her back to the mirror. She was wringing her hands.

"I don't understand at all!" exclaimed Miss Baron hopelessly.

"You might!" was the emphatic rejoinder. "Do you suppose I want to play that kind of a part—here? It might do for the little sister of a sewing-machine girl, or a mountain pink with her hair in knobs. But it wouldn't do for anything else. If you were only one of the populace, a costume like that would cause a scream! If you don't understand it, take my word for it. I can't wear it! I ask you to take it off!"

Miss Baron became very quiet. She became thoughtful, too. She had not failed to catch the drift of these exaggerated words. There *was* something prim, something rudimentary, about the dress. Color suffused her cheeks; she hung her head. She felt a forlorn inclination to laugh.

From a vantage-point behind the child she began to remove the gingham dress.

It *was* inappropriate. She had to admit it. It was a dress for a Gretchen; for the Cinderella of the kitchen rather than the princess of the coach and four. It wasn't becoming at all.

VII

A SUNDAY MORNING

DURING the morning Baron looked through all the newspapers in search of an item relative to a lost child—and found nothing. And a little later Miss Baron related to her mother the story of the rejected dress, and tried to make this treasonable act seem unimportant.

In the meanwhile the object of all this solicitous thought was leisurely preparing to make her appearance. That she had no fresh raiment to put on was not particularly disquieting. The fact that it was Sunday morning made no difference to her at all. Certainly she needed fresh linen, but this, she philosophically concluded, would be provided within another day or two. Her shoes were quite new and neat, and she was by no means ashamed of the dress which now constituted her complete wardrobe. On a chair by her bed she made discoveries. There was a fresh towel; a little package which obviously contained a tooth-brush; a box of tooth-powder; and—crowning gift!—a new hair-ribbon of adorable width and hue. She tucked these things under one arm, and with her free hand she carefully gathered Flora's long nightgown away from her feet. Then she started to the bathroom.

In the hall she paused to be sure that the way was clear.

Silence reigned, save for the murmur of voices down-stairs—far, indistinct.

The hall was glorious with indirect rays of the sun. It had wonderful spaciousness, too. Bonnie May gazed down the broad stairway, duskily bright and warm and silent; and her expression was quite blissful. She turned and looked up to the landing above—reached by a narrower flight of stairs. It seemed splendidly remote; and here the sunlight fell

in a riotous flood. She released the folds of the nightgown and "paraded" to and fro in the hall, looking back over her shoulder at the train.

She was executing a regal turn in the hall when her glance was attracted upward to some moving object on the landing above. A most extraordinary ancient man stood there watching her. Realizing that he had been discovered, he turned in a kind of a panic and disappeared into regions unknown. His mode of locomotion was quite unusual. If Bonnie May had been familiar with nautical terms she would have said that he was tacking as he made his agitated exit.

As for Bonnie May, she scampered into the bathroom, the flowing train suddenly gripped in her fingers. Down-stairs they were listening for her, though they pretended not to be doing so. They heard her in the bathroom, later they heard movements in her bedroom. And at last she was descending the stairs leisurely, a care-free song on her lips.

She invaded the dining-room. Mr. Baron had been lingering over his coffee. The various parts of the morning paper were all about him.

"Good morning," was Bonnie May's greeting. She nodded brightly. "I hope I'm not intruding?"

"Not at all!" Mr. Baron glanced at her with real friendliness. It had not occurred to him that her dress was fantastic. What he had noticed was that her face was positively radiant and that she spoke as he imagined a duchess might have done.

"You might like to look at the colored supplement," he added, fishing around through the various sections of the paper at his feet.

"I thank you, I'm sure; but isn't it rather silly?" She added deferentially: "Is there a theatrical page?"

Mr. Baron coughed slightly, as he always did when he was disconcerted. "There is, I believe," he said. He glanced over his shoulder toward a closed door. "I'm not sure Mrs. Baron would approve of your looking at the theatrical department on Sunday," he added.

"Really? And you don't think she'd see any harm in looking at the comic pictures?"

Mr. Baron removed his glasses and wiped them carefully. "She would probably regard the comic pictures as the lesser of two evils," he said.

"Well, I never did like to be a piker. If I'm going into a thing, I like to go in strong." She made this statement pleasantly.

Mr. Baron put his glasses on somewhat hurriedly and looked hard at the child. He perceived that she was looking at him frankly and with a slight constriction at her throat, as was always the case when she felt she must hold her ground against attack.

"I rather think you're right," he said reassuringly. "I'm not sure I know how to find the theatrical page. Would you mind looking?"

But Flora interrupted here. She entered the room with the air of one who has blessings to bestow.

"You're invited to go to Sunday-school with us after a while," she informed the guest.

"You're very kind, I'm sure. What's it like?"

"Oh, there are children, and music, and—" Flora paused. She wished to make her statement attractive as well as truthful.

"A kind of spectacle?" suggested the guest.

"Hardly that. But there's somebody to tell stories. It's very nice, I think."

"It certainly sounds good to me. If they've got any good people, I might like to get into it, until I find an opening in my own line."

Mr. Baron removed his glasses again. "Flora, would you undertake to tell me what she means?" he inquired.

Flora pinched her lips and looked at him with a kind of ripple of joy in her eyes. "Isn't it plain?" she asked. She went out of the room then and he heard her laughing somewhere in the distance.

VIII

A DISAPPOINTING PERFORMANCE

BARON looked at his watch twice as he climbed the stairs.

He had been calling on Thornburg, the manager of the theatre, on a quest for information relative to Bonnie May.

But he had learned nothing. Thornburg knew nothing about the woman who had brought the child to the theatre, he said. He suggested that it was a case of desertion. He was politely interested in the case. He thought it might be very good for the little waif to remain with a nice family for a time. He even made an offer of financial aid (which Baron ignored); but as for information, he had none to offer.

Yes, the family had had time to return from church, Baron reflected; but they had not done so. Mrs. Shepard was busy in the dining-room, but otherwise the house was unoccupied. Silence reigned in the upper region. Thomason, the houseman, was looking impatiently down from the upper landing; but Thomason didn't count. He was probably hungry. Baron realized that he, too, was hungry.

He went into the cheerful sitting-room and looked down upon the street—and instantly his attitude changed.

There they came! And something was wrong. Oh, plainly, something was wrong! Mrs. Baron's head was held high; she was pale; her lips were compressed. There was nothing gracious in her carriage. She was marching. By her side walked Flora, keeping step with difficulty. She appeared to be fighting off all realization of her mother's state.

Mrs. Shepard was no longer present to lend her support to Bonnie May. The faithful servitor had come home immediately after Sunday-school to look after the dinner; and the child walked alone, behind her silent elders. Her whole being radiated defiance. She was apparently taking in every aspect of the street, but her casual bearing was obviously studied; the determined effort she was making was not to be concealed.

Baron hurried down-stairs so that he might meet them in the hall and engineer a temporary dispersement. He was affecting a calm and leisurely demeanor when the door opened and Mrs. Baron, followed by the others, entered. There was an ominous silence. Bonnie May caught sight of Baron and approached him with only a partial concealment of eagerness and hurry.

Mrs. Baron and Flora ascended the stairs; the former leading the way sternly;

the latter moving upward with wan cheeks and bowed head. Baron led the way into the drawing-room, Bonnie May following. He pretended not to see or to apprehend anything extraordinary. "Well, what do you think of Sunday-school?" he began gayly.

"I think it's fierce!" This took the form of an explosion. "It wouldn't do even for one-night stands!"

Baron felt the need of an admonitory attitude. "Bonnie May," he said, "you should have discovered that it wasn't a play. It was something real. It's a place where people go to help each other."

"They certainly need help all right enough." This with a quite unlovely, jeering laugh.

"I wonder what you mean by that?"

"I suppose I meant the same thing you meant yourself."

Baron paused, frowning. "I meant," he explained patiently, "that they are people who want to be as good as they can and who want to give one another encouragement."

The child was conscious of his wish to be conciliatory. She tried to restrain herself. "Well," she asked, "if they want to be good, why don't they just *be* good? What's the use of worrying about it?"

"I'm afraid it isn't quite so simple a matter as all that."

Bonnie May's wrath arose in spite of herself. She was recalling certain indignities. "I don't see anything in it but a bum performance. Do you know what I think they go there for?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out."

"I think they go there to watch each other—to find out something bad about each other."

"Bonnie May!"

"I do! And I've had pretty near enough, too. You asked me and I told you. You're all asking me to do things, and asking me questions; and then if I don't agree with you in every way I'm wrong. That may look all right to you, but it doesn't to me. If I've got to take everything, I mean to be on my way."

Baron remained silent a full minute. When he spoke again his voice was persuasive, gentle. "I'm anxious to understand your difficulties," he said. "I'm anxious to have you understand ours."

I'm sorry I criticised you. I'm sure you mean to be fair."

She looked at him with a light of gratitude in her eyes, a quiver of emotion passing over her face. She had an intense desire to justify herself—at least to him.

"Do you know what was the first thing they asked me?"

"Your name, probably."

"No, Mrs. Shepard told them that. *They asked me if I was a good little girl!*"

"But I don't see any harm in that. Why shouldn't they have asked you?"

"You don't! Do you suppose that I was going to tell them that I was?—or that I wasn't? What nonsense! 'Are you a good young man'? How does a question like that sound?"

Baron pondered. "Well—?" he suggested.

"Well, I wouldn't stand it. I asked the woman who asked me if she was 'a good old woman'—and the frowsy old thing stared at me just as ugly! She walked way down into the parquet without looking back. She'd been grinning when she asked me. I'll bet she won't grin like that very soon again."

Baron walked to the window and looked out dully, to gain time.

How extraordinary the child's attitude was! And yet . . . He could understand that she might have been the only child in the troupe with which she travelled, and that her older companions, weary of mimicry and make-believe when their work was done, might have employed very frank, mature speech toward each other and their young companion.

He turned away from the window with a sigh. "Won't you take my word for it, Bonnie May, that these people mean well, and that one should speak of them with respect, even if one cannot speak of them with affection?"

"But they don't mean well. What's the use of stalling?" She turned until her back was toward him, and sat so, her cheek in her hand and her whole body eloquent of discouragement.

An instant later she turned toward him with the first evidence of surrender she had shown. Her chin quivered and her eyes were filled with misery. "Did you tell the man where I was, so they can come for me if they want me?" she asked.

Here spoke the child, Baron thought. His resentment fled instantly. "Truly I did," he assured her. "I have been doing everything I could think of to help. I want you to believe that."

"Oh, I do; but you all put too much on me. I want to go back where things are real——"

"Real, child? The theatre, and plays, and make-believe every day?"

"It's the only thing that's real. You'd know that if you were an artist. It means what's true—that's what it means. Do you mean to tell me there's anything real in all the pompous putting on here in this home—the way you hide what you mean and what you believe and what you want? Here's where the make-believe is—just a mean make-believe that nothing comes of. The theatre has a make-believe that everybody understands, and so it really isn't a make-believe; and something good and true comes of it."

Her eyes were flashing. Her hands had been clasped while she spoke until she came to the final clause. Then she thrust her arms forward as if she would grasp the good and true thing which came of the make-believe she had defended.

When Baron spoke again his words came slowly. "Bonnie May," he said, "I wish that you and I might try, like good friends, to understand each other, and not to say or think anything bitter or unkind. Maybe there will be things I can teach you. I'm sure there are things you can teach me! And the others . . . I honestly believe that when we all get better acquainted we'll love one another truly."

She hung her head pensively a moment; and then, suddenly, she laughed heartily, ecstatically.

"What is it?" he asked, vaguely troubled.

"I'm thinking it's certainly a pretty kettle of fish I've got into. That's all."

"You know I don't understand that."

"The Sunday-school, I mean, and your mother, and everything. They put me in with a lot of children"—this somewhat scornfully—"and a sort of leading lady asked us riddles—is that what you call them? One of them was: 'How long did it take to make the world?'"

"But that wasn't a riddle."

"Well, whatever it was; and they caught one smart Alec. She said, 'Forty days and forty nights,' and they all laughed—so you could see it was just a catch. As if anybody knew! That was the only fun I could see to the whole performance, and it sounded like Rube fun at that. One odious little creature looked at my dress a long time. Then she said: 'I've got a *new* dress.' Another looked at me and sniffed, and sniffed, and sniffed. She wrinkled her nose and lifted her lip every time she sniffed. It was like a kind of signal. Then she said: 'My papa has got a big store, and we've got a horse and buggy.' She sniffed again and looked just as spiteful! I had to get back at that one. 'Don't cry, little one,' I said. 'Wait until it's a pretty day and I'll come around and take you out in my automobile.' "

"But you haven't any automobile!"

"That," with great emphasis, "doesn't make any difference. There's no harm in stringing people of a certain kind."

"Oh, Bonnie May!" cried Baron reproachfully; and with quickly restored calm he added: "Surely one should tell the truth!"

"Yes, one should, if two would. But you can't afford to show your hand to every Bedelia that gets into your troupe. No, you can't," she repeated defiantly, reading the pained look in his eyes.

Baron knew that he should have expressed his disapproval of such a vagrant philosophy as this; but before he had time to frame a tactful response the child continued:

"Then the leading lady turned to me, thinking up another question. I made up my mind to be on hand if I had to sleep in the wings. 'Why were Adam and Eve driven out of the garden?' was mine. I said: 'Because they couldn't make good!' She looked puzzled, and I patted her on the knee. 'You can't put over anything on me,' I said. I think I shouted it. That stopped the whole show for a minute, and an old character man up near the stage got up and said: 'A little less noise, please.' Then your mother came back." (Baron had anticipated this detail.) "She had been taking the leading part in a little sketch up in front." ("Teaching her class," Bar-

on reflected, and smiled wryly in spite of himself.) "She had got through with her musical turn." (Mrs. Baron "lent her influence" by playing the organ in the Sunday-school.) "Well, I don't want to talk about her. She told me I must sit still and listen to what the others said. Why—I'd like to know? I couldn't agree with her at all. I told her I was a professional and didn't expect to pick up anything from a lot of amateurs. And then," she added dejectedly, "the trouble began."

Baron groaned. He had hoped the worst had been told. What in the world was there to follow?

"Your mother," resumed Bonnie May, "spoke to the woman who had been asking questions. She said—so that the children could hear every word: 'She's a poor little thing who's had no bringing up. She'll have to learn how to behave.'"

She hung her head at the recollection of this. For the moment she seemed unwilling to proceed.

"And what happened then?" Baron asked persuasively.

"Oh, I was getting—rattled! I told her that when it came to doing the nasty stuff, I had seen pupils from the dramatic schools that looked like head-liners compared with her."

Baron stiffened. "Goodness! You couldn't have said that!"

"Yes, I did. And I didn't have to wait to hear from any prompter, either. And she—you know she won't take anything. The way she looked! She said she was glad to say she didn't have any idea what I was talking about. Just a stall, you know. Oh, these *good* people! She called Flora and said I was to be taken into a corner and that I was to sit there until we went home. And Flora led me into a corner and the others looked back as if they were afraid of me. They all sang after a while—a kind of ensemble affair. Flora held the music over and invited me to sing. I told her musical turns were not in my line. She just kept on holding the music for me—honestly, she's the dearest thing!—and singing herself. It was a crime, the noise she made. Isn't it awful when people try to sing and can't? As if they had to. Why do they

do it? I felt like screaming to her to stop. But she looked as if she might be dreaming, and I thought if anybody could dream in that terrible place it would be a crime to wake them, even if they did make a noise. They had an intermission, and then a man in front delivered a monologue . . . oh, me! Talk about the moving-picture shows! Why, they're *artistic*. . . ."

What, Baron wondered, was one to say to a child who talked in such a fashion?

Nothing—nothing at all. He groaned. Then, to his great relief, Flora appeared.

"Dinner is ready," she said, standing in the doorway. There was a flush on her cheeks and an odd smile on her lips.

Baron took Bonnie May by the hand—he could not quite understand the impulse which prompted him to do so—and led her into the dining-room. He saw that she bore her face aloft, with a painful effort at unconcern. He was glad that she was given a place next to him, with the elder Baron on her right and Flora across the table from her.

He was dismayed to note that his mother was quite beside herself. He had expected a certain amount of irritation, of chagrin, but not this ominous, pallid silence. She avoided her son's eyes; and this meant, of course, that her wrath would sooner or later be visited upon his head.

He sighed with discouragement. He realized sadly that his mother's heaviest crosses had always come to her from such trivial causes! She was oddly childish—just as Bonnie May was strangely unchildlike. Still, she had all the traditions of propriety, of a rule-made demeanor, behind her. Strange that she could not have risen to the difficulty that had confronted her, and emerged from a petty predicament without so much of loss!

The meal progressed in a constrained silence. Bonnie May concerned herself with her napkin; she admired the design on the china; she appeared to appraise the dishes with the care of an epicure. And at last, unfortunately, she spoke:

"Don't you think, Mr. Baron"—to the master of the house—"that it is a pretty custom to converse while at table?"

Mr. Baron coughed. He was keenly

aware that something had gone wrong; he was shrewd enough to surmise that Bonnie May had offended. But he was in the position of the passenger below decks who senses an abnormal atmosphere yet who is unadvised as to the nature of the storm.

"I'm afraid I'm not a very reliable hand at small talk," he said guardedly. "I think my idea is that you ought to talk when you have something to say."

"Very good!" agreed Bonnie May, nodding brightly. She patted her lips daintily with the corner of her napkin. "Only it seems like chickens eating when you don't talk. The noises make you nervous. I should think anything would get by, even if you talked about the weather. Otherwise it seems just like machinery at work. Rather messy machinery, too."

Baron seized an oar. "Perhaps when people are thoughtful, or possibly troubled, it is a mark of good taste not to try to draw them into a conversation." He said this airily, as if it could not possibly apply to the present occasion.

"A very good idea!" admitted Bonnie May, quite obviously playing the part of one who makes of conversation a fine art. "But isn't it also true that people who are troubled ought to hide it, for the sake of others, and not be a sort of—well, a wet blanket?"

The elder Baron's eyes twinkled in a small, hidden way, and Flora tried to smile. There was something quite hopelessly audacious in the child's behavior.

But Mrs. Baron stiffened and stared. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed.

Baron undertook a somewhat sterner strategy. He felt that he really must not permit the guest to add to her offenses against his mother.

"It might be sensible not to talk too much until a closer acquaintance is formed," he suggested with something of finality in his tone.

But Bonnie May was not to be checked. "A very good thought, too," she admitted; "but you can't get better acquainted without exchanging ideas—and of course talking is the only way."

Baron leaned back in his chair with a movement resembling a collapse.

"Wouldn't it be fine if everybody wore

a badge, or something, so that you would know just how they wanted to be taken?" continued the guest. A meticulous enthusiasm was becoming apparent. Mrs. Baron was sitting very erect—a sophisticated, scornful audience, as she seemed to Bonnie May.

"Absurd!" was Baron's comment.

"Well, I don't know. You pretty near know without any badges. You can tell the—the mixers, and the highbrows. I mean when they are the real thing—people worth while. I would know you for a mixer easy enough. I don't mean careless, you know, but willing to loosen up a little if people went at you in the right way. And Flora would be a mixer, too—a nice, friendly mixer, as long as people behaved." Here she turned with a heroic, friendly appeal to Mrs. Baron. "And Mrs. Baron would be one of the fine, sure-enough highbrows."

"I think—" began Mrs. Baron, suddenly possessed of an ominous calm; but the guest made an earnest plea.

"Oh, please let me finish!" she begged.

"Very well," said Mrs. Baron; "you may—finish."

"You know I understand about your part in that entertainment this morning. *You* don't belong in that crowd. It's like the queen who kissed the soldier. She was high enough up to do it and get away with it." She placed her elbows on the table and beamed upon Mrs. Baron with a look so sweetly taunting, and so obviously conciliatory, that the others dared to hope the very audacity of it would succeed. "Now, don't deny," she continued, shaking an accusing finger

at Mrs. Baron, and smiling angelically, "that you're just a nice, sure-enough, first-class highbrow!"

It was done with such innocent intention, and with so much skill, that all the members of Mrs. Baron's family turned their faces toward her, smilingly, appealingly, inquiringly.

But alas! Mrs. Baron failed to rise to the occasion. She was being ridiculed—by a child!—and her children and her husband were countenancing the outrage. Her composure vanished again. She pushed her chair back from the table angrily. Her napkin fell to the floor; she grasped the edge of the table with both hands and stared at Bonnie May in a towering rage.

"You little wretch!" she cried; "you impudent, ungrateful little wretch! You—you brand from the burning!"

She hurried from the room. In her blind anger she bumped her shoulder against the door as she went out, the little accident robbing her exit of the last vestige of dignity.

Bonnie May was horrified, crushed. She sat, pale and appalled, her eyes fixed on the doorway through which Mrs. Baron had vanished.

Then she brought her hands together sharply and uttered a single word:

"Hoo-ray!"

Every member of the family was electrified.

"Father!" expostulated Flora.

"Victor!" exclaimed the elder Baron.

And Baron, shaking his head sadly, murmured:

"Bonnie May! Bonnie May!"

(To be continued.)




IN THE LIONS' DEN

THE STORY OF A MODERN DANIEL

By Ray D. Penney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

T happened in Central Africa—Central Hades, we called it—anything can happen in Africa,” said the white-haired young man with the scar across his cheek.

But maybe I had better begin at the beginning. It was in the smoker of a trans-continental train, and Buddy Plimpton, the half-baked son of a millionaire pork-packer, had just delivered the last word on the subject of miracles.

“Nobody believes the Bible now.” Buddy waved his hand airily. “Why, who believes old Dan’el was thrown into a den of lions and came out alive?”

No one answered for a minute, but we were all praying for some one to speak up and squelch the pest, when the young fellow with a livid scar cutting his left cheek from his mouth to the edge of his white hair put down his French newspaper and said quietly: “I do!” He was sitting in the middle of our crowd, and we all began to wonder why we hadn’t noticed him before.

“Now, how’d you *prove* old Dan’el was thrown into a den of lions and came out alive; it must have happened before *your* time?” sneered Buddy.

“I saw a man *do* the thing once, and he’s still alive—that is, he’s alive unless he’s been killed since—fighting in France. I haven’t seen his name in the lists yet.” The stranger subsided behind his French paper, as though the matter was settled, proved, closed, and he was sorry he had wasted so much breath on Buddy’s shining intellect. We made him go on, to stop Buddy’s incessant babble.

“I’m not much at telling stories; I’m an engineer,” he said finally, after we had urged him sufficiently. “Well, I don’t care. It happened in Africa. The first part of the story isn’t interesting, and

you’ll believe it. And the last part—well, that’s different—you’ll say I lied, and I don’t care, either. Ever hear of Jack Sweet, who earned the title of ‘Dodger’ in the Yale-Princeton game ten years ago?”

“Yale man? Old Dodger—Dodger Sweet, the fellow who went through a whole eleven on the kick-off for a touchdown? I’m a Yale man, and I’ve heard the boys tell about ‘im lots of times,” piped up the irrepressible Buddy. “What’s become of Dodger?”

“If you’ll listen a minute I’ll tell you; that’s my story.” The white-haired man gave Buddy a sweet smile. “Dodger and I were pals—fraternity mates—yes, Yale. He was a great scout, and as brave as they make ‘em. I ought to know—we roughed it together for four years surveying a route through the jungles of Central Africa for the Cape to Cairo railroad that was never built but will be some day.

“Just why we drifted over to the dark continent doesn’t matter now. We found plenty there to test a man’s nerve, and Jack always passed the test with an A+ grade. We ran into tigers, gorillas, and cannibals—I could tell you about those, and you’d believe me, so it isn’t worth while. You won’t believe this, so I’ll tell it.

“After a man has lived in Central Hades for four years such civilized diversions as Cairo puts up look mighty tempting, and when we had the route finished Jack and I went up there for a long rest.

“Cairo, on the edge of mystery-land”—the stranger settled back in his seat and a far-away, wistful look crept into his eyes—“that’s where we first met the Nabob. I remember the morning—one of those bright, clear Egyptian mornings, with the sun a-boiling down and the streets like an oven. Jack and I were in

the breakfast-room of the hotel, taking our eggs and coffee rather late, as usual, when a big, brown Egyptian buck came up to our table, bowing and scraping.

"'Most honorable English sahibs,' the buck began to stammer, as though he had learned it out of a book, speaking in a sort of pidgeon-French such as they use up in the interior, 'his Highness, my master, the King, desires to see you at the Palais Grandé.'

"'Just which particular king do you represent?' Jack, asked kind of sarcastic—Africa was full of sultans, kings, and potentates that we had never heard of.

"I couldn't catch the heathen name the buck repeated, but Jack commented diplomatically, 'Yes, I've heard of him. We'll look him up.'

"Well, Jack and I were looking for adventure just then, and we got our bellies full! We went over to the Palais Grandé, and they showed us into the presence of the most striking-looking specimen of a barbarian king I have ever set eyes on. His skin, where we could see it under his silk robe and turban, was burned brown as an Arab's, but I couldn't help the suspicion, even then, that down under the tan his skin was white, the same as yours and mine. He ruled over a block of country as large as England, up in the Dar Banar mountains, ten degrees north of the equator.

"The Nabob—we called him the Nabob then, and ever afterward—salamed most solemnly when we came in and spoke in the same dialect French. 'Most honorable sahibs,' he says, with a majestic flourish, 'I am told you know more about the great art of machinery than any other Englishmen in Egypt?'

"That's correct,' answered Jack. Jack wasn't overly modest.

"Can the sahibs make the bright lights which burn in the illustrious Khedive's palace?' the old fellow asked, kind of anxious.

"Jack turns to me with a little whistle of surprise and says: 'He means electric lights. They've just put 'em in, up in the Khedive's palace. Let's go. Here's a chance to clean up some coin!'

"I wasn't so keen about going, for I'd heard enough about some of those half-savage counties up in the interior to make

me want to steer clear of them. But Jack turned to the Nabob and said: 'We can—we can make 'em anywhere!'

"'In my palace, too?' the old King persisted; 'and how much will it cost?'

"Well, we made him give us a little sketch of his marble shack, and then Jack set a sum that fairly took my breath away. It meant as much in clear money as we had accumulated in four years. We were considerably surprised when the old Nabob took up the offer, and we drew up the papers, signed them then and there, and promised to be on the ground in two months.

"Before the first month was up we had our supplies and were off. The Nabob sent a caravan to meet us at Khartum—the steel road was built to Khartum then—and from there we made our way over six hundred miles of desert and wilderness with our outfit and supplies packed on the backs of camels.

"That was how it started." The speaker paused reflectively, and suddenly threw out his hand to take in the whole crowd. "You Americans, here—you are the most pig-headed beings in existence! You don't believe there are whites in Africa—native whites, I mean? No! But you didn't believe there were pygmies there till Stanley proved it. You didn't believe there were blond Eskimos in Alaska till Stefansson found them. You don't believe Daniel was thrown into a den of lions and came out alive! Bah! You have much to learn! I was that way—seven years ago!

"Pardon me, gentlemen; frankly, you get on my nerves! But to proceed—we found the King, Zimaboa, or something like that, was his real name, and he was a royal entertainer. He had true Oriental ideas of hospitality and somewhat more than Oriental ideas on how to run a kingdom. The first day he showed us all over his great, rambling marble palace and explained his plans. One of his pet ideas was to fix up the courtyard in front of the palace with arc-lights and to ornament the sculptured fountain, in the centre, with colored incandescents.

"And then he took us out to inspect his hobby—his particular hobby—in a pit sunk twenty feet below the level of the courtyard. When we leaned over the iron

railing, with its jagged points all turning in, and looked down to see the yellow eyes and the prodigious jaws of a dozen Abyssinian lions, I nearly fainted from the shock. The beasts were creeping in and out of their den down in the rocks, their flanks a-quivering and their tails a-lashing, and looking as though they would welcome us at the bottom of the pit.

"How do you like 'em?" the Nabob asked me proudly. "Bad men and plotters against the state end their wretched lives in this nice little den. The sahibs must see one of my executions. It is a great sight. I have seen few like it."

"I couldn't get up much enthusiasm over the execution proposition, but Jack seemed to take to it. 'If I don't see one I shall go away heart-broken,' he jabbered back in French to the Nabob—poor old Jack, he saw one more than he wanted to.

"Plotters against the state are numerous these days," the old man sighed, kind of sorrowful, like those pious people who are always deploring the iniquity of the rising generation; and then he added hopefully: "And the beasts need a little change of diet at times." I didn't fancy the expression on the old man's face any more than I did the expression on those lions' faces, and I was glad to let the matter rest there.

"Sweet and I divided the work and jumped into it. He undertook the construction of the power-house and dam, while I superintended the wiring of the palace. The old Nabob was a true Oriental, and that was equivalent to saying that somewhere in his marble abode he kept a harem, and Jack and I used to speculate where he kept the feminine part of his household; but I couldn't discover any signs of them as I worked about the palace, and for a long time we had no clew. And then, one day, I got a glimpse of the fair ones.

"I was standing on a step-ladder in one of the corridors, showing the blooming natives how to splice a conduit wire, and there was something in the air, the smell of balm or myrrh, or something like that, which seemed to say 'ladies near,' when all of a sudden I heard a little scurry and a soft, muffled scream. I looked down and into the two most soulful, most tan-

talizing brown eyes I have ever seen—or ever hope to see.

"The rest of her face was hidden under a thin veil, but I could tell the skin was white—yes, olive white. She slipped away with her attendants before I could speak and disappeared behind a little door. I had picked up some of the native jargon by that time, and I felt much relieved when I heard the servants murmuring salams to the 'King's daughter' as they raised up from the floor. I was glad when they didn't say 'queen,' because I didn't like to think those eyes might belong to one of the old man's wives.

"Sweet was as curious as a dozen women at a sewing-circle when I told him what had happened. He was always popular with the ladies, Sweet was, and I—well, I never was. He suggested rather casually, later, that we change places, and he take a hand at the wiring while I get some experience at the dam—we were electrical and civil engineers both. I refused. We had agreed how the work should be divided, and I couldn't see the point of changing.

"Ah, those Orientals—they know how to live!" The stranger raised one shaking hand to the scar on his cheek, and then held out the hand which trembled like an aspen leaf. "But Africa is hard on the nerves! I always knew there was danger in that place, and now I knew which direction it was coming from. I had a—what do you call it?—'a hunch'? that I didn't want Sweet to meet that girl. He was peeved when I wouldn't change work with him, and the next day he went to the Nabob and got more men to put on his end of the job.

"I didn't see the ladies again for several days, and then one morning they scudded down the corridor again like a lot of frisky lambs. I had an idea that the girl—the King's daughter, I mean—gave me a look of recognition as she passed—anyway, she didn't scream! And I saw her rather frequently after that. Sweet didn't say much when I told him of our second meeting, but I could see he was speeding up his work.

"And then one day I wired her room. I recognized it by the perfume that hung in the air, balm or myrrh, or something like that. The room faced the great

courtyard, with a pretty view out of a fantastic little French window that overlooked the Oriental garden. There were giant lobelias outside, ten feet high, and great red gladiolus blooming on six-foot stalks. There was a little bench out there under a yew-tree, with a glimpse of the bubbling fountain farther on. I found a French novel lying on one of the settees, and I wondered how she could read it. I forgot to say anything to Sweet about the room; it was the first thing in our lives that had ever come between us.

"And then, one night—I met her—in the garden just outside her room—how we arranged it doesn't matter. We sat and talked for an hour, or two, or three; I don't know how long. She wanted to see the world—what girl of seventeen doesn't?—and she asked all sorts of questions. 'Were the women out there like her?' 'What did the women do in Paris?' Paris was the only city in Europe she had heard of. 'Were the women allowed to do *just what* they pleased?' and a hundred others. And then I told her stories of the world, and how the women lived and were treated in America, and she listened with her big brown eyes shining in the dark. Finally, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I asked her to let me take her out and show her the big, busy, happy world. But I was too sudden about it, and she became frightened and slipped away, and ran into the palace before I could stop her.

"And all of the time we were rushing the work. Sweet could use plenty of help, while I had to do most of the wiring myself, so when he finished up the dam and power-house he came up to help me put the finishing touches on the palace. We hung a row of lights—big, brilliant arc-lights—around the courtyard in a sort of semicircle and planted a bunch of colored incandescents under the water in the fountain. The sculpture work on that fountain was something to make an artist weep, but it looked great when the lights came dancing through the water, with the red, green, and blue changing and glimmering, and flashing like living things—the old Nabob went wild about it. It gave him the idea, I think, of having a great opening night, when the natives should be shown the new glories of his

palace, and he didn't lose any time in arranging the details.

"While we were working in the courtyard those last few days we could hear the lions in the pit whining continually, kind of low and mournful. And the old Nabob took us into his confidence one evening, and told us that he was making the beasts fast for a week so they could appreciate the treat he had in store for them on the opening night. He grinned an evil grin, though he tried to look grieved, when he confessed that he had long suspected treachery in his standing army, but now he had proved it, and would make a public example of one of his younger officers. I thought Jack seemed pleased with the news at first—which goes to show that primitive and civilized man are the same down under their skins, and that we haven't changed much since the days of Daniel and Darius and old Nebuchadnezzar.

"I think the population of the whole kingdom, pretty much, must have gathered at the palace for that opening night. You men here, you might not think so much of it, but it was *some* scene for Central Africa. The old King sat up on his throne, which we built at the top of the palace steps at the main entrance. His wives and his officials were there. And the girl was there—Sweet and I had been formally introduced to her a week before, and she seemed to want to converse when I came up to her. But I had to leave her when the Nabob hurried me on to talk to the chief sword-bearer of his royal army.

"When I looked back I saw Sweet still talking to the girl, and the Nabob must have seen him, too, for he motioned to Jack. Sweet was never a man to heed a warning when he was talking to a woman, and the King had to send one of his messengers back to drag Jack away to entertain his chief cup-bearer or chief something-or-other. I smiled when I saw Jack, in a grouch, go swaggering after the man.

"The performance started with music produced by a most curious orchestra of tom-toms and cymbals. It was weird music—I can hear it yet! That was the weirdest sight I have ever seen—no, I saw another sight in the same courtyard. I can see that always!

"After the music came the dancing girls—Oriental dancing girls the same as danced for Mark Antony and Cleopatra and many another European, to their everlasting destruction. And while they danced and sang the lights were turned on in the fountain, and the audience stood up and howled with joy and astonishment. And frequently I could hear a penetrating half snarl and half roar break in on the singing and the music—it came from the pit, and it made the cold chills riot up and down my spinal column. That was a red-letter night in the social history of the kingdom of Banar.

"After the music and the dancing came the speeches. Jack and I got up and made a few remarks in appreciation of the event, talking in disreputable French which most of 'em couldn't understand. Jack made a great hit as he stood there, in his white suit, under the bright lights, and handed out the 'hot air.' I couldn't help but notice how the princess had her eyes fixed on him and was drinking in every word he uttered.

"The climax came when the orchestra broke into a wild, frightful thing that sounded like an Irish dirge, and they brought out the prisoner—the traitor to his King. He was dressed in black, with his hands tied behind him, and they dragged him before the Nabob, fighting like a mad bull. He was a ferocious-looking creature, but rather young and handsome, too. I couldn't get much of his wild plea for mercy—he talked too fast, and I was looking elsewhere. But the old Nabob was a thoroughgoing barbarian with no finicky notions about the value of life, and he only shrugged his shoulders and hustled the fellow on to his doom.

"I could see Jack sitting beside me, with an expressionless face, and I thought his conscience must be hurting him as mine was me. The thought that this part of the performance might be put on for our special benefit wasn't very comforting.

"And the princess sat cowering in her seat, hiding her eyes from the horrible sight. I was glad when I saw her, for I thought that even if her father was a barbarian she had a woman's heart. The old King seemed to be enjoying the scene immensely, with the same smile on his

face that must have been on the faces of those Babylonian politicians, three thousand years ago, when they helped to push the King's pet into that other lions' den.

"And while the prisoner talked I couldn't help studying the faces around me. I saw there every tingling human emotion—amusement, curiosity, fear, horror—every human emotion but one, and that one was mercy.

"They dragged the prisoner over to the railing, and he gave a great shriek as they lifted him up bodily and heaved him over, down into the black pit. We heard a great roar from the depths and another shriek from the prisoner as he went down, and then the silence settled down like the black Egyptian night. At last the orchestra struck up the same weird refrain that had ushered the prisoner in.

"There was more music and more dancing, but it all seemed flat and tasteless, after that other. When it was over we took leave of the queens and the princess, and I noticed Sweet stop and whisper something to the princess, and she smiled. The Nabob noticed it, too, and I saw his face change. When I took her hand for the last time she winced and looked away.

"Then came a private dinner in the palace—such as could be served only in an Oriental country, with wine and more dancing women. But through it all I couldn't get out of my head the sight of that prisoner going down into the jaws of a dozen waiting lions.

"After the dinner the Nabob paid us for the job, in gold—all in gold, that glittered in the light of the new tungstens over the table as he had it weighed out. He suggested that we leave for Cairo the next day, with his caravan, which was going as far as Kordfan. I think the old man saw trouble brewing and wanted us out of the way."

The face of the speaker was working strangely now as he talked on in an even monotone, and even the bored drummers were leaning forward in their seats. A brakeman thrust his head through the door and shouted: "Waterloo!" The stranger gave a nervous start. "That night was my Waterloo!" he said, so low that only a few of us heard him, and then he hurried on.

"Where was I? Oh, yes, after the ban-



W. MORGAN

Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

“‘How do you like ‘em?’ the Nabob asked me proudly.”—Page 486.

quet. When we reached our tents we divided the gold and hid it. I was glad the job was finished, but Jack seemed moody and distracted. I knew why. He excused himself soon and dove into his tent saying he would pack in the morning.

"I sat alone on my cot for some time, thinking of the beauty of the princess and the horror of all I had seen that night, and while I sat there something stalked in through the doorway and stood before me for half a minute before I could make up my mind whether I was looking at a real man or a ghost. The apparition bowed profoundly and announced: 'The King desires to see the honorable sahibs in his palace at once.' Then I woke suddenly, and about a hundred different complications shot through my brain while I got into my coat and slipped into Jack's tent to pull him out. But his tent was empty; his bunk hadn't been touched!

"The perspiration came oozing out all over me while I followed the messenger, trying to figure it all out. I hadn't reached any satisfactory conclusion concerning Jack's disappearance when we reached the Nabob, sitting just as we had left him, considerably the worse for wine.

"He looked up with a kind of gentle smile when I entered, and he said, pleasantly enough: 'I have noticed one of the lights failed to shine during our illustrious entertainment. As you are leaving tomorrow, we had better attend to this little matter to-night.' Then the corners of his mouth turned down in a way that sent the chills cavorting up and down my spinal column again, and he asked suddenly: 'And where is the sahib's illustrious partner?'

"It flashed across my mind that the old fellow knew more about Jack's whereabouts than I did myself, and my knees began to shake so that I was afraid he must see them, but I managed to blurt out: 'Your Majesty, my partner is ill, in bed. As I wired the lights, I am able to tell where the trouble lies.'

"'Was it my entertainment or the wine?' he smiled back suspiciously; and he added, speaking slowly: 'I fear he will be very ill.' Then his whole manner seemed to change, and he said gruffly: 'Come, we will see.' And he led me by a new route to a distant corner of the

palace, where he stepped through a small door and pressed a button—I had put it there myself—and the courtyard became as light as day.

"I was looking up to see the missing globe—which I couldn't see, because it wasn't there—so I didn't notice the two people sitting on the bench beneath the yew-tree until I heard a muffled scream like I had heard once before. I looked down to see Jack sitting on the bench, looking calmly at the Nabob, and the girl standing up, shrinking back from her father. After what seemed a long time she went over and put her hand on Jack's shoulder.

"I glanced at the Nabob's face and it was black. Suddenly he seemed to find his voice and let out a stream of curses, and began to shout orders to a swarm of servants who trooped out of the palace. They bound poor Jack and dragged him away, and then the Nabob turned to his daughter and began to curse her again, still speaking in a vernacular I did not understand. She didn't show any cowardice then—there was no yellow streak in that girl; she talked back at first like a real barbarian and then, when she saw it was no use, she turned and ran for the palace with her hands clinched and her eyes flashing.

"The servants attended to me next, and when I came to I was in a stuffy little cage. It was well furnished, but when I saw the bars across the windows and tried the door, I knew I was a prisoner.

"You may believe me, gentlemen, when I say I did not sleep that night. Shining out of the dark, wherever I turned, I could see three faces: Jack's and the girl's, and that other prisoner's face as he went over the railing down to those hungry lions. They stood like a guard over me all night.

"It seemed more than a month before the morning came and a servant brought me food. I begged the wrinkled old renegade to take me to the Nabob, but he listened like a stoic and pretended he did not understand. For four days I was alone except for the visits of the servant, and he would give me no news of the outside world. And all through the nights I dreamed of the agony I saw written on

the face of that other prisoner, and heard ringing in my ears his shrieks for mercy.

"On the fourth night—I think it was the fourth night—the guards came and tied my hands behind me and led me out to the courtyard again. It was all lit up by those cursed electric lights, and it was crowded with people, like the other night, only more so. The guards forced me down into a seat in the middle of the mob. From where I sat I had a good view of the Nabob, up on the same throne, with the same wicked grin on his face. His wives were around him, and near them I saw—the princess.

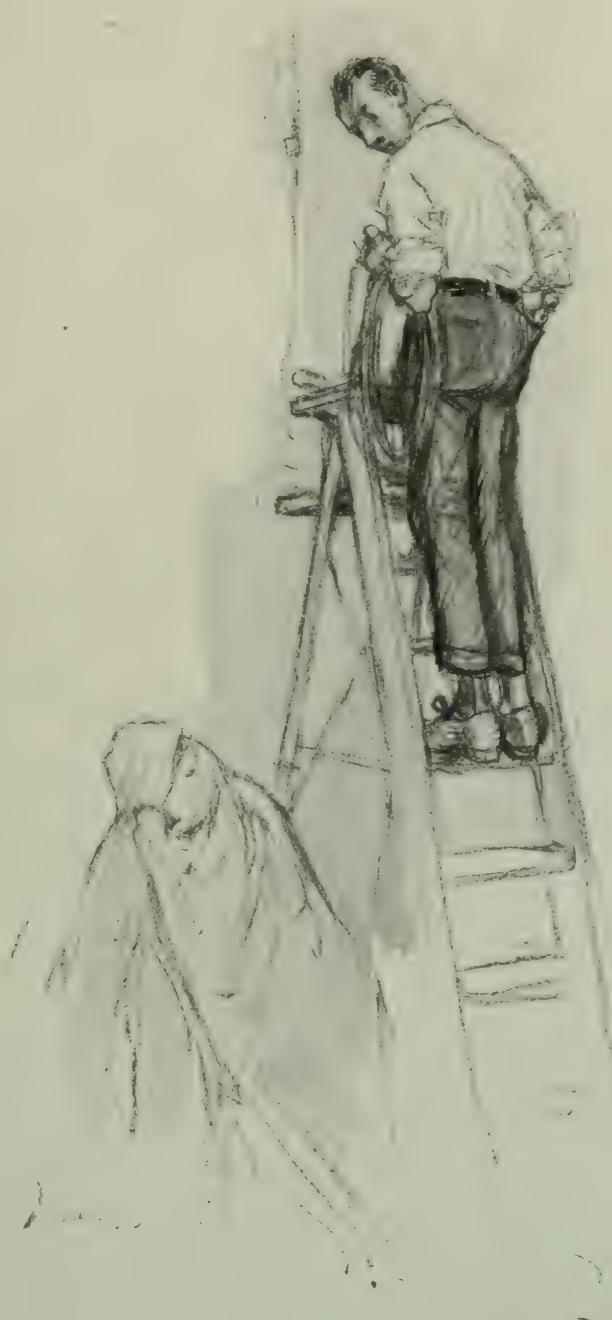
"She was under one of the arc-lights, and her profile was plain. She seemed tired, and her head drooped as though she had not slept, but she kept her eyes straight ahead and she looked very calm. I knew what was to happen to my old pal that night, and I grew angry that she did not show more regret over a death she had caused. I wanted to see her break down and sob

hysterically, and when she didn't I kept repeating to myself, 'She's only a barbarian, after all,' and I cursed her in my heart.

"It may be it was only my imagination, but the crowd seemed in more of a holiday mood than on the other night. They were like a mob which has had a taste of blood and thirsts for more. There was the same weird music and voluptuous dancing as before, but I heard no sound from that black pit in the centre. I waited, spellbound, appalled. It was like sitting down to watch your own execution, and mine might be included in the evening's entertainment, for all I knew.

"After the interminable music and dancing was over they led Jack out of the palace. He was dressed all in black, as the other prisoner had been, with his

hands bound behind him. He looked pale, but he walked like a king. I couldn't help but be proud of my pal as he came across the courtyard, the handsomest man in the crowd, going to his death. He



"I looked down and into the two most soulful, most tantalizing brown eyes I have ever seen—or ever hope to see."—Page 486.

bowed to the Nabob, and the old heathen shrugged his shoulders, as usual. I saw Jack's eyes travel over the rabble, looking for me, but he couldn't see me in all that horde, and he turned and looked straight at the princess and bowed again. And she—well, she seemed to smile, but she kept looking straight ahead of her, sending him wireless messages with her eyes, I suppose, and she gave no sign of recognition, for the old King was watching her.

"And all the time I was thinking I must save 'Dodger' somehow. He was my pal. I didn't know what to do, but I knew whatever was done must be done quickly. So I jumped up in the middle of that pack of cutthroats and made a run for the Nabob.

"Biff! And I fell down a dozen steps when one of the villains slashed at me with the flat side of his sword, only it wasn't the flat side quite; that's where the beggar hit me—" The speaker drew a finger along the livid scar that stood out like a brand on his cheek. "The warm blood spurting down my neck kind of revived me, while the natives hauled me back to my seat. It made quite a diversion for a minute, and Jack saw the disturbance, and he looked over and saw me and smiled, and then I knew that he knew I had tried to do my duty.

"Jack looked just as cool as he used to look at the kick-off in a championship game, as they led him over toward the black pit. I couldn't help wondering if somehow his great football strength wouldn't help him now, and then I remembered that his hands were tied.

"He went down into the pit feet foremost, and there weren't any disgraceful cries like the other prisoner gave as he went. We heard one throaty, snarly roar come up, and then it was silent—silence more horrible than all that had gone before. Jack went into the lions' den like a man. He went the way old Daniel must have gone."

The stranger paused again and pushed his trembling fingers through his white hair, while his eyes—unseeing eyes—looked out beyond our silent group in the Pullman smoker. "The rest of that performance is hazy—all hazy in mind. I seem to remember that I stood up before the Nabob when it was over, and he lec-

tered me on the folly of an Englishman aspiring to the hand of a princess, and he told me politely and diplomatically that I could leave the country in the morning with his caravan, which was still waiting to take me as far as Kordfan. I remember that he said: 'It would be better if the honorable sahib does not return to my country,' and I told him not to worry—I had no desire to return.

"When I reached my tent and all of the time I was packing that night I could hear the guard pacing up and down in front. I found our gold, Jack's and mine, where we had hidden it, and I picked up all of his things that I thought his folks might want, my tears splashing down into his trunk as I packed them. When it was all finished I lay down on a pile of blankets to rest, not to sleep; my cheek was too painful, but I was tired and weak from the loss of blood. I lay there staring into the mystery of the night till I heard the camel drivers creep out in the early morning to fit the animals for the day's journey.

"I must have fallen into a doze after that, for I was dreaming that Jack was going down into the lions' den, and the princess snatched the light veil off her face and threw it to him, and he caught one end, and she was swinging him, suspended, just above those lions' jaws when I woke up. A guard was standing over me telling me it was time to start. We left at daylight, and no one came to see us off.

"We travelled all the morning till we came to the edge of the great desert, where we stopped for mid-day lunch and our siesta. Just before it was time to start again, a gypsy, all humped over, came to the door of my tent and asked to tell my fortune. I smiled sarcastically at the absurdity of the idea—*my fortune!* The servant was going to send the old woman away—Africa, like India, is overrun with the pests; they have open sesame to every man's tent, and their coming and going excites no comment—when a whim seized me. 'Show her in,' I called to him; 'if there can be more trouble on this trip, I want to know it.' I had in mind to ask her about the princess.

"She came in timidly, not like a profes-



"They dragged the prisoner over to the railing, and he gave a great shriek as they lifted him up bodily and heaved him over, down into the black pit."—Page 488.

sional fakir—I might have noticed that, but I didn't—while the servant watched from the door. When she took my hand to look at the palm, hers trembled like mine does now." The speaker held out his unsteady hand again. "Then she

looked up into my face and whispered low: 'Don't you know me?' When I looked down I thought I was dreaming again—there were the brown eyes, the tantalizing eyes, of the princess shining up at me from a stained gypsy face.

"'Don't recognize me,' she begged softly before I could find my voice; and then she said out loud, for the servant to hear: 'You will have a safe journey. You are going on a long journey—leaving Africa never to return. You will go away and—forget!'

"'Forget—never!' I cried out before I thought of the servant; then I had to fight to hold my face straight while I turned and sent him away. I talked to the girl for an hour, but it was no use—not the way I meant.

"She listened patiently for a while, and then she stopped me with a little gesture of despair. 'No, I can't do that! And I can't stay here, not now. Please,'—and my heart jumped when she said that—'please let me go with your caravan as far as Kordfan—maybe as far as Khartum—there I shall enter a convent, if I don't find my friend'; and then she corrected herself and said 'friends,' and added: 'And then you'll never see me again. Please let me go with you.' She was begging in delicious French, and I was almost ready to cry out with joy, but I had to make a few excuses before I gave in. Finally, I called the leader of the caravan and told him in a loud voice, that all could hear, to let 'this dog of a gypsy' travel with us.

"I won't say much of that trip to Kordfan—how I tried to talk, and how she held me off on every possible occasion. At Kordfan—which is the first city across the desert—we stopped for a day while I looked around for some means to push on to Khartum, and the other caravan turned back. The princess disappeared immediately on our arrival, and, though I searched the town over, I could not find her, and finally I gave up hope of ever seeing her again. The escapade of the girl had implicated me, and I was rather anxious to get away, for I had no desire to furnish an evening's entertainment for his Majesty nor to break the fast of those dozen Abyssinian lions. Only a few caravans were moving at that season, and

it was about sundown when I at last secured a passage to Khartum with a party of wool merchants who were leaving the following morning. I did not fancy the company of the wool-buyers, but it was the only outfit which I could find going out for a week, so I chose the least of two evils. Just after dark, as I stood in the public bazar watching the dealers haggling over a few stray fleeces to complete their load, the girl crept up quietly. 'My friend did not come,' she said abruptly, holding out her hands imploringly, 'and I must—I *must* go on with you.'

"Now, for a woman—be she king's daughter, gypsy, or negress—to travel with a party of rough wool merchants and not come to harm was impossible. It was about as safe as riding in a box-car with a band of hoboes, and I explained to the girl how it was, but she kept saying: 'I must get to Khartum—I *must* get to Khartum!'

"'There is one way, and only one,' I told her at last, with my heart pounding against my ribs.

"'Tell me, what is it?' she said eagerly. 'I *must* get to Khartum.'

"'Go as my wife. We can arrange it quickly. Heathen or Christian ceremony is good enough for me. Come, it is the only way. You can't stay here; your father may be here any minute. It isn't safe.' I knew it was a mean advantage to take of a helpless girl, to attempt to force her hand while she was in a hard position like that, but it was the only thing I could think of—the only thing I wanted to think of.

"'Not that.' And she stepped back, gasping, and struggling with the problem, clasping and unclasping her pretty, brown hands, with her forehead wrinkled into knots, while I watched her fight it out. Finally, she said quietly: 'I can't do that. There must be another way—some other way. Maybe I can hide—here!' And she looked around and shuddered.

"'You'll be caught,' I insisted. I was afraid she would stay and I would lose her.

"'Isn't there some *other* way?' she asked pitifully, putting her soft brown hands into mine.

"'Then disguise yourself as a boy and

go as my servant,' I said, as the idea popped into my head. She looked up, shocked at the suggestion at first, then she smiled and ran away.

"When she came back the next morning, just before we started, I wouldn't

down on the kick-off and earned the title of 'Dodger,' and she suddenly burst into a rippling laugh—it was the first time I had heard her laugh since we left Kordfan. I never mentioned Jack again.

"So we travelled over the desert for



"There were the brown eyes, the tantalizing eyes, of the princess shining up at me from a stained gypsy face."—Page 494.

have known the girl if it hadn't been for the oval face and her big brown eyes. Her hair was clipped short, her skin was stained a deeper brown, and she wore a boy's dress. I thanked God then that she was built slender and lithe like a sixteen-year-old lad and her figure was such as would not give her away.

"She had to talk to me on that journey; she was my servant. We conversed much, of Europe and America, of theatres and books, and of men and women. Sometimes she seemed greatly interested, and her eyes would shine while I told her stories of college days, and then all of a sudden her interest would seem to flicker like a candle and die out. I tried not to mention Jack—I wanted to forget and I wanted her to forget, too. But without thinking, one day, I started to tell her of Jack's exploit on the football field, when he went through eleven men for a touch-

fourteen days until we came within sight of Khartum—she, sad; and I, happy. When I would wake up at night and remember that she was sleeping on guard just outside my door—well, I didn't care to remember anything more. I don't think I wasted much regret over Jack's fate on that journey.

"As we got near to Khartum her spirits seemed to rise, and she tripped about the camp twittering like a bird. When we arrived in the afternoon she disappeared again, and presently she came back looking tired and weary. The next day and the next she went away, and—well, you understand how it was; I followed the girl to see that no harm came to her. She knew the town very well, it appeared, for she hit off up one street and down another until she came to the corner of a walled convent on the edge of town, where she stood for an hour, peering out at every



"A few curious loafers stood and looked for a moment and then passed on."—Page 497.

one who passed. Then I knew where she had learned to read French. She seemed much disappointed when she started back for the hotel.

"When she brought my dinner that night I made her sit and eat with me, as she usually did, and I asked her casually if she had found her friend. She seemed

to force back the tears and tried to put on a hopeful look, but all she would say was: 'He did not come. To-morrow, maybe.'

"When a week had passed I became anxious to push on to Cairo. The steel road was built to Khartum then, as I said, and we could leave any morning. So I began to urge her again to come with me,

but she only shook her head and became more downcast and despondent each day. And each day I followed her to the convent to see that no harm came to her.

"Then one afternoon as she stood in the shadow of the wall, disguised in her servant-boy's dress, with a large blanket thrown about her shoulders to hide her figure more effectively, I saw a great tanned Arab sheik making his way across the square. He walked straight to where the girl stood, but he did not seem to notice her. She stepped out and pulled his sleeve. He looked down in amazement for half a minute, and then he crushed her in his arms. Their lips met many times, while a few curious loafers stood and looked for a moment and then passed on—men folks embracing each other is a common sight in the Orient. When the Arab turned his face full toward me, I nearly cried out and gave myself away in my surprise. Under the long robe, the false beard, and the brown face I recognized the broad shoulders and the clear-cut features of Jack Sweet, the Dodger, delivered from the lions' den.

"How he had escaped from the beasts—how he had gotten away from the palace—how he had made his way over six hundred miles of desert and wilderness—that didn't bother me then. I never wished my pal bad luck—I tried to save him when he went down into the pit, but for a few minutes, as I stood there, I wished to God the beasts had eaten him. I went back to my room and sat down, alone.

"When the city was asleep they came

to me, Jack—the old Jack—big, strong, and happy, with a light in his eyes that I used to see there after a gridiron victory, and the girl, with a light in her eyes that shines in every happy woman's eyes—once!

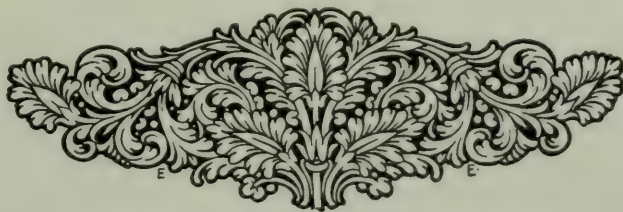
"I gave my old pal his share of the money, we talked a little while, cried on each other's necks, shook hands, and parted. I have never seen them since. They went to Europe—Paris, I believe. I suppose he's at the front now—that is, unless—" The old young man ran a trembling hand through his white hair and picked up his French paper. "My hair was gray before; it turned white that night."

"Omaha!" shouted the conductor.

"I get off here," said the stranger, starting to rise.

Buddy Plimpton—irrepressible Buddy—seized him by the arm. "But how—how did your friend escape—from the lions' den?" he begged, in a curious, subdued voice.

"How did he escape? Oh, yes." The white-haired man gave a mirthless laugh, while the scar on his cheek twitched convulsively. "I forgot why I told the story. He escaped in the same way old Daniel escaped. An angel was sent to close the lion's mouth. The angel in this case was in the person of the King's daughter. She bribed the keeper to smuggle into the lions' den, back in the rocks, the carcasses of three freshly killed Abyssinian beeves and half a dozen fatted lambs two hours before the execution. A gorged lion does not relish such a dainty titbit as a man."



THE MANHANDLER

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON



THE first logical reason why I cannot allow your claim on the county for \$175 as bounty for these coyote scalps," said Commissioner Beldame of Chinkapin, kindly but with a warning firmness, "is that the *canis latrans frustror* has but two ears. These occur on either side of the median occipital stripe, and not in series on flanks, haunches, and belly. I figure, dad," he continued, lapsing into a vernacular more in keeping with his open-throated blue shirt, "that by rawhiding little three-cornered notches you've produced something like seventeen scalps to the hide. The second logical reason—ah—I was afraid of that."

There was a slight commotion across the deal tables of the commissioner's office. Its calming saw shrewd but bibulous old Dad Selby, sitting flat in the dust of Main Street, abashedly reaching for the gun he had unwisely drawn and that had been contemptuously tossed in the wake of his parabolic career, through the portals and clear of the walk.

"Manhandling," commented my host, Scott Curtiss, poet of the "White Horse" and author of last year's campaign anthem for the Chinkapin election, "Way Over in the Valley of Saline":

"Way over in the Valley of Saline
Way over in the Valley where they grow,
Jesse F. Fredericks will never get there
Don't you know, don't you know."

"Manhandling—what's the piece about the feller that out-heroded Herod?—well that's Cuvier Beldame. They call him the 'Logical Reason of the Cimarron,' and I wouldn't be surprised if we sent him to Congress. You've just seen his weakness, but when that feller come to this man's country he was too prissy to say 'pants.' Now look at him. He'd be good in Congress. He ain't only cultured. He's educated almost, and six months

more in the short-grass country will finish him."

I'm the huckleberry that found the mastodon's bones at Medicine Lodge. That was the summer that Cherokee Strip was opened to settlement, and I rode up from Comanche Pool range and wrote a letter about the mastodon to Harvard. I guess they get a lot of that kind of literature, but I backed mine up with a ham-bone's big as a calf, so they sent out a scout, and this here Beldame was it. He wasn't exactly a perffessor, but he was workin' up to be one and he had all the privileges and emoluments, as they say—'bout as thick through the chest as the jack of dimonds sidewise and about the same view on life.

There's been too much said about tenderfeet. I've lived out here all my life and I ain't never yet seen one of the story-book kind—this man's country is good to a beginner. The only tenderfoot I recognize is the sucker like that Senator Dodge that spoke here last night and said he would put his language in simple words like we could *all* understand—people that slap you in the face to attract your attention to how much better they is than you, and I don't reckon they get cuddled up to much anywheres. Well, Cuvier wasn't like that. His trouble was different. He liked ridin' out with the boys, but he liked best ridin' out with old Alfalfa Bill's daughter, and everybody took a' interest in him and sort of boosted him along, till he started to tryin' to introduce the cultured code of an effete civilization into the *modus operandi* of a cow camp, as the feller says, and then we jest nacherally had to drop him.

I reckon you didn't know Hellroarin' Jake Sanchi. People liked Jake because he was such a liar—but they didn't like him too dawgone much. Jake was yellow, and like a lot of people of that sort he knowed it and tried to cover it up by



Its calming saw shrewd but bibulous old Dad Selby, sitting flat in the dust of Main Street.
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goin' to the other extreme and posin' as a man-eater. He found out early in the game that he could lick poor old Swede Coyle up at Kiowa. Jake lived on that for nearly three years. Every time he thought his reputation was wanin' or somebody'd cast aspersions on his bluff, he'd ride up to Kiowa and lick Swede Coyle. Then Swede died of pneumonia some time between lickin's and that left Jake in the air without no foundations, and he was sort of proddin' around for

a new one when this Beldame come along.

And, sure enough, Beldame—Four-Eyes, they called him then, 'count of his glasses—comin' in late to the ranch-house one night, left his horse standin' saddled in the yard, forgot about him, and went to bed. He was a sort of guest at the place, so Bradley told Jake to put the horse away. That was enough for Jake. He mentioned it right while we was saddlin' up next mornin', and he mentioned it in the bunk-

house that night, and he mentioned it nasty and aggravatin' again next day.

"I'm very sorry," says Beldame; "it shall not happen again."

Well, you've seen the work of people like Jake. He wouldn't let up, and he wound up by callin' names.

"I see," says Beldame, "that you desire a combat. There is no logical reason why I should fight you. It would doubtless result in my serious injury, and, as I lay no claim to physical prowess, if you continue your abuse I shall be compelled to leave."

Then Jake slapped him. It bloodied his nose and jarred him up a little, but he wiped his face off with a handkerchief and walked away. Well, there wasn't no spunk about that. I know now that he was just livin' up to his lights, and he sure didn't seem scared, but it left an awful raw taste. The boys began to find that their business didn't seem to carry them anywhere near where Beldame happened to be ridin', and that sort of led to the state of affairs where they didn't seem to find nothin' particular to say when he conversed with 'em. Then there was the matter of Old Bill's daughter. I don't reckon she'd been showin' him a very good time. Sometimes women cotton to a feller that men won't have much to do with, but it's usually because he's makin' a business of somethin' in the women's department that men ain't got much time for—that is, not two-fisted he-men. And it ain't healthy—not for a life hitch. They's got to be one woman and one man in every team, and three-quarters of either is a sort of bobtail straight. Beldame got right down-hearted and come and consulted me about it.

"Physical combat," says he, "is a hark-back to brutality. To a man who attempts to regulate his life by the dictates of cold reason it is abhorrent. I pride myself on that, and I apprehend that it required more courage to take Sanchi's abuse than it would to have shot him—which I could quite readily have done. I cannot see why the men do not appreciate my position. That, however, would be a matter of complete indifference to me did I not find that it is an attitude that is not confined to men. I should be grateful if you could put the matter

in a light that would appeal to my logical reason."

"Son," says I, "is there any logical reason why you care more what Grace Bradley thinks about your taking a slap in the face than you care what I think?"

"Sex attraction," says he, "is an indisputable fact."

"I noticed that when that big bully slapped you you got all white in the face and your fists clenched and your Adam's apple sort of went up and down."

"Animal passion—which I conclude it is the duty of a man of intellect to control."

"You think them two propositions over," says I; "and do you like to ride a horse fast and feel the wind in your face and the little creep o' danger up and down your back?—do you like to bite into a wedge of pie?—do you like to come over a high hilltop where you can see all the country for miles and miles on a ca'm day?—or do you like the smell of a flower? Why is music beautiful?—and do you think your mother is the best woman on earth?—and don't you like anything but what's got a logical reason? Because, if you don't—get somebody to bury you. You're dead."

"You preach paganism," he says; "those are the very emotions I consider it my duty to control. This has been placed so sharply against my belief that I could never be happy if I succumbed to it."

"You'll never be worth figurin' about till you do," I told him, and Grace Bradley, she put it in a different way.

"You go and whip Bill Sanchi," was her way, and it sounds sort of shockin' and gives you a bad idea of Grace, but she's a common-sense girl. There was a time when old Alfalfa Bill could have rid from the Cimarron to the Salt Fork and never touched a foot that wasn't his range or seen a critter that didn't bear his brand, but he signed too many bad notes, and the government takin' the Strip Range away busted him, but you see Grace had been brought up Eastern style. She'd sized the thing up too and she knew what she was talkin' about. But Cuvier had a conscience and he told her the same thing.

"I could never respect myself if I did a thing that makes so small an appeal to my intellect for so slight a reason."



He liked ridin' out with the boys, but he liked best ridin' out with old Alfalfa Bill's daughter.
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That kind of language wasn't helpful to buddin' romance, and I reckon Bel-dame would be potterin' over old dead bones to this good day if the Strip hadn't opened just the way it did.

It's too bad the government changed the way of openin' up new country to drawin' lots out of a lottery-bag from the old one of a big race and first staker gets

the farm. One way gives you people of the kind that'll take a gambler's chance—when there's nothin' to lose; the other collects them that'll take a fightin' chance with nothin' but the deep blue sea to fall back into if their holts slip, and that was the kind of homesteaders that had been gatherin' on the south Kansas line from Kiawa to Coffeetown—good people—

Mayflower people—Sante Fé and Cumberland trail people—people who for this reason or that wasn't just as successful as they might have been in Kansas and Iowa, and Illinois and Nebraska, and all the rest of the States, but that had too much git-up-and-git to sit mopin' on a mortgaged farm, and was willin' to take a new chance on a shoe-string—Americans with an education in hard knocks—two to ten kids and not a dollar to bless 'em. It wasn't no place for the half-baked, and of course Beldame didn't have no idea of makin' the rush. He went down to the line to see the last of Grace Bradley, and he got there just before noon, when the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile go-line was crowded for the start of the biggest free-for-all one-to-sixty-mile horse-race that's ever been pulled off in history.

Along-side of old Bradley on Roan Billy, Grace was sittin' in a high-wheeled sulky with the reins taut across the back of Tantamount, Alfalfa's 2.04 pacin' mare, that sniffed the kicked-up dust and powdered buffalo-grass, the smell of bananas, and lemonade, and lunches in paper baskets, and recognized the signs of a county-fair race-meet, and so was latherin' under the breast-strap and honin' to be off.

Out in front was all as peaceful as a country Sunday, the Promised Land, swimmin' in the dry, cool air, purple with richness, and so clear and clean that the way-off trees along the watercourses looked near up but little—like you was lookin' through the wrong end of field-glasses—and not a breathin' soul in the breadth of it. It was one of them big minutes. It was the bornin' of a State—but young Four-Eyes, I don't reckon he saw it. He was standin' with one foot on the sulky wheel moonin' at Grace—her black hair blowin' in her blue eyes, and her cheeks red, and the full of her breast risin' and fallin' with the excitement of it. Well, sir, at the last minute she seen that the halter strap was loose and swingin' at Tantamount's feet.

"I'll arrange it," says Beldame.

"I don't want it arranged—I want it fixed." So he got in the cart to hold the horse, and the minute she stepped back and took the reins the cannons boomed and something like seventy-five thousand

people shot across that line with a whoop and a rumble like—why, they jest nacherally couldn't have been anything like that noise since them sort of Chinese Indians come rollin' down on Rome.

Beldame's little round hat went sailin' off into space, and his head snapped back till it almost went sailin' after it. He grabbed Grace around the waist to keep from fallin' out, and, sometimes on one wheel but mostly on none, Tantamount snaked that high-wheeler out in front of the ruck of wagons and schooners and behind only the race-horses and fast ponies that would beat her on the get-away, but not a hope on the twenty-mile pull she was staged for. You see, Grace wasn't eligible for a farm, but she could take a town lot and the scheme was that old Bill would take the farm—he knowed the country like a pack of cards, and Grace would get the best corner lot in the new-made-to-order city.

Well, pretty soon they'd settled down to the long stride. Ahead of 'em was only two or three dozen little specks—the racers like her dad. But 'most a mile behind was the jumble of wagons and buggies and mule-teams and foot-racers and caravans and people on ponies and burros and—well, there was ostridges in that race, and Sanchi said he seen camels, but nobody else ever did.

But you couldn't see that—all you could see was a big, dirty, yellow, bellying cloud—thick on the ground like a prairie fire, and so long in both directions that your eye played out before it hit the end, with streamers and feathers of dust reachin' the sky, and out of that curtain all the shrieks and yells and clatter and bang and roar of the other place.

"You might hold on by the seat," says Grace; "you'd be safer and it wouldn't give the neighbors so much to talk about."

Beldame grips the seat.

"They're gaining a little, I think," says he, and he was pantin' when he said it.

You know where Chinkapin Springs is. Well, Old Bill had told Grace to pull up there. It's the second-best bit of land in the strip, and the old man thought that if when he got there he found somebody was ahead of him for the Valley Farm he wanted, he'd stake



But he stood up in that cart-bottom like a charioteer and he threw the gad into old Tantamount.—Page 505.

at Chinkapin, and even if he had went on that was the place for Grace to stop and blow the mare.

When they hit the Springs the old man had tacked up a note sayin' he'd gone on, and Grace told Beldame about it.

"And," says she, "if you'll take one of the stakes in the bottom of the cart, write your name on it and stick it in the ground,

you'll be owner in fee simple of the next best farm in Oklahoma."

Beldame got out. You ought to hear him tell about it—it was part of his campaign speech last fall.

"When my stake bit into the turf, something seemed to tingle up my arms and feet. I had never owned land. I looked at the little stream at my feet,



He was the fightenist little pinch of chili I've ever met up with.—Page 505.

cold and clear, and the green acres stretching away toward the river. Something hit me—*hard*. I don't know if it was a long line of landholding Saxon forebears gripping hands with me across the divide—but it was something. And when I climbed back into that cart my mind was full of just one thing. I was going to stick.

I wanted to take my place with the people around me. I belonged here."

They topped the rise at the bluff where the river land slopes down to the town two miles away. Only there wasn't any town then, just squares pegged out with white stakes, but there she lay like a tennis-court snuggling up to the river, and about

as big in the distance as a pocket-handkerchief spread upon a lawn. But they'd either stopped too long at Chinkapin, or they hadn't come in a straight line. Right over the top of the ridge on their heels come the ruck. Then's when Beldame forgot about logical reason.

"Oh, they're here," he gulped — "they're right on top of us. Here, let me drive." And he didn't stop to argue it. He'd never had leathers in his hands before. But he stood up in that cart-bottom like a charioteer and he threw the gad into old Tantamount. She broke her pace and started down the slope at a dead run. The willows at the river bed beat a bastinado on the cart-bottom. They went through the ford like a snow-plough soaked—up the rise, down through the town toward the land office, and they hit the square with a splinter and smash of cart wheels and a collision with three other rigs. Grace landed on her face, but with the stake in her hand, and she stuck it. Beldame got up out of the dust and come back to her. The two of them was squatted on what looked to be the best lot in Chinkapin.

Well, of course the jumpers and fakirs was on top of them in thirty seconds Mex. The first one come right up to Cuvier.

"What are you doin' on my lot," says he. "I staked this here lot and went into the land office to register."

"You did like hell," says Beldame, and I don't reckon he even knew he'd said it, but the crowd already linin' up at the land-office door hooted, and that feller went his way grumblin'. Next come old Slicker Bill Eldridge. He'd been down the line buying up every likely lot on the street. He had a little satchel full of greasy bills swung to a strap on his shoulder. He used to be a circus barker and a crowd was followin' him admirin' his methods. He begun by offerin' five hundred dollars to 'em to get off and let him stake, but Grace shook her head and he bid up, till he was cavortin' around like a trained bear, shakin' a double handful of money under her nose and claimin' to offer her four thousand dollars, which was big money in these parts. And I reckon that another bid would have pulled 'em off, but Grace stood pat. It was too bad.

Then they went into the land office to

register. The queue was already half a mile long, and they hadn't any more'n got into it than kids come to tell 'em their lot was jumped. Beldame got there first, and, sure enough, Grace's stake had been kicked off, and there, standin' square in the middle of the lot, hat on the back of his head, hands on his hips, stood big Jake Sanchi. When he seen Beldame he just howled.

"*Your* lot?" says he; "why, you simperin' little pinch o' type-lice—you mosey along off this wickiup or I'll hit you so hard hell'll smell of bugs and bones for six months to come."

Well, to an uninformed bystander it looked pitiful. Jake Sanchi could have broke that lad in two over his knee—and he come mighty near doin' it. Beldame walks over slow and deliberate. First, he takes off his coat, and he folds that up and lays it on the ground. The crowd yelled and howled with laughin'. I didn't, though. I remembered when the *Chicago Herald* and old Fred Lawrence brought a train-load of Chicago newsboys out for a week on the old Bar M. ranch. Some of them kids hadn't never seen the ground without pavin'-blocks on it. Well, there was somethin' the same look on their faces that Beldame had on his. He sort of moistened his lips with his tongue, and his hands trembled when he rolled up his shirt-sleeves. He was tryin' to control hisself all right—but not to keep from fightin'. Why, that boy was just *honin'* to it like a homesick Swiss. Then he turns around. He wasn't no more than five-foot eight—stooped the way he was, with that peerin' sort of a look from nosin' into books all his life, and he didn't weigh more'n one-twenty net. He didn't have no idea of fightin'. But he sort of dug his toes in, and then he jumped into it—all spraddled out like a cat landin'. He kicked, bit, punched, clawed, and of course Jake just leaned over—caught him by the belt and the full of the shirt—lifted him up in the air, and threw him down so hard I thought every bone in his body was gone. But he lit runnin' and runnin' for Jake. For a controlled and intellectual man, he was the fighterist little pinch of chili I've ever met up with. Most of his shirt was gone, and he'd cut his forehead on a rock. Some-

how he broke through Jake's guard and got in about six punches before Jake landed and knocked him wheelin' clear across the lot. Back again, and this time Jake caught him by the throat, and I reckoned it would all be over, and I was gettin' sadly ready to stop it.

You don't like to think about a woman mixin' up in a thing like that, do you? Well, I don't either, but this here done me a world of good. Grace pushed through the crowd, and when she seen what it was she looked at me reproachful.

"You stand here and let that go on!" There was a spoke of the busted cart wheel with a piece of hub hangin' to it, in her way. She was just like a catamount goin' to the rescue of a cub. It wasn't much of a lick. But it jarred Jake some, so that he broke loose. I don't reckon Beldame knowed he had help. He squared away and caught Jake on the point of the jaw with a lucky swing, and down that big yellow bully went on one knee. Of course Beldame was on him like a terrier, but I pulled him off.

"Wait till he gets up," I says, for I seen that Jake was ready to whimper, "it'll do you more good—*psychologically*." I don't know where I got that word, but it appealed to him.

"Thank you," he says, "I think it will."

It sounded right funny, too. His lips was swelled till they looked like the crease in a ripe tomato, both eyes was most shut, but his face was beamin' like a kid's at a Christmas tree, and the minute Jake got on his feet Beldame was after him again, but the crowd pulled him off that time, for Jake was yelpin' and the show was over—all but just one thing. Somebody with an official badge on was breakin' through the crowd. I thought maybe it was a town marshal or some-

thing, but the marshal was in the front row hollerin' his head off. It was a college-boy sort of chap with corduroy pants and a little linen hat on the back of his head. On his shoulder he was carryin' one of these here surveyor's transits.

"Back from the line, please—back from the plaza line."

Then he saw Jake's stake.

"What's this?" And somebody told him. Jake had sneaked off, but Beldame was on the job.

"This your lot-claim?"

Cuvier's lips hurt him to speak but he nodded.

"Sorry, old chap, but you've staked the public plaza. I'm just running out the true line."

Beldame didn't care, but the day had been too much for Grace Bradley and she began to cry.

"Then we haven't any lot—or any lot—or anything."

She was just sort of naturally gravitatin' toward Beldame with both fists in her eyes, and he held out his arms to take her. I reckon there was five hundred people gathered around by that time, but when they're the *kind* of people them was—you know—I've tried to tell you—it's all in the family.

"Oh, yeb—we hab, by darlig—we'b got the farb and we'b got each other."

She was crying on his pinched little chest, and the crowd of dollarless homesteaders was cheering until they couldn't have heard no more if they'd said it. But they didn't need to say it. Last county fair, their kaffir-corn, and their alfalfa, and their oldest baby all took blue ribbons, and you've seen what the short-grass country's done for Cuvier—yes, I reckon six months more of it and he'll be educated up as a congressional sample of the land.



NIMMO'S EYES

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

SINCE you remember Nimmo, and arrive
At such a false and florid and far-drawn
Confusion of odd nonsense, I connive
No longer, though I may have led you on.

So much is told and heard and told again,
So many with his legend are engrossed,
That I, more sorry now than I was then,
May live on to be sorry for his ghost.

We all remember Nimmo, and his eyes,—
How deep they were, and what a velvet light
Came out of them when anger or surprise,
Or laughter, or Francesca, made them bright.

You must remember Nimmo's eyes, I think,—
And you say not a word of them. Well, well,
I wonder if all history's worth a wink,
Sometimes, or if my tale is one to tell.

For they began to lose their velvet light;
Their fire grew dead without and small within;
And many of you deplored the needless fight
That somewhere in the dark there must have been.

All fights are needless, when they're not our own,—
But Nimmo and Francesca never fought.
Remember that; and when you are alone,
Remember me—and think what I have thought.

And think of Nimmo's eyes; and if you can,
Remember something in them that was wrong.
A casual thing to ask of any man,
You tell me,—and you laugh? You won't laugh long.

Now, mind you, I say nothing of what was,
Or never was, or could or could not be:
Bring not suspicion's candle to the glass
That mirrors a friend's face to memory.

Of what you see, see all,—but see no more;
For what I show you here will not be there.
The devil has had his way with paint before,
And he's an artist,—and you needn't stare.

There was a painter and he painted well:
He'd paint you Daniel in the lions' den,
Beelzebub, Elaine, or William Tell.
I'm coming back to Nimmo's eyes again.

Nimmo's Eyes

The painter put the devil in those eyes,
Unless the devil did, and there he stayed;
And then the lady fled from paradise,
And there's your fact. The lady was afraid.

She must have been afraid, or may have been,
Of evil in their velvet all the while;
But sure as I'm a sinner with a skin,
I'll trust the man as long as he can smile.

I trust him who can smile and then may live
In my heart's house, where Nimmo is to-day.
God knows if I have more than men forgive
To tell him; but I played, and I shall pay.

I knew him then, and if I know him yet,
I know in him, defeated and estranged,
The calm of men forbidden to forget
The calm of women who have loved and changed.

But there are ways that are beyond our ways,
Or he would not be calm and she be mute,
As one by one their lost and empty days
Pass without even the warmth of a dispute.

God help us all when women think they see,
God save us when they do. I'm fair; but though
I know him only as he looks to me,
I know him,—and I tell Francesca so.

She makes an epic of an episode,
I tell her, and the toil is ruinous;
And I may tell her till I go the road
We find alone, the best and worst of us.

And what of Nimmo? Little would you ask
Of Nimmo, could you see him as I can,
At his bewildered and unfruitful task
Of being what he always was—a man.

Better forget that I said anything
Of what your tortured memory may disclose;
I know him, and your worst remembering
Would count as much as nothing, I suppose.

Meanwhile, I trust him; for I know his way
Of being Nimmo now as in his youth.
I'm painting here a better man, you say,
Than I, the painter, and you say the truth.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

What Would
Shakspeare
Think?

ON the 23d of April the English-speaking peoples, on both sides of the Western Ocean and on all the shores of all the Seven Seas, will unite in commemorating the tercentenary of the death of the greatest figure in the resplendent history of English literature.

We who have his language for our mother tongue are all subjects of King Shakspeare; and we are all glad to do him homage, whatever our nationality. His fame does not belong to the British alone, it is the precious possession and the glorious inheritance also of Americans and Canadians and Australians. Indeed, we may go further and admit that "the lesser breeds without the law" may be admitted into the ownership of Shakspeare, since his genius, like that only of Homer and of Goethe, transcends the boundaries of language and has won citizenship among those who cannot read him in his own tongue. Homer and Shakspeare and Goethe belong to the world, as Dante and Cervantes and Molière do not—at least, to the same extent; and if it were not for the abrupt disruption of international amity brought about by the great war, civilization would be united in the effort to do Shakspeare reverence three centuries after his death.

Even as it is, even though our ears are deafened by the din of battle, and even though our minds are absorbed by brooding on the insistent problems of war and peace, there will be a truce for a little space, all too brief, while we lay our many-colored wreaths upon Shakspeare's grave. A chorus of high-flown laudation will pour from the throats of all sorts and conditions of men; and Shakspeare will be praised abundantly and superabundantly for everything that he did, whether he did it well or ill, and also for many things that he did not. The straightforward speeches which he put into the mouths of his fellow actors at the Globe fifteen score years ago will be put under our modern high-powered microscopes to discover the hidden secret of his art. The glowing passion of his tragedies and the rich-hued sentiment of his comedies will have

the magic of their manifold colors dissipated by passage through an inappropriate prism in the vain hope of analyzing the spectrum. Speculation will run riot; gossip will parade its empty futility; chatter will do its feeble worst to distract attention from the essential to the trivial; critics and criticsasters, annotators and commentators, interpreters and misinterpreters, each and all will have their hour;—and then, when all is said, when the tumult and the shouting dies, the fame of Shakspeare will emerge, unsullied and serene.

And if he could come back for a little space, a wanderer from the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns, permitted for an hour or a night to revisit the glimpses of the moon, what would he think when he heard the hymn of adulation chanted in tongues unknown to him and carried over the ocean from far countries of unrecognizable names? He would listen to pæans of praise for his poetry, for his philosophy, for his psychology, and for his play-writing skill. He would wonder at the debate over the dates of his dramas; and he would smilingly marvel at the motiveless doubt as to whether he was really the author of his own works. As he was only human after all, the incense would be sweet in his nostrils, even if its savor might be a little sickly; and as he had been gifted with a healthy sense of humor when he was alive and in the flesh, he would not let the unforeseen flattery go to his head. A natural curiosity might lure him into glancing at a few of the myriad volumes in which he was bepraised; but they would not detain him long.

Of all the words that he might read about himself, what would cause him the most startling surprise? He would be astonished first of all, of course, that any words at all should be given after three centuries to plays written originally to provide parts for his fellow actors in the Globe Theatre and to attract audiences to that playhouse in the profits of which he was a sharer. But probably the one thing which would most completely awaken his wonder would be the

spread of his reputation outside of England. He knew himself to be a right Englishman, who had lived through the immanent peril of the Armada, and who had put together twoscore plays compounded specifically to tickle the taste of other Elizabethan Englishmen. How then had it come to pass that he was held to be not for an age but for all time?—not for one little island but for the whole world?

Shakspere and
the Bowery

WE are now so firmly convinced that Shakspere is for all time and for all mankind that we are in danger of overlooking the fact that he was also an Elizabethan Englishman, with not a little of the insularity of the English and with an abundance of the interest in themselves which was characteristic of the Elizabethans. Indeed, we are always inclined to disregard the contemporary elements in the works of great writers, those contemporary elements which are certain to be temporary. It was significant of Colonel Roosevelt's insight and imagination that in one of the papers collected in the volume entitled "History as Literature" he was moved to point out the unregarded frequency with which the greatest of Italian poets drew unhesitatingly upon the political and social celebrities of his own era and of his own city for illustrations to be utilized by the side of those which he found in Greek and Roman history.

Colonel Roosevelt boldly called his essay "Dante and the Bowery," and he insisted on "the simplicity with which Dante illustrated one of the principles on which he lays most stress, by the example of a man who was of consequence only in the history of the parochial politics of Florence." This otherwise forgotten man was Farinata, "a second-rate faction leader in a faction-ridden Italian city of the thirteenth century, whose deeds have not the slightest importance aside from what Dante's mention gives." And later the American historian noted that Dante had coupled the name of Attila with "the names of a couple of local highwaymen who had made travel unsafe in particular neighborhoods,"—these two knights of the road being less important than Jesse James and Billy the Kid; "doubtless they were far less formidable fighting men, and their adventures were less striking and varied."

Like Dante, Shakspere dared to be his own contemporary, although as he was a dramatic poet and not an epic poet, he did not cite specific persons of his own times, he cited only specific things, familiar to most of his hearers then even if unfamiliar to most of his readers now. Take the character of Pistol, for example, in the group of plays in which Falstaff is the chief figure. To us nowadays, Pistol is not an attractive personality, either on the stage or in the study. To the Elizabethans he was probably very attractive, with his snatches of quotation and his scraps of parody from the popular plays of the hour, with his grossly exaggerated bombast, with his "humorous" catchwords. He is the Elizabethan equivalent of one of Mr. George M. Cohan's most up-to-date parts, pert in manner, vivacious in speech, expert in repartee, and garlanded with slang. Perhaps it would be a discordant note in our tercentenary concerto to suggest that Shakspere was not only the Sophocles of his day and the Molière, he was also the George M. Cohan; and there is abundant support for this irreverent suggestion in the "Comedy of Errors" with the "sidewalk conversations" of the two Dromios and in the "Taming of a Shrewd" with its "slapstick" fun-making.

Shakspere was keenly interested in his own country and in his own time,—and also in his own profession as an actor and in his own profits as one of the managers of a theatre. So it is that in "Hamlet" of all plays, in that soul-searching tragedy of an appeal at once universal and perennial, Shakspere permitted himself an excursus, he indulged in a most undramatic digression, to complain personally about the unfair competition of the companies of boy actors who had cut into the takings at the door of the Globe Theatre.

Shakspere is for all time, beyond all question, and the tercentenary celebrations will prove that this is recognized by us all. But he is of his own time also, quite as much at home in the theatrical "Rialto" of Elizabethan London as Dante was in the Florentine equivalent of the Bowery.

LISTEN, and you shall hear two funny-paper stories! The first one is about two city children who were discussing the poem their teacher had asked them to memorize, Longfellow's "The Old Clock

The Passing
of the Staircase

on the Stairs." Said the younger: "What's stairs, anyway?" And the older child answered impatiently, "Why, don't you know, Stupid! Stairs are those things they put into buildings, to go up and down if the elevator gets out of order."

The second story is this well-seasoned little joke: Blinks says to Jinks: "What would you call our local architecture?" And Jinks answers: "Bungolocal, I guess!" Now, this used to be a southern California funny story, but the comic paper that revived it the other day made Blinks and Jinks two suburbanites, locale anywhere. Modern conditions make it just as possible to tell this tale of the New Yorker commuting it out to his raw little new suburb as of the Californian living on his orange ranch.

These two fables teach us that the time is coming when stairs will be as extinct as the dodo. For "bungolocal architecture" is the architecture of the small town, and apartment-houses solve the housing problem in the big cities. Doesn't it look like a stairless future for America? Truly, "a good time coming" for housemaids—think of striking "stair-cleaning," that fussiest and most irksome of jobs, off the list of daily tasks! The stairless home will be welcomed by mothers of toddlers and creepers, and by mothers of active ten-year-old sons. Will there not be a minimum of bumped heads, and fewer shiny places on the seats of knickerbockers? And for every busy housewife there will be rest, heavenly rest, from that dreadful treadmill known as "running up and down stairs, all day long."

Just for old sake's sake, however, I do hope that when the parodists ask, "Where are the stairs of yesteryear?" they will not fail to bring into their query a note of poignant regret. For in saying good-by to the staircase in the home we are saying good-by to something that has had its undisputed place in art and in literature, in anecdote and in song. It is the coming generation I am sorry for; we have our memories, but they can only draw on their imaginations to know what a stair would look like. I remember once interrupting a fairy-tale to ask "What's a drawbridge?" and getting so imperfect an idea from the definition vouchsafed me that the first real

drawbridge I saw in after years of travel was a perfect revelation. It is more than possible that, fifty years from now, the answer to Everychild's question, "What are stairs?" will quite fail to visualize them for him. With his school either a bungalow or a roof garden, and his nursery equally flat or soaring, he will be hard put to it, poor little chap, to see anything funny in the fate of the Mother Goose outlaw, the old man who wouldn't say his prayers, or in Father William's exasperated ultimatum to the tiresome young man: "Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!" And how perfectly pointless he would find this verse in a pleasant rhymed tale beloved by me in my childhood!

"I always have thought it a very great pity
That they do not teach children in London to fly,
For the stairs are as winding and long as my ditty,
And the nursery's *always* the nearest the sky!"

I can see the Walter Crane illustration that accompanied this profound piece of philosophy—the steep, winding stairway, up which toils nurse, baby in her arms, and little Jessie clinging to her hand, while an adventurous two-year-old scrambles on ahead as fast as he can creep. What will my Everychild of the future see in that picture, I wonder! Will he think it a curious kind of circus performance, "featuring" an infant acrobat?

Some one carrying a little child up-stairs to bed . . . what story does that remind me of? Who is the author who has made an unforgettable picture of a little boy in his sister's arms, and she is singing to him. . . . Who but Dickens? Don't you remember this—from "Dombey and Son"?

"She was toiling up the great, wide, vacant staircase, with Paul in her arms; his head was lying on her shoulder, one of his arms thrown negligently round her neck. So they went, toiling up, she singing all the way, and Paul sometimes crooning out a feeble accompaniment. Mr. Dombey looked after them until they reached the top of the staircase—not without halting to rest by the way—and passed out of his sight; and then he still stood gazing upward, until the dull rays of the moon, glimmering in a melancholy manner through the dim skylight, sent him back to his own room."

Let me stop these speculations of mine

about Everychild and his stairless future to say how glad I am that to my generation a staircase was as familiar a sight as a window or a door. For I have a picture in my mind of Florence and Paul toiling up that "great, wide, vacant staircase," and I know perfectly well that if my nursery had been just across the hall in a ten-story apartment or a rambling bungalow, if going to bed had not meant step after step to be reluctantly climbed, my brain could never conjure up that picture to-day. I am glad I can visualize the stairway at Castlewood, down which came Mistress Beatrix Esmond to greet her cousin Harry, in her "scarlet stockings with silver clocks," her taper in her slim white hand. I am glad I learned to recite "Somewhat Back from the Village Street," and all the rest of the dear old poems, without having to ask "What's stairs, anyway?" And I can't help being a little bit sorry that they are apparently "going out." There is no poetry in an elevator (only that awful sinking feeling when it makes a poor landing), and in the staircase of the old-fashioned home there was the poetry of tender sentiment, just as much as the prose of the daily dusting around the rails. "A staircase with a past" you would be justified in calling mine, if you could see how the banisters need painting, and how worn the carpet is. Never mind! Commiserate me if you like for having a staircase with a past, but while you are about it, don't forget to congratulate me for having "a past with a staircase!"

"IT would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life," said Benjamin Franklin. Long ago, before I knew that Franklin had mentioned it, I became convinced of this fact, and I have

On Conceit

chosen my comrades accordingly. If I could avoid it I should never take a jaunt with other than a conceited companion. Not the bombastic man, nor the garrulous, the anecdotal, nor yet the self-centred—far be it from me to choose one of these; my comrade should possess an ingredient of vanity in his nature large enough to keep him sweet. He should not be wasted by obstinate questionings concerning his own worth in a vexatious world, or depressed by a consciousness of his defects, or

sensitive to the attacks of random criticism. He should not be quick to take offense, nor fearful lest he be unequal to every emergency. He should not be dependent upon my favor, for his own heart lends him approval; he will not be hurt by my criticism, for he is confident, even though he acknowledge his mistake, that he did what he could at the moment. He need never grow gaunt from soul hunger; "the desire of the moth for the star" he knows not. Fortified by a sense that his own life is worth living, he rests at ease from himself. Here lies his comfort and mine. Who would not choose a comrade that can forget himself?

Just here comes the difficulty. My companion's conceit must be the salt of his nature, its flavor, by no means its essence. Conceit may easily be his undoing. No Egoist, with a capital E, for me. Like fire and electricity, conceit may be at once the light of a man's life and his executioner. It is, I suppose, because of its dangerousness that conceit has become so unpopular. Conceit arises naturally enough from the desire for praise that is one of the universal traits of our nature. "See what I can do! Watch me!" demands the small boy, and we Olympians frown; we teach the boy to turn his just desire for praise into cant, make him self-conscious. He must veil his self-approval with false modesty; he must not be natural and express pleasure at his own conduct. Thus he turns to the world for criticism—a world so niggardly with its praises. And the boy loses at one moment both his independence of soul and his happiness. I am convinced that nine-tenths of the unhappiness of men and women arises from a lack of conceit.

As I think over my conceited companions I remember one that was a dog. Safest of all was he, deprived as he was of the power of speech. The difficulty about most companions is in their talk, and the conceited man is more often than not a talker. For the talker, there is but one saving grace, humor, and to the conceited man perfect humor is denied. Who with any degree of humor can look upon himself and approve? Therefore, in choosing your companion, look for silence as well as conceit. The smile that suggests well-being, the peace of serene self-forgetfulness must shine from his face. Let him be a talker if he must; but, if possible, let him be a silent man.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

JAPANESE PRINTS

With illustrations from the collection of the author

I

LATE fruits though Japanese prints are of the great tradition of Asian art, they preserve, to an extent sufficiently striking for Western minds, the ancient Asian canon of ideality as distinguished from realism. One may even at first sight view them with an aggrieved feeling that no man should pretend to be an artist if he draws the human figure as inaccurately as do these designers. But eventually one realizes that to draw the human figure accurately was the very last thing these artists cared about. And gradually the wisdom of Asia may come to us, and we shall understand that it is the spiritual impact of reality on the artist's emotion, not his scientific observation of reality, that is his chosen and proper theme.

It is this unrealistic quality which relates Japanese prints not only to the Primitives of Greece and Italy and Egypt, but also to even the most reckless modern adventurers in futuristic painting: in common, they aim at the production of forms which shall convey not the facts of life but emotions awakened by life, and abstract conceptions that exist in a region a little apart from the main channel of ordinary living. The figure of a woman, as treated by any of these artists, is not merely the memory of a possible object of desire or devotion; it is also the embodiment of impersonal formal meanings—relations of line and mass, harmonies and rhythms, antitheses and echoes—that have no direct win-

dow opening upon incidents of human experience. As I have said elsewhere, the childish mind loves pictures that tell a story; but the more sophisticated intelligence goes to a work of art for those elements which lie far beyond the region of episodic narration—elements that are allied to the principles of geometry, the excursions of pure music, the visions of religious faith.

II

Not least successful among Japanese print-designers, in this attempt at the expression of patterned perfection, were those earliest men who, working in the one hundred years preceding 1764, have been given the name of the Primitives. In the print by Shigenaga here reproduced may be seen such qualities of rhythmic composition, of sweep and flow and sway, as were never surpassed in later times. The figure is simplified beyond all trace of realism; it is purely a motif of movement—the shadow of a dream of form projected by the luminous spirit of the artist against the wall of space. All the important



Shigenaga.
Young man with fan.

designers of this epoch were actuated by similar aims. Moronobu, Masanobu, Kiyonobu, and Kwaigetsudō are names that recall designs of vast, towering, monumental figures whose swirling garments and strangely poised heads evoke memories of some great fugue, not of humanity.

The Primitives worked at first in black and white only; then it became the custom to color the prints by hand; and it was not until about 1742 that the true color-print was produced. It required a still further interval of development before Harunobu,

in the year 1764, issued the first print in which an unlimited number of colors could be employed.

Harunobu stands out as one of the most unfailingly delightful artists of the whole school. His delicate girl figures have not



Harunobu.
Woman and girl before a screen.

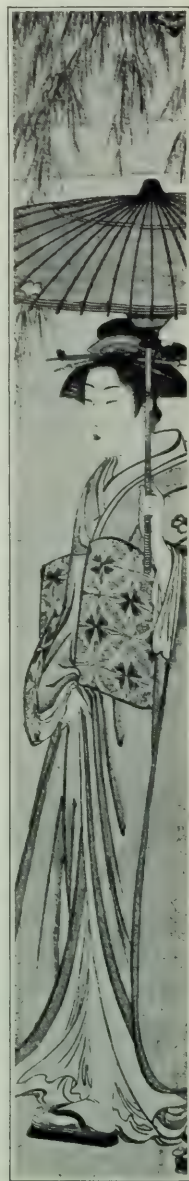
the broad, decorative strength of the Primitives; but for subtlety of poise, for sweetness of motion, they are unequalled. His aristocratic distinction of feeling is manifest in the refinement of every line; and in color he was not only the pioneer, but perhaps also the unsurpassed master. The fragile, fluttering figures of his women seem creatures of a charming dream-world; like the women of Botticelli, they poise in an atmosphere of more rarefied loveliness than anything we know in reality.

"O little winds, her little hands
In time with tunes from faery-lands
Are moving; and her bended head
Knows nothing of the long years sped
Since heaven more near to earth was hung,
And gods lived, and the world was young."

A new era began in 1780, when that most superb designer Kiyonaga became the central figure. Kiyonaga marks the apex of the technical development of this art and

perhaps the apex of its spiritual significance. Freed from the mechanical limitations of the Primitives, and seeing visions of greater scope and nobility than Harunobu, he created such Olympian figures as remind one of nothing so much as of faint memories of the Greek gods. It is hard to do him justice by illustration in the small space here available; his triptychs are his most important works, and they cannot profitably be reproduced in such miniature as would be necessary. But the pillar-print here shown conveys some notion of the lordly bearing of his figures, their serene impersonality and commanding tranquillity. He pushed the tendency toward naturalism as far as it can wisely be pushed; his designs are interpretations of the real forms of actual men and women, but interpretations in which reality is dominated by the magnificent imagination of the artist. Kiyonaga saw nature with clear eyes; and on the solid foundation of observed fact he reared the noble structure of his vision of life—a vision in which the world is peopled by a large-limbed, superb, and gracious race such as the human race is not but ought to be.

In the years following Kiyonaga's retirement, in 1790, there arose a new group of artists who, headed by such men as the brilliant Utamaro and the sardonic Sharaku, produced designs in which the most subtle and versatile originality was accompanied by the first hints of a coming decadence. Realism on the one hand, and unbridled fantastic eccentricities on the other, became marked; and the overstrung and satiated temper of a new age began to manifest itself in figures whose slender, sinuous languor and weary, sensuous provo-



Kiyonaga.
Woman under umbrella.

cativeness had an almost pathological significance. There is something feverish and perverse about many of these end-of-the-century designs. True, the utmost expressiveness, the utmost beauty, still marked them: the actor by Sharaku which is here reproduced has a savage intensity of ironic characterization and a splendor of design that are matchless. Also the print by Utamaro here shown can hardly be said to have been surpassed by any earlier work. It is the flawless expression of the mortal body's longing for a more than mortal perfection of happiness; the soul's utter weariness looks out from it. But the morbid loveliness here so admirably mastered was a perilous soil from which to expect further and vigorous growths.

So history proved. Upon the death of Utamaro, in 1806, the art disintegrated. Speaking generally, no fine figure-prints were produced after that year. And, it may be noted, it is almost exclusively the prints of this following decadent period that are known to the tourist and the general public. They are garish and degenerate products, crude in color and meaningless in form; they can serve only to obscure the greatness of the earlier masters. But, curiously enough, the period between 1806 and 1858 gave us the finest of all landscape-prints, as though a fresh and vigorous branch had suddenly shot up from the trunk of a decaying tree.

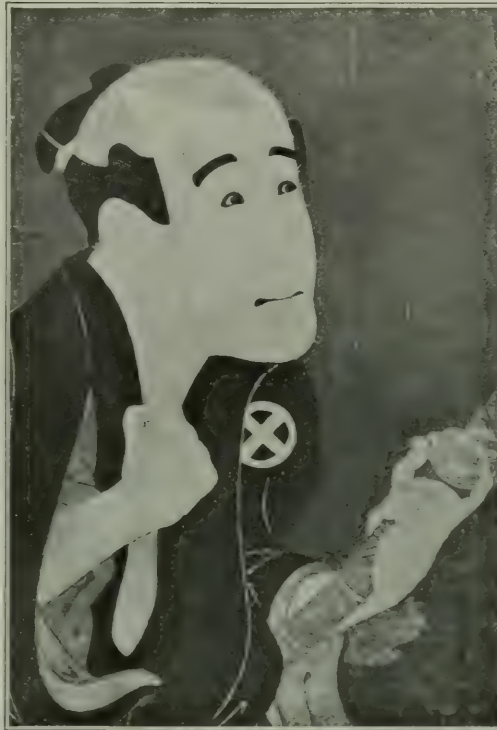
Hokusai and Hiroshige are the two names with whom this renaissance of landscape must chiefly be associated. Because of their enormous productiveness and comparatively late date, their work is better known in the West than that of any other artists—a fact which gives them an undue importance in Western minds. Hokusai, in particular, has been grossly overrated by persons unfamiliar with his predecessors.

Some Westerners still believe Hokusai to mark the supreme pinnacle of all Chinese and Japanese art—a view which would strike a Japanese connoisseur absolutely dumb with astonishment and pity. Nevertheless, in spite of much trivial work that Hokusai did, his real greatness is on occasion indisputable: in his rare and majestic design, here reproduced, of a Chinese poet and his two young disciples beside the thundering cataract of Luh, he rises to an extraordinary height. His contemporary,



Utamaro.
Woman seated on edge of veranda.

Hiroshige, is the easiest of all Japanese artists for the foreign mind to understand and enjoy. His landscapes are vivid and decorative expressions of lyric moods; he does not attempt to describe a scene literally, but gives us, by means of a few subtly chosen and significantly arranged details, the emotion which the scene awakens in him. His renderings of light and atmosphere, of rain and snow, are justly famous. As a whole, his prints must stand beside the "Liber Studiorum" of Turner; they constitute perhaps the most



Sharaku.
Portrait of an actor.

complete and splendid landscape record that any land has ever had.

III

"PRINTS" one has to call these works; yet the name is unfortunate, since it suggests a hard, mechanical process of creation. As a matter of fact, it would be more accurate to call them "wood-block paintings." They were produced from a series of engraved cherry plates, one plate being provided for each of the colors employed; to these plates the appropriate pigments were applied by means of a brush and carefully shaded as the requirements of the picture demanded; and, finally, a sheet of soft absorbent paper was accurately impressed by hand on each of the plates successively. Three men thus collaborated to produce each picture—the artist, who designed the original drawing from which the plates were made, and who was the responsible and important member of the trio; the engraver, who cut the wood-blocks; and the printer or colorist, who tinted the blocks and impressed the sheets. Striking differences exist between different copies of the same print, due solely to differences in printing. Late and careless impressions serve only to belie designs which in delicately printed impressions are of the most surpassing beauty. Hiroshige's work, especially, suffers from this misfortune, and, though poor examples of his prints are numerous, the really good ones are of excessive rarity.

The fascination of Japanese prints has of recent years attracted many students and collectors. These should know that the supreme treasures in this field are not easy to obtain—not very easy even to see. They are to be acquired only by the combined command of considerable money, considerable good luck, and a large equipment of historical knowledge and æsthetic discrimination. The ordinary Japanese print of commerce is generally without value; acquaintance with the finer examples soon leads its owner to throw it away. It has no relation to the great Japanese prints whose deserved fame sheds, for the unwary tourist and collector, a fictitious glamour over all the rubbish of Japan.

There exist, however, in America collections of Japanese prints which can be compared in importance only to the Italian paintings in the Louvre or the Greek sculptures in the British Museum. This is fortunate; for within our lifetimes the masterpieces of this art will be as unprocureable as fine Greek

sculptures are to-day; and we shall need them. It is not unreasonable to imagine that there will come a time when we shall find ourselves turning to the arts of the East, as Goethe turned to the classical antique, for an inspiration and liberation that is possible only from contact with an art whose foundations are based on deep perceptions of formal order, and not on the shifting sands of realism or sentimentality.

ARTHUR D. FICKE.



Hokusai.
The poet Li Peh.



Hiroshige.
The Kisokaido Road at Okute.



Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Walter H. Everett.

SPANNING THE CONTINENT BY RAIL.

On May 10, 1869, at Ogden, Utah, railroad communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific was established by the joining of the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads. The event was witnessed by American engineers, officials, and soldiers, as well as Chinese, Indian, Mexican, and negro workmen, suggesting the cosmopolitanism of the United States.

[American Historical Events, Frontispiece Series.]

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From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Honolulu harbor.

HONOLULU: THE MELTING-POT

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THEY have a name in Hawaii for such as we—*malihinis*, newcomers—in contrast to the Island-born or the Island-bred, the “old-timers,” who are *kamaainas*. In any account of foreign places not purely æsthetic and sensuous there should be a residuum of confessed ignorance. The foreigners that drift to usward on fickle wing, then write books longer than their total sojourn with us, are our *malihinis*; and we all know with what seas-full of salt we take their account of America. A traveller must flatter himself that his eyes have caught the truth, or for very shame he could not write. But we *malihinis* of a month must have inevitably, in the background of our minds, the patient, quizzical smile

of the *kamaaina*. The *malihini*'s dearest hope is not to turn that smile to a frown. This, as of obligation, from one who has but passed, to those whose roots have struck deep in the gentlest soil of earth. . . .

To most people who have never been to the Islands, and who have never contemplated going there long enough to get up a Hawaiian *dossier*, the name of Honolulu suggests, perhaps, half a dozen things: sugar, surf-riding, volcanoes, *leis*, missionaries, and *poi*. I doubt, at all events, if the list is much larger; and I am not sure that to include both *leis* and *poi* is not to be too generous. I am not speaking of sophisticated creatures on the “Coast” who, whether or not they have run “down” to Honolulu them-

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selves, can be glib about friends who have run "down." Certainly we knew originally little more than the list suggests. But knowledge somehow bursts upon one when one is contemplating a specific journey: the detached air of the steamship clerk and the railway agent breed in one a kind of knowingness. Long before we saw Diamond Head we had made a hundred traveller's choices, and could be glib, ourselves, about Island problems. We had made out not only that Honolulu was the tourist's paradise—our luggage-labels said so—but also that it was a paradise with a grievance. Free sugar, the seaman's bill, the prevailing yellow tinge of the population, and the perishing Kana'ka, were all familiar formulæ before a single *maile* wreath had been flung about our necks. There were Island people on the steamer; and wherever Island people are met together, to pass the time or to instruct the stranger, Island problems are hot in the mouth. To talk about the insularity of an island is to be tautological; but the insular American on Oahu is more insular, so to speak, than the insular Englishman in London. England is the centre of an empire; but Hawaii is the mere outpost of a republic: a Territory, something as helpless in the hands of Congress as a ward in chancery is helpless; bent therefore on self-preservation solely, and on keeping up its own little state and luxury in its own little mid-Pacific Eden.

Islanders are not interested in the "Great War"—not as we of the East understand interest: their newspapers confess it. Very few of them are interested even in a possible Japanese complication; Mexico is as naught to them. So far, they but accentuate the general indifference (excepting always California's anti-Japanese frenzy) of the States west of the Mississippi. Though the Islands look so Oriental, they are in many ways Western of the Western. Not only are they not internationally minded; they are not even nationally minded. They are almost more "sectional" than the "solid" South or the State of Utah. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for the Islander, are bound up in sugar. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

Yes, the grievances of this paradise

stir one to wrath on the steamer—though they sink into the background after one lands and the pleasures of the eye are pre-eminent. Except, that is, as the grievances touch one personally. The coast-wise shipping law touched us nearly: thanks to our inability to pick and choose among steamers, we could not stay to see Kauai. It is maddening to see good Japanese boats steam out half-empty, and to be restricted—now that the Pacific Mail steamers have had to stop business—to one overcrowded line. The mysteries of sugar, in all their detail, I could not hope to penetrate; though I thought it quite clear at the time that Hawaii cannot compete with Cuba. Thence resulted a wry-mouthed admiration of our doctrinaire democracy. Is it not like us (one asks with tearful pride) to fight Spain for Cuban freedom, and to crown that activity by presenting Cuba with the world's market for cane-sugar, destroying our domestic industries? The war is temporarily keeping the Hawaiian canefields from tragic fallowness; but free sugar may well outlast the war. Let no man say we are not altruistic. "The gray beard of Uncle Sam" (I scribbled frantically with Honolulu harbor spread prismatically before my eyes) "is as wild in the air as ever Don Quixote's." As for the Japanese, no Islander will give any real comfort to the chauvinist. There *is* no Yellow Peril. They begin saying it a little past the Farralones, and they are still saying it when the rosy pallor of Diamond Head first takes your breath away at dawn. Then you drift into waters that are like the harbors of a sunset sky; the more acrid chapter of preconception ends, while the sweeter one of experience begins.

Hawaii is a melting-pot: that is the first thing, perhaps, to strike one, humanly speaking. The strictly Polynesian effect lurks rather in the air, the foliage, the sky and the sea: the ever delightful, never conventional *décor* of the Pacific island. True, you find, now and then, tucked away under its coco-palms on thunderous shores, a Hawaiian village all complete with its taro-patches, its fish-nets, its outrigger canoes drawn up on the sand, its lazy life, and its innocence of English. But you have now to



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Diamond Head from Tautalus—Oahu.

go far afield for such. The bulk of the Island population, as every one knows, is Japanese—some 90,000 as against some 24,000 Hawaiians and an equal number of “all Caucasians.” Then come Portuguese (not reckoned as Caucasians) and Chinese, nearly even in the census lists—23,000 and 21,000, respectively. Part-Hawaiians (a motley breed!) and Filipinos pair, farther down, with some 14,000 each. There are a few thousand each of Porto Ricans, Spanish, and “all others.”

Yet this melting-pot is not depressing, like that which you get the full sense of, say, on lower Fifth Avenue at noon. In Hawaii, save for a few Russian peasants, there are no Slavs; there are no Jews; there are virtually no negroes; there is no Levantine scum. The Mediterranean coast, from Gibraltar to Sicily, from Sicily to Jaffa and Crete and Constantinople, is unrepresented; Central Europe and the Balkans have sent nothing. No Ruthenians, no Slovaks, no Lithuanians, no Armenians, no Huns. A few Greek hotel-keepers serve to make life tolerable in the smaller towns; but in numbers the Greeks hardly count. Even in Honolulu the white man is in a visual minority; and outside Honolulu nearly all the faces are yellow or brown. The Hawaiian melting-pot at first is picturesque; it ends by being lovable—and being missed. Even the pessimist may find comfort in the fact that the Oriental has no vote. The fat babies in rainbow kimonos will have them; but that story is for another day. The Anglo-Saxon is still dominant.

The Hawaiian has the ballot—and in consequence the Hawaiian vote is the largest in the Islands—but his vote will pass with his existence; which means that he will not long trouble the polls. Civilization has killed him, as is its way: vice and disease came in with the sea-captains and sailors of all the globe, and the missionaries finished the work. As far as one can make out, the missionaries were more responsible than Captain Cook or the New Bedford whalers, for the Kanaka is dying, quite literally, of clothes. Tuberculosis, pneumonia, and bronchitis are what carry him off in far the largest numbers. The race is not weak or degenerate: it is, physically, magnificent in strength and beautiful of feature. But

the Kanaka is amphibious—fishing, surfing, swimming, he is, all his life, naturally in and out of the water. It is one thing to cover yourself with palm-oil and let the Pacific spray run off you in shining drops while you rest on the sands; it is quite another to keep your wet clothes on as you go about your business on the shore—but it is to ask too much of Polynesian intelligence to request it to see the difference. If clothes are good, they are good, wet or dry. If you do not yourself perceive the initial beauty of clothes, you cannot be very sophisticated about their uses. The Kanaka is not up to *Sartor Resartus*. That the Polynesian has never employed his keen æsthetic sense on the matter of dress is proved, I think, by the fact that the native women still universally wear the *holoku*—a shapeless Mother Hubbard gown which the most tasteless Puritan could not condemn. Tradition says that the first missionary ladies, in mad haste to dress their converts, handed over the patterns of their own nightgowns. A race (I submit) that has stuck faithfully for nearly a hundred years to the model of our great-grandmothers' night-dresses—for “best” as well as for every day—is a docile, an admirable, a lovable race, which “vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up.” It is almost a pity, too, hygienically speaking, that the grass house has become unfashionable. It is engaging of the Kanaka to build himself a wooden shack to live in because white men live in wooden houses and provide such for their laborers; but there is nothing particularly amiable in opening your windows at night, and, since his fine tact is all social and not in the least scientific, he does not open them. The grass house ventilated itself, and the wooden shack does not. Hence more tuberculosis, more bronchitis, more pneumonia. The women hang *leis* about their necks, and all the men wear flower-wreaths round their junk-shop American hats. To the charm ancestrally perceived they are faithful; but they have never learned to improve on Caucasian ideas. They have accepted the brutal fact of clothes, just as they Christianized themselves *en masse*; they have accepted the silly American standard of the wooden house. But you must not expect them

to go farther: you must not expect them to like to work, or to care how their foolish clothes look (if we were made to wear barrels, I dare say we should feel a like

order, even before the missionaries arrived; and when the missionaries came, the Hawaiians embraced Christianity about as simply as France did under



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Rice-field and cocoanut-trees.

indifference to fashions in hoops and staves), or to think about cubic feet of air.

It works the same way, I fancy, with religion. "They say what they think will please you," was the report of a *kamaaina* who came of the old missionary stock and who had worked much among Hawaiians. Of course they do: they are polite to the death—literally. The idols were officially broken, by royal

Clovis. They are Christians, and have been, now, for some three generations; but they will not build where there has been a *heiau*,* and their propitiatory offerings to Pele line all the sombre trail to the Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa. Every *kamaaina* can give you some authentic tale of some one who has been *kahuna*-ed—prayed to death. Officially the *kahuna*

*A native temple.

is proscribed: there is a price on his head. But the authentic tales are there; and indeed I have seen lost villages where a *kahuna* would be very safe from the short arm of the law.

Such docility, such unwillingness to be rude, such indifference to the logic of the laws by which the natives must now live,

the motions of the dance. The new songs are different—lyrical at best, never epic; and the new dances might perhaps delight a cabaret, if any cabaret could conceivably be allowed to present them. I have seen a native *hula* in a country village, in full swing after hours of feasting; and the muscle-dancing of expositions is



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Ploughing rice with the aid of the water-buffalo.

do not make for self-preservation. They make for listlessness, for forgetting strenuous traditions, for seizing the day, for making *leis*, and singing sad and idle music by the incomparable Pacific. Politically the Hawaiians have no hope: America has absorbed them; they know they are dying, though they do not quite know why; but they have not enough sternness or strength for the black pessimism that Stevenson recorded among their cousins, the cannibal Marquesans. The old *meles* and the old hero-tales are nearly forgotten, as are the old *hulas*. A few aged men and women can still sing and dance in traditional fashion for their aged Queen—but there is no one to whom they can pass on the words of the songs or

innocuous beside it—though far more disgusting because not spontaneous. The old *hulas* were different: were stately and, I dare say, a little tiresome, with their monotonous swaying and arm-gestures repeated a thousand times. Only a very old person now can dance in the earlier fashion; you could easily count up the Hawaiians who know the *meles*; and there is just one man, I believe, left on Oahu (if indeed he is still living) who can play the nose-flute as it should be played, to the excruciation of every nerve in a Caucasian body.

Regular work is almost an impossibility to the Polynesian; therefore he is seldom, if ever, to be found in the cane or pineapple fields. He is very strong,



From a photograph by R. J. Baker.

The native outrigger-canoe.



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The Kanaka is amphibious—all his life, naturally in and out of the water.—Page 520.



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

A Hawaiian grass hut.

and makes an excellent stevedore; and that employment suits him, for he can leave it and come back to it as he chooses. The ships come in from Australia and the South Seas, from the Orient or round the Horn; and whenever they come in or go out, there is work a-plenty. Until his money is gone he can exist beautifully, singing to his *ukulele* and washing down his raw fish and *poi* with square face. He makes occasionally a good chauffeur; but the regular profession most dear to him is that of policeman. To stand directing traffic at King and Fort Streets,

his beautiful *poses plastiques* legitimized by authority, is as near heaven, I fancy, as a serious-minded Kanaka can get.

In Honolulu—and Honolulu draws to itself, magnet-wise, all the interests and activities of Oahu—the white man is more in evidence than anywhere else on the Islands. That is natural. It is the social and commercial metropolis, the capital, the traditional home of most of the missionaries, the residence still of the Queen, the centre of military and naval business, the pre-eminent port of the Islands. In Honolulu itself the melt-



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

In the gardens at Ainalau.

Life in Hawaii is lived under the palm and the mango.—Page 526.

ing-pot seems to seethe most hotly; for the white man is there in numbers to remind you of the extraordinary foreignness of the other human beings who frequent the paved streets, ride on the familiar trolley-cars, and pour out of the "movies" at the classic hours. Away from Honolulu you often forget the white man: the tropics beat in on you more vividly; the great tree-ferns rise mysteriously above your head; the surf is the surf of the South Seas; the world is wholly different; and it is very curious and exotic

of you yourself to be white. Save for the mental mirror we carry about with us, one would forget one was. But Honolulu is American, very. It is even part of its charm that it should be so; for there is nothing pathetic, no savor of exile, in the resolute dominance of American ways. The Islanders are not backward-looking, like (we are told) Englishmen in India. Honolulu is "home," and they look as little to the mainland (save, now and then, sardonically to Washington) as the Westerner looks to the Atlantic

coast. They have not even had to compound with the climate, for the climate is quite simply perfect. They can afford not to seek their greatest comfort; for, after all, it is impossible to be very uncomfortable. It is the tourist, the visitor, who wears Palm Beach clothes and soft collars. The business man of Honolulu dresses as the business man in New York dresses—tweeds, starched neck-gear, and all. Most men wear black evening clothes at dinner. A certain amount of white is worn, of course; but the general impression of the visitor from the temperate zone is that these folk do not live up to their privileges.

As for their houses, I should positively hesitate to say how bad Island archi-

tecture is, if so quintessential an Islander as Mr. W. R. Castle, Jr., had not said it before me. Life in Hawaii is lived under the palm and the mango, the banyan and the poinciana, the algaroba and the monkey-pod. The great hibiscus hedges are as high as, in England, the border of ancestral yew; the night-blooming cereus hangs in multitudinous clusters over your garden-wall; the scent of ginger is heavy round your *lanai*; the orange and the lime bloom in your compound, and the guava runs wild by the wayside; your yard-boy eats his dinner under a banana-tree. A garden is old in ten years; in thirty it has become a tropical forest, a gigantic and fragrant gloom. But the houses breathe



From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bontine.

Ape-ape—Pohakumoa Gulch.



Storm clouds seen on the road to the Devil's Punch Bowl.

none of all this. They are hardly ever even Southern in type—low and pillared and wide-verandahed. The architecture of Hawaii is uncompromising; it is—for want of a better word, let me say evangelical. It stands rigidly by the worst traditions of the nineteenth century; it is the same that disfigures our New England streets and stultifies the fine situation of many a Western town. Two stories and sometimes three; scamped porches set about with jig-saw decoration; colors that must make the gentle Jap swear ritually as he patters by in his immaculate kimono: the kind of thing that is quaint and endearing in Portland, Oregon, but which, in the full sweetness of the Trade, is simply the Great Refusal. Not much better is the newer house, half-timbered or of tapestry brick; for if there ever was a place with which the Tudors and their ways and works had nothing to do, it is the islands of the Pacific. Chinese merchants are inheriting the older houses in the town; but the released Americans, who go farther up the Manoa or the Nuuanu Valley, do not improve

on their ancestral homes. There is melancholy comfort to a monarchically inclined person in the fact that Liliuokalani lives in the loveliest house in Honolulu. Washington Place, which she now inhabits, is of the old Southern type, and it does not insult the vegetation. (As for the Royal Palace—now the Executive Building—I believe I am alone in admiring it. It is of absurdly ornamented type, but so like many a bad minor palace in Europe that it endears itself. The throne-room is just what any petty sovereign would have found fit, and the space and height of the rooms are literally palatial. There is something very fine and æsthetically decent about the sweep of the broad stone galleries, and the slow, lavish curve of the central staircase. Kamehameha's statue, in bronze and gold, faces the palace majestically across the square; and that, too, is fine, though no one now pays homage except an ancient Portuguese lunatic, who spends his life before it.) Some people have had the wit to build low, shingled bungalows, and they will have Paradise about them when

they die. But it verily seems as though no sensitive soul could make its peace with God while the poinciana and the banyan look down on tortured clapboarding, built into a high and narrow shape. Were I to cite exceptions—and of course there are exceptions—it would be almost like naming names, so I refrain. Nor do I speak of interiors, only of the front presented to the world. But it is a great pity that some young architect with a sense of fitness does not feel “called” to make man’s part in the aspect of Honolulu a little more akin to God’s. The Atlantic States had Georgian memories to help them out; California has had Spain; but Hawaii is singularly isolated. The natives, of course, contributed no architectural ideas. It is a singular misfortune that the Islanders should have selected, and stuck at, the wrong period. It was not because they had never had anything else before their eyes: nothing could be more charming than Washington Place in Honolulu, or the old “missionary house” in Lahaina, on Maui. They did not, however, stick to the good æsthetics of the pioneers; they progressed: they seem to have gone to Kansas for their later inspiration—and never to have come away.

When that is said, nothing remains to be charged against civilization in Honolulu. This in itself would be small cause for petulance in another place. But here the eye enters upon an inheritance so gorgeous beyond preconception that it shrinks unwontedly from all that is not beauty.

The part of the town that is not occupied by Americans is oddly uninteresting. Here and there a district known as “Portuguese town” contributes a vivid pink house to the general audacity. But the Chinese and Japanese districts are far less picturesque than the Oriental quarter in San Francisco—even since the “fire.” Rows and rows of barrack-like tenements, housing Hawaiians and the poorer Orientals, are very like any other slums—save that here the sun *will* find out a way. It is a platitude that foreign slums—Italian, for example—are often picturesque. In Honolulu they scarcely are; for the buildings are not old, and they make the most colorless corner of that parti-colored

world. Prosperity, I suppose, makes for gayer kimonos, for paler stuffs in Chinese coats and trousers, for more *leis* and fresher flowers setting off the Hawaiian bronze. The folk who live in the Honolulu tenements are very poor; “drab” is the formal epithet for poverty, and with drab even the sun can do little. The poorer quarters of Honolulu are not so depressing as some other slums; for until one is quite used to the visual preponderance of yellow and brown men, there is delight in the mere strangeness of the crowds. And they are not so extensive, these poorer quarters: they are far outstripped by the comfort and beauty of the rest. Still, in this sociological day, who could refrain from noticing, and mentioning, such slums as there are?

Another feature prominent in the mere aspect of Honolulu is the army. We have seven or eight thousand troops there; it is a regulation for Hawaii that officers and men alike must wear uniform; and the ugly, efficient khaki is everywhere, as well as the tropical white. On the whole, the khaki uniform is less beautiful than the *holoku*; and the military note is a note of pure ugliness. After a few weeks the negro regiments seem strange to the eye. It is impossible not to match up the negro type against the Polynesian and find it wanting. An æsthetically passionate person can quite understand the contempt with which the Kanaka looks down upon the black man. This, though the negro soldier is usually a fine creature, physically speaking, and at his best suggests the imposing Zulu. It is the modelling of the Polynesian countenance that gives the Kanaka the palm: the delicate aquiline contour, the eyes large for the face, the thick hair, like a European’s, crowning the head.

Geographically, too, the army counts immensely in Oahu. There are five forts in or about Honolulu town, not to mention Schofield Barracks on a neighboring plateau. Diamond Head is mined and galleried, so that on occasion it could be as dangerous as in its volcanically “active” days. The monstrous works going on at Pearl Harbor it would take an expert to appreciate; at present they are in the least illuminating of all stages—that of dredging. A visit to Pearl Harbor—



From a photograph by R. H. Perkins.

Waikiki Beach, Honolulu.

You can spend your Sunday, bathing in the multi-colored ocean.—Page 531.



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Good golf is provided at the Oahu Country Club, Honolulu.—Page 531.

a strange, octopus-shaped arm of the sea—is about as unrewarding for the common person as a visit to a sugar-mill. Our New England consciences took us to both; and, personally, I brought back from the adventures only the conviction that dredging is not pretty to look at and that sugar-cane is not good to chew. Those who like to chew sugar-cane may very fairly infer that I have done little justice to the dredging. I confess it freely.

The tourist's Honolulu, I suspect, lies wholly Waikiki of the town—that being, literally, the topographical idiom. (You are never told to go north or south, east or west: you go “mauka”—towards the mountains, or go “makai”—towards the sea; a shop lies on King Street “Waikiki” or “Ewa” of Fort or Nuuanu.) The city stretches some seven miles, end to end, along the sea-front, running back, up enchanted valleys, to the mountains: the Pali, or Tantalus. “Ewa” of Honolulu are Pearl Harbor and Ewa plantation; “Waikiki” of it is—Waikiki. Here are the seaside hotels and restaurants, the Outrigger Club, Kapiolani Park, the

beach-houses of rich Honoluluans, and Diamond Head. Here are the bathing, the surf-riding, the general tourist activity—as well as the amusements of Honoluluans themselves. Across from the Moana Hotel is Ainalau, among whose giant trees and flowers Stevenson often sat with the little Kaiulani, heiress apparent to the now long-superseded Queen. Kaiulani died during Liliuokalani's reign, and her father, Mr. Cleghorn, has been dead these many years. Ainalau has been sold; but one can still lose oneself in those winding, overhung paths, the great palms cutting off the sky above one's head, and imagine the opera-bouffe days of the monarchy, half-wishing that strange chapter back. The portraits of Kaiulani show her as very lovely and inevitably beloved. She had, too, the supreme wit to die young. To a man of Stevenson's predilections, a beautiful young princess, half Polynesian and half Scotch, must have seemed one of the choicest works of God; and at Ainalau, if ever, he must have been happy.

In all successful social life, variety must somehow be achieved. In their circum-

scribed space happy Honoluluans manage it by having several houses. Precisely as here, you go to the mountains or the sea for recuperation and amusement; only in Hawaii you do not have to go so far. Half an hour will take you to your bungalow beneath Diamond Head; there at Kohala you can spend your Sunday, bathing in the multi-colored ocean. If mosquitoes bother you at Kohala, you can motor to the top of Tantalus, where, at two thousand feet, you are safe from them. Or you may have your beach house on the windward side of the Island, between Kahana and Kahuku. For a severer change, you can have a ranch on Kauai or Maui. If it is absolutely necessary for you to shiver—and one can conceive that—you can visit the volcano on Hawaii, or take the comfortable *Kilauea* to Maui, and climb Haleakala. In the concrete rest-house on that ten-thousand-foot rim you will need all the fur coats the family can provide. It is easy enough to change your climate and see a different beauty. Meanwhile, there is bridge, and the tango, and polo at Moanalua, and everything else that American civilization provides for one's

distraction. Plays and operas are rare, of course, though now and then some company stops off between Australia and San Francisco. The Islanders, too, must be blessedly free from lectures. Good golf is provided at the Oahu Country Club, or at Haleiwa. If you are tired of domesticity, you can sit on the floor in a kimono at a Japanese tea-house, while little geisha girls bring you all the things that the yellow man most oddly likes to eat, and the saké that he most wisely likes to drink. You cannot skate or ski; but you can go riding or bathing or surf-boating or shark-fishing any time you feel like it; and on Hawaii, they tell me, you can put on a bathing-suit at the end of the day and coast down the dizzy cane-flumes. Except in a Kona storm you are seldom housed. Here the "unswerving season" brings no mitigation of beauty. Some transplanted people long at times for snow; the true Islander, I believe, not often. In any case, the Canadian Rockies are not so much farther from them than from us—above all, the journey is not so much more expensive. If you really want to be uncomfortably cold, there is, I am told, no chillier, snow-



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Haleiwa Hotel entrance.



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The Pali—Island of Oahu.

The view from The Pali is ever various—morning and afternoon, mist and sun, tell different tales of it.—Page 536.

ier place than Japan in winter. And even Japan is only nine days away.

There is scarcely space to tell of all the sights of Honolulu. In the aquarium you can see fish that seem to have been created by French dressmakers. They look more like audacious *mannequins* at the Longchamps races than citizens of the simple ocean—save that nature is less careful of color-harmonies than Worth and Paquin are wont to be, and that no dressmaker would venture on a costume *à la* squid. The aquarium, I believe, had this summer been rifled for the Hawaiian exhibit at the Panama-Pacific; but, even so, it is a smallish place, not comparable with the chambers of wonder and horror at Naples.

Or you can go out by the Kamehameha Schools to the Bishop Museum—exquisitely panelled in the beautiful Hawaiian *koa* wood, dusky-gold and wildly grained; repository of feather-cloaks and Polynesian antiquities of every sort. Mrs. Bishop, the donor, was the daughter of Paki, and his giant surf-boards are nailed up in the entrance-porch. Everywhere in Honolulu you find witnesses to a now

perished state of society, when princesses of the blood and daughters of great chiefs married Anglo-Saxons. With the passing of the monarchy and the subsidence of the native aristocracy, there is less temptation to the American or Englishman to espouse a native, and I believe it is not much done at present except in the lower classes—though a deal of the best white blood is said to have received at some time or other a Polynesian tributary. It is natural, with the change of government, and all that change entails, that the fashion should have passed. Much else has passed with it: the knowledge of Hawaiian, for example. Every one uses Hawaiian words, but the majority of American children do not learn the language. They are carefully not allowed to, lest a chance Hawaiian playmate should let in a flood of Polynesian information on their innocent minds. The Kanaka infant has “nothing to learn”; therefore much too much to teach. It is again, in some ways, a pity, for the Kanaka himself has no interest in the preservation of his tongue and it is degenerating into pidgin-talk. A scholar like Mr.

Parker, for fifty years pastor of the Kawaiahaeo church in Honolulu; now and then a native demagogue who has cultivated the language for his own purposes—these may keep some interest in the mellifluous and moribund tongue; but that is all. It has virtually ceased to be stuff of rhetoric. Any learning the Kanaka may acquire is won at school, in English. It is easy to see the result. Beyond a convenient practical knowledge—for it is often, in remote places, convenient to speak Hawaiian—almost no one cares to go. Besides, it would be more to the point, practically, to learn Japanese.

There are other sights a-plenty in Honolulu. There are the schools, from Punahou Academy down; there is the Lunalilo Home for aged Hawaiians, which I distinctly advise against visiting, comfortable though it is. The Hawaiian does not grow old well—nature's revenge for his beauty in youth and maturity—and the Home was to us actually more depressing than the Leper Colony on Molokai. The shops are not particularly interesting: Hawaiian curios consist chiefly of *ukuleles*, bead and shell necklaces, and *tapa* cloth—which, I regret to say, in this twilight of the Hawaiian day, is chiefly imported from Samoa. You can get calabashes and *lauhala* mats made to order, but the market is not drugged with them. The Hawaiian, as I have said, does not like to work. Even his *poi*—except in country districts—is made for him at a Japanese or Chinese *poi*-factory. There is nothing "native" that you want to take home with you, except the fruit, and even if you were naïve enough to pack papayas and mangoes in your steamer-trunk, a California official would take them away from you before he let you through the Golden Gate. It seems that there are fruit-pests in the Eight Islands: another grievance, since all pests of every sort—including mosquitoes and leprosy—have been brought thither from somewhere else. There are yet no snakes, but sometime some one will smuggle in a rattler or two.

The servant problem is made easy by the Orient. The Japanese cook will do everything in the world besides cooking: he will water your flowers and clean your car, raise your vegetables and press your

clothes. If he is married, his wife will do that part of the work which he least likes, and between them you will be singularly comfortable. Your children will have Japanese nursemaids, your yard-boy will be Japanese as well. You will be wise to choose a Portuguese chauffeur; but except for that one service the Japs will look after you. It is well, I am told, to give very positive orders, and to keep to your own régime, for the Jap's imagination is peculiar to his race, and left to himself he will always do the most romantic thing.

Hear now the confession of a reformed Japanophobe. . . . Before our Hawaiian experience I had been quite convinced that the Japanese were the Prussians of Asia. Every one knows how easy that impression is to get. I do not pretend to have arrived at it by profound study. It shocked me not a little, at first, to find Islanders taking the Yellow Peril so lightly—not to say scoffingly. They seemed to me like those folk who have always nestled comfortably under Vesuvius. In another generation the voters of Hawaii will be overwhelmingly Japanese; for Japanese children, Hawaiian born, are, of course, American citizens. It is interesting, too, to note that the Japanese do not, like Chinese, Portuguese, and whites, intermarry with other races. They are in the melting-pot, but they do not, in that sense, melt. Japanese children must go to the government schools and learn English; but they must also go to Japanese schools, before and after school hours, on Saturdays and Sundays, and be instructed in their ancestral language, literature, and history. How they can work so hard, poor babies, and still look so gay and ephemeral, is a puzzle. Perhaps the secret of it is the kimono—as, indeed, I suspect (though it is a frivolous confession) the kimono was at the root of my own conversion. A Jap father in a clean kimono, tending the baby, is the most disarming sight in the world. And they are always doing it, whether in front of their Honolulu shops or in their plantation villages. Undoubtedly they work, and work hard, but they are always playing with the babies, first, last, and in between. While we saw them daily in this attitude, I for-

got the "Japan Language Schools" (often placed, for convenience, next the government-school building) and the Shinto temples tucked away everywhere in the foliage. It is impossible to be afraid of any one who wears a kimono, and that fact may be either our salvation or our undoing in our relations with the Orient. I do not pretend to say.

But my conversion was not so frivolous a matter, after all. The Japanese character is apparently a very different thing from that which many of us, at least, had conceived it to be. First of all, the Japanese is a romantic—an out-and-out, absurd romantic. He is very sure of himself; he will undertake to do anything you ask him to; he is confident that he can imitate anything that he has seen, or perform any act that he has watched. He is his own publicity agent, too—like the braggart child, and as little objectionable. (I have even heard, authentically enough, that the famous Red Cross service in the Russo-Japanese War amounted only to a campaign of self-praise; that actually the Japanese lost a greater proportion of men through disease than did the Russians.) He is ambitious, always anxious to better himself. *But—*

The Jap will build your house for you—probably in most cases he does; but he is as likely as not to put in your windows upside down. Often, as soon as he saves enough money on the plantation, he drifts into a Honolulu commission merchant's, saying engagingly: "This time I make store." He pays down his savings, gets additional credit, and proceeds to "make store." But he is apt, in a year or two, to go bankrupt. He is so enamoured of his idea that he would rather sell everything in his shop on credit than to sell for cash and have any goods left on his shelves. Or he will be a chauffeur; but the god of speed also is in his Pantheon, and he will break his or your neck with the most devoted abandon. It is terrifying to meet a carload of Japs in a narrow place. It is even more terrifying to be driven by a Jap yourself, round a mountain road with a *pali* on your left and the sea five hundred feet below on your right. At the steepest point the Jap is sure to turn and tell you that this is a very dangerous place—not relaxing, meanwhile, his speed. If you are not im-

pressed (though, for many reasons, you probably are) he will, very likely, add a dramatic account of how, not long ago, he was attacked at this very spot, by a band of Filipino marauders, all armed; how, fortunately, he had no money (you begin here to be grateful for your express cheque); how, finally, by dint of coolness, courage, and speed, he got away. Even in his pidgin-English he makes literature of it—until he becomes positively too excited by his own romance to proceed. It is like listening to the wild Odysseys of your own small boy. Luckily, the Jap likes to toot his horn: it is your only safeguard. Return over the same ground a few days later with a cautious Portuguese driver, and you will feel infinitely safer—but you will find yourself missing something.

The Japanese, in spite of their romance, are law-abiding folk—another disarming fact. The Filipino is the bad boy of the Islands: he will loot, and kill for loot—for an astonishingly small amount of loot. He kills very brutally, too. Occasionally, in the day's work, the Japanese will slay—but seldom; and when he does, I have heard, it is apt to be a case of jealousy—a *crime passionel*.

It must, of course, be remembered that in Hawaii one deals largely with a Japanese type very different from that which we encounter here; not the student or the merchant, but the laborer, the coolie. There are merchants, and there are educated Japanese of the better classes: priests, teachers, editors of papers, and so on. There is even the distinguished artist who will "do" your Japanese garden, or build your room for the tea ceremony, but who will not do either unless he has all the time he wants and absolute liberty to follow his tradition to the least detail of material and form. But these are few in comparison. The Japanese have been imported chiefly to work with their hands, and the bulk of them are the common people. The women work on the plantations as well as the men, wearing a special dress: an odd series of dark garments, puttee-like leg-gear, huge flat hats tilted on their chignons at an angle of forty-five degrees, a white cloth hanging down beneath it to protect the neck from the sun. A *kama-aina* can tell at once the nationality and

the breed of an individual whom he passes; but, though I am seldom at a loss to distinguish Chinese from Japanese in America, in Hawaii I found it as impossible as a task in a fairy-tale. The Japanese coolie is very like the Chinese coolie; and in country districts there are the Koreans

one? This one?" The *kamaainas* could always label them. At the end of the day it was easier for the *malihini* to guess; for the Jap in his kimono is different from every one else in the world.

On the whole, it is easy to see why the Islanders discount the Japanese peril.



Map showing central location of Hawaii in respect to other ports of the world.

to confuse one. The women are easier to distinguish than the men, on account of their dress—the Chinese trousers, the vast Filipino sleeves, are as unmistakable as the kimono. But the men in the cane-fields dress as is most convenient and, until they have gone home and changed, it is not always easy to know. There are, besides, infinite complications of race-mixture; and, while we thought it easy to recognize a pure Hawaiian, the *malihini* could never be sure of the part-Hawaiian—whether he was part Portuguese, part white, or part Chinese. It was like a child's game to drive along a country road and ask: "This one? This

We heard one or two men of sense and long experience dissent from the common opinion, but not more than that. Only one or two were willing to admit that there might, in the next generation, be trouble. Most Americans in Hawaii have faith in the melting-pot; they think the Jap soluble. This, though they confess that Japan did want the Islands, and would still exceedingly like to possess them. When we quoted to them fears that we had heard expressed at home, they usually said, in sum: You won't find any one here outside of the army who believes that alarmist stuff; of course, the army is always looking for trouble.

Certainly, the daily revelation of the Japanese temperament is allaying to fears. Whether Americans in Hawaii are misreading that temperament or not is in the womb of fate. But the Islander at least has a better chance to estimate the Japanese situation—psychological, economic, political—than we on the mainland. It may be that the Mikado sends out thousands of Japanese laborers with strict instructions to provide a spectacle of romantic inefficiency for the deluded American. It may be that wearing white kimonos and petting the babies are both done by imperial order. Perhaps the tale of overcrowded Japan is as false as the tale of overcrowded Germany; perhaps, really, the Japanese, like the Germans, have to import labor from without. The cane-cutting may all be a blind. If they are the Prussians of Asia, that is plausible. But in that case the Prussians of Asia do their deceiving much better than the Prussians of Europe.

The Chinaman in Hawaii is very like himself anywhere. Every village, even the smallest, has its *pake* (Chinese) store. Often the *pake* store-keeper has a Hawaiian wife. The Chinaman has, as we all know, a great gift for business; he is prudent, industrious, and honest. No one has ever paid him the doubtful compliment of fancying that there was a "Chinese problem." The Chinese virtues are too well known for mention here; though it may be remarked in passing that the Chinese-Hawaiian blend is said to be the best for character (as it is, by and large, for physique) of all those to which the Hawaiians treat themselves. The Chinaman ploughing his rice-fields with the classic water-buffalo, sitting decorously in his tidy shop, or selling unspeakable foods in his markets, lends a grave and welcome note to the medley. There is experience back of the Chinese face, male or female; it is *uralt*; it has psychology in it; you feel that it would respond to a human problem. The flitting Japanese seem ephemeral creatures in comparison: artistic by blessed instinct, but not pre-eminently intellectual. Even when a Chinaman gets drunk, he does it with a difference. But that is for another and more exotic chapter. . . .

In Honolulu we often ended up the evening by motoring to the Pali. Why,

I do not know; for in the darkness that view, which seems to gather into its lavish bounds half the history and half the beauty of Hawaii, does not exist. You peer over the great parapet, down the seven-hundred-foot drop, and see nothing but the glow-worm lights of Kaneohe, far beneath you and beyond, near the illimitable sea. You cannot hear the surf; you cannot see the fern-stippled rock, or the pineapple plantations that tint windward Oahu with an ineffable green. Only the wind rushes through this narrow cleft in the volcanic mountain chain and nearly oversets you. It is like a heavy scarf across your eyelids; your lips can scarce move against it; and you cling to any friend that is near. A hundred yards away there was not a breath, will not be when you return. But here, if you want to climb a few feet to the Kamehameha tablet set in the side of the cliff, you will be glad of the little railing to clutch. Except for that, you might be lifted and blown across the parapet, down the cliff over which Kamehameha the Great once drove an army. The view from the Pali is ever various—morning and afternoon, mist and sun, tell different tales of it. But it is always significant: all the violent volcanic beauty of Hawaii, together with its tropic softness, is measured there lavishly for you. Kamehameha has stamped his legend on the cliff where your feet are set; the multi-colored ocean, beyond the coral-gardens of Kaneohe, spreads out its lonely leagues before you; the wind itself that sweeps disdainfully over, past, and through you, is overdue for the Equator and the sinister low archipelagoes of the South. Some sense of this was always heavy upon us as we breasted that expanse. Even at night the lights of Kaneohe seemed to hint it all. Every tourist, in his few hours' stop-over, can drive to the Pali; and of that one is glad. For the Pali is more essential than Waikiki or Diamond Head or Pearl Harbor. Its memories are pre-Territorial, and its inclusive beauty is as poignant and inimitable as the Hawaiian voice lifted in Polynesian song.

Returning, you wind through dim jungles of *hau*-trees that no army, it seems, could cut or blast away, until you reach the Country Club and Nuuanu Avenue, and then Honolulu town and harbor.

The wind, free of the rock wall and appeased, follows you down to the ships. Six miles from the cleft in the Pali the *lei* women sit on Hotel Street (as per post-card) and sell their wreaths. If you are a departing traveller—and sooner or later, alas! you must be—your friends stock themselves heavily. You are bowed down with weight of flowers as you steam away from Honolulu. Very likely your heart is heavy, too. Sooner than you would wish the long, parti-colored streamers that you have flung to your friends on the dock

break and fall away into the ocean. The fragile rainbow bond is severed; the last boy dives, Kanaka-fashion, standing erect, from the top of a life-boat; and you take up the trail again. But, whichever way one sails, the keenest visual memory is of the Pacific seen from a volcanic height: the view from the Pali windward, half a world away to the frozen North; for us, ever the view southward across the town, the harbor, the reef, and the blazing ocean, from the happy heights of Alewa.

[Mrs. Gerould's second article, "By-Ways in Hawaii," will appear in the June number.]

THE FRENCH OFFENSIVE IN CHAMPAGNE

(SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1915)

BY CAPTAIN X, OF THE FRENCH STAFF

Author of "General Joffre: The Victor of the Marne"



AT the crossways near the batteries one has to leave the highroad which, at this point, is raked by German guns, and follow a ratty track that makes a long circuit through the fields. Near the crossways, at the A—— farm, the soldiers of the colonial corps, who have already spent one winter there and are cheerfully preparing to spend another, have built themselves the queerest and most exotic of villages—a real Sudanese settlement of conical-roofed huts, shaped like a Mandarin's hat. In the middle of the village is a tiny wooden church, with a belfry that does its best to taper up into a spire. A soldier-priest says mass there every Sunday. He and the altar take up nearly the whole of the space inside the church, while the faithful gather outside, piously following the service. On the façade is a Latin inscription:

REGINÆ VICTORIÆ
PILOSI MILITES ÆDIFICARUNT HANC
ECCLESIAM

"To the Queen of Victory the Poilus (*Pilosi Milites*) have erected this church." (The "Poilus" have not all forgotten their humanities!)

Just beyond there rises a steep slope bristling with batteries; on its crest are the artillery observation-posts. They are admirably fitted up and protected by thick courses of logs and beaten earth. A general is there; attentively examining with his field-glass the opposite slope, the greater part of which is in German hands. The general is one of the youngest chiefs of the French army. When hostilities broke out he was a colonel commanding a brigade; now, after just twelve months of war, he stands on one of the highest rungs of the ladder. He is tall, slim, young-looking, with an air of extreme distinction, quick, incisive speech, and resolute blue eyes. Whenever those eyes of his light on a new face he feels the immediate need to label and classify it and store away the image in some pigeonhole of his marvellously lucid memory, where thereafter it will always have its distinctive place. Looking at him and listening to him, one has the impression that the art of warfare is above all things a matter of precision, foresight, and tenacity. The masters of military science, the men predestined to shine in war, are those in whom the balance between brain and character, between understanding and willing, is most perfectly adjusted.

General X, having finished his minute inspection of the enemy's lines, emerges from the obscurity of the observation-post and descends by zigzagging communication trenches to the motor awaiting him at the foot of the hill. When he drives off he leaves on all of us the impression that his visit portends some big event.

We were in the first days of August, 1915—it was just a year since the war had begun. The great German scheme of taking Paris and subjugating France in a few months—or a few weeks—had utterly failed. The battle of the Marne had broken down the first German offensive; six weeks later the furious dash on Calais was no less effectually checked. As for the numerous local attacks in the Argonne, in the course of which thousands of men, the best perhaps of the German army, were recklessly sacrificed in the effort to enhance the military prestige of the Crown Prince—all these attacks were far too local and limited to produce any lasting result.

Despairing of a decisive success on the Western front, the Germans last spring turned the weight of their forces on the Eastern lines. To help out the demoralized army of Austria-Hungary they began, first in Galicia and then in Poland, a vigorous offensive which made them masters of a considerable extent of territory. Their formidable heavy artillery and their almost inexhaustible reserves of munitions gave them a rapid ascendancy over the Russian army, which, at that time, lacked not only munitions but rifles. Russia made a magnificent defense; but in August, 1915, her armies were in a difficult position. The German hopes, which had ebbed during the previous winter, were once more at the flood. It was clearly our business, on the Western front, to draw off some of the army corps which were threatening to break through the lines of our Allies.

The French offensive in Artois, made four months earlier, on a narrow front, had resulted brilliantly. It had confirmed the faith of France in the valor of her troops and in the vigor and intrepidity of their powers of attack; it had proved that, even after a winter of stagnation in the trenches, the French army had lost nothing of its dash. At the same time, the movement had shown that the Ger-

man defenses, in spite of their perfection, can be successfully attacked and taken if only the attack is carefully enough studied and minutely enough prepared on the lines which previous experience has indicated. So much we knew last August; and the time seemed to have come to renew the assault of the previous spring on a larger scale and with more important forces.

Those forces were now available. The arrival of large English reinforcements had allowed the English front to be lengthened and had thereby released a corresponding body of French troops. That it is always a delicate operation to substitute, along any part of the front, one body of troops for another, is a fact that must be obvious to the most superficial student of the art of war. The present war is one of scientific precision and complexity. The solidity of any portion of the front is insured only by a combination of precautions and provisions as intricate and smoothly running as the wheels of a complicated machine. If one of the wheels stops the whole machine is likely to break down. The artillery fire, for example, must be so accurately regulated that the shells fall with mathematical precision at the predetermined point, without even a few yards' deviation. The attainment of such a result necessitates extraordinary exactitude of aim, observation-posts skilfully selected, and such perfect telephonic communication that, at a word of command, batteries several kilometres away can instantly and unerringly pour a hail of shell on any given point.

The substitution of one army corps for another necessitates a change of artillerymen, telephonists, sappers and miners, and so on; and the exchange must be carried out without the least delay or the slightest break of continuity along the front. In the present instance the feat was accomplished with complete success. Everything had been so intelligently prepared that when the English front was extended the change did not produce the slightest fluctuation anywhere along the line. The fact augurs well for the future.

Some of our army corps, which had taken part in the May offensive in Artois, had meanwhile had time to rest and reform. The attacking power of a body of troops is exactly analogous to the nerve-power of a man. When a man is young,

active, and full of life, no matter how great his temporary exhaustion, a few days of rest and a few nights of sleep will put him on his feet again. The French army is in this happy prime of its recuperative powers. Such and such a regiment or division may return from a hard battle considerably depleted; but after a few weeks of rest in good quarters, where the men can eat, sleep, and wash, the troops will have recovered their original temper and be ready to meet a fresh onset.

This surprising elasticity, this promptness in throwing off fatigue and suffering, is not only the dominant characteristic of the French soldier, but the fundamental quality of the whole race—the quality which again and again has shone out in its long history.

Every preceding experience of the war had shown that an attack, to have any chance of success, must be backed by a formidable artillery with an almost inexhaustible supply of ammunition. The time had come when this force of artillery was at our command, and this supply of ammunition in our reserves. We were beginning to see the result of the prodigious industrial effort by which France, within the space of a few months, had mobilized the greater part of her factories to the sole end of the intensive production of war material. At any moment we chose it was in our power to sweep the German lines with a deluge of shot and shell.

The ground chosen for the attack, which extended from Auberive to a point east of Ville-sur-Tourbe, covers a length of about twenty-five kilometres, and is far from being an undiversified surface. Looking from west to east, it presents the following features:

(1) A glacié about eight kilometres wide, of which the gentle slopes are covered with scattered clumps of trees. The road from St. Hilaire to St. Souplet, passing by the Baraque de l'Épine de Vedegrange, is nearly on the axis of this glacié.

(2) The hollow at the bottom of which lies the village of Souain. The first line of German trenches followed the inner lip of this hollow. The road from Souain to Somme-Py makes, as it were, the diameter of the half-circle. The Navarin farm, 3k500 north of Souain, is on the crest of the hills commanding the hollow.

(3) North of Perthes comes a level

stretch running between the wooded hills of the Trou-Bricot and the Butte-du-Mesnil, like a long corridor three kilometres wide, barred at intervals by lines of trenches and abutting on a series of heights, the so-called "buttes de Souain," the "côtes" * 193 and 201, and the "butte de Tahure," crowned by the German second lines.

(4) North of Mesnil is a very strong position, bastioned on the west by the twin heights of the Mamelle Nord and the Trapèze, and on the east by the "butte" of Mesnil. Between these two points the German trenches formed a powerful curtain, behind which a broken region of dense woodland extends to Tahure.

(5) North of Beauséjour is a bare stretch of easy country sloping up gradually in the direction of Ripont to the farm of the Maisons de Champagne.

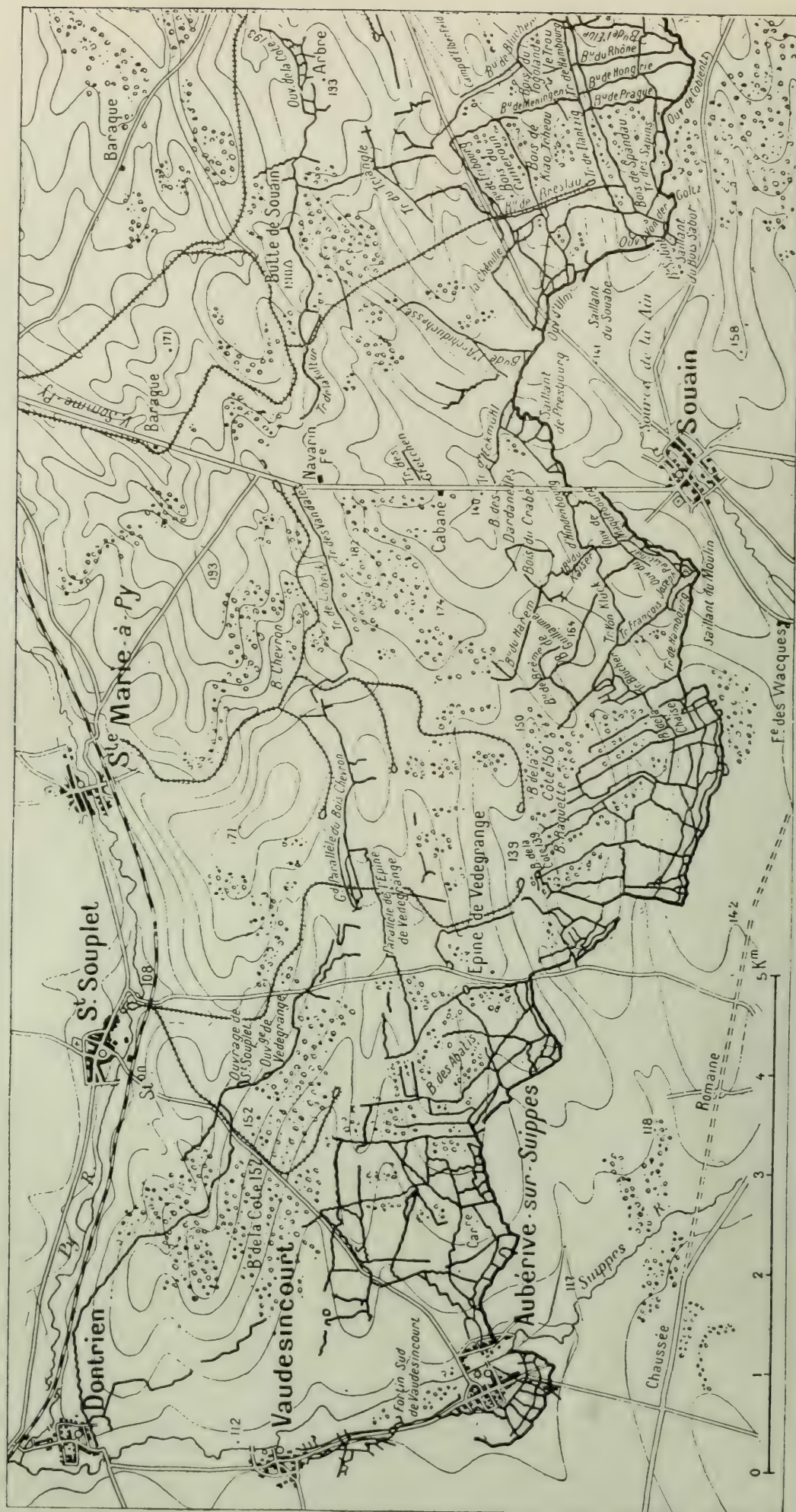
(6) North of Massiges the powerfully fortified "côtes," 191 and 199, which look on the map like the pattern of a hand, form the eastern flank of the German defenses. From here the ground slopes away gently toward Ville-sur-Tourbe.

The two chief positions of the German works lay from three to four kilometres apart. The deeper of the two was formed by three or four lines of trenches, separated from each other by barbed-wire entanglements and running back to a depth of from 400 to 500 yards. The second position consisted of a single trench, reinforced here and there by a support trench. This portion of the line, and the barbed-wire entanglements preceding it, were built almost entirely on the reverse slope of the hill, so that it was extremely difficult for our artillery to get the range.

In addition to these main points of the line, admirably organized centres of resistance had been formed wherever the ground permitted—so many little fortresses, nests of concealed mitrailleuses, to which the troops of defense had orders to cling to the last round of shell if the intervening trenches were overwhelmed.

It is obvious that the attack of lines organized on this scale could have nothing in common with the war of manœuvre that preceded the battle of the Marne. This was a wholly different kind of conflict, a siege war with methods and regu-

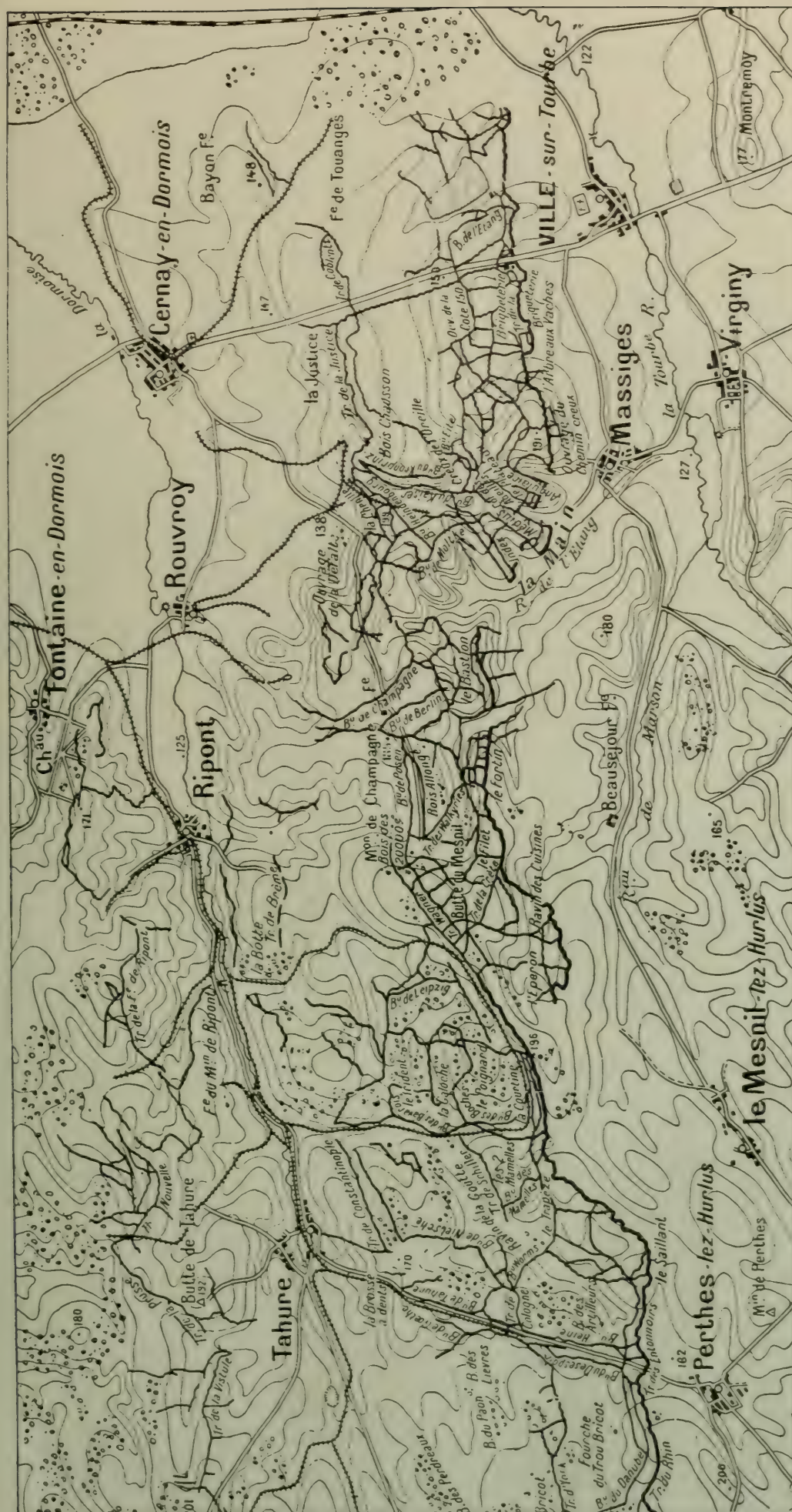
* The numbers of these "côtes," or hills, indicate their altitude in metres.



The map on this and the opposite page shows the German trenches and the progress of the French offensive.

[Western half of map.]

The ground chosen for the attack extended from Aubérive to a point east of Ville-sur-Tourbe.



Continuation of map of the trenches and French offensive.

[Eastern half.]

lations of its own. To form an idea of it one must turn to the record of the great sieges of history, and notably to that of Sebastopol.

The first necessity for the attacking army was to know with the utmost accuracy the exact place of every German trench, the depth of the barbed-wire defenses, and the position of the machine guns and the batteries. Thanks to our many means of information, we were fully instructed on all these points. Every feature of the German positions was marked on a map and known by its special designation. The attacking troops knew exactly what was ahead of them and where they were going.

The arrival of the troops had begun well in advance of the attack. Along the railways and on the highroads there had been for days an uninterrupted stream of trains and motor-vans. The region about Châlons was swarming with soldiers.

The landscape of mid-Champagne, the "Champagne pouilleuse," where so often in past times the destinies of France have been fought out, is monotonous, but not without beauty. It is a region of untilled fields, of scattered pine forests, heaths and ponds, traversed by beautiful straight roads which seem purposely to avoid the few and widely separated villages. In these latter the half-timbered houses are all of the same type, and mostly several centuries old. They were so much fuel for the Kaiser's bonfires, and it did not take many of his incendiary tablets to set them ablaze.

Preparations were going rapidly forward; the sense of momentous things was in the air. Day by day, as the decisive hour drew nearer, the great army massed for the attack felt its ardor and impatience grow. The generals and the commanding officers exhorted their men; but words were unnecessary. Never had the tone of the French troops been finer; never had France possessed a more magnificent army than that gathered last autumn on the plains of Champagne. It was my good fortune to assist at several of the rounds of inspection, during which our most brilliant general, gathering about him his officers and men, set forth in a few words the effort and the self-sacrifice that their country required of them; and on

every sternly set face the same look of heroic abnegation, the same resolve to strike hard and conquer, made mute response to his appeal.

The artillery preparations had begun three days earlier, on the 22d of September. The fire was kept up night and day, with a predetermined rhythm and according to a carefully regulated plan. The objects to be attained were the following: the destruction of the wire entanglements, the burying of the defending line in their underground shelters, the wrecking of the trenches and the parapets, and the cutting off of the communication trenches.

The fire raked not only the first-line trenches but the support trenches and even the second-line positions. At the same time the long-range guns were bombarding the various headquarters, the encampments, and the railway stations, cutting off the railway communication and interrupting the bringing up of supplies.

From a height above Massiges I looked on for hours at this bombardment. Never have I seen one approaching it in violence. The shells burst so close to each other that the puffs of white smoke along the heights were merged in a single cloud. It was like looking at a multitude of geysers in full ebullition. The air was shaken by an uninterrupted roar, against which, now and then, a huge detonation would detach itself with a crash that seemed to shake the earth: it was the explosion of a heavy projectile from one of the big guns.

It was not the first bombardment I have followed. During the Russo-Japanese war, on the second day of the battle of Liaoyang, I saw the whole Japanese artillery concentrate its fire on the peak of Shoshan a few hours before the infantry assault. On the last day of the battle of the Marne, from the heights opposite Mondement, all the batteries of our division sent an infernal blast of shell against the summit crowned by the château which was held by the Prussians. But these bombardments were as nothing compared to the present attack. The dazed and distracted German troops completely lost their heads. Every few moments they sent up luminous fuses as a signal to their artillery to open a barring fire against the French. The unfinished letters found on many of the prisoners taken after the attack show the prodigious effect of this

deluge of steel. A German soldier writes, on September 25: "I have received no news from home, and shall probably receive none for several days. The postal service has stopped; the whole line has been so violently bombarded that no human being could hold out. The railway is so continuously shelled that all trains have ceased running. We have been in the fighting line for three days. During these three days the French have shelled us so incessantly that our trenches are completely wiped out."

Another wrote on the 24th: "For the last two days the French have been bombarding us like madmen. To-day one of our shelters was demolished. There were sixteen men in it, and every one of them was killed. Many others were killed besides, and masses of men were wounded. The artillery fire is almost as rapid as that of the infantry. The whole front is covered by a cloud of smoke which hides everything. The men are dropping like flies. The trenches are a heap of wreckage."

Still another, writing on the same day, says: "A rain of shell is falling on us. Our kitchen and provisions are cannonaded all night. The field-kitchens no longer arrive. Oh, if only the end were in sight! Peace! peace! is the cry on every man's lips."

An artilleryman of the 100th regiment of field-artillery writes on September 25: "We have been through awful hours. It seemed as if the whole world were crumbling away. We have had heavy losses. Last night one company of two hundred and fifty men had sixty killed. A neighboring battery lost sixteen."

"The following instance will show you the frightful power of the French projectiles. A shelter five metres below ground, roofed with two layers of logs and two and a half metres of earth, was smashed like a match."

The captain commanding the third company of the 135th regiment of German reserves writes in his report: "Send us a supply of rations at once. We have received no provisions to-day. We are in urgent need of flares and hand-grenades. Is the sanitary column never coming to look after our wounded?" And a few hours later: "I insist on immediate reinforcements. My men are dying of fa-

tigue and want of sleep. I have no news of the battalion."

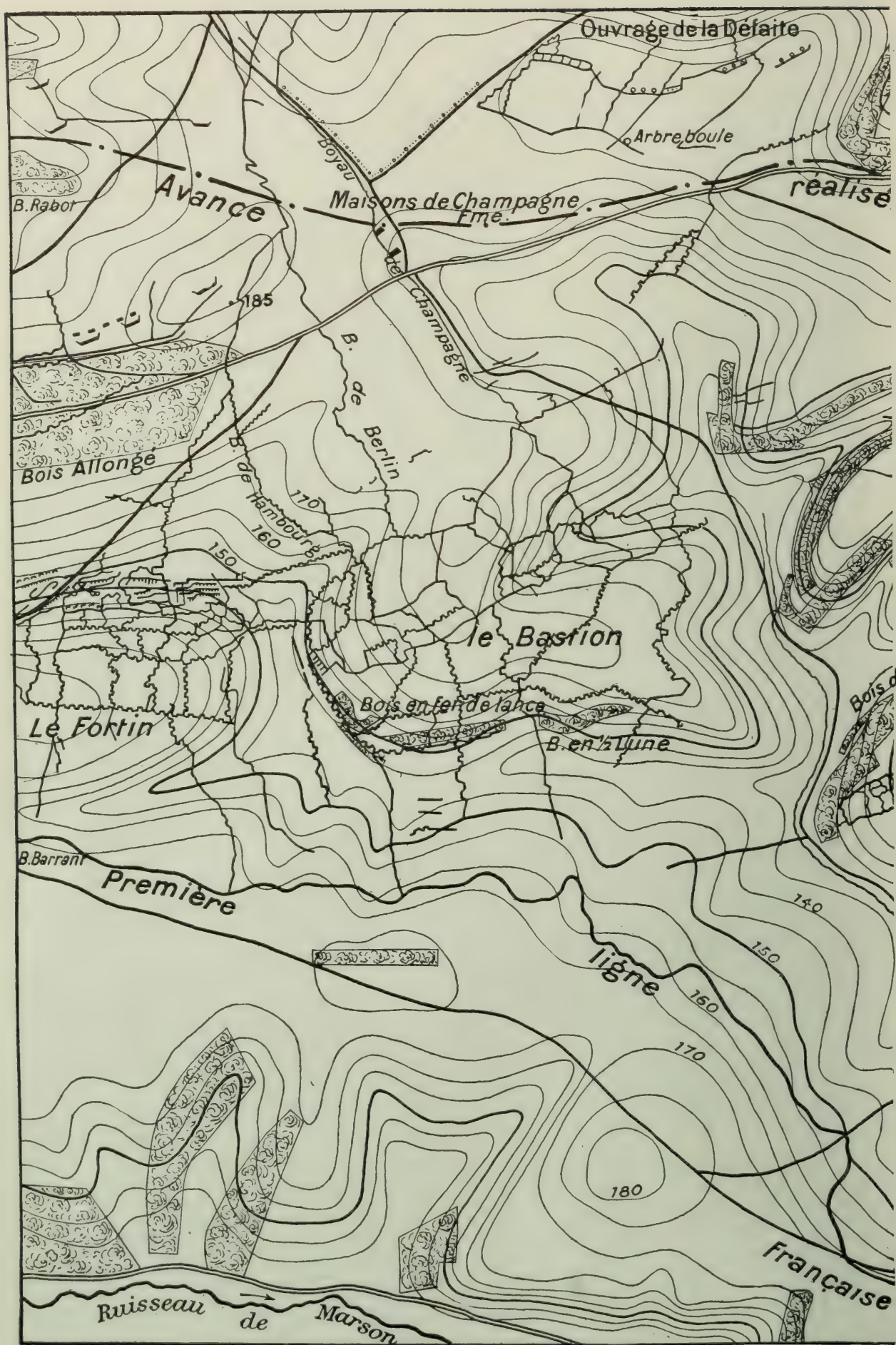
The artillery preparation was at the highest pitch of efficiency. We had done all that it was in our power to do. There remained one important factor of success; but that, alas! was an incalculable one. No one could foresee the weather, and much depended on our having a fine day for the attack. Clear weather would give us an immense advantage by facilitating that co-ordination of action between the infantry and the supporting artillery on which success in the offensive so largely hangs. Once the attacking columns were thrown into the furnace, it was vitally necessary for the staff and the artillery to keep in constant touch with them, to know exactly how far they had advanced, and to be able at each step to support and direct them.

The assault on the second-line positions also depended for its success on a clear atmosphere; for this second position, usually placed on the reverse slopes of hilly ground, is so extremely difficult to discover that its wire defenses can be only partially destroyed by the artillery.

During the days preceding the general attack the sky, which had hitherto been radiant, began to grow cloudy. Toward nightfall on the 24th the clouds melted away before a moon that seemed to promise a return of fine weather, a promise which the next morning unhappily belied. By daybreak a fog had closed down on the lines and a thick drizzle was beginning to fall.

But no atmospheric conditions could damp the feverish impetuosity of our troops. The moment for the general attack was set for a quarter past nine. During the night all the attacking troops had taken up their positions. The soldiers lined all the parallel trenches, and the trenches of communication by which the supporting column was to be brought up. Every officer had set his watch by the hour of the general headquarters.

One must have lived through such moments to realize their tragic and passionate beauty. Hundreds and thousands of men in the vigor of their youth are massed there together awaiting the shock. Many of them—and they all know it—are inexorably marked for death. All of them



The map on this and the opposite page shows the formidable series of

feel the great shadow groping for them, invisible yet ever present in their ranks; but its nearness, far from weakening their courage, touches their resolve with a stern and manly gravity.

By seven in the morning I was at a post of command from which part of the battle-field was visible. Our artillery fire still went on, ever intenser and more furious, as though seeking, during the minutes that remained, to crush and submerge such portions of the German lines as had escaped our heavy guns. It was obvious that, after three days of such uninterrupted bombardment, the Germans must know that the decisive hour was at hand. Every few seconds flares rushed up from their lines, imploring the barring fire that was to stop our infantry.

Suddenly, at the preordained moment, the French, headed by their officers, revolver in hand, flung themselves out of the trenches along the whole of the immense line. In order to maintain the necessary discipline and self-control of the troops under the deadly fire that awaited them, each section was marshalled into line as soon as it reached open ground. Then, at double-quick so that they should not lose their wind by too impetuous a dash forward, they broke in a first immense wave against the German trenches. Hardly had one wave of infantry swept forward when another surged up behind it and flowed impetuously in the same direction. The advance was like that of a mighty sea whose irresistible breakers must undermine the rockiest coast.

The speed of the French advance was so great that the Germans were almost everywhere taken by surprise. All their first-line trenches were submerged. All the troops who occupied them were killed or gave themselves up; and the infantry swept on to the second line. On the way it captured a large number of German cannon, machine guns, and heavy pieces; the artillerymen fell where they stood. Wherever a German defensive work was too solidly organized to be taken with a rush, it was invested by our troops; and the enemy, thus encircled, surrendered in thousands. At certain points of the front our infantry poured ahead with such impetuosity that the artillery, to support it, had to limber their guns and move them forward, exactly as in open battle. There

could be no more amazing proof of the vigor and vehemence of the French attack.

Unhappily, it was not to be hoped that the forward movement should everywhere strike the same pace. Irregularity of advance is one of the inevitable conditions of siege war. The lines of least resistance are bound to be carried with relative speed; while at points where the difficulty of the ground or the greater courage of the defenders makes the advance harder, progress necessarily slackens. Therefore, a few hours after the first assault, the line attacked, instead of being straight, has been bent into a series of perilous zigzags.

Nevertheless, after two or three days of fierce fighting, the French troops had achieved important results. To form an idea of what had been gained, it is necessary to consider separately each of the sectors of the front; for in each one the struggle assumed a different form and had a different outcome.

In the region to the right of the Epine de Vedegrange the advance of our troops was very rapid. At this point there was an extremely strong German centre of resistance, composed of a triple and a quadruple line of trenches, machine-gun block-houses, and a bit of woodland covered with one of the most intricate systems of defense along the German front and giving shelter to numerous concealed batteries. But the whole of this sector was taken by a sudden and irresistible dash. In spite of heavy losses, in spite of the fatigue of incessant fighting, the French swept on and on, leaving behind them only enough men to scour the conquered region and break down its centres of resistance. On the 27th of September, toward evening, our troops were in touch with the German second line; at two points we had even got a footing in them, making a breach of about five hundred yards. Unluckily, it was impossible to widen this breach sufficiently to reap the reward of our success. German heavy batteries concentrated their strength on the opening, and hidden machine guns swept its sides with a fierce enfilading fire. Nevertheless, the results achieved in this sector figure up as follows: the taking of fifteen square kilometres of ground riddled with trenches and fortified works, forty-four pieces, seven of 105 mm. and

six of 150 mm. and of more than three thousand prisoners.

In the Souain sector the enemy line swept a great curve about the village. At certain points the German trenches were over a kilometre from ours. It therefore became necessary, when the offensive was planned, to push our works far enough forward to facilitate the attack on the German front. This subterranean engineering was carried out with incomparable pluck and energy. Leaving the trenches at night, our soldiers literally bounded across the intervening space. When they reached the designated point they dug themselves in, afterward linking their new line to the trenches they had left by communicating "bowels." This exceedingly difficult exploit was actually accomplished under the eyes and under the fire of the enemy, and the parallel trenches followed the curve of the German line at a distance of less than two hundred yards.

The attack began simultaneously at three points. To the west we advanced toward the wooded ground; in the centre we followed the line of the road from Souain to Somme-Py, in the direction of the Navarin farm; to the east we bent toward the woods which are intersected by the road from Souain to Tahure, and toward the "butte" of Souain. Our advance was extremely rapid. To the left we covered two kilometres in less than an hour; in the centre, three kilometres in forty-five minutes. By ten o'clock we were abreast of the Navarin farm, and a glance at the map will show the amazing rate of our progress.

Toward the east it was harder to make headway. The Sabot wood was full of German machine guns, which greatly facilitated the enemy's resistance. But this centre of defense was surrounded and taken, enabling our troops to close up with those which were attacking to the north of Perthes. The Germans were completely encircled, and, leaving only a sufficient force to reduce the position, the main part of our troops pushed on.

Those left behind sent parlementaires to demand the surrender of the Germans. They were met by rifle fire, upon which they attacked the defenders with the bayonet. The survivors surrendered and were sent to the rear, and a number of batteries and a large amount of material remained

in our hands. By the 28th we were in contact with the second German line. Our troops had been magnificent, and they had been led by generals and officers whose courage and disregard of self may be measured by the fact that one general of division and four colonels had already been wounded, and two colonels killed.

Between Souain and Perthes lies a wooded region where violent fighting had already taken place in the previous February. We had then carried a part of the German trenches, and the enemy, aware that the point was a vital one, had provided it with powerful defenses. First came an almost triangular salient, which was very strongly held—we called it the Pocket. Beyond, the formidably organized defenses of the Trou Bricot wood presented an almost unsurmountable obstacle. This bit of country, pocketed by craters and seamed and cross-seamed with trenches and "bowels," was nearly impregnable; yet it failed to check the impetus of our troops.

The way in which the Pocket and the Trou Bricot were carried may be regarded as a model of that particular type of warfare. The plan of attack, marvellously conceived, was yet more marvellously executed. The first thing to be done was to take the Pocket. At the appointed hour our batteries progressively lengthened their range, while the infantry dashed forward. The attack was carried out in perfect order, and half an hour later, at 9.45, the two columns which had stormed the extremities of the salient were in contact. The work was surrounded and the surviving defenders surrendered. At the same time a battalion got a footing on the southern edge of the wood of the Trou Bricot. The succeeding battalions, skirting its eastern edge, executed a perfect left turning movement and formed in echelon along the communication trenches. Meanwhile, to the north of Perthes our troops had pierced the three lines of German trenches and, covered by our artillery, were sweeping on to the "York" trench. They took it almost without striking a blow. Farther to the east, along the road from Perthes to Tahure, greater difficulties were encountered. A German mitrailleuse in a shelter kept up a troublesome fire; but finally one of our infantry officers, with a sergeant, suc-

ceeded in bringing up a gun to within a little over three hundred yards of the mitrailleuse and promptly smashed it.

Toward the end of the afternoon one of our regiments had reached the road leading from Souain to Tahure. The Trou Bricot wood was thus almost completely encircled, and our soldiers dashed into the German encampment from all sides and swept it clear of its defenders. The surprise was complete. Some of the German officers were taken in bed; this fact, which is absolutely established, testifies to the amazing rapidity of the attack. It shows also the confidence of the German chiefs in the security of their position. They were certainly justified in thinking the Trou Bricot secure from attack. They had spent the whole winter and spring in perfecting its defenses, and had fitted up luxurious quarters for themselves in their impregnable fortress. The houses of the adjacent villages and all the châteaux in the neighborhood had been methodically pillaged. The German officers had transported to the subterranean apartments of the Trou Bricot chairs, sofas, beds, wardrobes, and even pianos. On one of these officers was found an extremely curious order from a German quartermaster-general, forbidding the occupants of the houses and châteaux of the neighborhood to take the furniture with them when they left. "Such things can no longer be permitted," the order gravely ran, "because, if the first occupants carry away everything they take a fancy to, nothing will be left for those who come after them."

The surrounding of the Trou Bricot was one of the most successful manœuvres of our offensive. Throughout all this region the majority of the German batteries were surprised and taken in the height of the action, and the cannoneers and loaders killed before they knew what was happening. One of our regiments advanced four kilometres in two hours, taking on the way ten guns, three of 105 mm. and seven of 77 mm.

Unhappily, after midday our rate of progress began to slacken. The thick weather made it impossible for our artillery to follow the advance and it became increasingly difficult to establish liaisons. From the "buttes" of Souain and Tahure the enemy poured a converging fire on our troops, who were advancing over open

ground. Nevertheless, they pushed forward to the foot of the hill of Tahure, where they dug themselves in. But the wire entanglements protecting the second German position were still intact, and it would have required a fresh bombardment to carry it.

It was to the north of Mesnil that the German resistance was most dogged. Our attack made us masters of a hollow called the ravine of Cuisines; but it was impossible for us to get beyond this point.

To the north of Beauséjour, however, we scored a swift and brilliant success. The successive waves of the attacking force, flinging themselves on the first lines, completely submerged them. The onrush carried some of the troops straight to the crest of Maisons de Champagne; on the way they passed through several batteries, killing the gunners at their posts. It was in this sector that the cavalry lent an unexpected support to the infantry. Two squadrons of hussars, in spite of a violent barring fire, had swept past our trenches and were galloping toward the German batteries to the north of Maisons de Champagne. On the way they reached a trench in which the Germans had managed to maintain themselves. The German machine guns were instantly turned on the hussars and a few horses fell. The hussars immediately sprang to the ground and rushed at the trenches with drawn swords, giving the infantry time to rally under cover of this diversion. The resistance of the enemy was broken and six hundred prisoners were taken at this particular point.

The heights of Massiges had also been converted into what the Germans regarded as an impregnable fortress, from the summit of which they commanded all our principal positions. But in a quarter of an hour our infantry had scaled the height and were in possession of the German works. There followed a terrific hand-grenade fight in the communication trenches. As our grenadiers advanced the Germans surrendered in masses. An uninterrupted chain of grenadiers, like the chain of buckets at a fire, occupied the trenches and the ridges of the hill. For more than eight days the fight went on without respite, and with unexampled fury. The Germans brought up continual reinforcements. All their available troops were called up to de-

fend the hill of Massiges, which they were resolved to hold at all costs. The German gunners dropped beside their guns, the grenadiers on their grenade boxes. And still our troops continued slowly but steadily to advance, till finally we obtained possession of the whole crest of Massiges, maintaining ourselves there in spite of the furious counter-attacks of the enemy. The German General Staff appears to have been especially affected by the loss of this position. According to the German communiqués, it was voluntarily evacuated because our artillery fire had made it untenable. But whenever the Germans lose a position they profess to have abandoned it of their own accord; after the battle of the Marne they went so far as to describe their retreat of sixty kilometres as a strategic manœuvre. As a matter of fact, the heights of Massiges were won from the enemy bit by bit, yard by yard, by the dauntless courage of our grenadiers.

Our huge attack along a front of twenty-five kilometres was supported by two others designed to cover our flanks. The task of the troops to whom this duty was allotted, and especially of those operating on the western borders of the Argonne, between Servon and the wood of La Grurie, was peculiarly difficult. It was their duty to hold in check and to immobilize as large a force of the enemy as possible, and they fulfilled their mission brilliantly and with unwonted courage.

Our offensive in Champagne is universally acknowledged to have been a great tactical success. Along the whole front all the first line of German works, three or four lines of trenches, the strongest centres of defense, the points of support, and the field-works were all carried. At certain points our troops even succeeded in making a breach in the second line. If these breaches were not wide enough to permit our supporting troops to pour through them, it was chiefly because the persistent bad weather made it impossible to follow up our advantage.

In spite of this, the results obtained, materially as well as morally, were extremely satisfactory.

In the first place, our tactical success had an immediate strategical result of the first importance. The Germans, roused

to the great risk they had run, recalled in hot haste ten or twelve of their divisions operating on the Russian front: that is to say, a body of troops large enough to have permitted them to press their advance into Russian territory and perhaps obtain a decisive advantage over our allies. The fact is indisputable, and it would be hard to exaggerate its importance. The check of the German offensive in Russia coincided exactly with our victory in Champagne, and the link between the two events is very close.

For several days the Germans were in a state of great alarm. They understood that they had very nearly had their front broken through. The hurried orders of their general staff, the agitation of their troops, revealed their anxiety and apprehension.

Our advance made us master of about forty square kilometres of ground, and left in our hands an enormous number of prisoners—twenty-five thousand men, three hundred and fifty officers, a hundred and fifty guns, besides machine guns, bomb-throwers, and a large amount of other booty. Such figures are the trophies of an important victory. To measure their significance it is only necessary to compare them with those of some of the memorable battles which French soldiers have fought and won in the past.

At Jena, for instance, we took fifteen thousand prisoners and two hundred guns. The Prussian losses on that occasion amounted to eighteen thousand men.

At Austerlitz we took twelve thousand prisoners and a hundred and eighty-six guns, while the imperial army lost twenty-five thousand men.

For the first time since the beginning of the present war the German troops in Champagne surrendered *en masse*. Whole regiments thus disappeared completely from the German army; and for days and days, along the great highway that runs through Châlons, an uninterrupted stream of German prisoners poured in from the front.

The letters and journals found on these prisoners and taken from the dead bear witness to the extreme discouragement of the enemy. On the 30th of September a lieutenant of reserves of the Tenth Army Corps jotted down the following lines:

"Yesterday sixteen of my men were killed by torpedoes. It is frightful. If only the rain would begin again, or the fog come back! But with this weather the aviators are sure to be on us again, and we shall be deluged with torpedoes and with shells from the trenches. Clear skies, how I hate you! Fog, fog, come back to help us!"

The German losses were extremely heavy—it is not impossible to compute them approximately. At the beginning of September the Germans had seventy battalions on the Champagne front. Before the 25th of the month, in anticipation of our attack, they brought twenty-nine more battalions to this front, forming a total of ninety-nine; and the 115,000 men composing this force were immediately thrown into action.

During the first days of the battle the wastage on the German side was so great that the general staff was obliged to renew its forces by despatching to the front ninety-three new battalions. In the greater number of regiments the losses were certainly not lower than fifty per cent. Therefore it may be safely assumed that the total of German losses in Champagne amounted to 140,000 men.

The importance which General Joffre attached to this victory is shown by the following Order of the Day, which he addressed to the army:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, October 3d.

The commander-in-chief desires to transmit to the troops under his command the expression of his profound satisfaction regarding the results obtained by the attacks up to the present time.

Twenty-five thousand prisoners, 350 officers, 150 guns, and *matériel* which it has not yet been possible to count: such are the results of a victory of which the fame has rung through Europe.

None of the sacrifices entailed have been vain. All who were engaged have done their part. Our present success is the surest pledge of future victory.

The commander-in-chief is proud to have under his command the finest troops that France has ever known.

J. JOFFRE.

The most important result of our success in Champagne is that for the first time since the beginning of the war the

Germans completely lost their initiative, and even any serious ability to react against our attack. One of their generals, Von Dittfurth, acknowledges the fact explicitly in one of his orders.

"I have the impression," he writes, "that our infantry is simply remaining on the defensive. . . . I cannot protest too energetically against such a system, which necessarily results in deadening in our troops all spirit of aggression, leaving to the enemy complete freedom of action, and subordinating our own attitude to his initiative."

Von Dittfurth was right. Up to the date of the Champagne offensive the Germans, whenever they lost any position, however insignificant, considered it a point of honor to retake what they had lost at any cost. Now for the first time, after this important victory, they seemed incapable of any serious counter-attack.

They merely attempted to gather together as large a force as they could muster—the rank and file of the regiments all in inextricable confusion—and to mass it on their second lines, which they felt to be gravely menaced. That was the limit of their effort. No serious attempt was made to recover any of the advantages gained by the French. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this fact.

In the course of this terrible "match" we see one of two adversaries receive a terrific blow without trying to return it. There could be no better presage for the future. It is true that the blow received has not laid the adversary low; but no one in France ever imagined that Germany, which has devoted half a century to the preparation of this war, lavishing upon the task all her wealth, her intelligence, her power of organization, and also her ruthless savagery, could be disabled by one blow. The struggle now going on is a question of patience, of energy, and of endurance. Great results, as we know, are most often obtained little by little, and as the consequence of uninterrupted effort.

What has been accomplished in Champagne by the heroism of our men and the intelligence of their chiefs is no small achievement. History will in due time record the fact. And what was not done last autumn the coming spring will see accomplished.



Tommy Trant was holding forth with the certainty of a veteran and the crassness of the newcomer.
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THE SANDALS OF HIS YOUTH

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

"When thou makest a journey to the stars, go thou blindfolded; and carry not a sword, but the sandals of thy youth."—(Egyptian proverb.)

TOMMY TRANT came to Chicago with a pencil in his pocket and a dream in his eyes. He came from Indiana, a tall, stooping, awkward, heavily spectacled boy, to stand by the desk of the city editor of *The Record*, seeking a job. The city editor told him, as city editors have told hundreds of other solemn-eyed youths from Indiana, that there was no job, but plenty of jobs for news-gatherers. Tommy Trant took the hint that most of the other aspirants for journalistic fame had ignored. He sought out news in the places where news grew.

He poked his long nose into queer corners of the town that was developing so many queer corners in those days after the World's Fair. He struck and held acquaintance with waiters, and cab-drivers, and bartenders. He travelled beats with friendly patrolmen. He found the Pilot's Club on South Water Street and the Goose Grid on Milwaukee Avenue. In a city that editors knew only by maps and by gossip Tommy Trant came to know real people, men and women who were shoving Chicago up to the two-million mark. He found stories in them.

He made stories of them. He wrote stories out of the strange gift within himself. The city editor read all of them and used some of them. One week, after Tommy

who stand on the hills of Israel looking out over the valleys of the Philistines. Tommy Trant was a newspaper man.

The Ruling Class, knowing him for what he was, led Tommy Trant out of the tents of Kedar. While he was yet but a cub, they let him tiffin with the big men of the Israelites—Clavers, who was writing children's poems that a world read with smiles and tears; old Doctor Dennis, who had given his two sons to the



Trant had drawn more money for space-writing than the city editor drew on salary, *The Record* put the man from Indiana on its staff.

There are newspaper men and men who work on newspapers. The latter reside in suburbs and labor on afternoon journals, commuting with the regularity of bank clerks and perusing farm and garden literature in odd moments snatched from their tasks of getting out editions. The former dwell in old hotels or rooming-houses in the heart of the town, never board a train except on assignment, and spend their days off in loafing around the local room of their own and other morning newspapers. They are the Ruling Class of America, prophets

"I wonder," he mused, "why you disapprove of me so thoroughly?"

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newspaper game and his whole leisure to newspaper men; Patrick Flint, whose humor was widening the grin of a continent; the Lawtons, Billy and Fred, just beginning the careers they are climaxing now in London and Paris; Barry the cartoonist; Kent, dreaming out novels that sell now by the drayload, and a dozen

other men whose names were becoming as well known to the reading public of the country as they themselves remained unknown. Prospectors in human mines, they saw in the hard surface of Tommy Trant's manner the glittering gold of his cleverness; and they set out to develop his possibilities in that humanness of personality that was all they asked of members of the Fourth Estate. As Tommy Trant's possibilities in humanness were as wide as he was tall, the Ruling Class found his election gratifying to the good judgment of the electors.

In less than a year after he had come to Chicago, Tommy Trant was presiding over sessions of his own people in the Dutch Room of the old Sherman House, holding forth with the certainty of a veteran and the crassness of the newcomer. He was telling Latrobe of *The Tribune*, who knew more about Chicago labor problems than did Samuel Gompers, how to line up labor stories. He was advising Burney Atherton, who had forgotten more about dramatic criticism than Trant would ever know, how to write reviews of plays. He was informing Cutler, who was credited with the power of changing chiefs of police according to his desire, how news might be garnered from the Harrison Street police station. He would have been in imminent danger of making himself an oracle had he not fallen in with Hancock Brady, the most satiric, the most artistic, and the most human of all the Ruling Class.

Brady was adding to the gayety of nations by a column in *The Journal*. He added to his own gayety by annexation of Tommy Trant. Incidentally, he taught Tommy the alphabet of the newspaper man's creed, which is founded upon the Magnificat. "Remember, my son," said Brady, smiling up cherubically at his elongated pupil, "that what He did to the mighty is not a circumstance to what we could do to them, did we write as we thought. But, thanks to God and our pay envelopes, we don't."

Tommy Trant, being young, listened to Hancock Brady, even as Saul hearkened to Jonathan. He thought that he agreed with him, as the men who listened to Brady's sinister sneers upon society always thought they agreed. He believed

in those days that he looked upon the dwellers in the tents of Kedar as idolaters, worshippers of the Golden Calf, heathens who knew not the true God of humanitarianism. Brady, keener than his hearers, saw the little spot of blight in Tommy Trant's soul. "The Half Acre hasn't found him yet," he told Cutler one night after Tommy Trant had issued a burning diatribe against social indifference through the medium of a story of a girl who had dropped by the wayside. "When our Smart Set takes up Tommy, he'll drop hard."

The Half Acre didn't find Tommy Trant until after the Cuban war. In that war the tall chap from Chicago found opportunity and fame. He came back to his paper covered with tropical sunburn, an outrageous expense account, a service medal, and the reputation of being the most daring correspondent of the crowd who had sweated and toiled through swamps and towns while the United States was freeing Cuba and Evangelina de Cisneros. The Ruling Class, knowing the game, pretended to regard Tommy's exploits as every-day routine. But a girl who lived on one of the side streets of the Half Acre, just off the Drive, met him at a Press Club dance and captured him for her menagerie. Tommy Trant roared with glee when he was first exhibited as a lion; but he went back to the next exhibition.

Hancock Brady watched Trant's social progress with the sorrow of a philosopher. Once he remonstrated with his friend. "Why are you fooling around here?" he demanded of him. "You have reputation enough to make New York take notice."

"I like the place," said Tommy Trant, "and I'm waiting for a war."

There were a few little wars staged in various parts of the world just about that time, but Tommy Trant didn't want to go to them. Not until the Russian-Japanese conflict sent a clarion call to the Tommy Trants of the world did he pack his typewriter and engage a berth on a westward-sailing steamer. The literary set of the Half Acre gave him a farewell dinner. The Ruling Class gave him good advice and vile cigarettes. He treated both gifts with equal disdain. And out

somewhere near the Great Wall of China he and a short, sturdy boy from Michigan beat the world one day on the greatest war story of its time. For that, Tommy Trant came back to Chicago enlarged in reputation until he looked over other men of his trade as the Colossus loomed over Rhodes.

The Record, changing its policy from dignity to display, sprawled Tommy Trant all over its sheets. The Ruling Class advised him to get out of the newspaper game and into magazine and book stuff while the road went up-hill so luminously. It was only the jumping of a trench to land into permanent position. But the Half Acre stood on the easy side of the trench and besought Tommy Trant to stay in Chicago. "You're so altogether odd, Mr. Trant," Mrs. Lyster told him in her best assumption of a Mayfair manner, "that we can't do without you." As Mrs. Lyster was captaining the younger set that year, and as the younger set hung upon his words and hers, Tommy Trant stayed.

For a few years his reputation held up his standard of work. Then, wars being scarce, war correspondents lost their premium value. Burney Atherton went to London for the Frohmans. Latrobe went to Washington, taking up the path that led him to the chairmanship of the most important commission the country had devised in a score of years. Cutler was busy making over the political map of Illinois. Hancock Brady deserted column-conducting for a managing editorship of a morning newspaper. When *The Record* and Tommy Trant came to the parting of the ways, Brady put his old friend on *The World*. For a little while he made Tommy work so hard that no maid or matron of the North Side circle could capture him for display. Then he forgot to look out for Tommy. Perhaps he tired of the responsibility of keeping his most brilliant writer in bounds. Tommy drifted back to toy theatres and dinner dances. He was running a literary department on *The World* and managing some half-dozen social activities in the Half Acre, when Hancock Brady, in a moment of temporary aberration, engaged Letty Corse to report society.

Letty Corse, who had the eyes of a saint and the tongue of an asp, had been

a space-writer on *The Record* in the days when Tommy Trant had come home from China. Being just out of college, she was a storage-house for ideals of the romance of the journalist. She draped the mantle of her young hero-worship around Tommy's lank form. Then, being disillusioned by life swiftly, as is the fate of women who earn their bread and butter on newspapers, she found no other statue on which to drape the cloak. Therefore she left it hanging on Tommy Trant—and forgot about it until Hancock Brady, who respected her point of view on society because it coincided exactly with his own, gave her the desk next to Trant's and introduced them all over again. "I've known her," Trant took time to say, "since the day she called Mrs. Perkins Parker a parasite."

"To her enamelled face," said Letty Corse. "And I knew you," she added, "when you were a newspaper man."

"What do you think I am now?" he demanded, peering at her hostilely over his black-ribboned eye-glasses.

"Lazarus—before he died," said Letty Corse sweetly, reaching for the afternoon newspapers.

"Well, I'll be—" Trant began.

"Don't mind me," she said.

"I won't," he responded savagely.

But he did mind her so much that at the end of a fortnight he moved his desk to the other side of the room. Letty Corse smiled at the gaping space. "You know, Tommy," she said across the room, and in the presence of a half-dozen younger members of the staff, "that when you want to come home to Sister, your place will be waiting."

"I'll be hanged if I go back," said Tommy Trant.

"You certainly will be if you don't," she teased him.

An hour later he sauntered over to her desk, ostensibly to borrow a scissors. "What have you against me, Letty?" he complained. "I've never queered any game of yours, have I?"

"No."

"Never said a word to hurt your feelings, always brought you presents by the score," he hummed. "And you turn your poniard in my side. Why?"

"Because you need a thrust now and then."

"But why should you take the job from Nemesis?"

"I'm her daughter."

"I believe you." He stared through the heavy spectacles at her wistful eyes. "Do you know, Letty," he said, "that if you were dumb, I'd have loved you long ago?"

"And do you know, Tommy," she countered, "that if I were deaf and blind, I'd have reciprocated that affection?"

He laughed good-naturedly. "Let's be friends again," he pleaded, "and make a compact. You let my habits alone, and I'll not notice your manners."

The compact worked well through one winter, probably because the Half Acre kept Trant so busy with its fêtes, and bazaars, and dances, and dinners that he had little time in *The World* office. In the course of the gayeties he met Fanchon Torrens, who had reminded Letty Corse of a sugar figure on a wedding-cake when she saw her as bridesmaid at the Bruce-Wensley wedding. One night, after he had come back to the office from Mrs. Lyster's charity musicale, he confided to Letty that he almost loved "the little Torrens girl."

"Why not altogether?" she asked him as she went over her pages of copy on the musicale.

"Because," he said solemnly, "I'm like every other man in the world. I want to love one woman for everything, and the woman hasn't been made who has everything in her to love."

"And so," she said, "you've decided to take the obvious? That's interesting."

"But not vital?"

"Not at all."

"I wonder," he mused, "why you disapprove of me so thoroughly? You like Benson, and Gletten, and Wing well enough, don't you? And yet you and I should be old friends."

"Yes," she said, "we should be old friends. Sometimes I think we are. But haven't you ever seen that Benson, and Gletten, and Wing have utilized every advantage they've been given, and that you're using none of your gifts?"

"Well, that's my own business, isn't it?"

"Entirely." She resumed her work. Five minutes later she looked up to find him still beside her desk. "Well?" she smiled.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked her. Letty Corse stared at him while she chewed reflectively upon the point of her pencil. "I want you," she said, "to ask Hancock Brady to take you out of the morgue of book reviews and put you on live copy."

"Knowest thou not that I should have to go to work if I went to the city room?"

"I know it very well. But why not work, Tommy?"

"And have no time for play? You and I know the local news game, Letty. We've graduated from it. We can't go back."

"You'll have to go back to it some day if you don't jump quickly at some special-feature line of work that'll bring you next to the ground again. Don't you know, Tommy"—the sting went out of Letty Corse's voice—"that unless you catch hold of something real you'll lose your grip on life? Then what'll your future in writing be?"

"I shall be an editor," said Tommy Trant.

Letty sighed. "Or a butler," she said.

"If I ever buttle," he threatened her, "I'll never let you inside the door, even on rainy days when Mrs. Perkins Parker comes back from California."

She reminded him of his threat on the night when the Pavilion held its dress rehearsal for the biggest charity affair of the year. Letty Corse, with stern orders from the city desk of *The World* to write a complete description of the rehearsal, found herself locked out of the hall just as Tommy Trant, who was to take part in the revels, entered with Fanchon Torrens. "Can't you run me in there?" she asked him.

"Sorry," he told her, "but there's no chance. Mrs. Lyster won't let any of the newspaper reporters in to-night."

"House sold out and no more advertising needed," Letty said caustically, while Fanchon Torrens stared at her with the supercilious indifference that the daughter of a self-made millionaire reserves for wage-earners.

"I'll bring in to the office whatever I can," Trant promised.

"When?"

"Well, I'll be pretty late, you see, but——"

"Thank you," Letty said, "but I hap-

pen to work for a newspaper that goes to press at midnight, not for a weekly book page." He saw the glare of wrath that she focussed upon him, and made the mistake of laughing at her. So did Fanchon Torrens. Twenty minutes later he was explaining Mrs. Lyster's order to the battalion chief of the fire department who had come in response to Letty Corse's notification that the hall was disregarding the fire ordinance by locking all its doors; but when Fanchon Torrens broke into protest against the society editor he turned away from her and walked to the door where Letty stood triumphant. "It was a rotten thing to do," he told her, "but I'm glad to give you the keys of the city. Come in."

She shook her head. "No," she said, "I won't. I have my story without looking at the antics of the menagerie. And to-morrow I'm going on real news or I don't know Hancock Brady." Her mocking gaze went over the groups on the stage, awed by the presence of the amused firemen. "I suppose I'd better say good-bye to you, Tommy," she said. "I'm going back to the real world of men and women. You can stay and play with the puppets."

She had been gone five minutes before he went back to Fanchon Torrens.

Hancock Brady, true to form, put Letty on city hall news. "A woman who isn't afraid of the Half Acre," he said, "isn't afraid of God, man, or devil." Letty Corse rushed in where angels feared to tread and had the luck of all fools. She was *The World's* star reporter before July. Tommy Trant, finding her sometimes in the city room, sought to draw her into argument on her work. But with her transfer of activities she refused to talk of her labors or of his lack of them. Sometimes he thought that she watched him broodingly, especially on the night when he told her that he was going to spend a month at the Torrens country place in Wisconsin. Again, on the night when he returned, he fancied she was trying to read his mind through some medium of sensibility rather than of conversation.

Because the town was dull, since the Half Acre had moved out to Lake Forest and Wheaton, Tommy Trant fell into the habit of waiting for Letty to finish her

work at night and taking her as far as the door of her hotel. She never asked him within, pleading sometimes the lateness of the hour, nor would she go to dinner with him. "Would you come if I were a working man?" he asked her once.

"I might," she told him.

"Perhaps I shall work some day," he laughed.

"Then I'll go with you that night." She seemed to be considering her own statement before she continued. "Have you seen Hancock Brady lately?"

"Have not. Why seek a furnace in weather that calls for electric fans?"

"I think something's brewing, Tommy, something big. I saw Lawton in his office for two hours yesterday. And Lawton's been studying French and German all winter."

"What's that to me?"

"Nothing, I suppose. But I wish you'd keep in touch with Hancock. He's always liked you, Tommy, and he'd give you the big chances if you'd only show you wanted them."

"Well, I don't. I'm an esoteric philosopher, Letty."

"No, you're not," she said. "You're a blind man dancing on the brink of a precipice."

"Save me!" he laughed.

"I couldn't," she parried. "I haven't golden hair, and baby-blue eyes, and the faith of seventeen years." But before she left him that night she made her first concession to their old friendship. "I'll dine with you Sunday evening," she told him. "It's my day off."

On Sunday Mrs. Lyster summoned Tommy Trant to Lake Forest. "Maude Moulton's going to get up an impromptu for this evening at her place," she cried to him stridently over the telephone, "and you're so quaint, Tommy, that we can't do without you." Without thought of Letty, Tommy Trant promised. He was half-way to the North Shore town when he remembered his engagement. He telephoned Letty from Mrs. Lyster's.

"It's all right," she told him, "but don't think I'm pursuing you if I land out at Lake Forest to-night. The city desk has an idea that there's a big story due to break out there, and I'm detailed to watch. I've just had a call to go to Mrs. Moulton's show to-night."

"Don't bring the firemen," he laughed, eased by her reply.

"I may bring something more thrilling," she said without laughter.

He was singing "Tommy Atkins" on

habit of subconscious sensing of news awoke as he shouted the last lines of the chorus:

"But it's 'Bless you, Tommy Atkins,'
When the band begins to play.'"



He swaggered across the stage, resplendent in the improvised scarlet uniform.

the stage of Mrs. Moulton's toy theatre when he saw Letty come in and take her place in the last row, apart from the laughing guests. Some tension in her pose caught his attention as he swaggered across the stage, resplendent in the improvised scarlet uniform that Mrs. Lyster had devised for his wearing. His old

His swinging lilt of the song, his comedian's trick of manner, caught the fancy of his hearers. Mrs. Lyster started to sing with him. So did Fanchon Torrens, who was visiting her. So did a dozen other women. Mrs. Moulton, stately even in countenancing burlesque upon the stage her architect had intended for the



Not the Tommy Trant of tango teas, but the boy from Indiana, faced Hancock

Greek drama, beat time with the music that Mrs. Perkins Parker's son-in-law was drumming out upon the piano and that Tommy Trant was shouting lustily. They would have given encore when he had finished, but he jumped down from the tiny stage and made his way down the aisle to Letty Corse. "I'm awfully sorry I forgot about to-night," he told her seriously.

"It didn't matter," she said, her saint's eyes seeming to appraise him with the valuation of other worlds. "It's such a little thing."

"What's the matter?" he demanded of her, suddenly conscious of the comic incongruity of his masquerading uniform. "What's the story, Letty? I know

there's something big. You're like a circus horse on sawdust when you're on a big story."

Letty Corse looked over the audience, over Mrs. Lyster, over Fanchon Torrens, over Mrs. Moulton herself, with a gaze of utter indifference that any one of the women before her would have given up her French maid to achieve. "The biggest story in the world has broken to-night," she said, "but I'm not on it. Germany's declared war on Russia."

Tommy Trant's hand went up to his forehead, brushing off his eye-glasses and letting them swing on the black ribbon. "Well, what can we do about it?" he asked.

Letty Corse brought her impersonal



Brady. . . . "I'm going to the front to-morrow as a free-lance."—Page 560

gaze around to him, stoking it suddenly till it caught the glow of her spirit. "And you used to play with kings," she said, "in those times when you were a real man, not a Lazarus waiting for the crumbs."

"Somebody always raised me with aces," Tommy Trant assured her with mock solemnity. But the barb found lodging-place. "When's the next train into Chicago?" he asked her.

"Twenty minutes."

"I'll meet you at the station," he told her. "Got to get off these fool togs." He turned his back upon the toy theatre and sped off toward the club-house.

As the suburban train rushed through the August night in and out of the snug

little towns of the North Shore, Tommy Trant stayed so silent that Letty Corse wondered what embers she had stirred by her news of the coming of war. At the Clybourn Junction station he turned to her. "You're a good scout, Letty," he said, "and maybe I'll let you come and nurse me if a shell mars my fatal beauty."

"You know that I—" she began, with an unwonted little sob in her voice.

"Wouldn't you come, Letty?" he said gloomily.

"What about the girl in Lake Forest?"

"Wouldn't she be a grand little nurse on the battle-field? And think of the copy you'd get! Why not come?"

"Some one'll have to stay to do the re-writes, Tommy."

"Just as you say."

He did not mention the contingency of his going again till they had left the train and come to the Madison Street bridge. As they went across the rickety structure Tommy's hand reached out to find Letty's. They stood for a moment beside the rail looking northward toward the shadowy warehouses that loomed like fortresses over the red and green lights reflected in the dark waters. "Do you ever feel the call of waters?" Trant asked her. "The something that pulls you out of whatever rut you're in and sets you on high seas? I've been forgetting it this long time, but it's back with me to-night."

"We must go, go, go away from here,
On the other side the world we're overdue,"

he quoted.

"Send the road is clear before you," Letty went on. "Tommy," she said solemnly, shivering as if some chill had risen from the river, "will you promise me something?"

"Made to be broken," he said, but he raised his right hand.

"If anything happens differently from what you expect," she continued—"if the war shouldn't be a great big one, or if there'd be some reason why you couldn't go, will you stay now on the old road? Don't you see that it's your own road?"

"It'll be a war so big it'll tear up the world," he told her, "and I'm going to get to the trenches."

"I hope so," she said, "and yet——"

He whirled her around toward the street. "Kings do fall, and dynasties die, while we ponder here," he said. They went down Madison Street through the darkness of blocks of closed shops to the brightness of *The World* office. At the door of the city room, Letty stepped back of Trant. He strode forward into a room chaotic with the clicking of typewriters and telegraph instruments, with the ringing of telephone bells, with the hoarse cries of men yelling for copy-carriers. Some of them looked up as Tommy Trant came in. A sudden hush fell over the riot of sound like glaze run over figures on pottery, leaving the actors in

the attitude but not in the reality of motion. Trant went on through the room to Hancock Brady's office. At the door he halted. Lawton was seated at Hancock Brady's table. He and the editor were poring over maps. Lawton's leather bag and typewriter case stood on the floor. Brady looked up at Tommy Trant. Some shadow of regret crossed his face. "Did you know," he asked him, "that the Big War's broken at last? Lawton's leaving to-night for the front."

Tommy Trant felt the silence of the outer office rising as a wall of mist to cut him off from retreat. He felt, too, the silence of Lawton rising as another wall to head off his advance. For a moment he stood in a valley between mountains of disaster, a range of a past of misdirected effort, of a future of ungiven opportunities. Then the pictures shifted for him. He saw a hill tan in the hot Cuban sunshine whereon men plunged forward. He saw a jungle in Mindanao. He saw a great plain in China where armies clashed in conflict. Down at the end of his valley of darkness the pictures ran like films on a screen. Suddenly came the thought that he must ride out toward them. It was his road, his old road, as Letty had said, that beckoned him. He had come back to his own people, to a place among the prophets. The tribe was calling him, and he turned toward the hills of Israel. With a little shrug of whimsical humor he flung off the garment of his years of bondage in the valleys; and his big eyes gleamed behind the spectacles as he set on the feet of his spirit the sandals of his youth. Not the Tommy Trant of tango teas, but the boy from Indiana, faced Hancock Brady.

He looked at the editor smilingly, at Lawton triumphantly. "I'm going to the front to-morrow as a free-lance. I'd go to-night," he said, turning to the girl who stood just back of him, "only Letty and I are going to be married in the morning."

"We are not!" she cried, but her eyes shone with the light of the morning star of June.

"Well, then, in the afternoon," said Tommy Trant.



Within the terrace there was perhaps a pool.—Page 562.

THE GARDEN OF WEEDS

By John Corbin

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. B. CARRINGTON

IN a certain rural district where the denizens of the metropolis cultivate the simple life in Italian villas, thus blandly foiling the metropolitan tax-collector, a gentlewoman lately remarked that it seemed to her an evidence of unseemly pride to refer to the home acres as a country place. She asked why people could not admit frankly that they were farmers. There was present a resident of the countryside who would have liked to be a farmer but could not afford it. He had plenty of land, and the whole sky was overhead. The sun shone as brightly

as anywhere, and he received his due proportion of rain. Things grew amazingly all over the place. But he found it cheaper to buy eggs and chickens, milk, cream, and butter from a native farmer. His veg-

etables he bought from the green-grocer at the railway station. Even hay and oats for his one-horse-power runabout he bought at the local feed-store. Hitherto he had thought of his estate as a place in the country. Now, it appeared, his estate was so lowly that he could not refer to it at all. The proud English tongue had no word sufficiently humble.



Little fuzzy-stemmed hepaticas.

As a matter of course he had no flower-garden. The neighbors whose farm-life he envied had levelled considerable tracts of land about their houses, and surrounded them by balustrades fashioned in all the chaste austerity of classic form. A terrace is so much simpler to the eye, and, after one has paid the cost of blasting, grading, and turfing, so much more restful to the nerves. Within the terrace there was perhaps a pool.

As long as the gas-olene-pump works, and the spring resists the annual drought, a surface of water, broadly reflecting the sky, is more soothing even than close-cropped turf. Simplest of all, however, is the bed of flowers.

In grandmother's garden there used to be at all seasons a riot of colors—indeed, to modern sensibilities, it was more in the nature of an insurrection. In the simple farm garden they do this thing better. One color is a genteel sufficiency. Sometimes, indeed, it is the sort of sufficiency celebrated by Mr. Sam Bernard; for, in this matter of colors, seed catalogues are a snare. Pink means anything from salmon to solferino; crimson anything from maroon to magenta. So it is simpler to have one's seeds gathered by the corps of gardeners. Even then many stocks show a degenerate tendency to revert to the hue that used to delight grandmother's crude and barbaric complexity of taste. The gardeners cut back the stalk before it goes to seed—and so this *sancta simplicitas* becomes, like Milton's pensive nun, not only sober and demure, but steadfast. And then there is the matter of spraying. So many pests have been introduced by the cult of the exotic that the simple gardener is obliged to spray not only flowers and shrubs, but

fruit-trees and shade-trees. He has been known to spray the baby for fear his bark will contract the Japanese chestnut blight. All this of course takes time and effort; but the simple life is obviously only the richer if it includes the strenuous life.

Not every mind is able to grasp how stimulating this sort of thing may be, even while it soothes. In one such countryside an enthusiastic neighbor proposed to

write, for a back-to-nature magazine, a eulogy—he promised, indeed, that it should be a panegyric—entitled, "Successful Italian Gardens Near New York." There was a flutter of delighted anticipation among the farmers' wives throughout the Italian villa district. Crude publicity is to be shunned, but if one can share the delights of simplicity in all the seemliness of anonymity, to do so is, of course, a public duty. There were to be only two tests of the successful garden, and it was everywhere agreed that they



Scattered among the trees were huge glacial boulders.—Page 505.

were based upon a deep, a fundamental appreciation of the canons of what the initiated call landscape architecture. The gardens chosen were to be utterly appropriate to site and to house, and utterly, utterly simple. But when the enterprising eulogist announced his choice it appeared that he was too utterly unfit for his undertaking. There was, indeed, a shocking revelation of complexity, of sheer duplicity. The Italian gardens which he had chosen as the most appropriate and the most simple of that countryside were those of the workmen along the railway, who surround their tar-paper huts with tomatoes, cabbages, and garlic.

The anomalous resident of whose sad plight I have spoken did not even have time for this sort of Italian garden. Yet,

as has been said, things grew all over the place. In the vocabulary of the farm, whether formal or informal, they were denominated weeds.

In the cleared lands there were abundant daisies; the admirably intricate and formal wild carrot; goldenrod of a dozen varieties; purple aster, many varieties of lavender aster; and the tiny white-flowered Michaelmas daisy, like a flurry of snow-flakes in summer. In the rocky underwoods grew masses of wild azalea and of mountain laurel, and on the woodland border clumps of hazel and elderberry. In the high pastures were brakes of sumac, their velvet-green, formal leaves overspun in midsummer with a mesh of



The frail white blossoms of the bloodroot.



Spring beauties.



The marsh-marigold's "golden eyes."

deep-crimson cones—the whole flaming in autumn to a rich and varied red. There

were clusters of bayberries; and, on the broad hillsides, long-deserted pastures, masses of pungent sweet-fern spread slowly abroad in vast, irregular circles—rosettes of deep-green that burned in autumn to a rich rust-color.

Everywhere ledges cropped out of the pasture-land—in one place a sheer cliff of granite. Mosses flourished in all the soft hues of green, pearl-gray, and brown. In the crevices of southern exposures grew huckleberry-bushes, and shrubs of mountain maple that with the first breath of winter flamed scarlet, deepening to wine-color and a golden bronze. On the northern exposures were many varieties of fern, some spreading lace-like leaves in formal circles, others minutely tracing the



Pussy-willows in the boggy ground.

irregular course of moss-filled seams. Jack-in-the-pulpits nodded their richly patterned hoods in spring, and in autumn raised up their scarlet clubs of seed. Everywhere the columbine tossed to the winds its delicate, fantastic flowers of bright red and gold.

In rocky swamp-land grew madder-purple ironweed and dusty-crimson clumps of joe-pye-weed. Among the varied grasses, iris, gentian, and lobelia showed their several blues. In the shade by a tiny spring were the twisted spires of that orchid which is called ladies' tresses for no better reason, apparently, than because it breathes the faintest, most exquisite perfume.

On the crests of the more massive ledges

the farmers of old had left dense, solemn groves of cedar, to serve, perhaps, as shaded resting-places for cattle; and with these giants as a base, small and smaller cedars had spread on every side into the open pasture, crowding about their century-old parents as a brood of young partridges clusters at the wings of the mother.



Fiddle-heads of the ferns.



Wild geraniums.

To the strenuous minds of the simple livers, these trees offered glorious opportunities. Slow of growth and difficult to transplant, the cedars are hardly available for extensive use on the farm terrace. Here, however, by the mere aid of clipping-shears and pruning-knife, they could be reduced to the dense, spire-like formality of cypress, and the result would be a farm truly Italian.

It would only remain to build a house of stucco with pink or blue walls.

It so happened, however, that many of

the oldest and most imposing trees could not be reduced to the spire-like form. Here a cluster of several trunks had developed a broad-based conical head, not unlike the ace of spades. Again, for some informal reason, the leader was twisted awry and the lower branches had grown more vigorously than is their wont; the result was an angular shape, wild and fantastic. Scattered among the trees were huge glacial boulders, some half sunk in the soil, and others, perched upon rocky outcrops, raising aloft their lichenized domes. One Reuben, who had been in the Orient, suggested that the materials were all at hand for a Japanese garden—gnarled, angular trees interspersed with rocks. It only remained to build a paper house with no cellar and a roof upturned at the corners.

One is bound to admire the energy and the daring of such suggestions. Many people achieve beauty by making the familiar things of here and to-day look like something far different from what they really are, and, perhaps, much better.



The columbine tossed to the winds its delicate, fantastic flowers.—Page 564.



Jack-in-the-pulpit's richly patterned hood.—Page 564.



Dutchman's breeches in the hollow of a sunny hillside.

This is, of course, a case of *de gustibus*; but it may be pointed out that there are many who cannot afford such indulgences.

Their only recourse is to make the most of conditions that are native, intrinsic. In every given soil and climate a certain order of growth is spontaneous—simple and fitting. If the native garden cannot challenge the exotic splendors of the professional gardener and nurseryman, it at least avoids the pitfalls they dig for the most wary. The familiar spirit of any place, the *genius loci*, is not to be set at naught without provoking him to an arduous and unending struggle. It is within the forced and exotic rose that the worm i' the bud rejoices; it is the formal, far-fetched tree that most easily withers and dies. All summer one nurses the delicate creatures, and long before winter sets in they must be securely housed or swathed in straw jackets. At best one has a sanitarium; and a summer of drought or an early frost will turn it into a graveyard.



Many varieties of fern spreading lace-like leaves.—Page 563.

The most precious flowers in any garden are peace and good cheer; so why should one willingly plant in it the seeds of disease and death?

If one bows to the local earth-god, however, he becomes a willing and tireless ally. Nature is the most lavish, the most dependable of seed-merchants. No catalogue distributes abroad a decimal fraction of the number and variety of plant germs which she yearly throws to the winds and the birds. And she has in the highest degree the magic of the gardener's touch. With a divination truly wonderful she finds out the best possible soil, the most favorable location. She does not spread the lace-like web of maidenhair fern on a windy hilltop, or rear the aureole of goldenrod in the depth of the forest. If a pest arises to threaten some plant that is dear to her, she needs no force-pump spraying. Slowly, calmly, efficiently, without any apparent effort or anxiety, she lays her touch on that pest, and it fades into oblivion. If man interferes in the process, there is a danger that he will only make matters worse. The spray that is directed against the pest may prove even more deadly to

the parasite than is nature's check on it—with the result that, in the absence of the parasite, the pest flourishes more vigorously than ever. When a disease arises that is not self-limited, as for example the blight that is denuding whole States of the pride of their chestnut-trees, the presumption is that it has been imported from a land where, together with the disease, nature has evolved the means of holding it in check.

The adaptations of nature work slowly, of course, and are expensive of time—

the one golden coin in the little traffic of man's lifetime. Nor are her ends always to our liking. Her ways are not our ways, her thoughts our thoughts. At most we can enjoy our brief moment in the cosmic cycle. The purpose of the gardener of weeds is to select from the mysterious abundance those elements most precious to his moment. This requires some slight measure of forethought and labor; but when sun and soil are allies, and



Wild violets on a rocky ledge.

nature's planting long since done, the care of many acres falls within the scope of the scantiest leisure. Drought and frost have



Blue flags in the low, wet meadow-lands.

no terrors; and if at any season, or even for a year or more, the gardener's work is perforce neglected, the life of no living creature is in danger. Winter brings only a sleep, for which spring has forever its lusty awakening.

Has any one explained the mystery of the weed? Plough a field, or bank a roadside with earth, and up starts a crop of ragweed and sorrel, thistle and evening primrose



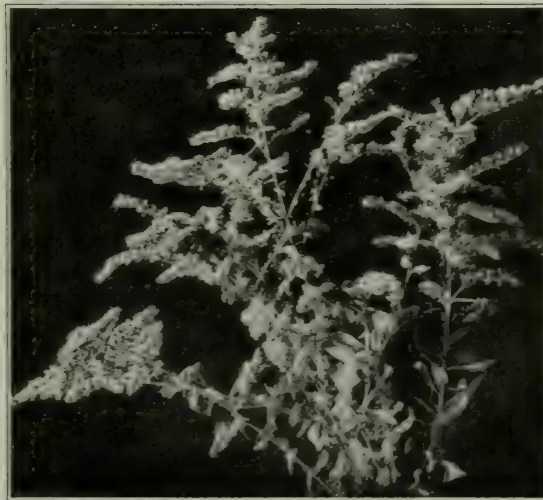
The formal wild carrot.—Page 563.



Wild pinks in the cleft of the rocks.

—not one of which, perhaps, was to be found, until then, in the vicinity. In recent summers of drought, the beds of many of the Croton system of lakes went dry, and immediately there sprang up a universal crop of burdock and smartweed. Where did the seeds come

from? The life of a seed is far shorter than is generally supposed. No perennial was ever as hardy as the myth that grains of wheat found in mummy-wrappings have germinated and grown. De Candolle kept seeds of three hundred and sixty-eight species of plants for fifteen years, after which only sixteen species grew—and among them not one of forty-five varieties



Goldenrod.

of Compositæ, among which many of the most persistent weeds are classed. Yet it would seem that everywhere in the soil germs of all manner of plant life are latent.

When the ground is cleared for an even start, the rankest growths prevail. Let no one plough a field or strip a sod who is not prepared to fight, perhaps for years.

Yet with patience the final victory is certain, and not too difficult. Run a scythe over the unwelcome weeds as soon as their flowers are done, and it will be found that tender grasses have profited by their shade to take firm root. Repeat the process, and with every year the grass gains ground. The danger of unwelcome

growth, of course, is never absent. Even a lawn that has aspired for generations to resemble a billiard-table needs hours of labor every spring with a spud. When the race is free for all, the fairest pasture soon becomes a thicket. Thistle and briar, even the generally welcome goldenrod and aster, overshadow the grass and eventually kill it out with a mat of their

dead stalks. Some plants can be kept at bay by mowing them before they seed; but thistles and briars are persistent enemies. Pull them up ever so carefully and some part of the root remains to send up new stalks. In the second year, however, the growth is weaker, and easily detached. Gradually the torn



Crimson clumps of joe-pye-weed.—Page 564.



On the border of the pond.

fibre moulds and rots, and in the end the root is dead.

The most important moment in the experience of the gardener of weeds is when he chooses his land. He may prefer fertile lowlands, with gentle contours and a near, intimate outlook; or he may prefer the sunny wilderness of rocky upland pasture. That is merely a matter of taste. But whether the land has recently been under cultivation, or long abandoned to the wilding mood of nature, is a serious question of expediency. The wilder the land, as a rule, the greater the variety of flowers and trees to be found on it; but by the same token it requires longer and harder labor to make of the weeds a garden. The most extensive, and by far the most finished and beautiful, place of the kind is on a

high ridge in Connecticut, overlooking the Sound from a distance. At the outset it was so densely overgrown with brake and bramble that the native owners could only faintly remember the time when the distant water was visible. In its present state the uninitiated would never suspect that the graceful contours of the land, the

irregular mysterious vistas, and the masses of diverse and ever-changing color were in the least premeditated. Yet in this garden almost every flower and fern, shrub and tree, which is native to Connecticut may be found—and the flora of the State numbers upward of eight hundred. To make it what it is has been the labor of seven years, winter and summer, with a large gang of men, horses, wagons, and derricks. The less en-



*In the rocky underwoods the mountain laurel.
—Page 563.*

terprising gardener may well be content with a place which has been more recently farmed.

In general, it may be said that the problem is to limit each weed to the place where it does best and is most pleasing. Golden-rod and aster, ironweed, marsh-mallow, and joepye-weed flourish side by side in sun-drenched, well-watered soil, a mass of rich and brilliantly varied color. Once a year the dead stalks are cleared away. Sweet-fern thrives in light, upland soil.

In its tiny, leaf-carpeted underwood, cedar and birch, maple, oak, and hickory germinate freely, and offer a hard problem in selection. Each in its way is characteristic, and therefore pleasing. Yet, if allowed to grow, trees will in the end kill the rarer sweet-fern. The cedar makes least shade, and its rich green is most grateful in contrast with the changing hues of the sweet-fern; so it alone is spared. Sumac, which does well in the hot, dry pasture, luxuriates in rich, well-watered soil, and holds its own against all intrud-



Arrowheads in the shallows of the stream.



The toad-flax, which the children call butter-and-eggs.—Page 570.

ers. Each bed may be clearly outlined at little expense of labor, if one's eye finds delight in the more formal and decorative effect.

To the ordinary type of gardener a bed of roses is the worst possible symbol of the life of ease and luxury. If one is willing, however, to abide in the will of the local earth-god, there need be no fear of the metaphorical thorn. The taller weeds are eliminated, for they sap the soil and overshadow the roses. Even the taller grasses are sheared close.

But the wild strawberry, little fruitful sister of the rose, is spared. It flourishes in the undergrowth. In spring it is welcome for its tiny white flowers, and in midsummer its berries, at once sweeter and spicier than the gigantic product of the cultivated garden, are an often-needed bribe to the weeder. For several weeks in June and early July the bed is thickly starred with the most formally beautiful of roses, and in September, even in October, here and there a late bud opens. Prune the new growth in early autumn and next



Brakes of sumac.—Page 563.

year the roots will strike wide, sending up a denser growth, and slowly enlarging the area of the bed. In the moist earth beside a boulder, even in the rocky under-wood, wild roses flourish and spread flowers of a deeper pink, that stand forth in wonderful contrast against the silvery gray-green lichens.

In different seasons wild flowers differ in size and number, according as rain or sun predominates. One year the toad-flax, which the children call butter-and-eggs, grows in masses and the next is thin and scattered. If it were an exotic, say from China, its graceful spur, its fantastic yellow lips and downy orange tongue, would perhaps be more admired; but they could not be more quaintly beautiful. Whether it grows in luxuriant masses at the base of a ledge in the pasture, even in an opening of the densely shadowed wood, or whether it is scattered thinly here and there in the landscape, it strikes unerringly its note of cheer.

At the foot of a sloping ledge lay a heap of boulders and stones which had been cast aside from the fields by the fortunate former owners who had been able to live by farming. The stones were used for roads and walls, and the boulders rearranged as the basis of a rock-



The pink heads of the thistle.

garden. If time and means had served, the temptation would have been to plant the spaces between the rocks with curious and beautiful exotics from England, the Alps, and the Andes. It so happened that in the pressure of more needful labors the rock-garden was neglected. So the local earth-god took up the



Purple New England asters.—Page 563.



Lily-pads in the quiet pools.

task. For decades fallen leaves, and the husks and shells of nuts scattered by the squirrels, had rotted in the crevices of the stone-pile. When the soil was bared to the sun a plant life sprang up of wonderful richness and variety. In the spring there were violets, hepaticas, and bloodroot. In summer clumps of pennyroyal spread their formal growth of sharp leaves and minute, pale-violet flowers against the rock surface. There

was catnip with its sage-green leaves, angularly branching stems, and soft heads of pale-lilac flowers. Clumps of bastard pennyroyal broke out their lace-like veil of curly blue flowers. With the autumn came the pearly everlasting. In the lower levels ferns flourished, while over the high boulders the Virginia



Lavender asters.—Page 563.

will gather, and the underwood will blossom with flowers. The craggy sides of the ravine stand forth in their characteristic vigor, and between the tall bare trunks one catches glimpses of water and distant hills.

In an age which dis-



Cat-tails and rose-mallow.

creeper spread its most decorative tracery. All this growth required, of course, to be separated and massed; and eventually it was augmented by maidenhair fern, azalea, and laurel, fetched from the underwoods. But the general character of the rockery retained the stamp which nature, unaided, had put on it.

Trees are the hardiest weeds of all, of course, and in the end overtop and destroy the densest brake or brier-patch. Then, in the mossy and mould-carpeted shadows, crop up the shyest, rarest, and most delicate wood-flowers. At a very small expense of care and labor the process can be immeasurably hastened. Here is a craggy ravine, overgrown with a rank second growth of hickory, linden, maple, wild cherry, and slippery elm. Clear away the less desirable species, leaving only as many trees as can flourish in the given space, and in the following year their tops will close together against the sun; and gradually, as the shadows deepen, mosses and ferns



Rose-mallow.

courages dogma, even in religion, it would be labor lost to attempt to hedge

in the love of nature behind a creed. In "The Winter's Tale," Perdita shrinks from the "art" of the gardener which "shares with great creating Nature"; but her father very justly reproves her.

"Yet Nature is made better by no mean
But Nature makes that mean; so, over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes."

Nature lives in the formal garden, and can sometimes be made to live even in the garden of exotics. When that happens, the result is an overwhelming, a saturating beauty. I only wish to point out that at best it is a transient beauty, and never really a simple beauty. One may even doubt whether such a beauty is in any high degree poetical. It would be a dull eye, to be sure, that failed to take delight in the fair products of the stock-breeder—let us say in shapely, soft-toned Jersey cattle. Yet the fancy of the poet ranges

more willingly with the wild gazelle. Much the same is true of the triumphs of the floral stock-breeder. The oft-doubled violet and the so-called perfect rose are dear to the heart of the author of society verse; but the wood-violet and the native rose have been dearer to the masters of song. One agrees with Polixenes willingly; but Perdita one loves.

In another way the native garden has a larger outlook, and deeper reaches of spiritual blessing. No roof juts above it, no balustrade, hedge, or embankment hems it in. Stretching abroad in the fields, or running sharply to the horizon of the high hillsides, its only borders are trees that raise their heads on high to sun and moon. Somehow they bring very near the benediction of the sky—perhaps because the local earth-god is close kinsman of Him who sows the blue fields of heaven with stars.



Winter brings only a sleep.—Page 567.



TO SIGURD

By Katharine Lee Bates

Not one blithe leap of welcome?

Can you lie
Under this woodland mould,
More still
Than broken daffodil,
When I,
Home from too long a roving,
Come up the silent hill?
Dear, wistful eyes,
White ruff and windy gold
Of collie coat so oft caressed,
Not one quick thrill
In snowy breast,
One spring of jubilant surprise,
One ecstasy of loving?

Are all our frolics ended? Never
more
Those royal romps of old,
When one,
Playfellow of the sun,
Would pour
Adventures and romances
Into a morning run;
Off and away,
A flying glint of gold,
Startling to wing a husky choir
Of crows whose dun
Shadows would tire
Even that wild speed? Unscared to-
day
They hold their weird seances.

Ever you dreamed, legs twitching,
you would catch
A crow, O leaper bold,
Next time,
Or chase to branch sublime
That batch
Of squirrels daring capture

In saucy pantomime;
Till one spring dawn,
Resting amid the gold
Of crocuses, Death stole on you
From that far clime
Where dreams come true,
And left upon the starry lawn
Your form without your rapture.

And was Death's whistle then so
wondrous sweet
Across the glimmering wold
That you
Would trustfully pursue
Strange feet?
When I was gone, each morrow
You sought our old haunts through,
Slower to play,
Drooping in faded gold;
Now it is mine to grieve and miss
My comrade true
Who used to kiss
With eager tongue such tears away,
Coaxing a smile from sorrow.

I know not what life is, nor what is
death,
Nor how vast Heaven may hold
All this
Earth-beauty and earth-bliss.
Christ saith
That not a sparrow falleth
—O songs of sparrow faith!—
But God is there.
May not a leap of gold
Yet greet me on some gladder hill,
A shining wraith,
Rejoicing still,
As in those hours we found so fair,
To follow where love calleth?

THE CONSCRIPT MOTHER

By Robert Herrick

ILLUSTRATION BY THORNTON OAKLEY

I



WHEN I met the signora at the tram station that May morning she was evidently troubled by something which was only partly explained by her murmured excuse, "a sleepless night." We were to cross the Campagna to one of the little towns in the Albanian hills where young Maironi was temporarily stationed with his regiment. If we had good luck and happened upon an indulgent officer, the mother might get sight of her boy for a few minutes. All the way over the flowering Campagna, with the blue hills swimming on the horizon before us, the signora was unusually taciturn, seemingly indifferent to the beauty of the day, to the wonderful charm of the Italian spring, to which she was always so lyrically responsive on our excursions. When a great dirigible rose into the blue air above our heads, like a huge silver fish, my companion gave a slight start, and I divined what was in her mind—the imminence of that war which had been threatening to engulf Italy for many months. It was that fear which had destroyed her customary gaiety, the indomitable cheerfulness of the true Latin mother that she was.

"It is coming!" she sighed, glancing up at the dirigible. "It will not be long now before we shall know—only a few days."

And to the ignorant optimism of my protest she smiled sadly, with the fatalism that women acquire in countries of conscription. It was futile to combat with mere theory and logic this conviction of a mother's heart. Probably the signora had overheard some significant word which to her sensitive intelligence was more real, more positive than all the subtle reasonings at the Consulta! The sphinxlike silence of ministers and diplomats had not been broken: there was nothing new in

the "situation." The newspapers were as wordily empty of fact as ever. And yet this morning for the first time Signora Maironi seemed convinced against her will that war was inevitable.

These last days there had been a similar change in the mood of the Italian public, not to be fully explained by any of the rumors flying about Rome, by the sudden exodus of Germans and Austrians, by anything other than that mysterious sixth sense which enables humanity like wild animals to apprehend unknown dangers. Those whose lives and happiness are at stake seem to divine before the blow falls what is about to happen! . . . For the first time I began to believe that Italy might really plunge into the deep gulf at which her people had so long gazed in fascinated suspense. There are secret signs in a country like Italy, where much is hidden from the stranger. Signora Maironi knew. She pointed to some soldiers waiting at a station and observed: "They have their marching-kit, and they are going north!"

We talked of other things while the tram crept far up above the Campagna and slowly circled the green hillsides, until we got down at the dirty little gray town of Genzano, where Enrico Maironi's regiment had been sent. There were no barracks. The soldiers were quartered here and there in old stone buildings. We could see their boyish faces at the windows and the gray uniform of the *granatieri* in the courtyards. It seemed a hopeless task to find the signora's boy, until a young lieutenant to whom the mother appealed offered to accompany us in our search. He explained that the soldiers had to be kept shut up in their quarters because they were stoned by the inhabitants when they appeared on the streets. They were a tough lot up here in the hills, he said, and they were against the war. That was why, I gathered, the grenadiers

had been sent thither from Rome, to suppress all "demonstrations" that might embarrass the government at this moment.

The citizens of Genzano certainly looked ugly. They were dirty and poor, and scowled at the young officer. The little town, for all its heavenly situation, seemed dreary and sad. The word "*socialismo*" scrawled on the stone walls had been half-erased by the hand of authority. War meant to these people more taxes and fewer men to work the fields. . . . The young lieutenant liked to air his French; smoking one of the few good cigars I had left, he talked freely while we waited for Enrico to emerge from the monastery where we finally located him. It would be war, of course, he said. There was no other way. Before it might have been doubtful, but now that the Germans had been found over in Tripoli and German guns, too! What could one do? Evidently the lieutenant welcomed almost anything that would take the grenadiers from Genzano!

Then Enrico came running out of the great gate, as nice a looking lad of nineteen as one could find anywhere, even in his soiled and mussed uniform, and Enrico had no false shame about embracing his mother in the presence of his officer and of the comrades who were looking down on us enviously from the windows of the old monastery. The lieutenant gave the boy three hours' liberty to spend with us and, saluting politely, went back to the post.

With Enrico between us we wandered up the hill toward the green lake in the bowl of the ancient crater. Signora Maiorini kept tight hold of her lad, purring over him in French and Italian—the more intimate things in Italian—turning as mothers will from endearment to gentle scolding. Why did he not keep himself tidier? Surely he had the needles and thread his sister Bianca had given him the last time he was at home. And how was the ear? Had he carried out the doctor's directions? Which it is needless to say Enrico had not. The signora explained to me that the boy was in danger of losing the hearing of one ear because of the careless treatment the regimental doctor had given him when he had a cold. She did

not like to complain of the military authorities: of course they could not bother with every little trouble a soldier had in a time like this, but the loss of his hearing would be a serious handicap to the boy in earning his living. . . .

It seemed that Enrico had not yet breakfasted, and, although it was only eleven, I insisted on putting forward the movable feast of continental breakfast, and we ordered our *colazione* served in the empty garden of the little inn above the lake. While Enrico ate and discussed with me the prospects of war, the signora looked the boy all over again, feeling his shoulders beneath the loose uniform to see whether he had lost flesh after the thirty-mile march from Rome under a hot sun. It was much as an American mother might examine her offspring after his first week at boarding-school, only more intense. And Enrico was very much like a clean, hearty, lovable schoolboy, delighted to be let out from authority and to talk like a man with another man. He was confident Italy would be in the war—oh, very sure! And he nodded his head at me importantly. His captain was a capital fellow, really like a father to the men, and the captain had told them—but he pulled himself up suddenly. After all, I was a foreigner, and must not hear what the captain had said. But he let me know proudly that his regiment, the *granatieri* of Sardinia, had received the promise that they would be among the first to go to the front. The mother's fond eyes contracted slightly with pain.

After our breakfast Enrico took me into the garden of the old monastery where other youthful grenadiers were loafing on the grass under the trees or writing letters on the rough table among the remains of food. Some of the squad had gone to the lake for a swim; I could hear their shouts and laughter far below. Presently the signora, who had been barred at the gate by the old Franciscan, hurried down the shady path.

"I told him," she explained, "that he could just look the other way and avoid sin. Then I slipped through the door!"

So with her hand on her recaptured boy we strolled through the old gardens as far as the stable where the soldiers slept.

The floor was littered with straw, which, with an overcoat, Enrico assured me, made a capital bed. The food was good enough. They got four cents a day, which did not go far to buy cigarettes and postage stamps, but they would be paid ten cents a day when they were at war! . . .

At last we turned into the highroad arched with old trees that led down to the tramway. Enrico's leave was nearly over. All the glory of the spring day poured forth from the flowering hedges, where bees hummed and birds sang. Enrico gathered a great bunch of yellow heather, which his mother wanted to take home. "Little Bianca will like it so much when she hears her brother picked it," she explained. "Bianca thinks he is a hero already, the dear!"

When we reached the car-tracks we sat on a mossy wall and chatted. In a field across the road an old gray mare stood looking steadfastly at her small foal, which was asleep in the high grass at her feet. The old mare stood patiently for many minutes without once cropping a bit of grass, lowering her head occasionally to sniff at the little colt. Her attitude of absorbed contemplation, of perfect satisfaction in her ungainly offspring, made me laugh—it was so exactly like the signora's. At last the little fellow woke, got somehow onto his long legs, and shaking a scrubby tail went gambolling off down the pasture, enjoying his coltish world. The old mare followed close behind with eyes only for him.

"Look at him!" the signora exclaimed, pointing to the ridiculous foal. "How nice he is! Oh, how beautiful youth always is!"

She looked up admiringly at her tall, handsome Enrico, who had just brought her another bunch of heather. The birds were singing like mad in the fields; some peasants passed with their laden donkeys; I smoked contemplatively, while mother and son talked family gossip and the signora went all over her boy again for the fourth time. . . . Yes, youth is beautiful, surely, but there seemed something horribly pathetic about it all in spite of the loveliness of the May morning.

The three hours came to an end. Enrico rose and saluted me formally. He

was so glad to have seen me; I was very good to bring his mother all the way from Rome; and he and the comrades would much enjoy my excellent cigarettes. "*A riverderci!*" Then he turned to his mother and without any self-consciousness bent to her open arms. . . .

When the signora joined me farther down the road she was clear-eyed but sombre.

"Can you understand," she said softly, "how when I have him in my arms and think of all I have done for him, his education, his long sickness, all, all—and what he means to me and his father and little Bianca—and then I think how in one moment it may all be over for always, all that precious life—O God, what are women made for! . . . We shall have to hurry, my friend, to get to the station."

I glanced back once more at the slim figure just going around the bend of the road at a run, so as not to exceed his leave—a mere boy, and such a nice boy, with his brilliant, eager eyes, so healthy and clean and joyous, so affectionate, so completely what any mother would adore. And he might be going "up north" any day now to fight the Austrians.

"Signora," I asked, "do you still believe in war?"

"They all say this war has to be," she said dully. "Oh, I don't know! . . . It is a hard world to understand! . . . I try to remember that I am only one of hundreds of thousands of Italian women. . . . I hope I shall see him once more before they take him away. My God!"

That afternoon the expert who had been sent to Rome by a foreign newspaper to watch the critical situation carefully pronounced his verdict:

"Yes, this time it looks to me really like war. They have gone too far to draw back. Some of them think they are likely to get a good deal out of the war with a small sacrifice—everybody likes a bargain, you know! . . . Then General Cadorna, they say, is a very ambitious man, and this is his chance. A successful campaign would make him. . . . But I don't know. It would be quite a risk, quite a risk."

Yes, I thought, quite a risk for the conscript mothers!

II

DURING the turbulent week that followed, while Italy still hesitated, I saw Enrico Maironi a number of times. Indeed, his frank young face with the sparkling black eyes is mingled with all my memories of those tense days when the streets of Rome were vocal with passionate crowds, when soldiers barred the thoroughfares, and no one knew whether there would be war with Austria or revolution. The politician came to Rome and delivered his prudent advice, and the quiescent people began to growl. The ministers resigned: the public growled more loudly. . . .

One night, having been turned out of the Café Nazionale when the troops cleared the Corso of the mob that threatened the Austrian embassy, I wandered through the agitated city until I found myself in the quarter where the Maironis lived, and called at their little home to hear if they had had news of the boy. There was light in the dining-room, though it was long past the hour when even the irresponsible Maironis took their irregular dinner. As I entered I could see in the light of the single candle three faces intently focussed on a fourth—Enrico's, with a preoccupation that my arrival scarcely disturbed. They made me sit down and hospitably opened a fresh bottle of wine. The boy had just arrived unexpectedly, his regiment having been recalled to Rome that afternoon. He was travel-stained, with a button off his military coat which his sister was sewing on while he ate. He looked tired but excited, and his brilliant eyes lighted with welcome as he accepted one of my Turkish cigarettes with the air of a young worldling and observed:

"You see, it *is* coming—sooner than we expected!"

There was a note of boyish triumph in his voice as he went on to explain again for my benefit how his captain—a really good fellow though a bit severe in little things—had let him off for the evening to see his family. He spoke of his officer exactly as my own boy might speak of some approved schoolmaster. Signor Maironi, who in his post at the war office heard things before they got into the street, looked very grave and said little.

"You are glad to have him back in Rome, at any rate!" I said to the signora.

She shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"Rome is the first step on a long journey," she replied sombrely.

The silent tenseness of the father's gaze, fastened on his boy, became unbearable. I followed the signora, who had strolled through the open door to the little terrace and stood looking blankly into the night. Far away, somewhere in the city, rose a clamor of shouting people, and swift footsteps hurried past in the street.

"It will kill his father, if anything happens to him!" she said slowly, as if she knew herself to be the stronger. "You see, he chose the grenadiers for Enrico because that regiment almost never leaves Rome: it stays with the King. And now the King is going to the front, they say—it will be the first of all!"

"I see!"

"To-night may be his last time at home."

"Perhaps," I said, seeking for the futile crumb of comfort, "they will take Giolitti's advice, and there will be no war."

Enrico, who had followed us from the dining-room, caught the remark and cried with youthful conviction:

"That Giolitti is a traitor—he has been bought by the Germans!"

"Giolitti!" little Bianca echoed scornfully, arching her black brows.

Evidently the politician had lost his popularity with the youth of Italy. Within the dining-room I could see the father sitting alone beside the candle, his face buried in his hands. Bianca caressed her brother's shoulder with her cheeks.

"I am going, too!" she said to me with a little smile. "I shall join the Red Cross—I begin my training to-morrow, eh, *mamma mia?*" And she threw a glance of childish defiance at the signora.

"Little Bianca is growing up fast!" I laughed.

"They take them all except the cripples," the signora commented bitterly, "even the girls!"

"But I am a woman," Bianca protested, drawing away from Enrico and raising her pretty head. "I shall get the hospital training and go up north, too—to be near 'Rico."

Something surely had come to the youth of this country when girls like Bianca Maironi spoke with such assurance of going forth from the home into the unknown.

"*Sicuro!*" She nodded her head to emphasize what I suspected had been a moot point between mother and daughter. The signora looked inscrutably at the girl for a little while, then said quietly: "It's 'most ten, Enrico."

The boy unclasped Bianca's tight little hands, kissed his mother and father, gave me the military salute . . . and we could hear him running fast down the street. The signora blew out the sputtering candle and closed the door.

"I am going, too!" Bianca exclaimed.

The poet was coming to Rome. After the politician, close on his heels, the poet, fresh from his triumph at the celebration of Quarto, where with his flaming allegory he had stirred the youth of Italy to their depths! A few henchmen, waiting for the leader's word, had met Giolitti; all Rome, it seemed to me, was turning out to greet the poet. They had poured into the great square before the terminus station from every quarter. The packed throng reached from the dark walls of the ancient baths around the splashing fountain, into the radiating avenues, and up to the portico of the station itself, which was black with human figures. It was a quiet, orderly, well-dressed crowd that swayed back and forth, waiting patiently hour after hour—the train was very late—to see the poet's face, to hear perhaps his word of courage for which it thirsted.

There were soldiers everywhere, as usual. I looked in vain for the familiar uniform of the *granatieri*, but the gray-coated boyish figures seemed all alike. In the midst of the press I saw the signora and Bianca, whose eyes were also wandering after the soldiers.

"You came to welcome D'Annunzio?" I queried, knowing the good woman's prejudices.

"Him!" the signora retorted with curling lip. "Bianca brought me."

"Yes, we have been to the Red Cross," the girl flashed.

"Rome welcomes the poet as though he were royalty," I remarked, standing

on tiptoe to sweep with a glance the immense crowd.

"*He* will not go to the front—he will just talk!"

"Enrico is here somewhere," Bianca explained. "They told us so at the barracks. We have looked all about and mamma has asked so many officers. We haven't seen him since that first night. He has been on duty all day in the streets, doing *pichett 'armato*, . . . I wish Giolitti would go back home. If he doesn't go soon, he'll find out!"

Her white teeth came together grimly, and she made a significant little gesture with her hand.

"Where's mamma?"

The signora had caught sight of another promising uniform and was talking with the kindly officer who wore it.

"His company is inside the station," she explained when she rejoined us, "and we can never get in there!"

She would have left if Bianca had not restrained her. The girl wanted to see the poet. Presently the night began to fall, the still odorous May night of Rome. The big arc-lamps shone down upon the crowded faces. Suddenly there was a forward swaying, shouts and cheers from the station. A little man's figure was being carried above the eager crowd. Then a motor bellowed for free passage through the human mass. A wave of song burst from thousands of throats, Mameli's "*Inno*." A little gray face passed swiftly. The poet had come and gone.

"Come!" Bianca exclaimed, taking my hand firmly and pulling the signora on the other side. And she hurried us on with the streaming crowd, through lighted streets toward the Pincian hill, in the wake of the poet's car. The crowd had melted from about the station and was pouring into the Via Veneto. About the little fountain of the Tritone it had massed again, but persistent Bianca squirmed through the yielding figures, dragging us with her until we were wedged tight in the mass nearly opposite the Queen Mother's palace.

The vast multitude that reached into the shadow of the night were cheering and singing. Their shouts and songs must have reached even the ears of the German ambassador at the Villa Malta a few

blocks away. The signora had forgotten her grenadier, her dislike of the poet, and for the moment was caught up in the emotion of the crowd. Bianca was singing the familiar hymn. . . . Suddenly there was a hush; light fell upon the upturned faces from an opened window on a balcony in the Hotel Regina. The little figure stood forth in the band of yellow light and looked down upon the dense throng beneath. In the stillness his words began to fall, very slowly, very clearly, as if each was a graven message for his people. And the Roman youth all about me swayed and sighed, seizing each colored word, divining its heroic symbol, drinking thirstily the ardor of the poet.

"The light has not wholly gone from the Aurelian wall . . . fifty years ago at this hour the leader of the Thousand and his heroic company . . . We will not be a museum, an inn, a water-color in Prussian blue! . . ."

The double line of soldiers behind us had forgotten their formation and were pressing forward to catch each word. . . . The signora was gazing at the man with fascinated eyes. Bianca's little hand tightened unconsciously on mine, and her lips parted in a smile. The poet's words were falling into her eager heart. He was speaking for her, for all the ardent youth of Italy:

"Viva! Viva Roma senza onta! Viva la grande e pura Italia! . . ."

The voice ceased: for one moment there was complete silence; then a cheer that was half a sigh broke from the crowd. But the blade of light faded, the poet was gone. When at last I got the Maironis into a cab there were bright tears in Bianca's eyes and the mother's face was troubled.

"Perhaps it has to be," the signora murmured.

"Of course!" Bianca echoed sharply, raising her little head defiantly. "What else could Italy do?"

The streets were rapidly emptying. Some companies of infantry that had been policing the city all day marched wearily past. Bianca jumped up quickly.

"They're *granatieri*! And there's 'Rico's captain!"

The sympathetic cab-driver pulled up his horse while the soldiers tramped by.

"'Rico, 'Rico!" the girl called softly to the soldiers.

A hand went up, and the boy gave us a luminous smile as his file swung past.

"I have seen him again!" the mother sighed.

The poet spoke the next day, and the next, to the restless people who waited hour after hour in the street before his hotel. Having found its voice—a voice that spoke its inner heart—young Italy clamored for action. The fret of Rome grew louder hourly; soldiers cordoned the main streets, while Giolitti waited, the ambassadors flitted back and forth to the Consulta, the King took counsel with his advisers. I looked for young Maironi's face among the lines of troops barring passage through the streets. It seemed as if he might be called at any moment to do his soldier's duty here in Rome!

All day long and half the night the cavalry stood motionless before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, ready to clear away the mobs that prowled about the corner of Via Cavour, where Giolitti lived. Once they charged. It was the night the poet appeared at the Costanzi Theatre. The narrow street was full of shouting people as I drove to the theatre with the Maironis. Suddenly there was the ugly sound of horses' feet on concrete walks, shrieks and wild rushes for safety in doorways and alleys. As our cab whisked safely around a corner the cavalry came dashing past, their hairy plumes streaming out from the metal helmets, their ugly swords high in the air. The signora's face paled. Perhaps she was thinking, as I was, that there might be one thing worse than war with Austria, and that would be revolution. Bianca exclaimed scornfully:

"They had better be fighting Italy's enemies!"

"They are not yet enemies," I ventured.

She gave a little shrug of her shoulders. "They will be to-morrow!"

The fever within the vast auditorium seemed to bear out the girl's words. Here was no "rabble of the piazza," to repeat the German ambassador's sneer, but well-to-do Roman citizens. For three hours they shouted their hatred of Teuton, sang

patriotic hymns, cried defiance to the politician Giolitti, who would keep the nation bound in its old alliance. "*Fuori i barbari! . . . Giolitti traditore!*" One grizzled Roman hurled in my ears: "I'll drink his blood, the traitor!"

When the little poet entered his flower-wreathed box every one cheered and waved to him. He stood looking down on the passionate human sea beneath him, then slowly plucked the red flowers from a great bunch of carnations that some one handed him and threw them one by one far out into the cheering throng. One floated downward straight into Bianca's eager hand. She snatched it, kissed the flower, and looked upward into the poet's smiling face. . . .

He recited the suppressed stanzas of a poem, the slow, rhythmic lines falling like the red flowers into eager hearts. The signora was standing on her seat beside Bianca, clasping her arm, and tears gathered slowly in her large, wistful eyes, tears of pride and sadness. . . . Out in the still night from that storm of passion once more, we walked on silently through empty streets. "He believes it—he is right," the signora sighed. "Italy also must do her part!"

"Of course," Bianca said quickly, "and she will! . . . See there!"

The girl pointed to a heap of stones freshly upturned in the street. It was the first barricade.

"Our soldiers must not fight each other," she said gravely, and glanced again over her shoulder at the barricade. . . .

In front of Santa Maria the tired cavalry sat their horses, and a double line of infantry was drawn across the Via Cavour before the Giolitti home. The boys were slouching over their rifles: whatever play there had been in this picket duty had gone out of it. Suddenly Bianca and her mother ran down the line. "Maironi, Maironi!" I heard some of the soldiers calling softly, and there was a shuffle in the ranks. Enrico was shoved forward to the front in comradely fashion. Mother and sister chatted with the boy, and presently Bianca came dashing back.

"They haven't had anything to eat all day!"

We found a café still open and loaded

ourselves with rolls, chocolate, and cigarettes, which Bianca distributed to the weary soldiers while the young lieutenant tactfully strolled to the other end of the line.

"To think of keeping them here all day without food!" the signora grumbled as we turned away. The boys, shoving their gifts into pockets and mouths, straightened up as their officer came back down the line. "They might as well be at war," the signora continued.

When I returned to my hotel through the silent streets the *granatieri* had gone from their post, but the horsemen were still sitting their sleeping mounts before the old church. Their vigil would be all night.

The nation's crisis had come and passed. We did not know it, but it was marked by those little piles of stones in the Via Viminale. The disturber Giolitti had fled overnight at the invitation of the government, which now knew itself to be strong enough to do what it would. And thereafter events moved more swiftly. Rome was once more calm. The people gathered again by the hundreds of thousands, but peacefully, in the spirit of concord, in the Piazza del Popolo and in the Campidoglio. Their will had prevailed, they had found themselves. A great need of reconciliation, of union of all spirits, found expression in these meetings, in spots consecrated by ancient memories of greatness, under the soft spring sky.

In the press that filled the little piazza of the Campidoglio to the brim, and ran down into the old lanes that led to the Forum and the city, I met Signora Maironi once more. She had not come thither to find her boy—soldiers were no longer needed to keep the crowds from violence. She came in the hungry need to fill her heart with belief and confidence, to strengthen herself for sacrifice.

"We haven't seen Enrico since that night on the streets. He is kept ready in the barracks unless he has been sent away already. . . . But he said he would let us know!"

A procession with the flags of Italy and the desired provinces mounted the long flight of steps above us, and the syndic of Rome, the Prince Colonna, came out

from the open door and fronted the mass of citizens.

"He is going, and his sons!" the signora whispered. "He is a fine man!" The prince looked gravely over the upturned faces as if he would speak; then refrained, as though the moment were too solemn for further words. He stood there looking singularly like the grave portraits of Roman fathers in the museum near by, strong, stern, resolved. The evening breeze lifted the cluster of flags and waved them vigorously. Little fleecy clouds floated in the blue sky above the Araceli church. There were no shouts, no songs. These were men and women from the working classes of the neighboring quarter of old Rome who were giving their sons and husbands to the nation, and felt the solemnity of the occasion.

"Let us go," the Prince Colonna said solemnly, "to the Quirinal to meet our King!"

As we turned down the hill we could see the long black stream already flowing through the narrow passages out into the square before the new monument. It was a silent, spontaneous march of the people to its leader. The blooming roses in the windows and on the terraces above gayly flamed against the dark walls of the old houses along the route. But the hurrying crowd did not look up. Its mood was sternly serious. It did not turn aside as we neared the palace of the enemy's ambassador. The time was past for such childish demonstrations.

"If only we might go instead, we older ones," the signora said sadly; "not the children. . . . Life means so much more to them!"

We reached the Quirinal hill as the setting sun flooded all Rome from the ridge of the Janiculum. The piazza was already crowded and at the Consulta opposite the royal palace, where, even at this eleventh hour, the ambassadors were vainly offering last inducements to avoid war, favored spectators filled the windows. It was a peculiarly quiet, solemn scene. No speeches, no cheers, no songs. It seemed as if the signora's last words were in every mind. "They say," she remarked sadly, "that it will take a great many lives to carry those strong mountain positions, many thousands each month, thousands

and thousands of boys . . . All those mothers!"

At that moment the window on the balcony above the entrance to the palace was flung open, and two lackeys brought forth a red cloth which they hung over the stone balustrade. Then the King and Queen, followed by the little prince and his sister, stepped forth and stood above us, looking down into the crowded faces. The King bowed his head to the cheers that greeted him from his people, but his serious face did not relax. He looked worn, old. Perhaps he, too, was thinking of those thousands of lives that must be spent each month to unlock the Alpine passes which for forty years Austria had been fortifying! . . . He bowed again in response to the hearty cries of *Viva il Re!* The Queen bowed. The little black-haired prince by his father's side looked steadily down into the faces. He, too, seemed to understand what it meant—that these days his father's throne had been put into the stake for which Italy was to fight, that his people had cast all on the throw of this war. No smile, no boyish elation, relieved the serious little face.

"Why does he not speak?" the signora murmured, as if her aching heart demanded a word of courage from the King.

"It is not yet the time," I suggested, nodding to the Consulta.

The King cried, "*Viva Italia!*" then withdrew from the balcony with his family.

"*Viva Italia!*" It was a prayer, a hope, spoken from the heart, and it was received silently by the throng. Yes, might the God of battles preserve Italy, all the beauty and the glory that the dying sun was bathing in its golden flood! . . .

Signora Maironi hurried through the crowded street at a nervous pace.

"I do not like to be long away from home," she explained. "Rico may come and go for the last time while I am out."

We had no sooner entered the door of the house than the mother said: "Yes, he's here!"

The boy was sitting in the little dining-room, drinking a glass of wine, his father on one side, his sister on the other. He seemed much excited.

"We leave in the morning!" he said.

There was an exultant ring in his voice, a flash in his black eyes.

"Where for?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They never tell—to the front somewhere! . . . See my stripes. They have made me bicyclist for the battalion. I've got a machine to ride now. I shall carry orders, you know!"

His laugh was broken by a cough.

"Ugh, this nasty cold—that comes from Messer Giolitti—too much night work—no more of that! The rat!"

I glanced at the signora.

"Have you all his things ready, Bianca?" she asked. "The cheese and the cake and his clothes?"

"Everything," the little girl replied quickly. "'Rico says we can't come to see him off."

The mother looked inquiringly at the boy.

"It's no use trying. Nobody knows where or when," he explained. "They don't want a lot of mothers and sisters fussing over the men," he added teasingly.

Little Bianca told me how she and her mother slipped past all the sentinels at the station the next morning and ran along the embankment outside the railroad yards where the long line of cattle-cars packed with soldiers was waiting.

"They know us pretty well in the regiment by this time," she laughed. "I heard them say as we ran along the cars looking for 'Rico: 'See! There's Maironi's mother and the little Maironi! Of course they would come somehow! . . . We gave them the roses you brought yesterday—you don't mind? They loved them so—and said such nice things." Bianca paused to laugh and blush at the pretty speeches which the soldiers had made, then ran on: "Poor boys, they'll soon be where they can't get flowers and cakes. . . . Then we found 'Rico at last and gave him the things just as the train started. He was so glad to see us! Poor 'Rico had such a cough, he looked quite badly, he doesn't know how to take care of himself. Mother is always scolding him for being so careless—boys are all like that, you know! . . . And there was such a noise! We ran along beside the train,

oh, a long way, until we came to a deep ditch—we couldn't jump that! And they cheered us, all the soldiers in the cars; they looked so queer, jammed in the cattle-cars with the straw, just like the horses. Enrico's captain gave us a salute, too. I wonder where they are now." She paused in her rapid talk for a sombre moment, then began excitedly: "Don't you want to see my Red Cross dress—it's so pretty! I have just got it."

She ran up-stairs to put on her nurse's uniform; presently the signora came into the room. She was dressed all in black and her face was very pale. She nodded and spoke in a dull, lifeless voice.

"Bianca told you? He wanted me to thank you for the cigarettes. He was not very well—he was suffering, I could see that."

"Nothing worse than a cold," I suggested.

"I must see him again!" she cried suddenly, passionately, "just once, once more—before—" Her voice died out in a whisper. Bianca, who had come back in her little white dress, took up the signora's unfinished sentence with a frown:

"Of course we shall see him again, mamma! Didn't he promise to write us where they sent him?" She turned to me, impetuous, demanding, true little woman of her race. "You know I shall be sent up north, too, to one of the hospitals, and mamma will go with me. Then we'll find Enrico. Won't we, mother?"

But the signora's miserable eyes seemed far away, as if they were following that slowly moving train of cattle-cars packed with boyish faces. She fingered unseeingly the arm of Bianca's dress with its cross of blood-red. At last, with a long sigh, she brought herself back to the present. Was I ready for an Italian lesson? We might as well lose no more time. She patted Bianca and pushed her gently away. "Run along and take off that terrible dress!" she said irritably. Bianca, with a little, discontented gesture and appreciative pat to the folds of her neat costume, left us alone. "She thinks of nothing but this war!" the signora exclaimed. "The girls are as bad as the men!"

"Is it not quite natural?"

We began on the verbs, but the signora's mind, usually so vivacious, was not

on the lesson. It was still with that slow troop-train on its way to the frontier.

"You are too tired," I suggested.

"No, but I can't stay in here—let us go into the city."

Rome seemed curiously lifeless and dead after all the passionate movement of the past week. It was empty, too. All the troops that had filled the seething streets had departed overnight, and the turbulent citizens had vanished. The city, like the heart of Italy, was in suspense, waiting for the final word which meant war.

"You will not stay much longer, I suppose?" the signora questioned.

"I suppose not." Life seemed to have flowed out of this imperial Rome, with all its loveliness, in the wake of the troop-trains.

"If I could only go, too! . . . If we knew where he was to be!"

"You will know—and you will go with Bianca."

"I would go into battle itself to see 'Rico once more!" the poor woman moaned.

"There will be lots of time yet before the battles begin," I replied with lying comfort.

"You think so! . . . War is very terrible for those who have to stay behind."

III

In obedience to Signora Maironi's mysterious telegram, I waited outside the railroad station in Venice for the arrival of the night express from Rome, which was very late. The previous day I had taken the precaution to attach to me old Giuseppe, one of the two boatmen now left at the *traghetto*, all the younger men having been called out. There were few *forestieri*, and Giuseppe was thankful to have a real signor, whom he faithfully protected from the suspicious and hostile glances of the Venetians. Every stranger, I found, had become an Austrian spy! Giuseppe was now busily tidying up his ancient gondola, exchanging jokes with the soldiers in the laden barks which passed along the canal. Occasionally a fast motor-boat threw up a long wave as it dashed by on an errand with some officer in the stern. All Venice, relieved of

tourists, was bustling with soldiers and sailors. Gray torpedo-boats lay about the piazzeta, and Red Cross flags waved from empty palaces. Yet there was no war.

"Giuseppe," I asked, "do you think there will be any war?"

"*Sicuro!*" the old man replied, straightening himself and pointing significantly with his thumb to a passing bargeful of soldiers. "They are on the way."

"Where?"

"Who knows? . . . The mountains," and he indicated the north with his head.

"I have two sons—they have gone."

"And Italy will win?" I continued idly.

"*Sicuro!*" came the reply reassuringly, "*ma!*"

And in that expressive "*ma*" I might read all the anxiety, the fears, of Italy.

At last the signora came, dressed in the same black she had worn the day Enrico had left Rome. In her hand she carried a little black bag. She gave me a timid smile as Giuseppe settled her under the *felza*.

"You were surprised at the telegram?"

"A little," I confessed.

"I had to come." She sighed as the gondola pushed into the narrow, tortuous canal that led back to the piazza.

"What news from Enrico?"

"Nothing! Not a word! . . . That's why I came."

"It's only been a week—the mails are slow," I suggested.

"I could stand it no longer—you will think me mad. I mean to find him!"

"But how—where?" I demanded in bewilderment.

"That's what I must discover here."

"In Venice!"

"Somebody must know! Oh, I see what you think—I am out of my head. . . . Perhaps I am! Sitting there in the house day after day thinking, thinking—and the poor boy was so miserable that last morning—he was too sick."

"Surely you must have some plan?"

"An officer on the train last night—a major going up there to join his regiment—he was very kind to me, lent me his coat to keep me warm, it was so cold. He is a well-known doctor in Rome. Here, I have his card in my sack somewhere. . . . He

says it's a matter of hours now before they begin."

"Well," I said, in a pause, hoping to bring the signora's mind back to the starting-point. "What has the major to do with your finding Enrico?"

"He told me to inquire at Mestre or here where Enrico's train had been sent. . . . They wouldn't tell me anything at the railroad station in Mestre. So I must find out here," she ended inconsequentially.

"Here in Venice? But they won't tell you a thing even if they know. You had a better chance in Rome."

She shook her head.

"No, they wouldn't tell his father—he tried to find out."

"And you couldn't get north of Mestre. It's all military zone now, you know."

"Is it?" she answered vacantly. "I had to come," she repeated like a child, "and I feel better already—I'm so much nearer him. . . . Don't you really think I can get to see him for a few minutes?"

I spent a futile hour, while Giuseppe pushed us languidly through the gray lagoons, trying to convince Signora Maironi that her search for the boy was worse than useless, might easily land her in prison should she attempt to penetrate the lines. At the end she merely remarked:

"Rico expects me—he said that last night: 'You will come up north to see me, mother, before war is declared.'"

Thereat I began again at the beginning and tried more urgently to distract the signora from her purpose.

"You might be locked up as a spy!" I concluded.

"But I am an Italian woman—an Italian mother!" she cried indignantly.

Giuseppe nodded sympathetically over his long, sweep and murmured something like "*E vero!*" It ended by my asking the old fellow if he knew where the office of the Venetian commandant was.

"*Sicuro!*" the old man laughed, waving a hand negligently toward the Zattere. So we headed there. I thought that an hour or two spent in vainly trying to see the busy gentleman in command of Venice would probably do more than anything else to convince Signora Maironi of the futility of her quest. As I helped her to the quay from the gondola in front of the old convent which was now the military head-

quarters, she said gently, apologetically: "Don't be so cross with me, signor! Think merely that I am an old woman and a mother with a son about to fight for his country."

I saw her disappear within the gate after being questioned by the sentinel; then Giuseppe and I waited in the shadow of an interned German steamship—one, two, almost three hours, until the sun had set the marble front of the Ducal Palace aflame with a flood of gold. Then I heard Giuseppe murmuring triumphantly, "*Ecco! la signora!*" The little black figure was waiting for us by the steps, a contented smile on her lips.

"Have I been long?" she asked.

"It makes no difference, if you have found out something. Did you see the commandant?"

She nodded her head in a pleased manner.

"I thought I should never see him—there were so many officers and sentinels, and they all tried to turn me off. But I wouldn't go! It takes a great deal to discourage a mother who wants to see her son."

"And he told you?" I asked impatiently.

"Heavens, how lovely the day is!" the signora remarked with her provoking inconsequentiality. "Let us go out to the Lido! I know a little fisherman's osteria at San Nicolo where we can get supper under the trees."

The gondola headed seaward in the golden light.

"It will be a terrible war," the signora began presently. "They know it. . . . The commandant talked with me a long time after I got to him, while others waited. . . . There are many spies here in Venice, he told me—Austrians who are hidden in the city. . . . He was such a gentleman, so patient with me and kind. . . . Do you know, I wept—yes, cried like a great fool! When he told me I must return and wait for news in Rome, and I thought of that long ride back without seeing my sick boy—I just couldn't help it—I cried. . . . He was very kind."

In the end the facts came out, as they always did with the signora, in her own casual fashion. The military commander of Venice, evidently, was a kind, fatherly sort of officer, with sons of his own in the

army, as he had told the signora. After giving the distracted mother the only sound advice he could give her—to resign herself to waiting for news of her son by the uncertain mails—he had let fall significantly, “But if you should persist in your mad idea, signora, I should take the train to —,” and he mentioned a little town near the Austrian frontier not three hours’ ride from Venice.

“What will you do?” I asked as we approached the shore of the Lido.

“I don’t know,” the signora sighed. “But I must see Enrico once more!”

The Buon’ Pesche, a little osteria near the waterside, was thronged with sailors from the gray torpedo-boats that kept up a restless activity, dashing back and forth in the harbor entrance. We found a table under a plane-tree, a little apart from the noisy sailors who were drinking to the success of Italian arms in the purple wine of Padua, and, while the dusk fell over distant Venice, watched the antics of the swift destroyers.

“Don’t they seem possessed!” the signora exclaimed; “like angry bees, as if they knew the enemy was near.”

We were speaking English, and I noticed that the country girl who served us looked at me sharply. When we rose to leave it was already dark, the stars were shining in the velvet sky, and Venice was mysteriously blank. As we strolled across the grass toward the boat-landing, a man stepped up and laid his hand on my shoulder, indicating firmly that I should accompany him. He took us to the military post at the end of the island, the signora expostulating and explaining all the way. There we had to wait in a bare room faintly lighted by one flaring candle while men came and went outside, looked at us, talked in low tones, and left us wondering. After an hour of this a young officer appeared, and with a smiling, nervous air began a lengthy examination. Who was I? Who was the signora—my wife, my mother? Why were we there on the Lido after dark, etc.? It was easy enough to convince him that I was what I was—an amicable, idle American. My pocketful of papers and, above all, my Italian, rendered him quickly more smiling and apologetic than ever. But the signora, who, it seems, had not registered on her arrival in Venice, as they had ascer-

tained while we were waiting, was not so easily explained, although she told her tale truthfully, tearfully, in evident trepidation. To the young officer it was not credible that an Italian mother should be seeking her soldier son on the Lido at this hour. Another officer was summoned, and while the first young man entertained me with appreciations of English and American authors with whose works he was acquainted, the signora was put through a gruelling examination which included her ancestry, family affairs, and political opinions. She was alternately angry, haughty, and tearful, repeating frequently, “I am an Italian mother!” which did not answer for a passport as well as my broken Italian. In the end she had to appeal to the kindly commandant who had listened to her story earlier in the day. After hearing the signora’s tearful voice on the telephone he instructed the youthful captain of artillery to let us go. The young officers, whose responsibilities had weighed heavily on them, apologized profusely, ending with the remark: “You know we are expecting something to happen—very soon! . . . We have to be careful.”

We hurried to the landing, where we found Giuseppe fast asleep in the gondola, but before we could rouse him had some further difficulty with suspicious *carabinieri*, who were inclined to lock us up on the Lido until morning. A few lire induced them to consider our adventure more leniently, and well past midnight the sleepy Giuseppe swept us toward the darkened city.

“You might think they were already at war!” I grumbled.

“Perhaps they are,” the signora replied sadly.

“Well, you see what trouble you will get into if you attempt to enter the war zone,” I warned.

“Yes,” the subdued woman said dully, “I see!”

“That story of yours doesn’t sound probable—and you have no papers.”

She sighed heavily without reply, but I thought it well to drive home the point.

“So you had better take the train home to-morrow and not get arrested as a spy.”

I awoke from a dream with a confused reverberation in my ears several hours

later. Birds were wheeling in the gray dawn, crying loudly. Suddenly there came another crash very close to the hotel, followed by sputtering and crackling. I did not have to be told—this was war! From my balcony I could see the round dome of the peaceful Salute in the morning mist. The birds were still wheeling and crying in the garden beneath, and all along the Grand Canal sounded the clatter of machine guns and at intervals the louder explosions of bombs.

Soon I could distinguish from other sounds the persistent hum of a motor far above in the sky. And there, like some gigantic gadfly, was the enemy aeroplane, buzzing in a straight line over Venice toward the Adriatic. The little machine was the very incarnation of hostile will, winging its way above its prey, dropping into the gray abyss its unseen missiles, indifferent to the splutter of the guns on the palace roofs. The aeroplane disappeared, but presently another came in sight from Mestre and the noisy bombardment began again. Some louder explosions near me seemed to punctuate the fusillade.

Yes, this was war! And as I hurriedly dressed myself I thought that Signora Maironi would be lucky if she got back safely to Rome. We met over an early cup of coffee. The signora, who also had been awakened by the visit of the aeroplanes, seemed not in the least frightened; indeed, she was stirred to renewed determination by this touch of war.

"Go back now without seeing him!" she said spiritedly. "Never!"

So Giuseppe took her over to Mestre in the gondola. I judged that it would be safer for her to start on her quest alone, depending solely on her mother appeal to make her way through the confusion at the front. She waved me a smiling farewell on the steps of the old palace, her little bag in one hand, looking like a comfortable middle-aged matron on a shopping expedition, not in the least like a timid mother starting for the battle line in search of her child.

And that was the last I saw of Signora Maironi for four days. Ordinarily, it would not take that many hours to make the journey to X—. But these first days of war there was no telling how long

it might take, nor whether one could get there by any route. Had her resolution failed her and had she already returned to Rome? But in that case she would surely have telegraphed. Or was she detained in some frontier village as a spy? . . .

The morning of the fifth day since the signora's departure I was dawdling over my coffee in the deserted *salone*, enjoying the scented June breeze that came from the canal, when I heard a light step and a knock at the door. Signora Maironi entered and dropped on a lounge, very white and breathless, as if she had run a long way from somewhere.

"Give me coffee, please! I have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning." And after she had swallowed some of the coffee I poured for her she began to speak, to tell her story, not pausing to eat her roll.

"When I left you that morning—when was it, a week or a year ago?—I seemed very courageous, didn't I? The firing, the danger, somehow woke me up. But before I started I really wanted to run back to Rome. Yes, if it hadn't been for the idea of poor 'Rico up there in that same thing I should never have done it. . . . Well, we got to Mestre, as Giuseppe no doubt told you. While I was waiting in the station for the train to that place the commandant told me, I saw a young lieutenant in the grenadier uniform. He was not of 'Rico's company or I should have known him, but he had the uniform. Of course I asked him where he was going. He said he didn't know, he was trying to find out where the regiment was. He had been given leave to go to his home in Sardinia to bury his father, poor boy, and was hurrying back to join the grenadiers. 'If you will stay with me, signora,' he said, 'you will find where your boy is, for you see I must join my regiment at once.' Wasn't that lucky for me? So I got into the same compartment with the lieutenant when the train came along. It was full of officers. But no one seemed to know where the grenadiers had been sent. The officers were very polite and kind to me. They gave me something to eat or I should have starved, for there was nothing to be bought at the stations, everything had

been eaten clean up as if the locusts had passed that way! . . . And there was one old gentleman—here, I have his card somewhere—well, no matter—we talked a long time. He told me how many difficulties the army had to meet and about the spies. It seems that the spies are terrible. The Austrians have them everywhere, and many are Italians, alas! the ones who live up there in the mountains! They are arresting them all the time. They took a woman and a man in a woman's dress off the train. Well, that didn't make me any easier in my mind, but I stayed close to my little lieutenant, who looked after me as he would his own mother, and no one bothered me with questions. . . .

"Such heat and such slowness, you cannot imagine how weary I became before the day was done! Trains and trains of troops passed. Poor fellows! And cannon and horses and food, just one long train after another. We could scarcely crawl. . . . So we reached X—— as it was getting dark, but the *granatieri* were not there. They had been the day before, but had gone on forward. To think, if I had started the night before I should have found 'Rico and had him a whole day perhaps."

"Perhaps not," I remarked, as the signora paused to swallow another cup of coffee. "It was all a matter of chance, and if you had started the day before you would have missed your lieutenant."

"Well, there was nothing for it but to spend the night at X——. For no trains went on to Palma Nova, where the lieutenant was going in the morning. So I walked into the town to look for a place to sleep, but every bed was taken by the officers, not a place to sleep in the whole town. It was then after nine o'clock; I returned to the station, thinking I could stay there until the train started for Palma Nova. But they won't even let you stay in railroad stations any longer! So I walked out to the garden in the square and sat down on a bench to spend the night there. Luckily it was still warm. Who should come by with an old lady on his arm but the gentleman I had talked with on the train, Count—yes, he was a count—and his mother. They had a villa near the town, it seems. 'Why, signora!'

he said, when he saw me sitting there all alone, 'why are you out here at this time?' And I told him about there not being a bed free in the town. Then he said: 'You must stay with us. We have made our villa ready for the wounded, but, thank God, they have not begun to come in yet, so there are many empty rooms at your disposal.' That was how I escaped spending the night on a bench in the public garden! It was a beautiful villa, with grounds all about it—quite large. They gave me a comfortable room with a bath, and that was the last I saw of the count and his mother—whatever were their names. Early the next morning a maid came with my coffee and woke me so that I might get the train for Palma Nova.

"That day was too long to tell about. I found my young lieutenant, and as soon as we reached Palma Nova he went off to hunt for the *granatieri*. But the regiment had been sent on ahead! Again I was just too late. It had left for the frontier, which is only a few miles east of the town. I could hear the big cannon from there. (Oh, yes, they had begun! I can tell you that made me all the more anxious to hold my boy once more in my arms.) Palma Nova was jammed with everything, soldiers, motor-trucks, cannon—such confusion as you never saw. Everything had to pass through an old gate—you know, it was once a Roman town and there are walls and gates still standing. About that gate toward the Austrian frontier there was such a crush to get through as you can't imagine!

"They let no one through that gate without a special pass. You see, it was close to the lines, and they were afraid of spies. I tried and tried to slip through, but it was no use. And the time going by and Enrico marching away from me always toward battle. I just prayed to the Virgin to get me through that gate—yes, I tell you, I prayed hard as I never prayed before in my life. . . . The young lieutenant came to tell me he had to go on to reach his regiment and offered to take anything I had for Enrico. So I gave him almost all the money I had with me, and the little watch you gave me for him, and told him to say I should get to him somehow if it could be done. The young

man promised he would find 'Rico and give him the things at the first opportunity. How I hated to see him disappear through that gate into the crowd beyond! But there was no use trying: there were soldiers with drawn bayonets all about it. My prayers to the Virgin seemed to do no good at all. . . .

"So at the end, after trying everywhere to get that special pass, I was sitting at a café drinking some milk—everything is so frightfully dear, you have no idea!—and was thinking that after coming so far I was not to see my boy. For the first time I felt discouraged, and I must have shown it, too, with my eyes on that gate. An officer who was waiting in front of the café, walking to and fro, presently came up to me and said: 'Signora, I see that sorrow in your eyes which compels me to address you. Is there anything a stranger might do to comfort you?' So I told him the whole thing, and he said very gently: 'I do not know whether I can obtain the permission for you, but I know the officer who is in command here. Come with me and we will tell him your desire to see your son before the battle, which cannot be far off, and perhaps he will grant your request.'

"Think of such fortune! The Virgin *had* listened. I shall always pray with better faith after this! Just when I was at the end, too! The kind officer was also a count, Count Foscari, from here in Venice. He has a brother in the garrison here, and there's a lady to whom he wishes me to give some letters. . . . I wonder if I still have them!"

The signora stopped to investigate the recesses of her little bag.

"First, let me know what the Count Foscari did for you," I exclaimed, tantalized by the signora's discursive narrative. "Then we can look after his correspondence at our leisure."

"There they are! . . . He took me up into the offices of the military commander of the town—a very busy place it was. But the count just walked past all the sentinels, and I followed him without being stopped. But when he asked for the pass the commander was very cross and answered, 'Impossible!'—short like that. Even while we were there, another, stronger order came over the telegraph

from the staff forbidding any civilian to pass through the town. I thought again it was all over—I should never see 'Rico. But Count Foscari did not give up. He just waited until the commander had said everything, then spoke very gently to him in a low tone (but I could hear). 'The signora is an Italian mother. I will give my word for that! She wants to see her son, who was sick when he left Rome.' Then he stopped, but the other officer just frowned, and the count tried again. 'It is not much good that any of us can do now in this life. We are all so near death that it seems we should do whatever kindness we can to one another.' The commandant's secretary was there with the pass already made out in his hand—he had been preparing it while the others were talking—and he put it down on the table before the commandant for his signature. But he turned his head, and the count gave a nod to the secretary, and the kind young man took the seal and stamped it and handed it to me with a little smile. And the commandant just shrugged his shoulders and pretended not to see. The count said to him: 'Thanks! For a mother!'

"So there I was with my pass. I thanked Count Foscari and hurried through that gate as fast as my legs would carry me, afraid that some one might take the paper away from me. What an awful jam there was! I thought my legs would not hold out long on that hard road, but I was determined to walk until I fell before giving up now. . . . I must have passed forty sentinels; some of them stopped me. They said I would be shot, but what did I care for that! I could hear the roaring of the guns ahead, louder all the time, and the smoke. It was really battle. I began to run. I was so anxious lest I might not have time."

"Were you not afraid?"

"Of what? Of a shell hitting my poor old body? I never thought of it. I just felt—little 'Rico is on there ahead in the middle of all that. But it was beautiful all the same—yes," she repeated softly, with a strange gleam on her tired face, "it was *beau* and horrible at the same time. . . . I passed the frontier stones. Yes! I have been on Austrian territory, though it's no longer Austrian now, God be praised! I



Drawn by Thornton Oakley.

"Five minutes at the most I had with him there by the side of the highroad . . ."—Page 590.

was very nearly in Gradesca, where the battle was. I should never have gotten that far had it not been for a good man in a motor-car who took me off the road with him. How we drove in all that muddle! He stopped when we passed any troops to let me ask where the *granatieri* were. It was always 'just ahead.' The sound of the guns got louder. . . . I was terribly excited and so afraid I was too late, when suddenly I saw a soldier bent over a bicycle riding back down the road like mad. It was my 'Rico coming to find me! . . . I jumped out of the motor and took him in my arms, there in the road. . . . God, how he had changed already, how thin and old his face was! And he was so excited he could hardly speak, just like 'Rico always, when anything is going on. 'Mother,' he said, 'I wanted so to see you. You said you might come up here, and I looked for you all along where the train stopped, at Bologna and Mestre and Palma Nova. But I couldn't find you. This morning I knew you would come—I knew it when I woke.' Don't you see I was right in keeping on? . . . The young lieutenant had told him I was looking for him, and they let him come back on his bicycle to find me. Poor boy, he was so excited and kept looking over his shoulder after his regiment! 'You see, mamma,' he said, 'this is a real battle! We are at the front! And our regiment has the honor to make the first attack!' He was so proud, the poor boy! . . . Of course I could not keep him long—five minutes at the most I had with him there by the side of the highroad, with all the noise of the guns and the passing wagons. Five minutes, but I would rather have died than lost those minutes. . . . I put your watch on his wrist. He was so pleased to have it, with the illuminated hands which will give him the time at night when he is on duty. He wrote you a few words on this scrap of paper, all I had with me, leaning on my knee. I took his old watch—the father will want it. It had been next his heart and was still warm. . . . Then he kissed me and rode back up the road as fast as he could go. The last I saw was when he rode into a cloud of dust. . . .

"Well," the signora concluded, after a long pause, "that is all! I found my

way back here somehow. I have been through the lines, on Austrian territory, almost in battle itself—and I have seen my boy again, the Virgin be praised! And I am content. Let God do with him what he will."

Later we went in search of Count Foscari's brother and the lady to whom he had sent his letters. Then Giuseppe and I took the signora to the train for Rome. As I stood beside the compartment, the signora, who seemed calmer, more like herself than for the past fortnight, repeated dreamily: "My friend, I have seen 'Rico and I am content. Perhaps it is the last time I shall have him in my arms, unless the dear God spares him. I know now what it is he is doing for his country, what battle is! He is fighting for me, for all of us. I am content!"

With a gentle smile the signora waved me farewell.

Enrico came out of that first battle safely, and many others, as little Bianca wrote me. She and the signora were making bandages and feeding their thirsty hearts with reports of the brave deeds the Italian troops had done along the Isonzo. "They are all heroes!" the girl wrote. "But it is very hard for them to pierce those mountains which the Austrians have been fortifying all these years. There is perpetual fighting, but Enrico is well and happy, fighting for Italy. Yesterday we had a postal from him: he sent his respects to you. . . ."

Thereafter, there was no news from the Maironis for some time; then in September came the dreaded black-bordered letter in the signora's childish hand. It was dated from some little town in the north of Italy and written in pencil.

"I have been in bed for some weeks, or I should have written before. Our dear Enrico fell the 3d of August on the Col di Lana. He died fighting for Italy like a brave man, his captain wrote us. . . . Bianca is here nursing me, but soon she will go back to Padua into the hospital, and I shall go with her if there is anything that a poor old woman can do for our wounded soldiers. . . . Dear friend, I am so glad that I saw him once more—now I must wait until paradise. . . ."

BONNIE MAY

BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

IX

HOW A CONVEYANCE WENT AWAY EMPTY



RS. BARON "took to her room," as the saying is. For an hour or more she might have been, to all intents and purposes, in some far country.

She left an awed silence behind her.

"If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go and talk to Mrs. Shepard awhile," said Bonnie May, not without significance. The atmosphere had become too rarefied for her. She was turning from an inimical clan. She was obeying that undying instinct which impelled the cave-men of old to get their backs toward a wall.

Baron, Sr., prepared to go out. He turned to Flora and Victor as he took his leave, and his whole being twinkled quietly. He seemed to be saying: "Don't ask me!"

Flora stole up to her mother's room. She tapped at the door affectionately—if one can tap at a door affectionately.

A voice muffled by pillows was heard. "Making hay," it seemed to say. Flora frowned in perplexity. Then her brow cleared and she smiled wistfully. "Oh!" she interpreted, "'Go away!'"

She sought Victor again.

"I suppose she'll have to go," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, yes, certainly; yes, she'll have to go," agreed Victor firmly.

"And yet I can't say it's her fault."

"You might say it's her misfortune."

"Yes. . . . Isn't she—wonderful!"

"Oh, well, if two people simply can't understand each other, that's all there is to it."

"But *she* understands. She just talks

too much. She won't realize that she's only a child."

"Oh, what's the use!" exclaimed Baron. He thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled through the house, up into the library.

He took down a copy of "Diana of the Crossways" and opened it at random, staring darkly at words which the late Mr. Meredith never wrote:

"Why couldn't she have made allowances? Why couldn't she have overlooked things which plainly weren't meant to be the least bit offensive?"

Obscurities, perhaps; but what does one expect of Meredith?

He ruminated long and dejectedly. And then he heard his mother in the sitting-room.

He put aside his book and assumed a light, untroubled air. "Better have it out now," he decided, as he opened the door and confronted his mother.

"Where is the Queen of Sheba?" asked Mrs. Baron.

Baron dropped into a chair. "You know I'm awfully sorry, mother," he said. There was a singular lack of real repentance in his tone.

"I don't doubt that. Still, you might have taken me into your confidence before you brought that outrageous little creature into the house. I never heard of such a child. Never."

"But you know what the circumstances were——"

"Don't go into that again. I know that you brought her here, and that there wasn't any excuse for such foolishness."

"But, mother!" Baron's face became heavy with perplexity. "She's such a little thing! She hasn't got anybody to turn to when she's in trouble. My goodness! I think she has done nobly—not whimpering once since she came into the house. She's probably—rattled! How would you or I behave if we were in her shoes?"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Bonnie May" appears on page 7 of the Advertising pages.



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

She assumed a slightly careless air, and looked airily at imaginary objects. . . .—Page 601.

Mrs. Baron's eyebrows steadily mounted. "The point is, we're not in the slightest degree responsible for her. I want to know how we're going to get rid of her."

Baron had taken a chair directly in front of his mother. Now he arose and paced the floor. When he spoke his tone was crisp almost to sharpness.

"It isn't any more difficult now than it was yesterday," he said. "I can turn her over to the police."

Something in his manner startled his mother. She flushed quickly. "That's just like you," she protested. "What do you suppose people would say if we turned a motherless child over to the police? You ought to see that you've forced a responsibility upon me!"

Baron regarded her darkly. "There is," he admitted, "always the question of what people would say; though I'd rather believe we cared more for what we ourselves—" He broke off with a return to his crisp manner. "I could ask Thornburg to take her," he resumed. "He offered to help. I have an idea he would be only too glad to have her."

"The theatre man—yes. And he'd dress her up in a fancy-ball costume, and encourage her in her brazen ways, and she'd be utterly shameless by the time she got to be a young woman."

Baron spoke with decision. "Mother, don't!" he exclaimed. "Thornburg isn't that kind at all. He—he'd probably try to get at her point of view now and then, and he might allow her to have certain liberties. I think he's broad enough to want her to be good without insisting upon her being miserable!"

"Victor Baron!" warned his mother; and then she added with decision: "Then you'd better get him to take her—and the sooner the better."

"To-morrow—I'll see him about it to-morrow," said Baron. He spoke deferentially. He felt that anger had driven them both farther than they need have gone. He still hoped that there might be other solutions of the problem than the one he and his mother had agreed upon.

Nevertheless, he called on Thornburg the next morning.

"No, it's not that she has disappointed me," he replied in response to a ques-

tion from Thornburg. "The fact is I didn't foresee the—the complications. My mother has taken them into account, and it's her decision rather than mine that we ought to give her up."

There was an interruption here—the bustling intrusion of one of the attachés of the theatre. When Thornburg turned to Baron again he presented the appearance of one who has lost the thread of a conversation. "You were saying—oh, yes; you've got enough of—of what's her name? Well, what's your impression of her, now that you've had time to look her over?"

"I haven't changed my mind at all. I like her."

"The family made a row?"

Baron answered evasively. "It isn't quite a question of liking. It's something like trying to keep a canary in a suitcase, or putting a lamb or a kitten into harness."

Thornburg smiled. "Tell me just how she fails to square with the—the domestic virtues," he said.

"Her way of saying things—her views. . . . She is so wholly unconventional," said Baron haltingly. "She doesn't stand in awe of her superiors. She expresses her ideas with—well, with great liberty. You know children aren't supposed to be like that. At least, my mother takes that view of the case."

He so plainly had little or no sympathy with the argument he made that Thornburg looked at him keenly.

"I see! She scratches the paint off!" interpreted the manager. He smiled upon Baron exultingly.

"You might put it so," agreed Baron, to whom the words were highly offensive. He proceeded coldly. "I understood that you felt some measure of responsibility. I thought perhaps you might be willing to take her, in case we decided it would be difficult for us to keep her."

The manager pretended not to notice the aloofness of the other's tone. "Now, if it were a matter of expense—" he began.

"It isn't. She doesn't seem at home with us. I think that states the case fully."

"How could she feel at home in the little time she's been with you?"

"Then I might put it this way: she doesn't seem congenial."

"Of course that's different. That seems to leave me out, as far as I can see."

"You mean," said Baron, "you wouldn't care to assume the responsibility for her?"

"Why should I?" demanded the manager bluntly. He glared at Baron resentfully.

"You're quite right, certainly. I seem to have had the impression——"

"I have an idea she's doing better with you than she would anywhere else," continued Thornburg in milder tones. "Why not give her her place and make her stay in it? I can't understand a family of grown people throwing up their hands to a baby!"

"I merely wanted to get your views," said Baron as he rose to go. "I didn't want to call in the police until——"

Thornburg got up, too. "Don't understand that I wash my hands of her," he hastened to say. "Of course, if you *won't* keep her——"

Baron thought he detected an ill-concealed anxiety in the other's tone. He waited patiently.

"Look here, Baron, I'm going to be frank with you. When you took her home I was inclined to think you were a bit officious, just at first. I like them—children, I mean. You see, you had taken her off my premises; and when you told me something about her the next day, about her being intelligent and nice—well, I thought about the big house I've got, and not a child in it, and never to be one, and I figured I might as well have taken her myself. Of course there were difficulties . . ." His expression became troubled. "Once before I tried to take a child into the house and Mrs. Thornburg objected. It was my own child, too." He paused. "You know I've been married twice."

Baron's thoughts went back a few years to the somewhat unpleasant story of Thornburg's divorce from an actress with whom he had spent only a little more than one troubled year. The facts had been public property at the time. He made no reply.

Thornburg continued: "I'm in doubt as to how my wife would look at it if I

suggested that I'd like to bring this waif home. Of course, it's just possible she might not want to take a child of mine, and still be willing to take in some outsider. You know what strange creatures women are."

Baron did not break the silence that ensued, and presently the manager resumed: "You see what the difficulty is. The—the wife is likely to suspect that Bonnie May is the same little girl I wanted to bring home before—that she's mine. She never saw the little daughter. I'd have to be careful not to make her suspicious."

"But the circumstances . . . I don't see how she could suspect anything," argued Baron.

"Not if I don't seem too much interested. That's the point. I'll tell you, Baron—you come out and see us. Me and my wife. Come to-night. State the case to us together. Tell the plain truth. Explain how you got hold of Bonnie May, and tell my wife your people don't see their way clear to keeping her. That ought to make the thing clear enough."

Baron turned homeward, marvelling at Thornburg. It seemed strange that a strong, successful man should feel obliged to shape his affairs to please an ungracious, suspicious wife. He felt sorry for him, too. He seemed to be one of those blunderers who find their dealings with women are always bewildering, haphazard experiments.

He had promised to call that evening—to lend his aid to the manager. It was the sensible thing to do, of course. They had to get rid of Bonnie May. Nothing was to be gained by debating that point any further. And yet . . .

When he reached home he was hoping that his mother might, on some ground or other, have changed her mind.

He found her up-stairs, and she met him, as he entered her room, with the air of one who will listen to no evasions, no half-measures.

"I think Thornburg will take her," he said. He tried to speak lightly—as if the matter were too trivial to care very much about. "I believe he's got to do a little planning."

"People sometimes do, before they

bring strange children into their houses," was Mrs. Baron's retort.

Baron turned toward the library. A mischievous impulse seized him—engendered by that last fling of his mother's. He called back over his shoulder: "If the perverse little thing is quite unendurable you might lock her up in the attic and feed her on bread and water until she leaves."

Mrs. Baron stared after him, dumfounded. "I'll do nothing of the sort!" she exclaimed. "She shall not be treated unkindly, as you ought to know. We owe that much to ourselves."

But beyond that amazed remonstrance she did not weaken; and though Baron spoke of the matter again at dinner he failed to shake her resolution.

In his most callous manner he said—after Bonnie May had slipped back into the kitchen to be with Mrs. Shepard—"I'm going over to Thornburg's to-night, to help him in shaping his plans. So that we can get rid of her without any delay, you know."

He shot a furtive glance at her, only to discover that she was maintaining her self-possession perfectly. And so, later in the evening, he set out for the Thornburgs'.

He went away just a moment too soon to observe that an automobile swerved out from its course on the avenue and drew up in front of the mansion.

A youthful-looking old lady, with snowy hair and small, neatly-gloved hands, pushed open the door and emerged. With the manner of one who repeats a request she paused and turned.

"Do come in, Colonel," she called into the shadowy recesses of the car.

A gray, imposing-appearing man, with a good deal of vitality still showing in his eyes and complexion, smiled back at her inscrutably. "Go on," he said, tucking his cigar beneath his grizzled mustache, and bringing his hand down with a large gesture of leisurely contentment. "You'll be all right. I don't mind waiting."

And Mrs. Harrod proceeded alone to make her call.

By the most casual chance Mrs. Baron was standing at her sitting-room window when the car stopped before the house;

and when she perceived that it was Mrs. Harrod—Amelia Harrod, as she thought of her—who was crossing the sidewalk, she underwent a very remarkable transformation.

So complete a transformation, indeed, that Bonnie May, who was somewhat covertly observing her, sprang softly to her feet and became all attention.

Mrs. Baron's face flushed—the child could see the heightened color in one cheek—and her whole attitude expressed an unwonted eagerness, a childish delight.

The truth was that Mrs. Harrod was one of the old friends who had seemed to Mrs. Baron to be deserters when the neighborhood in which the Barons lived had become noisy and grimy from the encroachments of commerce. And they had been girls together, and intimates throughout their married lives—until the neighborhood had moved away, so to speak, and the Barons had remained.

It is true that, despite Mrs. Baron's fancies, Mrs. Harrod had remained a fond and loyal friend, though she had reached an age when social obligations, in their more trivial forms, were not as easily met as they had been in earlier years. And it may also be true that something of constraint had arisen between the two during the past year or so, owing to Mrs. Baron's belief that she was being studiously neglected, and to Mrs. Harrod's fear that her friend was growing old ungracefully and unhappily.

"Oh, it's Amelia!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron, withdrawing her eyes from the street. She gave herself a quick, critical survey, and put her hands to her hair, and hurried toward her room in a state of delighted agitation.

She had not given a thought to Bonnie May. She did not know that the child slipped eagerly from the room and hurried down the stairs.

Bonnie May was, indeed, greatly in need of a diversion of some sort. Not a word had been said to her touching the clash that had occurred at the table during the Sunday dinner. She did not know that the machinery necessary to her removal from the mansion had been set in motion; but she had a distinct sense of a sort of rising inflection in the atmosphere, as if necessary arrangements were

in the making. And she was becoming restless.

Now she opened the door and stepped aside, smiling, before the caller had time to touch the bell.

"Come in," she said; and when she had closed the door she added: "Will you wait until I can make a light? I'm afraid we've all forgotten about the light." The lower rooms had become quite gloomy.

She had climbed upon a chair in the drawing-room and touched a match to the gas-burner before she could be questioned or assisted, and for the moment the visitor was only thinking how peculiar it was that the Barons went on relying upon gas when electricity was so much more convenient.

"Please have a seat," the child added, "while I call Mrs. Baron." She turned toward the hall. "Shall I say who it is?" she asked.

Mrs. Harrod had not taken a seat. When the light filled the room child and woman confronted each other, the child deferential, the woman smiling with an odd sort of tenderness.

"Who *are* you?" asked the visitor. Her eyes were beaming; the curve of her lips was like a declaration of love.

"I'm Bonnie May." The child advanced and held out her hand.

Mrs. Harrod pondered. "You're not a—relative?"

"Oh, no. A—guest, I think. Nothing more than that."

Mrs. Harrod drew a chair toward her without removing her eyes from the child's face. "Do sit down a minute and talk to me," she said. "We can let Mrs. Baron know afterward. A guest? But you don't visit here often?"

"This is my first visit. You see, I have so little time for visiting. I happen not to have any—any other engagement just now. I was very glad to come here for—a while."

"You haven't known the Barons long, then?"

"In a way, no. But you know you feel you've always known really lovely people. Don't you feel that way?" She inclined her head a little; her lips were slightly parted; her color rose. She was trying very earnestly to meet this impressive person upon an equal footing.

"I think you're quite right. And—how did you meet them? I hope you don't mind my asking questions?"

"Not in the least. I met Mr. Victor at a—a kind of reception he was attending. He was lovely to me. He asked me to meet his mother."

"How simple! And so you called?"

"Yes. That is, Mr. Victor came and—and brought me. It was much pleasanter, his bringing me."

She had wriggled up into a chair and was keeping clear, earnest eyes upon the visitor. She was recalling Mrs. Baron's agitation, and she was drawing conclusions which were very far from being wholly wrong.

"I think Victor's a charming young gentleman," declared Mrs. Harrod. "He's always doing something—nice."

"Yes," responded Bonnie May. She had observed that the visitor paused before she said "nice." Her eyes were alertly studying Mrs. Harrod's face.

"And your name is Bonnie May. Is that the full name or——?"

"Yes, that's the full name."

Mrs. Harrod pondered. "You're not of the Professor Mays, are you?"

"Why, I'm of—of professional people. I'm not sure I'm of the Mays you're thinking about." She had edged herself from her chair uneasily. "I hope I haven't forgotten myself," she added. "I'm sure I should have let Mrs. Baron know you are here. I think you didn't say what the name is?"

"I'm Mrs. Harrod. I hope you'll remember. I should be glad if you'd be a friend of mine, too."

The child's dilemma, whatever it had been, was past. She smiled almost radiantly. "I'm very glad to have met you, Mrs. Harrod," she said. She advanced and extended her hand again. "I truly hope I'll have the pleasure of meeting you again."

Then she was off up the stairs, walking sedately. It had meant much to her that this nice woman, who was clearly not of the profession, had talked to her without patronizing her, without "talking down" to her.

A strange timidity overwhelmed her when she appeared at Mrs. Baron's door. "It's Mrs. Harrod," she said, and there

was a slight catch in her voice. "I mean, Mrs. Harrod has called. I let her in."

Mrs. Baron, standing in her doorway, was fixing an old-fashioned brooch in place. She flushed and there was swift mistrust in her eyes. "Oh!" she cried weakly. The sound was almost like a moan. "I thought Mrs. Shepard——"

"I didn't tell her I was—I didn't tell her who I was. I thought you would rather I didn't. I was just nice to her, and she was nice to me."

She hurried away, then, because she wanted to be by herself. For some reason which she could not understand tears were beginning to start from her eyes. Mrs. Baron had not been angry, this time. She had seemed to be ashamed!

She did not know that the old gentlewoman looked after her with a startled, almost guilty expression, which gave place to swift contrition and tenderness.

Mrs. Baron did not descend the stairs. She was about to do so when Mrs. Harrod appeared in the lower hall.

"Don't come down!" called the latter. "I mean to have my visit with you in your sitting-room." She was climbing the stairs. "I don't intend to be treated like a stranger, even if I haven't been able to come for such a long time." Shadows and restraints seemed to be vanishing utterly before that advancing, friendly presence. And at the top of the flight of stairs she drew a deep breath and exclaimed:

"Emily Boone, *who* is that child?" She took both Mrs. Baron's hands and kissed her. "I told the colonel I simply wouldn't go by without stopping. He had an idea we ought to go to see—what's the name of the play? I can't remember. It gave me a chance to stop. I seem never to have the opportunity any more. But do tell me. About the child, I mean. Do you know, I've never seen such a perfect little human being in my life! She's so lovely, and so honest, and so unspoilt. *Who* is she?"

Mrs. Baron felt many waters lift and pass. Bonnie May hadn't done anything scandalous, evidently. And here was her old friend as expansive, as cheerfully outspoken, as in the days of long ago.

She found herself responding happily, lightly.

"A little protégé of Victor's," she said. "You know what a discoverer he is?" They had entered the sitting-room. Mrs. Baron was thinking again how good it was to have the old bond restored, the old friend's voice awakening a thousand pleasant memories.

But as Mrs. Harrod took a seat she leaned forward without a pause. "Now do tell me about that—that cherub of a child," she said.

In the meantime Victor Baron was experiencing something very like surprise to discover that Thornburg, the manager, seemed a new, a different, sort of person, now that he was in his own home. He had quite the air of—well, there was only one word for it—a gentleman.

The Thornburg home was quite as nice, even in the indefinable ways that count most, as any home Baron was acquainted with. There was an impression of elegance—but not too much elegance—in the large reception-room. There was a general impression of softly limited illumination, of fine yet simple furniture. The walls had a kind of pleasant individuality, by reason of the fact that they were sparingly yet attractively ornamented.

A grandfather's clock imparted homeliness to one end of the room; there was a restful suggestion in the broad fireplace, in which an enormous fern had been installed. Baron's glance also took in the grand piano of a quietly subdued finish.

Mrs. Thornburg alone seemed in some odd way out of harmony with the fine, cordial picture in which Baron found her. She was a frail, wistful woman; and because her body was ailing, her mind too—as Baron speedily discovered—was not of the sound, cheerful texture of her surroundings.

"Ah, Baron!" exclaimed Thornburg, advancing to meet his guest as the latter was shown into the room. "I'm glad to see you here."

As he turned to his wife, to introduce the visitor, Baron was struck by something cautious and alert in his manner—the manner of a man who must be constantly prepared to make allowances, to take soundings.

"Mr. Baron is the man who carried

that little girl out of the theatre the other day," explained the manager. He turned again to Baron with a casual air. "Do you find that your people still want to let her go?"

He was playing a part, obviously—the part of one who is all but indifferent. Mrs. Thornburg scrutinized the visitor's face closely.

"Yes, I believe they do," replied Baron.

"I've been talking to Mrs. Thornburg about the case. She understands that I feel a sort of responsibility. I think I've about persuaded her to have a look at the little girl."

Mrs. Thornburg seemed unwilling to look at her husband while he was speaking. Baron thought she must be concealing something. She was gazing at him with an expression of reproach, not wholly free from resentment.

"Hasn't the child any relatives?" she asked. She seemed to be making an effort to speak calmly.

"I really can't answer that," said Baron. "She seems not to have. She has told me very little about herself, yet I believe she has told me all she knows. She has spoken of a young woman—an actress—she has travelled with. There doesn't appear to have been any one else. I believe she never has had a home."

Mrs. Thornburg withdrew her gaze from him. She concerned herself with the rings on her thin, white fingers. "How did you happen to be with her in the theatre?" she asked.

"I was in one of the upper boxes. I don't know how she came to be there. I believe she couldn't find a seat anywhere else."

"And you'd never seen her before?"

"Never."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Both Thornburg and Baron were looking interestedly at Mrs. Thornburg, who refused to lift her eyes. "I wonder how you happened to take her to your home?" she asked finally.

Baron laughed uneasily. "I'm wondering myself," he said. "Nobody seems to approve of what I did. But if you could have seen her! She's really quite wonderful. Very pretty, you know, and intelligent. But that isn't it, after all.

She is so charmingly frank. I think that's it. It's unusual in a child."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mrs. Thornburg. "Unusual in any one, I should say."

"Why, perhaps it is," agreed Baron, simply. He was not a little puzzled.

"And why don't you want to keep her?" she wanted to know.

"We meant to. But it turns out that she and my mother are—well, antagonistic."

"That's unfortunate, isn't it? Please pardon me—you see, I'm really very much in the dark. But—what kind of woman is your mother?" She put the question so softly that it did not seem offensive.

Baron hesitated. "Perhaps it will explain if I say that she is elderly? There haven't been any children in the house for a good many years. She believes—what is the familiar saying?—that children ought to be seen and not heard."

Mrs. Thornburg hesitated. "That wouldn't be quite the reason," she said. "Your mother is—is orthodox, I suspect. In her friendships and ways. I'm sure you see what I mean."

"Yes," admitted Baron. "I think you are getting closer to the facts than I did."

A pretty, delicate hue warmed the woman's face, and her voice softened almost to tenderness. "I think I know," she went on. "The little girl of the stage, out of some unknown place in Bohemia—she must seem quite disturbing, hopelessly out of harmony. . . ."

"You put the case much better than I did. Yet you know all that's scarcely fair to Bonnie May. She's not really bold and impertinent, in the usual sense of those words. She hasn't had the kind of training other children have. She has never associated with other children. You can see that instantly. She assumes that she has the same right to her opinion that older people have to theirs. She never means to offend. I have an idea she's really quite affectionate. I have an idea if you once won her over—"

Mrs. Thornburg turned toward her husband and leaned forward in her chair. Her eyes were filled with a soft, generous impulse. When she spoke her voice vibrated with feeling.

"Bring her home!" she said.

Baron fancied there was an expression of triumph in the manager's bearing. "You mean now—to-night?" he asked.

"Why not to-night? I'm eager to have her; really eager, now that I've decided."

"It's quite simple," declared Thornburg. "I suppose you'll have to—to get a few things ready?"

Her whole being became tremulous—she who had had no children of her own, and who knew nothing about them. "Nothing to-night, to speak of. To-morrow——" She clasped her hands and looked into vacancy, as if visions were coming to her.

When Thornburg's automobile stopped before the Baron mansion, half an hour later that evening, and the manager and Baron got out, something happened.

Mrs. Baron, her gray hair stirring slightly in the spring breeze, stood on the front steps for all the world like an alert sentinel.

"Well, Victor?" she demanded, as her son advanced toward her. Her voice was sternly challenging.

"This gentleman has come to take Bonnie May away," replied her son. He derived a certain satisfaction from her disturbed state.

"Do you mean you've brought that machine to take her away to-night?"

"Why, yes—certainly."

"Well, you can just send it away. You won't need it to-night."

She turned with the air of a queen who had been affronted. In an instant she had disappeared. The door had been quite unmistakably slammed behind her.

X

RELATES TO THE PLAYING OF PARTS

MUCH light is thrown upon the character of Victor Baron when it is said that he was the kind of young man who likes to sit in an attic when the rain is falling.

Such a young man may possess many high virtues, certainly; but he can scarcely hope to escape occasional contact with what is called the world's cold shoulder. He is clearly not the sort of person who knows what magic there is in the matter of percentages, and other such progressive and acquisitive sciences.

We now encounter this peculiar young man in his attic room, on an afternoon when the rain was falling steadily.

Days had passed since Mrs. Baron had driven the manager, Thornburg, from her front door. Something like a fixed status in the case of Bonnie May had been brought about. Seemingly she had become a permanent member of the Baron household.

Yet Baron was not happy. Having performed his duty in solving one problem, he had now passed on to another, an older problem.

There was the fact of his aimless existence staring him in the face; the fact that he had been home from the university over a year now and that as yet he had chosen no plough to the handles of which he meant to set his hands.

He did a little newspaper writing when the spirit moved: articles and reviews which were often quite cordially accepted—and sometimes even urgently solicited—but which were still subjected to a measuring process in the accounting-room of the newspaper offices and which were only meagrely profitable.

To be sure, his needs were quite simple. He made no contribution to the upkeep of the household. He kept his tailor's bills paid with a reasonable degree of promptitude. Usually, too, he had funds enough for books and other simple needs. Still, there were occasions when he had to go to his mother for assistance; and this practise he was compelled to contemplate with utter disfavor.

It is true that he never asked his mother for money. The Barons pronounced the word "money" as if it were spelled with a capital letter, like certain other more or less unsavory names: Lucretia Borgia, New Caledonia, Christian Science, Prussianism, or Twilight Sleep. He used to ask her, when need arose, if she had any street-carfare lying about. And she would put her index finger to her forehead and meditate, and then remember suddenly that there was some in her work-basket on the centre-table, or under something or other on the side-board. A burglar would have had a discouraging experience in the mansion—not because there was never anything to steal, but because what money there was

always lay about in such unpromising places.

"I really ought to get down to business," concluded Baron, sitting in his attic—though the phrase was inept, since business was another word which the Barons pronounced as if it were spelled with a capital letter.

The place was depressingly quiet, and the silence weighed upon Baron's spirit. He was glad when Bonnie May broke in upon his reverie.

She came into the attic room and spread her arms wide, inviting inspection. "You will please make no unkind remarks about my new dress," she began. She assumed the attitude of a fencer, and slowly turned around.

The subject—and the child's frivolous manner—irritated Baron. "Really, I think it's very pretty and suitable," he said.

"Not at all. It's neither pretty nor suitable—though both words mean about the same thing, when it comes to a dress. But it's a great improvement on that first thing. I told your mother that. I told her I'd wear it until I got something more becoming."

Baron sighed. "What did she say to that?"

"She was offended, of course. But what was I to do? I can't see that I was to blame."

"But can't you see that mother is doing the best she can for you, and that you ought to be grateful?"

"I see what you mean. But I believe in having an understanding from the beginning. She's got her ideas and I've got mine. She believes your Satan's if you look pretty—and I believe you ought to be, if you don't."

"But you do look—pretty." He spoke the last word ungraciously.

She shook her head slowly, her eyes thoughtfully averted. Then she brightened. "Anyway," she said, "I think it's the chance of my life—my being here with you all."

"A chance—for what?" he asked.

"Oh, to pick things up. You know I can't always be a Little Eva. I'll be too old for that after a while. And then it will be handy for me to have a little—a little class."

"Class!" exclaimed Baron. "Class?"

He had been thinking that the one thing wrong with his way of thinking and living was that he and his family had attached a silly importance to the class idea, and that it had prevented him from learning to be active and useful in ways that counted in the world in which he had to live.

"It's a good thing," defended Bonnie May. "It's needed in all the best plays. And you can't get it just by going to the wardrobe mistress, either. It's something that's got to be *in* you. In order to do it right you've pretty near got to have the goods."

She couldn't understand why Baron had spoken with such emphasis—with such resentment.

"Class," mused Baron to himself. He looked intently at this child who did not know where she had been born—who knew nothing even about her parentage.

But she had turned to a happier memory. "You know you can't play the part of Little Eva very long, even when you begin quite early. And I was just a little bit of a thing when I played it first." She laughed heartily. "I couldn't even speak plain. I used to say 'U'kle Tom!' How they laughed at me! 'U'kle Tom!' It's really a hideous word, isn't it? 'Uncle,' and 'Aunt,' too. You can see that the man who framed up those words never thought very highly of uncles and aunts. Just compare those words with 'father' and 'mother'! Aren't they lovely? 'Father!'" she spoke the words musingly. "'Father!'" Her body drooped forward slightly, and her face was pitched up so that she was gazing into space. "And 'mother!' . . . 'mother!'" Her voice had become a yearning whisper.

Baron touched her shoulders with gentle hands. "Don't, child!" he implored her.

She aroused herself as from a dream. Her eyes brightened. She looked at him searchingly. "You thought . . . I believe I was, too!"

She sprang to her feet. "I really do mean to pick up a lot of things while I am here," she added briskly. She walked across the floor. "An imitation of a person of class," she said. She moved with studied elegance. "You see!" she exclaimed, turning to him, "I can't do it

at all right. I ought to beat that." She returned to her starting-point. "See if I do it any better," she said.

Mrs. Baron appeared in the doorway, but neither Baron nor the child saw her. Again Bonnie May crossed the room. This time she assumed a slightly careless air, and looked airily at imaginary objects to right and left. Her movement was slightly undulating. She turned to Baron suddenly: "What you have to do is to really be proud, without thinking about it. I know how it ought to be done, but it's hard to get the hang of it. If you don't get it just right you're likely to look like a saleslady." She discovered Mrs. Baron, who stood rather scornfully in the doorway.

"Oh, Mrs. Baron!" she exclaimed. She was somewhat dismayed. She thought of adopting a conciliatory course. "You could show us just what I mean, if you would," she said.

"I came to say that dinner is ready," said Mrs. Baron. "Could show you what?"

"Won't you please come here?—quite over to this end of the room. Now please go out. We'll come right away."

Mrs. Baron regarded her sternly. Bonnie May flushed and her glance became softly appealing. She took Mrs. Baron's hand and patted it. "I'm not being rude, really," she declared. "It's as if we were asking you to settle a bet, you know."

"I don't understand at all."

"Well, please don't be angry. If you are, it will spoil everything."

Mrs. Baron turned to her son. He was telegraphing to her an earnest appeal, in which she read an assurance that she was not to be made ridiculous, even from the extraordinary view-point of Bonnie May.

"Did you understand that dinner is ready?" she asked.

"Yes, mother. We'll be right down."

Mrs. Baron left the room.

"Look at it! Look at it!" whispered Bonnie May. Her hands were clasped in a worshipful ecstasy. Her eyes seemed to retain the picture after Mrs. Baron had disappeared. Then she turned with swift intensity to Baron.

"Oh, I do hope she'll care for me a little!" she exclaimed. "She's so—so legitimate!"

XI

MYSTÉRIES—AND A CALLER

FROM a sky that had been rapidly clearing a bolt fell.

For the first time in his life Baron received one morning an anonymous communication.

The thing had the merit of brevity:

"Do not give up the child Bonnie May to any one who does not present a legal claim on her."

He threw the puzzling words aside. People did not pay any attention to anonymous communications, he reflected.

Nevertheless, he could not calm himself. He started nervously at the sound of the telephone-bell down in the dining-room.

Responding, he heard Thornburg's voice at the other end of the wire.

"Is this Baron? Say, can you come down to my office right away?" The manager's voice betrayed excitement, Baron thought. Or was he himself in an abnormal frame of mind?

"Yes, certainly," he replied. He added: "anything wrong?"

"Why—no; no, I think not. I'll tell you when you get here."

Something was wrong, however—Baron could see it the moment he entered the manager's office half an hour later.

He had to wait a little while for an audience. Thornburg was talking to an actress—or to a woman who had the appearance of an actress. She sat with her back toward the office-door, and did not turn around. But Thornburg, upon Baron's entrance, made a very obvious effort to bring the interview with this earlier caller to an end. He seemed vastly uncomfortable.

"What you ought to do is to get a stock engagement somewhere," Thornburg was saying impatiently. "I might possibly get you in with Abramson, out in San Francisco. He wrote me the other day about a utility woman. I'll look up his letter and see if there's anything in it. You might come back."

He arose with decision, fairly lifting the woman to her feet by the force of peremptory example. "About that other matter—" he moved toward the door, clearly

intimating that he wished to finish what he had to say outside the door.

The woman followed, but in passing Baron she paused and her eyes rested upon him sharply. There was a suggestion of suspicion in her manner, in her glance; and Baron had the vexing sensation of having seen her before without being able to identify her. A furrow appeared in his forehead. He made a determined effort to remember. No, he couldn't place her. She might be an actress he had seen on the stage somewhere or other.

She and Thornburg passed out of the office, and the manager closed the door behind him. Baron could still hear their voices, now lowered to an angry whisper. Thornburg seemed to be speaking accusingly, but Baron could not catch the words.

Then this one sentence, in Thornburg's voice, came sharply: "I tell you, you've worked me as long as you're going to!"

Then the manager, flushed and excited, re-entered the office and closed the door angrily.

And in that moment Baron remembered: that was the woman who had stood in the theatre talking in a tense fashion with the manager the day he, Baron, had sat up in the balcony box with Bonnie May!

He had no time to ponder this fact, however. Thornburg turned to him abruptly. "Have you seen the *Times* to-day?" he asked.

"I glanced at it. Why?"

The manager took a copy of the paper from a pigeonhole in his desk. "Look at that," he directed, handing the paper to Baron. It was folded so that a somewhat obscure item was uppermost.

Baron read: "Any one having knowledge of the whereabouts of the child calling herself Bonnie May, and professionally known by that name, will please communicate with X Y Z, in care of the *Times*."

Baron dropped the paper on the desk and turned to Thornburg. "I'll have to reply to that right away, of course," he said.

"That's precisely what I don't want you to do. That's why I sent for you. I want to attend to the matter myself."

Baron flushed. Then he arose with decision. "I'll leave it to you," he added. "Only, I want to make one condition."

"Oh—a condition! Well, what?"

"You'll not take offense, Thornburg." Baron's mind had gone back over several episodes, and his analysis of them pointed unyieldingly to one plain duty. "I want to ask you just one question, and you're to answer it in just a word—Yes or No."

"Well, what's the question?"

"The woman who was here in your office when I came in, who stood with you in the theatre that day I took Bonnie May home——"

"Well?"

"Is she the—the former Mrs. Thornburg? Is she the mother of Bonnie May?"

And Thornburg's answer came resolutely, promptly, in the tone of a man who tells the truth:

"No!"

Unconscious that destiny had its eye upon her, Bonnie May found increasing comfort and contentment in her new home.

As if for her special entertainment, unusual things happened.

For example, Mr. Addis called again! And a call from Mr. Addis became, in Bonnie May's drama-loving mind, the most delicious form of intrigue. Mrs. Baron became indignant at the very mention of Mr. Addis's name. Flora became quietly wistful.

Kneeling on a low brussels hassock at the front window of the upper floor one night Bonnie May saw the figure of a man extricate itself from the passing current of humanity and make resolutely for the Baron door.

She swiftly placed her finger on her lip and reflected. "Mr. Addis!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

She made a supreme effort to leave the room without appearing to have any definite purpose. Once out of sight in the hall, however, she rushed down the stairs, just in time to open the door before the bell was rung. She was in an elated state. She had the lower floor to herself, save for Mrs. Shepard, who would be sure not to interrupt.

"Oh! Mr. Addis!" she whispered eagerly. She promptly ushered him into the drawing-room and quietly closed the door with an effect of being absent-minded rather than designing. "Please sit down," she said. She had the light burning immediately.

She drew a chair forward and stood beside it a moment; and under her inspection Mr. Addis's cheeks took on even a deeper rosiness and his brown eyes twinkled.

"How is—my confederate?" he asked.

She was delighted. "That's it," she said. "That's what I want to be. Your confederate. May I?"

"You may," he said, with emphasis.

She sat down. "You know," she confided, "I'm strong for what you call heart interest. If you haven't got anything but manners in your show, you soon find that people are patronizing the burlesque houses. Don't you think I'm right?"

Mr. Addis did not make a very pertinent response to this. "You're a queer little customer," he said.

"That's what I call favorable criticism put into plain words. I thank you." She added, "I want to be friends with you if you'll let me, because I think we can't have the right kind of heart interest around here unless you—unless you take a more prominent part."

Mr. Addis nodded. "That's my idea, too. That's why I called. If you'll tell Mrs. Baron I'm here, I'll see if I can't get her to agree with us."

Bonnie May did not stir. "Please not just yet," she begged. "Couldn't we talk things over first? If I could find out what's wrong . . ." She looked at him with pretty embarrassment.

"What, for instance, would you like to know?"

She pulled herself farther back into her chair and reflected a moment. "Would you mind," she asked, "telling me how you got acquainted with Miss Flora?"

"Not at all. She's been coming to my store—to order things—ever since she was a little girl."

"Oh!—your store. Well, go on."

"And occasionally I've dropped into the church she goes to. You know who I am, I suppose?"

She beamed upon him. "I may not have all the details. Suppose you make a complete confession."

He shot a dubious glance at her; then he smiled. Bonnie May thought his teeth were quite wonderful. "I'm the head of the Addis Stores Company."

Bonnie May looked slightly dismayed.

"A business man," added Mr. Addis firmly. "I've admired Miss Flora a very long time. I had chances just to be nice and polite to her. I haven't taken any pains to hide from her, for a year or so——"

"I understand," Bonnie May finished for him.

"Well, then. But the trouble is that Mrs. Baron——"

"She can only see you with a pencil behind your ear," supplemented Bonnie May.

Mr. Addis laughed. "Now you have it!" he agreed.

Bonnie May pondered. "You know you're *not* a regular-looking Romeo," she conceded.

"I know that very well. But at the same time——"

She gave him time to finish; then, as he seemed to lack words, she came to his aid again. "If you undertook to pay a lady's travelling expenses, it would take a pretty smooth Iago to make you do anything nasty."

"That's it!" agreed Mr. Addis with emphasis.

"Have you tried the—the little, unimportant things?"

"As for an example?"

"Well, just as a suggestion—you know you weren't carrying a stick when you came in to-night."

"Oh, that sort of thing! You see, that's not in my line at all. I wouldn't know how to carry a stick, or where to put it. I don't see any use in 'em except to beat off dogs, maybe—and all the dogs like me!"

Bonnie May nodded. "After all, I believe you're right in not taking up that sort of thing. Anyway, I wasn't criticising. What I was saying was just—just confederate stuff, you know."

"Yes, I understand."

"Would you . . . would you mind telling me what you think about mostly?"

When you're not thinking about Miss Flora?"

Mr. Addis smiled quite delightedly. "Not at all. I think of a nice home, you know. A place out in the suburbs, with several acres of ground, with a driveway, and—and chickens," he concluded somewhat lamely.

"Chickens!" echoed Bonnie May.

"Well, there would be fresh eggs; and then the look of them about the place—especially the little ones; and roosters crowing in the morning."

She shook her head dubiously. "What else?" she asked.

"Oh, such things as investments. Ground in the new additions, where the values are going up fast. Such things."

Bonnie May put up a restraining hand. "That will do," she said. "Now tell me what chance you have of seeing Flora when you—when you haven't got your pencil behind your ear."

"Why, there's church. I can always go to church. They make a real to-do over me. They like to come to me for subscriptions, you know."

At the word "church" she looked at him with quickened interest. "Did they try to put anything over on you the first time you went there?" she asked.

"Not a thing."

"That's funny." She put her own experiences out of her mind. "Well," she resumed, "why don't you go to church regularly and let them see how nice and friendly you look when you haven't got your make-up on?"

"I've thought of that. But, you see, it doesn't seem quite honest. As I understand it, church is mostly for singing; and I couldn't carry a tune any more than a bird could carry a bank-account. I'd feel like an impostor if I went."

Bonnie May, sitting bolt upright in her chair, put her hand on her heart and moved her head, carefully erect, as far forward as possible, without changing the attitude of her shoulders.

"I greet you," she said. "I can't sing either."

"And so going to church doesn't seem to put me in Miss Flora's class at all."

"Still," observed Bonnie May thoughtfully, "Flora is not one of the Original Songbird Sisters herself."

"No, but she follows along. And I never could get the hang of the thing at all."

Bonnie May laughed swiftly, and then cast a cautious eye at the ceiling and checked herself. "After all," she said, "we're not getting at the real trouble, whatever it is. You know the difference between the Old Families and the—the others, is that the others talk about making money, while the Old Families talk about spending it. You're not an Old Family probably?"

"Well, I never talk about it, if I am. I like to work. I like to be interested in things that everybody else is interested in. The objection to me, I think, is that my business happens to be groceries. People think of soap, I suppose, and a crate of eggs, with here and there a broken one in it. Ugly things, you know."

Bonnie May shuddered. "Please don't!" she implored. "You must keep your mind off of it. Your suburban-home idea is nice. But put a soft pedal on the chickens. Think of Chinese lanterns. Lawn parties, I mean. Talk about *al fresco* performances of Shakespeare, and house parties. Don't let anybody think about how you earn money. Let them believe you've just got it! Really, it's not a very nice subject. If the word 'money' ever comes up, just yawn and say something about not being able to decide whether you want to spend the summer in the Yellowstone or in the Thousand Islands."

Mr. Addis shook his head. "No," he said. "I couldn't put on airs. You see, I think Miss Flora thinks enough of me as I am, and I couldn't be something different just to please her mother."

At this juncture Mrs. Baron, in her sitting-room, closed the anthology with the flexible leather covers and inclined her head slightly.

"Flora," she called, "I'm sure I hear voices down-stairs. Will you go see?"

Flora appeared in the doorway. "I can't hear anything," she said. "Where's Bonnie May? I thought she was here with you."

"I thought she was here too, until just now. She may be 'receiving' to-night. Of course she wouldn't think it necessary to take us into her confidence."



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"Enter the heroine!" was the child's greeting.—Page 606.

Flora sighed softly. "I really don't hear anybody," she said. "I expect she's gone up to Victor's room." A smile came to her lips as she went down-stairs. Her mother's petulance had been of the sort she might be expected to manifest if her own child had irritated her.

She was startled when she opened the drawing-room door and confronted Mr. Addis and Bonnie May.

"Enter the heroine!" was the child's greeting. "Exit the crowd." She would have left the room then, but Miss Baron stood in her way.

"Bonnie May!" she cried with gentle severity, "I'm afraid you're going to get us all into trouble one of these days." She turned a flushed face to Mr. Addis. "Good evening," she said, with reproach in her tone. She added, with gentle mischief, "You seem to have gained an ally."

Mr. Addis was on his feet shaking her hand vigorously. "I have," he confessed. "But please don't blame her. I think I haven't set her a very good example."

Flora turned to the child with a kind of forlorn fondness, and made a characteristic movement, as if she were pushing escaping strands of hair into place. She appeared not to observe that Mr. Addis was still holding her hand. Then with evident decision she moved away from him.

"It won't do," she declared, meeting the visitor's eyes. "It's not the right way to do things."

"I've been trying to think of the right way," replied Mr. Addis with dignity.

"But doing things secretly . . . I don't believe anything is worth having unless you have it honestly—even a friendship. You know how mother feels. And—and I can't quarrel with her. I think a little injustice is better than quarrelling." Her voice held a note of sadness, of discouragement.

Mr. Addis suddenly stood more erect. "Miss Flora, you're right," he said. "I mustn't try to hide anything. I won't."

"Bonnie May," said Flora, "will you please go and ask mother to come down?"

"That's it," agreed Mr. Addis. "The thing for me to do is to have a little talk with her." And then they waited, without looking at each other, until Mrs.

Baron descended the stairs and entered the room.

The poor old lady's manner hardened the instant she entered the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Addis," she said in a tone of frank resentment. "I don't believe we were expecting you."

"No, I wasn't expected," replied Mr. Addis. "I hope you'll excuse me for taking you by surprise."

Flora was holding to a chair as if for support. She did not sit down.

"There's no harm done," said Mrs. Baron. "I dare say there won't be." She seated herself with great firmness of purpose, and looked from Mr. Addis to Flora and then back to Mr. Addis without winking.

This aloof form of bullying had a happy effect upon Mr. Addis. He became ominously calm.

"No, no harm at all," he said. "On the contrary. I think a little plain talk may be the best thing for all of us. Maybe I haven't come to the point as I should have done, up to now. I think I've been a little timid, you know. But here's the fact. I think Miss Flora here is the finest girl I've ever met. I've got great respect for you, too, Mrs. Baron. And for your family. But—the plain truth is, I want Miss Flora. I don't say she's mine for the asking. But I want the right and the chance to consult her about it. If she tells me she's quite sure I won't do, that'll settle it. But you seem to have made up your mind beforehand that Flora shall not have a mind of her own. One of the reasons why I think so highly of her is that she is a good daughter. That isn't such a common thing, nowadays, Mrs. Baron. She's nice and high-minded. She wouldn't stoop to any tricks. She's a young lady who tells the truth. And that, if you will excuse me, is something I like to do myself. What I want to point out is that I don't believe you've thought what it means for you to take advantage of her obedience and respect. You don't want her to pay a penalty for being a good girl. Give her a chance. Give me a chance. I don't mind your proving to her that I wouldn't make her a good husband—if you can. But you can trust to her sense and to her honor. Be frank

with her. Don't treat her as if she were a child. You know, madam, it's her own affair more than it is yours, after all. Give her and me a chance to talk it over."

Flora's color came and went during this patient, rather labored recital. The utterly prosaic course events were taking, as a result of her mother's prejudice, impressed her strangely. She could have laughed—but also she could have wept.

Mrs. Baron had refused to meet Mr. Addis's eyes while he spoke, but now she compelled herself to regard him. Her eyebrows were at a most formidable elevation. "I have tried to impress you with the fact, Mr. Addis," she said, "that I do not consider you a suitable person to—to become associated in any way with my family."

Mr. Addis flushed. "The loss would be mine, ma'am, if I were not permitted to be friendly toward all the members of your family, but if you will pardon me, I can very easily console myself for the loss, if I have Miss Flora." These words Mr. Addis spoke with unmistakable emphasis.

"Would you mind," said Mrs. Baron, speaking very evenly, "would you mind not speaking quite so loudly?"

She succeeded in conveying the idea that he had violated all the laws of good taste, and that she had borne with him like a martyr.

Mr. Addis looked at her questioningly. When he spoke again his voice was low, his words were measured.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I always tell my young men not to become too spirited when they're in earnest. If I have offended in that way I ask you to excuse me."

There was a lump in Flora's throat. He had accepted a rebuke which seemed to her needless, and even cruel, with the kind of dignity which her mother should have prized above all other qualities. And he seemed so splendidly simple and earnest and strong.

She came forward with an obvious effort to speak and move easily. "Mother," she said, "Mr. Addis is only asking to be received here as a visitor. He has paid us the compliment of wishing to become better acquainted with us. Can you think of any good reason why he shouldn't?—because, really, I can't think of any at all."

"Oh, you can't!" responded her mother. "Then I'll make it plain to you. For the present I must ask you to go upstairs and let me have a word with this—this gentleman, who appears to have his own method of getting into houses where he isn't invited."

Flora was too deeply wounded to respond to this. Shame and grief were in her glance. "Good night," she said. She went out of the room without glancing back. But there was something strangely eloquent in her exit. She seemed to take with her beauty and light, and to leave the room a prey to all manner of unloveliness.

Something in her bearing had dismayed Mrs. Baron. Something, too, in the cold, steady glance of Mr. Addis dismayed her. She turned nervously toward the hall. "Flora!" she called. "Flora!" And she followed her daughter up the broad stairway.

They had all forgotten Bonnie May. When she had summoned Mrs. Baron, at the behest of Flora and Mr. Addis, she had returned, quietly and unobserved, and had taken her place inconspicuously in a far corner of the room.

Now she came forward, a light of eagerness in her eyes.

"That was a great speech you made," she said.

Mr. Addis, gazing toward the empty staircase, seemed unaware of her presence.

"It was good stuff," she said; and then Mr. Addis, like one who returns from a strange country, turned to her with an almost unseeing glance.

(To be continued.)



The QUEST of NARCISSE LABLANCHE

by George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

“**QUEY!** Quey!” As he spoke, the bowman of the thirty-foot freighter bound up the Albany to Fort Matagami on the English River, rose to his feet, shading his eyes with a lean hand.

Up-stream, the far flash of dripping paddles in the July sun already low on Keewatin hills, marked an approaching canoe. “What is it, David?” called a bearded Scotchman from the stern of the big birch-bark, which bore on its curved bow the letters H. B. C.

“Four paddle! ‘Jibway!’” replied the half-breed after an interval, still watching intently the regularly repeated dip and swing of spruce blades driven by sinewy hands in the oncoming craft.

“Ojibway crew? It must be a Fort

Hope boat, then,” said the Scotchman. “Swing her inshore. We’ll wait for ‘em.”

The bowman thrust forward his long paddle, and, with a turn, pried the nose of the canoe off the current, while five narrow Cree blades drove the boat sidling to the shore.

Shortly the nearing canoe, swept downstream by the vicious lunge of its Ojibway crew, aided by the swift current, was within speaking distance.

Again the bowman called.

“Bo’-jo! Bo’-jo!” came the answer from many throats, and with a few strokes the up-river canoe was alongside.

“Hello, Craig! What brings you to Albany in July? We passed your York boats yesterday homeward bound,” called the factor of Fort Matagami.

“The same reason, Walter Douglas, that brought you to the Bay with your English River brigade when you belong at

home—the longing for the sight of a red Scotch beard and the taste of a drop of Highland dew.”

While Douglas acquainted the Fort Hope factor with the news from the outside world brought by the spring ship to James Bay, the crews, holding the canoes against the current with propped setting poles, exchanged the gossip of the fur-posts in a medley of Ojibway, Cree, and broken English. But one, a tall French-Cree, leaning on his pole behind the bowman of the Matagami boat, took no part in the chatter. As he listened, his black eyes wandered from one to another of the up-river crew. Finally, his gaze focussed momentarily on the grizzled sternman whose sharp features, and lighter color even under the tan, marked a strong strain of French blood. Presently the low sun warned the Company men of the necessity for seeking camp-grounds and the canoes parted.

The Fort Hope boat had left the freighter slowly bucking the current and was well down-stream, when the young breed in the Matagami canoe said, in Cree, to the bowman:

“The old man in the canoe from Hope—he is no Ojibway?”

“No,” replied David, over his shoulder, “he is a Frenchman. He comes from Quebec.”

“Why does he work at a post in the Ojibway country?”

“I don’t know. He came to the Bay many snows ago.”

“What is his name?”

“They call him Black Jack.”

“Black Jack?” Rising to his feet, the younger man turned with an oath toward the down-river boat.

“What’s the matter with you, Narcisse? Sit down!” shouted Douglas from the stern.

Oblivious to the command, Narcisse Lablanche, his dark features distorted with hate, hurled curse after curse at the fast-disappearing canoe.

In wonder at this paroxysm of rage, the bowman turned to him:

“What you do, Narcisse? De ‘mal-dé-tête’ get you?”

A parting grimace of mingled hatred and despair twisted the swart features of the frenzied youth as he turned from the

boat speeding down the Albany trail. Then until the freighter swung into the shore for the night, the boiling of Albany water behind his blade as he followed the quick strokes of the bowman, or the vicious drive of his pole as he threw his weight into it, alone told of the desperation and grief that obsessed him.

As the crew unloaded the long craft preparatory to turning it over on the shore, the factor spoke to him:

“Look here, Narcisse, you stick in camp to-night and don’t go trailin’ down-river after that Fort Hope crowd. You can’t settle any old scores on this trip. If you’re missing when we break camp tomorrow, there’ll be trouble. Understand?”

But the silent Narcisse had no answer for his chief. Later, when the men sprawled around the fire after supper, the tall bowman sought the sullen youth, who sat apart, head in hands, gazing moodily between narrowed eyelids at the blazing birch logs.

David sat down at his side, produced a black plug, cut with his knife a pipeful, and handed the plug to Narcisse. Lablanche took the tobacco and filled his pipe. Then the older man drew a burning ember from the fire and lighted both pipes. For a time they smoked, until the older man spat at the fire and broke the silence.

“You never see heem before, dees Black Jack?”

The face of Narcisse remained set, the beady eyes intent on the fire. From the rigid lips came no answer.

The two smoked on. Finally, after an interval, the younger man took the pipe from his mouth, expelled a cloud of smoke, and with eyes still on the fire, said slowly:

“It ees many long snows.”

Again silence, until the older man ventured:

“You not lak heem?”

Slowly came the low answer: “He be dead man now, eef I know heem to-day.”

“Ah-hah!” the other murmured, exhaling a mouthful of smoke. Then, Indian-like, he threw out indirectly:

“He mak’ some bad t’ings wid your famile?”

The stone-hard face of Narcisse Lablanche for the first time relaxed. His

mouth shaped a bitter smile as he nodded.

"Oua, he mak' some leetle trouble wid my famile. Ah-hah! Some leetle trouble!" he repeated, and the deep-set eyes took on a far-away look as though the words of David had conjured a vision of pain out of the past—a cruel memory. Then he drew a sinewy hand across his brow as if to blot out the picture. "Oua" continued Lablanche, "he was so close to-day, I keel heem wid de knife." His lean fingers closed convulsively as if upon the throat of his enemy.

He rose, took an ember from the fire, and lit the pipe which had gone out. Then he resumed his seat beside the silent bowman and began, in the Cree tongue of their mothers:

"This I speak, for you were to me a father when I came to Fort Matagami. Never in the many moons we have journeyed by canoe and dog-team have you asked me what trouble eats at my heart. The sternman from Fort Hope, some day, I will kill as the gray wolf kills the moose that is weak from age and hunger. So!" Thrusting out his right hand in a quick movement, the speaker opened and shut his fingers, following the gesture with a turn of the wrist.

"Many moons have I camped on his trail; north up the east shore of the Big Water under the white lights where the husky sleeps in snow-tepees, and hunts in skin canoes the long-toothed fish that breathe the air, and the seal, brother to the otter, and the great bear with fur like the snow. But I never looked on his face, for they told him I had come to find him.

"Far into the Ojibway country beyond Lac Seul, to the great Lake of the Spirit, I wandered to that fort of the Company called Norway House, but, fearing me, he had gone.

"Into the south I travelled, even to the trail over which the white man drives the iron horse fed with fire; but always, he had gone. One summer I went on the Company boat to Fort Churchill, many sleeps over the Big Water toward the setting sun, for they told me he had wintered there with the French traders. But no man knew where he had journeyed. He had travelled in a Company canoe to Lac

Isle-à-la-Cross, and the crew had returned without him.

"Over the north I have followed him from the day I was strong enough to voyage in Company boat or drive the dogs. Eight long snows have drifted and vanished in the sun since I left Albany and the good Père Bisant at the mission, to search for this man. And now to-day, I found him and knew him not."

Again the tense features of the speaker knotted with pain. The man at his side smoked on. In a moment the other continued:

"He was a dead man to-day, but he has gone."

Once more David ventured: "He is a bad man; he made trouble with your famile, maybe?"

Slowly came the answer: "He killed my mother."

"Ah-hah!"

"He killed my mother, and I will find and kill him if his trail reaches into the sunset even to the great Barren Grounds."

For some time the two men sat watching the fire. Then Narcisse spoke:

"I will tell you a story.

"Many snows ago a Frenchman came to Fort Albany. His dogs were better than any the Crees had. He had credit, too, with the Company, and was a good hunter and canoe-man, so the factor said who had known him in Quebec. He came from the Timiskiming country with a fine outfit—canoe, tent, traps, everything. That summer, at the mission, he married my mother, a young girl."

The speaker paused as if to control the emotion that memory roused in him, then continued:

"It was the winter of the rabbit-plague. We were camped far on the headwaters of the Drowning River. There were three of us. I had seen four summers, but there was no other child. The snow came early and was the longest in many years. Toward spring, the salt goose and dried fish were gone, and the moose and caribou had left the country. It was hard to travel, for the snow kept filling up the trails after they were hardened. Never had there been so much snow. Although my mother set her rabbit-snares for many miles around our camp, because of the plague she caught few; and the par-

tridge and ptarmigan were starving and scarce."

Lablanche was silent for a space, then began again.

"It was the moon of the breaking of the snowshoes. The ice still held in the river, but the trails were too soft for travel with the sled, and besides we had eaten our dogs. We caught few fish in the net under the ice or with bait, and were slowly starving. Unless my father found moose or caribou soon, the river would open too late for us to reach Henley House.

"I was very young, but I remember, now, the look in my mother's eyes when she put me in the blankets at night. That I might eat she starved. The rabbits she snared she often hid from him, that I might have enough, for my father needed much food to give him strength to hunt. Often, when he found me eating, they quarrelled. But she loved her son and was not afraid.

"At last, one night, when he returned with no game, they talked long in the tepee by the fire. Before daylight, my father left to hunt for caribou, as he had to travel far before the sun softened the snow. Days we waited, my mother and I, living on a rabbit and a few fish."

Lablanche sat long, with his head in his hands. Then he finished his story.

"She never saw him again. His heart was rotten, like the spring ice in the lakes. After many sleeps, he crawled, half dead, into Henley House and fattened there, while his wife and child starved far on the Drowning River. She took food from herself that I might live. When the ice went out, she caught a few fish, and a rabbit now and then, but there came a sun when she was too weak to go to the snares. One night she took me in her arms and lay down in our blankets. In the morning when I cried to her, she heard me not. I touched her face. It was cold.

"She would starve no more that her son might live. She had gone to the Happy Valley where there are no long snows and men with the hearts of wolverines, to wait for me. Later some Crees found our tepee and brought me to Henley House."

The speaker stopped, then, turning to the man at his side, said:

"He left us that he might fill his belly. We could not all reach the post, until the

river opened, so he went away alone. Some day I will have his throat here in my two hands, so, and as he begs for life and chokes, I will say: 'This is for the little starved mother and the child you deserted on the Drowning River. This child you gave life, now gives you death for the woman you forgot.'"

"You do well to keel heem. He ees a ver' bad man," David said.

One afternoon, weeks later, a birchbark was slowly poled up the rapids below Martin's Falls on the middle Albany. The lean face of the half-breed voyageur lighted with a smile as he turned a bend and recognized the buildings of the loneliest fur-post in Ontario, huddled on the high shore above the white water. Swiftly his long pole drove the light craft against the current, the practise of years making easy what would have been an impossible feat for one less skilled. Greeted at the shore by a pack of half-wild huskies which he kicked out of his way, he climbed the path leading to the stockade and trade-house.

"Quey! Quey!" grunted the half-breed factor, surprised at the appearance of a single Company Indian at this season on the middle Albany.

"De old man from Fort Hope, he has passed on his return?" was the eager question.

"No, he's down-river still. What you doin' up here? I t'o't you were a Mata-gami man."

"I carry letter for old man at Fort Hope. When I reach de Albanee, I tink he gone by, and I come up six sleeps."

"Six sleeps? By Gar! you travel fast."

By sunrise on the following morning many a mile of racing river separated the canoe of Narcisse from the post at Martin's Falls. Three days he travelled before sighting his quest far below the mouth of the English. Then one late afternoon, beneath a flock of gray geese swinging down-stream into the far distance, he saw the flash of paddles.

"Ah-hah!" he muttered. "At last he comes to me. One sleep will see de end of dees 'malade' in de heart of Narcisse Lablanche." He turned his canoe to the shore and hid it in the thick brush. Then he waited.

It was after sundown when the Fort Hope boat came abreast of the watcher in the willows. As they followed the west shore of the wide river, seeking a campground, the faces of the crew were indistinguishable, but there in the stern stood the man whom for eight years he had hunted through the wide north. The eyes of the half-breed glittered as he watched them poling slowly against the current. His heart tortured him with its pounding.

Not a hundred yards above him they landed on the opposite shore and made camp. Where the watcher lay, the laughter of the crew, as they busied themselves with their cooking and pitched the leaking seams of the birch-bark, drifted across on the twilight air. When the dusk fell, the light of their fire against the background of spruce marked his goal to the one who had waited years for this moment.

Stars pierced the purple sky as night closed in on the restless river. Pipes were smoked and the light from the fire went low. Dark shapes passed to and fro, and finally he knew that they were rolled in their blankets.

For two hours he waited that they might lie deep in sleep when he crossed. Then, putting his canoe into the water, he paddled swiftly down-stream to the opposite shore. The river ran too strong for paddling against the current and he dared not pole, so he waded silently, drawing the canoe behind him. A hundred yards below the camp he left the boat on the beach and crept toward the sleepers. The fire was almost dead, but the waning light from the red embers threw into relief the white mosquito tent of the factor. Waiting a moment with ear strained for the breathing of the crew, he rose to his knees behind some low willows and looked. There, rolled in their blankets near the fire, they lay. But the man he sought—which was he?

Narcisse stood upright to obtain a better view, when a snore and a groan from a sleeper dropped him flat on his chest. The "Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo" of a gray owl held him there, scarcely breathing. A wood-mouse skimmed over the leaves. Then, like a blanket, silence fell again.

After years of fruitless search this man whom he hunted should not escape him

through too much haste. The night was young; so he lay, shaken by his laboring heart as a boat by its engine.

Later he stole into the friendly depth of some young balsam that he might study the sleeping shapes. But not a face was exposed. Indian-fashion, and to escape the flies, they slept with blankets over their heads. There lay four men—three Ojibways and a Frenchman. Which was his man?

Learning nothing where he was, he began to crawl on his stomach nearer. He had his knife in his teeth now, for it was swift work and a quick flight that lay before him. No slow strangling while the terror in his victim's eyes faded into the glassy stare of death. No one should know; David would keep his secret safe at Matagami. A deep thrust home, and daylight would overtake him a day's journey down the river.

He raised his head to look at the two men who lay near him, side by side. Their moccasins were Ojibway. A Frenchman in summer would sleep in his socks. Again he circled back, and approached from the rear the remaining two sleepers. An Ojibway moccasin, poked out of a blanket, covered the foot of one. Besides, this was a large man, too large to be the one he sought.

As he lay within striking distance of the other a wave of exultation swept him. Trembling with the joy of the moment, Narcisse Lablanche forgot his danger and the long trail he had taken to reach this man. Memory gripped like fingers of steel at his throat. He saw a hollow-cheeked little mother in a tepee, on the Drowning River, feeding her son while she starved. His face set hard. His teeth bit at the blade of his knife. Closer he wormed his way to the sleeping form. He was within arm's length of his goal when the sleeper moved, groaning in his dreams. In a flash Lablanche had his knife at the muffled throat. Again the sleeper groaned, mumbling in Ojibway.

The pounding heart of Narcisse, checked, turned to ice. He became desperate. Could he have made a mistake? He must see the sleeper's face at the hazard of waking him and the whole camp.

The regular snoring was resumed. Narcisse took a position at full length by the



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

"My son, when will you put this revenge from your heart?"—Page 615.

side of his victim. If any of them waked but partially and saw him, he would be mistaken for one of the crew. A stockinged foot showed beneath the blanket. The rest wore Ojibway moccasins. It was he whom he sought.

Slowly, with great care, he began cutting a slit in the soft Company blanket which, tucked under, covered the back of the sleeper's head. If the hair was grizzled, it was his man, and he would drive the knife deep in under the left shoulder-blade, and make for the canoe.

He had cut the two sides of a flap that would expose the hair, when the sleeper moaned and changed his position. Burying his face in his arm, Narcisse snored loudly, watching from the corner of his eye. With a grunt the man sank again in slumber. For a long while the hunter lay motionless, then he carefully turned back the flap he had cut in the blanket.

Pain stabbed his heart as his knife would have pierced that of his victim. The hair beneath was black as a crow's wing.

Dazed, and in his disappointment reckless now of the danger of being caught, he rose and carefully examined the three men he had passed by. They were all Ojibways.

Despair crushed him. The one he sought had escaped. Raising his hands to the stars, he shook his clenched fists at the Fate that so ironically thwarted him, and stole back to his canoe.

Four days later, at Albany, Père Bisant walked before his mission on the river shore, with a kindly arm across the shoulders of a tall half-breed.

"Yes, he came with the Fort Hope boat, but went to Moose in a Company canoe, and is, no doubt, headed for Timiskiming and the settlements."

"He knew that I would not let him live at Fort Hope till the long snow," said the voyageur bitterly. "I have lost him again."

"My son, when will you put this revenge from your heart, this fire that consumes you? Have I not told you these many years that the Great Father will not forgive one who slays him who has given him life?"

"Yes, father, but the hunger and the

thirst and the pain will not die. It is always here." The speaker struck his chest with clenched fist. "Always the face of that little starving mother is in my thoughts. Always those eyes, so sad, so big, look at me. I will hunt him till I can run no longer with the dogs or journey in the Company boats. I will follow his trail while this arm can strike with the knife, or these fingers sink into his throat."

"My son, from the time I taught you as a child in the mission school, I have loved you, and it grieves me that this demon still rages in your heart. I would that the man would die and give you peace."

Six years later Narcisse Lablanche, head voyageur at Fort Matagami, drove the Fort Albany winter packet around to the trade-house to get the mail-bag and his provisions for the trip. Douglas, the factor, was finishing a letter to the commissioner at Winnipeg as the courier entered the store.

"Narcisse, David's rheumatism is too bad for the Albany trail; you'll have to take the dogs through alone. I don't think the old man will be good for many hard winter trails again," said the factor, closing the mail-bag and handing it to Narcisse.

"It looks like dirty weather. You'd better take two weeks' rations. You'll likely run into a northwester."

Narcisse lashed the provision-bags, tent, and blankets on the light sled, with whitefish for the dogs, and, shaking hands with the factor, shouted a "Bo'-jo'!" to the post people. Cracking his long dog-whip, he turned the team down into the river trail and was off on a swinging trot.

Except for the position of honor that he now held in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, as head Company man at Fort Matagami, time had made little change. The best bowman on the English and lower Albany River, and a hardened dog-runner, he had long been indispensable to the great Company. Having no family of his own, he sat, when at the post, in the cabin of old David, while the children of David's children crawled over him, and he shared David's tepee when they trapped together during the months the Company's service did not require

them. Long since he had put from his heart the hope of finding the man who had deserted his wife and child, for the news had come to Albany years before that the Frenchman, "Black Jack" Lablanche, had been drowned in the Montreal River near Lake Timiskiming, far to the south-east toward the settlements.

Cracking his whip at the lead-dog's ears, he swung down the hard sled-trail of the English River, with pleasant anticipation of a few days at Albany with his old friend, Père Bisant, of the Oblat Mission.

Behind him fled the white miles, for his dogs were fast. At times, where the wind had beaten the snow from the ice, he rode on the sled, urging on the too willing huskies, who were as keen for the trail as a thoroughbred for the thrill of the race.

On the third day out of Matagami the Albany packet ran into the blizzard. Through the afternoon, before the snow had made deep enough for the drive and swirl of the northwester to block the trail with drifts, Narcisse forced the dogs, head on, into it. Then, when the fierce cold froze the powdery flakes into a needle-pointed scourge which beat blood from the faces of man and dogs, and the team, refusing to face the torture longer, swung round in their traces with thick-coated backs to the torment, Narcisse gave up and made camp in the spruce timber of the shore where he waited for the withering wind to spend its fury.

One afternoon, days later, the Albany mail was jingling again into the north, now floundering through white ridges, shoulder-high, now racing over the icy shell of the river, swept naked of snow by the unleashed wind. For some time the dogs had been slowly making their way behind their master who broke trail through a long stretch of new snow. Suddenly the lead-dog threw up his muzzle and sniffed, then yelped. This action was followed by the dogs behind.

Narcisse turned, looking in the direction of their pointed noses. No tepee smoke of storm-bound traveller rose above the silent spruce forest. The dogs had caught the scent of some animal on the near shore, and were excited. There might be moose or caribou in there stalled by the blizzard. The thought of fresh meat spurred him.

Unlashing his rifle in its skin case from the sled, he drove the team to the shore and, much against their protest, tied them with their traces to trees. In the deep, soft snow they would only hinder his hunting. Then he circled far back up-wind, hoping to strike a fresh trail. But the snow lay unmarked as the storm had left it, except by the tracks of furred creatures, who, on the previous night, had sought to break a three days' fast.

Narcisse had reached the river shore again, above his team, and was approaching, when their excited yelping broke out anew. He hurried to them and loosed their traces. On being freed the lead-dog at once ran down the shore a few hundred yards, followed by his mates, and disappeared in the spruce, where the yelping began again.

The curiosity of Narcisse was aroused. They had found something in that silent forest that had escaped him. Following their trail into the thick timber, he discovered them scratching at a tepee half buried in the snow. Out of a drift near the tent stuck the end of a sled and the webbed toe of a snow-shoe. All other signs of human habitation were obliterated by the snow.

With the shoe Narcisse hurriedly shovelled down to the tent-opening, knowing too well what horror might lie within. Tearing open the frozen caribou-skin flap, he peered inside. There, muffled in blankets, lay a body beside the dead embers of a fire. Scattered about with cooking-utensils were fragments of bones, which had been broken and boiled for their marrow. It was a starvation camp on which he had stumbled, and not the first.

Crawling into the tepee, Narcisse turned back the blankets from the huddled body. A mat of long gray hair and beard obscured the sunken features of an old half-breed. Hurriedly he examined the body for signs of life. Detecting a faint flutter of the heart, the Company man vigorously set to work in a struggle with the white death for the life of the man he had found.

Bringing up his sled, he soon had a fire going under kettles of tea and pemican. Then he started in to rub the circulation back into the shrivelled limbs of the old breed. Soon he could distinguish the



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

One January afternoon, at dusk, the Matagami winter mail jingled up to the trade-house.—Page 619.

faint beating of the heart, and redoubled his efforts. For an hour Narcisse battled for the life that he barely held from snuffing out by a hair. At length the quivering of sunken eyelids told him he would win. When he was able to get the half-conscious man to swallow some hot tea, the fight was over.

Late that night the stricken one opened his eyes and muttered a few words in Cree, then sank into a peaceful sleep. With the aid of the life-giving tea and steaming soup, Narcisse had conquered starvation and the white death.

For days the packet camped in the spruce, while the starved man was gaining sufficient strength to ride on the sled to Albany. Anxious as he was to reach the fort and his friends there, Lablanche patiently nursed the old man without regret at the delay, for of the unwritten laws of the north none is more rigidly observed than that commanding the succor of those worsted by the relentless hand of nature. From Labrador to Bering Sea, while there is game for the kettle or bannocks for the pan, to ask is to be fed.

Gradually the old Indian regained his strength and began to talk. He said he had been trapping alone on the headwaters of a small river. Some time back the scarcity of game had wiped out his provisions to such an extent that he had started for Albany. On the way downstream to the Albany River he had fallen and hurt his leg. This had prevented him from travelling, and he had been forced to eat his dogs. The last dog went before the blizzard. He was a French-Cree with relations who traded at Albany, but no living family. Starvation had completed what the strain of winter trail and summer portage had left of life and strength in his aged frame.

At length the old man was strong enough to ride on the sled, on which Narcisse had fashioned a cariole body of wooden strips lashed with caribou hide, taken from the sled of the Indian.

So one January afternoon, at dusk, the Matagami winter mail jingled up to the trade-house at Fort Albany with its human freight. Narcisse drove his team at once to the Oblat Mission below the post

to turn over the invalid to his friend, Père Bisant.

At the door of the mission stood the bearded priest awaiting them.

"My son, it gladdens my heart to see you," cried the father in Cree, gripping Narcisse's hand. "We feared for you when the northwester struck in. A dog-team was to go up-river to look for you in a day or two. But what have you here?" the priest asked, peering into the dusk at the blanketed form on the sled.

"Old Indian, starved out, father," replied the courier. "He was too weak to travel." Then under his breath: "He is a very old man, and I think will take the long trail soon."

"Take him into the hospital, my son; we have two there who were brought in yesterday."

Narcisse unlashed his passenger and carried him into the log hospital of the Oblat Mission, where two lay brothers took the old man and placed him in a bunk by the roaring stove.

Then the voice of Père Bisant called Lablanche to the priest's private room.

"Come to me, my son, that I may look at your face in the light. It is indeed good to see you again, straight and strong as ever. It is many moons since you were at Albany." He spoke in Cree.

"Yes, father, and your face shows much worry for your children, while the snow falls thick upon your brow."

"My cares are many. The winter has been lean for my people, and word has come that already there are many starvation camps on the Elkwan. But, come, let us look to your man; what is his name?"

"He told me his French name was Joe Brazeau," said Narcisse, following Père Bisant into the bunk-room.

The old man lay asleep where the light from a large lantern fell full on his face. Seating himself on the cot, the priest pushed back the tangled gray hair from the emaciated features. He looked long at the famine-pinched face. Presently he turned as if to speak to Lablanche, who stood with back toward him warming his hands at the stove. For a moment Père Bisant sat deep in thought, then he hurriedly exposed the neck of the sleeping man. A long scar crossed the left collar-

bone. Again the priest carefully examined the face before him.

"Come!" he commanded, rising and moving to the door, his dark eyes strangely bright. When they were alone in the priest's room, Père Bisant took the astonished Lablanche into his arms. "My son," he cried, "at last my prayers are answered. You have put the demon from your heart."

The half-breed held the priest at arm's length.

"What words do you spik, father?"

"Mock me not, my son. I have loved you since I taught you as a child here at Albany. And when you went into the north, seeking one you would destroy, it grieved me much. But now——"

"By Gar! What you say?" The perplexed Narcisse trembled with a great fear that suddenly swept him.

It was the priest's turn to be amazed. "Do you not know?" he asked.

"Oh, no! No!" groaned the one to whom the light was coming as a knife comes to the breast. "Dat ole man in dere, et ees not he. He were drown' long ago, long ago. No! No! Eet ees not he!"

Narcisse buried his face on the priest's shoulder.

A great disappointment made heavy the heart of Père Bisant as he sighed: "And you did not know, my son, who this man was?"

"I nevaire see heem but one tam in all dese year I hunt for heem."

As he finished, Narcisse strode to the room where the man he had saved slept. Fearing his intentions, the priest followed. With face picturing the hate that was in his breast, the half-breed stood with clenched hands menacing the man who had left his wife and child to a wilderness

death that he might live. Then the priest led him away.

Late that night they sat and talked—the priest and the victim of fate's irony. The good medicine of this kindly physician of souls was working its cure at last. The wound in the heart of the sufferer, open and raw for years, had begun to heal.

As they parted the priest said: "Remember, my son, she once loved you both. She would have it as it is. From the Happy Valley where she looks out to-night, she sees you together here, and is glad. Yes, she would have it so."

Long alone sat Narcisse after his friend left him. Many and far trails he travelled in memory; from a lone tepee on the Drowning River, north up the east coast, where the white lights veil the stars; south to the iron rails; west where the sun sets in the great barrens. Over these his fancy hurried him by phantom dog-team and canoe, always seeking one who eluded him. Again he lived through the torture of those goalless years as he pursued his quest. Twice in the night, when the old hate momentarily mastered the growing peace in his heart, he went to the bedside of the man he had sworn to kill. Twice the last words of the Oblat father sent him back to his vigil in the other room.

At last the vision of one in the Happy Valley conquered the bitterness. Rising, he went to the sleeping man. Stretching forth his arms, with eyes that beheld a mother and child in snow-enveloped tepee on a desolate river shore, deserted, he groaned:

"Maybe de good père spiks true. She would have eet so."



THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN

By Frederic C. Howe

Author of "Why War," etc.



WHEN the story of the European war comes to be written by an impartial historian, its ultimate causes will be found far back of the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand in Bosnia, the alleged mobilization of the armies of Russia, or the invasion of Belgium. They will not be found in the White Books, the Blue Books, or the Orange Books. They will not be found in the utterances of foreign offices or the accidents that precipitated the cataclysm in the summer of 1914. Just as the mines which exploded the Civil War were planted by the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Act, so the causes of the present European war are traceable back to a merger of financial, economic, and political conflicts that began with the occupation of Egypt by England in 1882. And one of the hidden, unofficial explosives is the struggle for the Mediterranean, a struggle whose record is only to be found in the diplomatic correspondences and conventions of the last twenty years and the national hopes and fears that the struggle involved.

Access to, free passage through, or control of the Mediterranean is the permanent objective behind the foreign policy of all the greater European powers. It is an objective by its very nature so diffused and covering such a wide geographical area that it cannot be expressed in state papers, even had the nations in conflict dared to declare their ultimate policies. It is an objective, however, that lies at the very industrial and commercial life of Great Britain and Russia, that is bound up with all of the ambitions of Germany, and that underlies the industrial and financial aspirations of Italy and the Balkan states. For the Mediterranean is the greatest trade route in the world. It is the gateway from the Occident to the Orient. Through it a large part of the maritime commerce of England and Germany passes. In the Orient are hundreds of millions of non-industrial

people, offering an almost limitless market for the output of the mills and factories of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Lancashire in England, and of Essen, Barmen, Elberfeld, Düsseldorf, and the lower Rhine regions of Germany. For centuries Russia has looked with unsatisfied eyes toward the Bosphorus as an outlet from the Black Sea, through which her wheat would find a market—a market necessary for the payment in gold of the interest upon her public debt to France. The Balkan states were moved by the same urge to gain access to some port upon the Mediterranean; otherwise their exports and imports must pass through hostile territory. Austria, like Russia, desired free access to the Mediterranean, unchecked by Italy. The new industrial forces which have revolutionized Europe during the past fifty years were all crowding against the barriers which, in one way or another, shut them out from free contact with the outside world.

At the outbreak of the present war England was mistress of the Mediterranean, which is in fact a British sea. Its western and eastern entrances are controlled by Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. The Straits of Gibraltar are narrow. The British fortress is impregnable. It commands the narrow passageway as do the guns which guard the entrance to a harbor. The shipping of all other nations is under this menace, a menace recently brought into action to compel Greece to permit the landing of the Allies at Salonika. At the opposite end of the Mediterranean Great Britain controls Egypt and the Suez Canal. She secured possession of the canal by the secret purchase of a controlling interest in the stock by Disraeli in 1875. The purchase was made through the house of Rothschild. It has proven a brilliant financial investment, for the shares now yield 25 per cent dividends annually. Since that time British capital has flowed into Egypt in immense sums. The pro-

tection of these investments and the prevention of internal disorder was responsible for the bombardment of Alexandria and the occupation of Egypt in 1882. This was the beginning of British imperialism, an imperialism that resulted in the friction with France which continued until 1903. It was in part responsible for the loss of British influence in Turkey and the subsequent alliance of Germany with Turkey. It marks the beginning of the struggle for colonial possessions on the part of all the greater powers and the identification of their governments with the bankers and concession-seekers that has since brought a great part of the uncivilized world under the dominion of Great Britain, France, and Germany.

The Mediterranean has since been the storm centre of Europe. The colonial policies of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia have, in the main, revolved about the control of the lands bordering upon it. Crowded out of Egypt by Great Britain, France turned to north-west Africa. She had possessed Algeria since 1830. Following the Franco-Prussian War France was encouraged to expand her possessions into Tunis as a means of satisfying the desire for revenge for the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. France recovered from her losses quickly. She expanded eastward from Algeria into Tunis, over which she soon acquired a protectorate. To the west, in Morocco, her task was more difficult. Morocco covered an immense stretch of territory bordering upon the Mediterranean and Atlantic Ocean. Here Great Britain, Germany, and Spain claimed interests, all more or less fictitious but all loaded with potential controversies. The interest of England was political. Her chief concern was that the shores of Morocco should not fall into the hands of a hostile power that would menace Gibraltar and her exclusive control of the western entrance to the Mediterranean. The claims of Germany were based upon concessions from the Sultan, while those of France were those of the nearest colonial power fearing a dangerous neighbor. Germany also possessed mining concessions granted to the Krupps and Mannesmanns. She had banking, dock, and other concessions granted by the Sultan. She

was assured of an open door for her trade and commerce by the Sultan.

These were the explosives nearly ignited into war in 1911 by the landing of French troops in Morocco, the bombardment of Casablanca, and the penetration of French troops into the Moroccan capital. Germany sent the *Panther* to Agadir to present her claims and as a protest against the destruction of the autonomy of Morocco, which had been guaranteed by the Algeciras Act of 1906, an act which insured the open door to all of the powers and guaranteed all of the rights and financial concessions previously granted by the Sultan. Great Britain backed France in her claims. Lloyd George in his famous Mansion House speech announced that Great Britain would support the French people in the control of Morocco, a control which was inspired by the French bankers who had invested millions of dollars in the country and who desired greater protection for their concessions than the Sultan was able to give.

In this controversy Germany was further actuated by a desire to preserve her standing with the Sublime Porte at Constantinople, whose protector in Europe Germany had undertaken to become.

Only a miracle saved Europe from war as a result of the Morocco incident. But the seeds of hatred between Germany and England were laid, and in the minds of many the Morocco imbroglio was the prelude to the present war.

Germany increased her naval armament; her imperialists insisted that the dignity of the empire required a navy able to enforce a recognition of German claims in the subsequent partition of the world. From 1911 dates the tension, the aggravated suspicions, and the irritation of peoples among the warring nations of Europe.

As a result of the Morocco settlement, France, a nation friendly to Great Britain, gained control of all the lands bordering upon the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, to the east of Egypt and Tripoli. England's trade route to the Orient was made further secure, while France obtained possession of a country rather rich in minerals but with small purchasing power for goods and commodities.

Balked in the west, German activity

turned even more feverishly to the Near East—to Turkey and Asia Minor. As early as 1889 the Deutsche Bank had obtained concessions for certain railroad-building in Turkey. In that year the Kaiser made a trip to Constantinople to bring about a commercial and financial rapprochement between Germany and Turkey. Ten years later the Kaiser made a second visit as a means of converting the commercial relationship into a political one. As a result of these visits Germany became the protector of Turkey in Europe—a protectorate in which the Deutsche Bank was the pioneer, and through whose activities the political penetration of Germany was promoted. And one of the terms of the German-Turkish understanding was a concession for the building of the Bagdad Railway, which began at the Bosphorus and extended through to the Persian Gulf at Koweit. About this stretch of steel, which crossed Asia Minor and continued through the Mesopotamian Valley and down through Bagdad to the sea, the new imperialism of Germany was developed. It was partly financial, partly commercial, and largely political. As viewed by German statesmen, it was a transcontinental railway beginning at Hamburg and continuing through Berlin, Vienna, Nish, and Constantinople, and then on to the Far East, over which German goods and German merchandise would find an unmolested route to the Orient. By means of this all-rail route Germany would free herself from the British control of the Mediterranean; she would avoid Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. She would be able to place her surplus products in the markets of the Orient far more expeditiously than would Great Britain, compelled to follow an all-sea route.

This was the German *Drang nach Osten*, a drive which ignored all of the costly Gibaltars which Great Britain had erected during a century, to insure her control of the trade routes to the Orient. And this was the desire of the German trading classes; of that great group of industrials located about the lower Rhine, whose achievements have placed the German merchant marine and "Made in Germany" in every market in the world.

But this drive to the East was also a drive of imperial proportions. It opened up a new empire, comparable to that of ancient Rome in the time of Trajan. It was an empire of easy defense. It was an empire that satisfied the historical mind of Germany. It appealed to the sentiments of the historian and the militarist. And, quite as important, it was an empire that threatened to split the British Empire in twain. For the Bagdad Railway concessions included branches from the main line to Smyrna on the Ægean Sea. There were other branches from Adana, which menaced Cyprus. There was a line from Aleppo, through Damascus, down through Palestine to the Gulf of Arabia, which threatened the Suez Canal and British control of Egypt. Beyond lay India, Australia, and the British Chinese ports.

Endless obstacles were placed in the way of the building of the Bagdad Railway by England, France, and Russia. Great Britain and France insisted that the railway should be under the joint control of all of the European powers; they insisted on this as a condition to aiding in its financing. For Germany was unable to finance the road herself, despite the colossal profits which it promised. She desired that its shares should be listed on the Bourse and invited French, English, and Russian participation into the control, but with Germany always as the predominant partner. But this did not satisfy the other powers, and France and England endeavored to create a vacuum of capital around the project. They endeavored to thwart its building by these means. The negotiations and diplomatic intrigues covered a period of ten years. But despite the obstacles the building of the railroad progressed; the menace loomed larger and larger in British eyes. Finally Great Britain demanded that the last stretch of the Bagdad Railway reaching to the Persian Gulf should be internationalized or placed under her exclusive control. This Germany refused to concede, for the outlet on the Persian Gulf was of the very life of the railroad itself. Then England took matters into her own hands. She abandoned diplomacy and by some means or other induced the sheik whose possessions bordered upon

the Persian Gulf to disavow allegiance to Turkey and accept a protectorate from Great Britain. One morning European foreign offices were electrified by the news that a British gunboat had entered the harbor of Koweit and that the British flag was flying over this port. Great Britain had again balked Germany in her ambitions about the Mediterranean: she had balked the dream of years of a drive to the East and a free, unimpeded highway from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean. Possibly even more important—the plans for a great German hinterland in the form of a semicolonial dependency running from the Balkans to Persia and Arabia, equal in its possibilities to the richest of Great Britain's colonial dependencies, were menaced by the control of its eastern terminus by the power which had become Germany's implacable industrial foe.

Coincident with the negotiations over Morocco and the diplomatic negotiations and financial strategy for the blocking of the Bagdad Railway, Great Britain erected further safeguards to her control of the Near and Far East by the partition of Persia through conventions with Russia. This process covered a period of five years, from 1907 to 1912; it involved the segregation of Russian influence in northern Persia and of British influence in southern Persia. In this process Persia, like Morocco, lost her independence. The dismemberment of Persia diverted Russian ambitions from the Persian Gulf; it gave England an additional bulwark against Russian and German advance to the East and protected her control of the Persian Gulf. It also opened up valuable opportunities for new railroads to be built by British capital as well as opportunities for other financial concessions.

The recent shifting of the seat of war from the French and Russian frontiers to the Balkans and Turkey is a shifting from assumed centres of conflict to the actual centre of conflict, a conflict which, under diplomatic conversations and conventions, has been going on for the greater part of twenty years. And this is a struggle almost as old as the world. It is a struggle for the historical centre of civilization. To Great Britain it involves not only Egypt and the Suez Canal, it

involves the life-cord that unites the empire. It involves the free passage of her ships of war, of her merchant marine, of raw materials and food supplies. Were this life-cord severed, the eastern colonies and dependencies would be open to attack or severance from the mother country. But the struggle has even wider significance than this. The financial fabric of Great Britain is erected upon the control of the seas. This is endangered, as is her great merchant marine and the clearing of the trade of the world through her ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow. Great Britain is the world's market-place; her shipping is the distribution agency; her banking institutions support these industries as well as supply the credit for the development of the empire. And over \$20,000,000,000 has been invested by Great Britain in different parts of the world. From this source she derives one-fourth of her annual income. Into these colonies and dependencies she pours \$1,000,000,000 a year in new investments. And the breaking of her control of the Mediterranean through the building of the Bagdad Railway threatens the financial and commercial structure which Great Britain has erected during the past hundred years. It threatens her maritime and trading supremacy. For the maintenance of this supremacy every diplomatic move of a generation has been directed, as has the expenditure of untold wealth. For the British navy on its present basis came into being with the conquest of Egypt, the control of the Suez Canal, and the financial imperialism which had its origin at this time. The German *Drang nach Osten* is far more than a drive at Egypt or even the acquisition of a great colonial empire, it is a drive at the financial and imperial heart of the British Empire. It would be difficult to overestimate the consequence to the industrial and commercial life of Great Britain if the substantial monopoly of the shipping and financing of the Orient, and with it the industrial structure identified with this control, were subject to the competition of a rail route from Germany and Central Europe to the Indian and Pacific Oceans and the trade of the Near East and Africa, Asia, India, and the Pacific islands as well.

THEIR GARMENTS

By Edith M. Thomas

SHE knew the garments hanging in the hall,
Their old, worn garments—knew them, one and all.
It seemed a kind of light around them shone—
The old, rough cloak the winter road had known,
The plaided shawl that kept the ingle-nook,
The battered cap awry upon the hook,
The blouse of blue—so faded in the sun.
She took them from the wall, and, one by one,
She pressed them to her face, and kissed them all—
There, standing silent in the silent hall. . . .
But there was Something she could not recall—
And oh! the unused tears began to fall!
They fell—they burst the folded doors of sight,
And in upon her rushed the empty Night!
There was no hall—no garments touched with light,
But only tears, marking a dream's swift flight.

THE ROAD FROM POTTERVILLE

By Charles Caldwell Dobie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GAYLE HOSKINS



ANDREW CAMERON'S farm was the last touch of civilization upon the road from Potterville. Beyond, the road climbed boldly through the timber, straggling into a mere trail that sheep-herders from the parched San Joaquin country traversed in quest of perpetual spring and green pastures.

The house, weather-beaten and decrepit, stood bleakly upon a ridge; before it, the little mountain clearing fell away abruptly to where a wind-blown apple orchard separated fields from meadow. Altogether it should have been a genial environment when the season allowed, but somehow it gave an impression of isolation, of ruggedness, of gaunt beauty, that robbed it of any sense of human homeliness. Its fields seemed to yield their harvests sullenly, the forest at its back frowned darkly upon it, the wind

stirred continually across the face of the meadow and up through the distorted apple-trees with insistent melancholy. It was as if old Andrew Cameron himself had set the stamp of his personality upon the very fields he had broken to the plough, and they had responded dutifully, sufficiently, but without prodigality or joy.

But however dull and sad the fields and forest, the road from Potterville was a thing of life. The very boldness with which it plunged in a curving line down the mountainside and into the purple westward glow stamped it with the vitality of the unexpected. Any one, anything, might emerge from the distant mists; and any one, anything, might be swallowed up in the whispering pine country beyond.

So, at least, it seemed to Margaret Cameron, who always found the road from Potterville full of promise and the

wayward charm of surprise. Not that anything wonderful had ever passed over its sun-baked surface in her day, although she had waited and hoped with an almost religious faith. But meagre as experiences were with Margaret Cameron, this road from Potterville was connected with every vital and stirring thing in her life. When had she ever heard singing except from the throats of rollicking horsemen swinging down the road from Potterville? When did the cries of children ever stir her, except at springtime as the squaws herded their broods along the highway and up into the forests and freedom? What had been the occasion of her first tears? Was it not when the last bend of the road had shut her brother from view as he galloped confidently into a far country? And the bitterest moment of her whole life had been when old Andrew Cameron, her father, had ridden away, without one tender word, along the same road not three weeks ago.

Since then, every evening, Margaret Cameron had scanned the road from Potterville for a sign of her father's homecoming. Day after day she had watched clouds of dust rise, evolve into horsemen, mule-teams, flocks of sheep, pass the house, and merge into dust again. But her waiting had no element of anxiety in it; she waited more from a sense of duty than from expectancy.

The sight, at last, of her father's horse, climbing past the first bend in the road surprised, but did not excite, her. She rose from her seat and leaned against the porch railing. It was her father's horse without a question, but the rider was not her father. Unmoved, she threw her sun-bonnet aside. The dust rose in a denser cloud, shutting the ambling horse and its strange rider completely from view.

She was sure, quite sure, that she would never see her father again. But she felt no sorrow, no regret, not even pity. Yet she put her hand to her eyes, trying to rouse a sense of filial anxiety, at least a feeling of dread.

On that last day, when her father had saddled his lean, stumbling horse and ridden away, he had not even kissed her, he had scarcely said good-by. And she had felt pity then, pity for his bent frame, for the added note of thinness to his stern

lips, for the senile cough that racked him with feeble fury. If he had kindled the dying fires in her heart with even a belated spark of affection, she could not have stood thus, dry-eyed and unafraid.

She recalled the last impression of her father, the grim silhouette of a stooped form against scarred cliffs, as he dipped down the winding road and disappeared. She had thought then: "He is dying; he will not live another month." And she had gone into the house shuddering, not at the fear of death, but at the realization that one could be so near to solving the eternal mystery and still have zest for life and its futilities. In the face of death he had cruelty and rancor enough left to set out upon the roughest of journeys to collect a debt almost on the day it fell due. Yes, she could still see the line of satisfaction hardening his lips, the cold glitter in his eyes, the nervous play of his claw-like fingers as he saddled his horse, all his faculties rising above physical infirmity at the spur of avarice. How bravely the October sun had mocked the warped figure crawling down the mountainside! Now, the early twilight, enveloping the home-coming horse and its strange rider, struck a gentler note, she thought, as she watched the black mass emerge from its dust-cloud again and crawl tortoise-wise up the hard white road.

The evening air rustling fretfully through the pines recalled her. The brief Californian twilight had spent itself and she discovered that it had grown quite dark.

She went into the house, lit a lantern, and started down the road. The crunching of hoofs came nearer. She stopped; at last her heart began to beat.

As she lifted up her lantern a swarm of moths fluttered gayly in its yellow light. Then, quite suddenly, the roadway was darkened by her father's horse. She lifted the lantern higher. It was just as she had guessed: the rider was *not* her father.

She stepped forward, and the light fell upon the stranger's face. At first, only a confused jumble of bloodshot eyes, a bristling stubble of beard, and a dust-stung brow flashed across her consciousness. But in an instant the truth rose to the surface and her mind leaped quickly



How bravely the October sun had mocked the warped figure crawling down the mountainside! —Page 626.

over the gap of ten weary years. She remembered her first tears and the youthful, buoyant figure that had swung down the Potterville road and out of her life on a spring day that had mocked her grief, a youthful, buoyant figure that now sagged wearily in her father's saddle.

The figure swayed sidewise and crumpled into the dust. The horse stopped. Margaret Cameron's lantern fell with a crash. Her brother had come home again.

II

AFTERWARD, sitting in her father's low-browed room, Margaret Cameron had time to think upon the wanderer's return. On a broad couch her brother slept with heavy-lidded exhaustion.

A slight stir from him brought her to his side. He did not wake, but she stood and watched him, searching deeply the spiritual scars that life had left upon his face.

How often had she pictured this home-coming! Always with a vague sense of pageantry which she had some difficulty in visualizing. She had expected a stirring note, a clattering of many horsemen, fluttering banners, the pomp and circumstance of a cavalcade, and, of necessity, her brother the central figure. She never had seen the road from Potterville peopled with quite the merry company that was to gallop home with her brother, and she knew that such companies no longer existed. But she treasured this vague vision in her heart until it blossomed into a symbol of what his return was to mean to her. And now reality came and mocked her again with the bedraggled figure of her brother, creeping up the hillside upon her father's lean, stumbling horse, silently and alone.

Beneath the sandy stubble of beard she followed the curving line of her brother's mouth, parted slightly as he lay with head thrown back. Yes, it was the same gentle, almost sensuous, mouth that had so often trembled before his sister's blunt reproofs, but which had been so ready to ripple with smiles. Even in his sleep this same smile hovered timidly. The blurred memory of her mother, or, more particularly, her mother's smile, came to her, a smile that had so often faded in the face of Andrew Cameron's thin-lipped displeasure. There had come a time when her mother's smile had grown rarer, and finally ceased to blossom; she had died soon after this melancholy circumstance. Why, Margaret Cameron found herself wondering. And, at once, the last picture of her father rose before her, a grim, self-sufficient, terrible figure, dipping down the winding road.

She turned from her brother and went toward the open window. A cool wind colored her cheeks and blew strands of her uncompromising hair loose. She leaned upon the sill and looked out.

Where had her brother met their father? Before or after Andrew Cameron had left Potterville? And the money? Had the old man collected the debt? She had been so surprised, so moved by her brother's home-coming that thoughts about the money had never occurred. A vague uneasiness stirred her. What had

become of the *money*? She could think of nothing else.

She heard her brother stirring again, and she went to him. He twisted toward the light, and then sat up suddenly. She dropped on her knees before him. He reached out and took her two hands in his.

"Margaret," he began, "are you ready to hear bad news? The fact is—you see——"

"Father is dead," she finished for him harshly.

He glanced at her with a look more of pain than surprise.

"Yes. Father is dead. He died just off the road, near the Pinto Trail, about thirty miles out of Potterville."

"Near the Pinto Trail?" she echoed indifferently. "How—then *you* were coming home?"

He let her hands fall. "No. I was not coming home. I'd been down the Merced Way herding cattle, and I was working back. I just stumbled onto him. He'd fallen from his horse, and he lived only a few hours. I suppose you'd call it Providence, if you've a leaning that way. But *I've* quit believing in most things."

"So have I," she flung back, clenching her fists.

A startled look swept him. "You, too?" he queried compassionately, and he put out his hands to her.

She gave him her hands again, coldly, mechanically. Only one question burned in her brain. *What had become of the money?*

"He was pretty far gone, Margaret," he droned on. "I found him at three o'clock and by sundown he was dead. At first I thought: 'I'll bury him here.' It was a peaceful enough spot, pines overhead and plenty of blue sky between. So I thought: 'I'll bury him here and then I'll go home and tell Margaret.'" He stopped for a moment and instinctively drew her closer. "But, then, when I'd thought it all out I made up my mind *that* wouldn't do. There's the law and all that to think of, even in a place as wild as the Pinto Trail country. So I strapped his body across the horse and started for Potterville. . . . I wish to God I hadn't."

She shuddered a bit as she rose. Her brother's eyes were searching her face



Drawn by Gayle Hoskins.

"You *are* a coward," she sneered.—Page 631.

hungrily, searching, she felt sure, for the tears that would not come.

"Was all this after he left Potterville?" she asked significantly.

"Yes, after he left Potterville."

"Did he tell you why he went there?"

"Yes. He went to collect the old debt that Mulford owed him. He had it on him when he died, the whole fifteen hundred."

She turned upon him eagerly. "Then the money is safe?"

He got up. "No. The money's spent—every nickel of it. That's what I came home to tell you, Margaret. I spent every nickel of it in Potterville—on cards, and women, and all the rest."

He sat down quite suddenly and naturally, while she stepped back into the shadows in an effort to regain herself. His jaws were snapped together with a viciousness that smothered the curve in his lips, and the mouth, losing its genial quality, seemed, even in intensity, hopelessly weak. There was a brutal heaviness, too, about his face that made Margaret Cameron recoil—as if the suddenness of his confession had forced every ugly thing in his nature to the surface.

"*Every nickel of it in Potterville—on cards, and women, and all the rest.*" Her brother's words struck her with all their simple irony. Her father's money, the money of old Andrew Cameron, squandered in the pursuit of pleasure! *Squandered in the pursuit of pleasure!* She found hysterical satisfaction in turning this idea over in her mind. It was so inconceivable, so remote, so fantastic.

She looked at her brother again, long and searchingly, almost with a desire to laugh. So this was the figure that for ten years had animated her day-dreams! She would not have cared so much if his unworthiness had been tricked out jauntily in a cloak of swagger and bravado—she had all the furtive, feminine admiration for impudent outlawry. But his inefficiency was so palpable—he had not even the courage of his acquired viciousness.

A feeling of rancor began to stir her. If old Andrew Cameron's money was to have been squandered in the pursuit of pleasure, who but she had the right to squander it?

She moved into the circle of light again and faced him.

"What possessed you to come and tell me?" she demanded.

He shrugged. "Because I'm a coward."

"That's just what I thought," she sneered. "You're a regular prodigal, ain't you? Somehow, prodigals never do have courage to eat their husks alone, like men. They always come crawling back on their hands and knees, asking somebody's forgiveness. Bah!"

He shrank from the flame of her sarcasm, and his cowering movement roused her to fresh cruelty. She could feel the pent-up fury of the years struggling for a voice.

"I've always wanted to preach a sermon," she fumed; "once, just once, so I could give the *unprodigal* his innings. Everybody always cries over your *sort*. But did you ever hear of any one shedding a tear for the *one who stays home*? Does any one *ever* waste a tear, or a fatted calf, on the *one who stays home*?" She pushed her face close to him. "Do you see the lines on this face? And my hands—look at them! Do you imagine I was ever repaid for staying with him? Do you imagine any one ever is repaid for such foolishness? Look at me. Why, the dirtiest Indian squaw who passes this cabin with a child at her breast has got more out of life than I have. I've been cheated out of every good thing—even the chance of being a prodigal. I've just showed you my wrinkled face and my shrunken hands. But if you could see my soul—I tell you I haven't enough soul left for even the devil to bother with!"

She stopped, waiting for his answer. He sat quite still, a stinging flush on his face. He said nothing. She had meant to call him a thief, to scream about the squandered money, but, curiously enough, she found that this loss meant nothing to her. All her anxiety concerning it had been an unconscious subterfuge with which she had kept at bay the fear of her brother's unworthiness.

She turned upon him with redoubled bitterness. "Why did you come back?" she demanded. "How *could* you come and tell me such a story! If I'd been in your shoes, I'd have killed myself first."

He shrank away. "I tried—I did try, Margaret," he gasped. "But I couldn't—somehow—"

She bent over toward him. "My God, but you *are* a coward," she sneered.

He did not flinch this time; he looked steadily at her.

"So are you," he replied dully. "Everybody is a coward—some way. What made you stay with him? Wasn't it because you were *afraid* to do the thing you wanted to do? And I didn't cheat you of any chance to be a prodigal. You're too much like father. Prodigals are born, not made!"

She turned from him and tapped the floor with her foot. She knew he was right. She had been a coward; she always would be a coward; slaves to duty could be nothing else. Conscience? Duty? Necessity?—these were all pretty names that people gave cowardice. . . . Yes, prodigals were born, not made. And, at once, the lean silhouette of her father dipping down the winding road rose before her.

She stole a furtive look at her brother. He was on his feet again, and the lamp-light struck him full in the face, emphasizing his uncanny gauntness.

"How long since you've had anything to eat?" she asked suddenly.

"I—I don't remember," he stammered.

"Sit down!" she commanded.

He did as he was bidden, and she brought food. . . . Standing back, she watched him eat, snapping at his victuals like a lean jackal. She had known hardship and privation and frugality, but never gnawing, physical hunger. She wondered dimly whether any affinity lay between the starvation of his body and the starvation of her soul. . . . Had her inner life shrunken to just such a parcel of skin-hung bone?

This ministering to her brother's physi-

cal necessity stirred in her an odd, primitive joy. Suddenly she sensed the deep, mystical truths that lay beneath the surface of simple, elemental things, and the significance of the prodigal's feast was clear to her. Pity began to well up in her, pity which swept away all scorn of his timidity, his cowardice, his inability to play up boldly to his faults.

Her mind wandered swiftly over the years of sacrifice and self-denial that had not ennobled. Perhaps these years had not been so hard in a physical way, but they were devoid of color, of beauty, of anything elemental, except elemental ugliness. And old Andrew Cameron? Yes, he was a just man, an honest man, a God-fearing man. But in this brief moment of ministering to a prodigal's need, Margaret Cameron knew that her father had travelled with the blind eyes of a just man and missed every good thing in life. *He* had never feasted, *he* had never sung, *he* had never wasted his substance, riotously or otherwise, *he* had never tasted the joys of forgiveness or being forgiven. And she remembered again the picture of him on that last day when he had saddled his lean, stumbling horse and ridden away—a grim, self-sufficient, terrible figure disappearing in the bend of the road.

How long she stood in battle for her soul's possession she did not know, but when she came from the struggle her brother's head had sunk in sensual torpor across the grease-smeared surface of his empty plate. The wind was still blowing through the open window, and a tossing curtain made fantastic shadows on the wall. It had grown very cold.

She tiptoed to the couch and picked up a blanket. Hesitating a moment, she held the covering high above the sleeping figure sprawled heavily across the table, then gently, very gently, she let it fall upon her brother's shoulders.



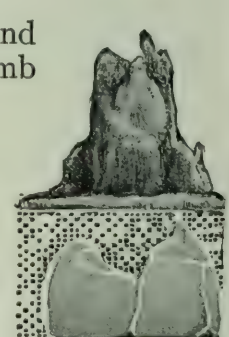
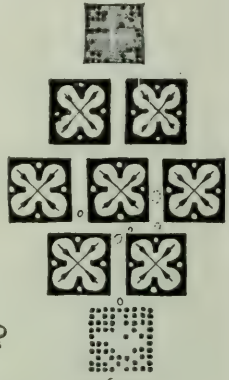
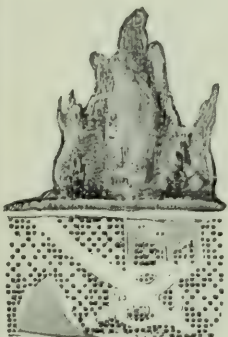
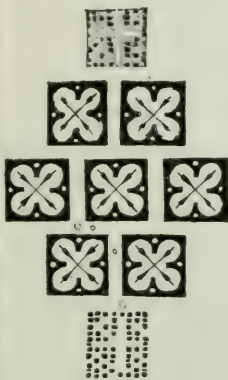
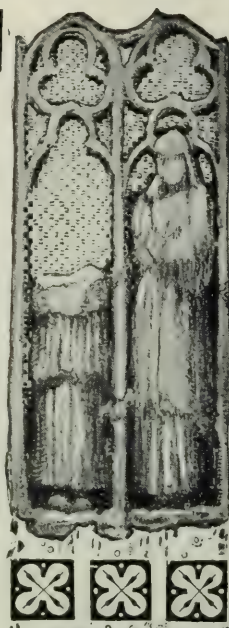


WAR

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES H. CULLEN

THE High-God Mars is dead!—
They cried—Ye poets, keep his
dirge and praise
And pageantry alone for ancient
days;
Now for the Golden Age of Peace!—they
said.
'Twas true, proud God of Hates,
You died—not on a Cross, but where the
rust
And purple worm besieged you in your dust;
And all the boast of your emblazoned gates,—
O Rome and Macedon,—
O Xerxes, Hannibal, Attila, Tamerlane,
And Bonaparte,—were but as shadows vain
Where tinselled things might lurk before they run.
Dead God of War,—then who
Is this that ravens o'er the rocking world?
What foul alembic of the fiends unfurled
This thing of Frankenstein to ape at you?
Not Hate itself begot
Such ghoul,—but Error from its tepid mire;
Not here your savage rapture, strength and
fire,
But blight as from a caldron Hate knew not.
Here are the madness, sweat,
And hunger, dissolution and disease;
But where the falchions and the argosies,
The Lion-Hearts, the shields and lances met?
In bronze and marble lain
Are they that battled right or wrong, but well;
Like men they challenged, grappled, slew, or fell,
Owning their victor, mourning foemen slain.
Now is there knightly plume,
Or patriot king, or rustic hero crowned
In all your pantheons, War, but hears this sound
Of monstrous treading down his shrine and tomb
Where his renown of yore
Is gulped within this dire machine of shame,
But dreads to hear the children speak his
name
With lips that call these modern shambles
War?





“MUTINY!”

By Dudley Burrows

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD



THE *Babylonia*, pinioned to the side of her North River pier by countless manila hawsers, wire cables, spring-lines, and what-not, suggested nothing so much as a great aquatic Gulliver. Captured while asleep, she was now forced to endure the excited rush of thousands of Liliputian feet, which carried their owners hither and yon over the surface and interior of the leviathan, making her ready for a long battle with the elements and well-ordering the massive cargo of miscellaneous merchandise which had been pouring down her hatches for six days past. Occasionally the clanking steam-winchs would scream in protest as some particularly heavy mass of machinery, or *brochette* of iron car-wheels, was slung on the hooks—but the *Babylonia* gave forth no sound nor even quivered when a carelessly adjusted sling gave way, dropping a thousand pounds of babbitt metal deep into her middle. Complain? Never! It was not for complaining that the owners had fondly entitled her “Queen of the Seven Seas!”

Not that there wasn't complaining going on inside the monster liner. A crowd of the older rivets on the port side—the side which scraped along Doncaster Reef for a matter of a hundred yards or so in '95, if you remember—had nursed a revolutionary propaganda for three trips past, and were even now threatening to carry away and raise merry Ned if they were not reinforced, or removed altogether! On the last trip home from Rio these malcontents had been joined by a group of rudder-chain links, who grumbled that they had had no vacation in twenty years, and by more than one pair of propeller-shaft bearings, who declared that no self-respecting bronzes would toil the way *they* had, for a similar period, without remonstrance. A row of steam-gauges (which

were slightly cracked anyway) spluttered indorsement of the conspiracy; the forra'd and after pump-valves signified a willingness to strike; even the wireless dynamos displayed unmistakable symptoms of co-adjuvancy with the rebellion.

But not a word of this impending secession came to the ear of the old *Babylonia* herself—not a hint of the disaffection which was spreading amongst her integers. The rivets grasped their hull-plates firmly; the rudder-chain links drank unsparingly of the oil which kept them strong; the shaft-bearings sang sweetly in response to the inspection hammer; the steam-gauges correctly recorded the “push” of the Great White Hercules; the pump-valves held snug; the dynamos whizzed obediently in response to signals from the wireless room—each and all awaiting with studied and sullen insouciance the battle-cry of insurrection. So the *Babylonia*, with a grand casting-off of fetters, a succession of stentorian siren blasts, a monstrous churning of stern-water, and a majestic repudiation of assistance from a squadron of servile, clamoring tugs, backed out into the river, stood down past the Statue, past Quarantine, past the cocky little Ambrose Channel light-ship, and pointed a course for Bahia, Rio Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and way ports.

She was carrying the record cargo and passenger list of her career. Twelve thousand tons of valuable freight lay beneath her hatches; five millions in gold (South America's bill for coffee, wheat, and beef) reposed in her treasure-chest; and three hundred first-cabin passengers (including an even hundred Personages) strode her broad promenade-decks and planned their work and play once they set foot on the southern continent. The aggregate value of the ship-load, reckoning men and women at their income-tax valuation and the cargo at its selling price in South America, was approximately one hundred million



"Cruiser right enough! What's wireless say?"—Page 636.

dollars. For the protection of this vast representation, and because he was required to do so by international law, Captain Davey Welton, of Saint Johns, broke from his taffrail—where it floated, or flut-

tered, or flew, depending upon the state of the wind—the roistering red bunting with the crosses of Saint Andrew and Saint George in the corner; the "come-one-come-all" emblem of the British mer-

chant marine. And, as the bugle sounded the second call for dinner that night, and the "paying guests" descended the grand stairway, two by two, an orchestra behind a bank of artificial palms strummed joyously: "It's a Long Way to Tipperary!"

"The old girl seems a bit cranky this trip," observed the youthful "second" to the wrinkled "first" as they swapped watches two nights out from Sandy Hook. They were approaching the Bermudas in the face of a brisk head wind, with a cross-swell heeling them over a bit each time they mounted the side of a water-wall and poised, momentarily, on the crest. The "second" was making his initial trip on the *Babylonia*—the "first" had stood his trick on her bridge during her maiden voyage—twenty-two years ago, come next Whitsuntide!

"Yes, yes," he therefore replied, a bit petulantly—intolerantly, perhaps—"she has her moods!" He took a final perk at the glass. "It's true, she has her moods, Osborne—but she's a rare good 'un at heart, boy! Lor' bless me, yes—a rare good 'un at heart!"

"That's her reputation," Osborne hastened to agree.

"Ay—and she'll live up to it! I'll stake my billet on that!" Having made such reckless declaration—for it had taken Dotty Woodcroft just fourteen years to land that billet, and it was more precious than the jewels of the world to him—the grizzled "first" left the bridge, smiling tenderly as though he had just been discussing his wife, or his dog, or his religion!

It was eleven days later, at perhaps five-fifteen of an equatorial morning, with a moderate sea running, when this same young Osborne—who was a careful ship's officer, albeit he had only followed the sea for a trifle of twenty years—swept the horizon slowly with his binoculars and picked up a faint smoke-line in the northeast. He rang at once for the wireless-room.

"Hello! That you, Sparks? Been talking with any one this morning? Well, try now—but don't say *who* you are or *where*—get me? Yes, nor'east by east! Oh, 'bout ten-twelve miles, I should say! Yes—let me know!"

He rang for a quartermaster and ordered him to arouse the skipper. "Four stacks coming, nor'east by east, tell him," he said peremptorily. "Pass the word to the mate on your way back!" The quartermaster, with a murmured "Ay, ay, sir!" hurried away. Osborne whistled through the tube marked "Chief Engineer":

"Lo, chief! Cruiser astern! Yep, looks like a frankfurter to me! Let's be going, Bob, fast as ever we're able! No, twenty-two will never carry us away from this bird—we'll need twenty-four, or better! What? Well, give us every ounce you've got! The old man?—no, but I've sent for him—be up in a minute, I guess!"

A ring from the wireless-room.

"No answer, Mr. Osborne—though I'll swear they heard us! In fact, I believe they started to reply when——"

"That's enough!" interrupted Osborne. "Try Bahia and see if there's a bulldog hanging around there! Tell 'em to slip the leash on any kind of a critter they've got, if it's only a 'diver' [submarine]! Just keep on yellin' for help till your fingers wear off—then use your toes! Wake your relief and tell him to *stay* awake!" And he rang off.

The captain arrived, followed by the scarce-awake "first"—the latter battling for mental clarity on the strength of an hour's sleep. He had turned in at four, and was just settling into sincere repose when routed out by the quartermaster.

"What's all this rumpus, Mr. Osborne?" demanded the old man. He, too, would have relished a few winks more.

"See for yourself, sir," said Osborne, respectfully passing his glass to his superior. "There—almost dead astern—and coming fast!"

"Hmmm!" Captain Davey Welton squinted through the lenses. "Hmmm! Cruiser right enough! What's wireless say?"

"No answer to repeated calls, sir!"

"Hmmm! After us, that's clear! How are we making?"

"I told the chief to give us every ounce he had," replied the junior officer.

"You're a valuable man, Osborne," said the commander approvingly. "'Bout ten hours from Bahia, would you say?"



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

On came the *Babylonia*, her steel lungs bursting with the fearful pressure. — Page 639.

"Nearer twelve, sir."

"Ten, Mr. Osborne!" the old mate put in quietly. "She'll do it in ten if she's put to it."

"Put her to it!" Captain Welton was already bending over a chart. "Take a point due west for the next hour, Mr. Osborne! Mr. Woodcroft, please detail a man into the crow's-nest—dead-ahead lookout, you understand! Corral the passengers in the dining-saloon at breakfast time and *lock 'em in!* Clear away all impedimenta you can—post notices that no one shall go aft of bulkhead number six—premiums in the engine-room if we get clear—and tell those tinkers down there that I've got to have *twenty-five* if it takes a leg! Jump, both of you!"

"Evidently, sir, you're about to run," ventured young Osborne, smiling.

"Run? Hell, Osborne, we're going to *fly!*" His face was the color of the flag at his taffrail. "They think the old *Babylonia* isn't good for a sprint, eh? Well, by the eternal hokey-pokey we'll show 'em what a Clyde-built ship can do! We'll give those buzzards the race of their lives, if that's what they're after!"

The moment for rebellion had come.

The port-side rivets passed the word along to the rudder-chain links, which in turn squeaked a message to the propeller-shaft bearings. Quickly it spread—as unsavory news ever does—to the steam-gauges, the pump-valves, the wireless dynamos, and the lesser conspirators. The propellers heard it, but they were too busy to pay more than passing attention to mutiny talk. The boilers angrily rejected the propaganda of protest; the turbines snorted in contempt.

"When we cry 'Ready!'" commanded the rivets. They were from Newcastle-on-Tyne, east side, as were most of the other rebellious parts. But they were weary, and nervous, and hungry for excitement. So they set aside the dictates of conscience, and honor, and faith—and resolved to put the *Babylonia* where she could inflict no further burdens upon them.

Thus, while her integers planned a cataclysm, the old liner turned toward the coast of South America and fled like a frightened mackerel pursued by a hun-

gry shark. Behind her raced the *Von der Schlecht*, fleetest of German scouting cruisers, eager to halt her prey before the latter might reach Brazilian waters. Well did the commander of the *Von der Schlecht* know just who the *Babylonia* was and how much *Schatz* (treasure) she carried! Had they not raced across the Atlantic in response to a message from the Kaiser's secret agents in New York? Had not the latter described, in detail, the cargo and complement of "The Queen of the Seven Seas"?

Fortunately—for the *Babylonia*—Captain Ludwigstein also knew of the three hundred first-cabin passengers, including the hundred Personages, and hesitated to use his giant forward battery against the fugitive. He was under orders to seize, not to destroy, the big *Dampfer*. But when, after three hours of steaming, the *Von der Schlecht* saw no appreciable narrowing of the distance which separated her from her quarry, the German commander lost patience—or his sense of human justice—and threw a 5.9-inch shell a few hundred yards to starboard of the *Babylonia*. He slowed down to do this, lest his gunners might hit the liner by mistake. The *Babylonia's* only answer was to take advantage of the slowing down to add a good half-mile to her margin of safety, leaping forward with great, shuddering plunges which threatened to jounce the very bottom out of her.

"Tell that man to stop or take the consequences!" yelled Captain Ludwigstein to his wireless-room.

"They will not receive, sir," came the reply; "they only send! First it is: 'Passengers on board; do not shoot!' then it is: 'Bahia! Bahia! *Babylonia* attacked!'"

"Put a shot into her, well astern!" came the next order from the bridge. And, as the *Babylonia* rose on the succeeding surge of the sea, she received a non-explosive shell in her after superstructure, thereby losing half of her second-cabin accommodations, a section of decking as big as a Harlem flat, some twelve yards of after-railing, and one venturesome room steward who had disobeyed the captain's injunction to remain forward of number six bulkhead. But still the "old girl" pressed on!

"Shall we give way now?" squeaked the cowardly rudder-chain links, who had been too close for comfort. "Shall we? Shall we?"

"What!" shrieked the rivets, and bearings, and gauges, and valves, and dynamos in chorus. "Give way *now*? After we've been *hit*? And by a German shell? No, damn your eyes! Hold on as you never held before!"

Give way? What monstrous idea was here? Permit this impertinent Teuton—this Frankish ravisher—not only to overhaul but to loot and strip and destroy a Clyde-built liner with Newcastle fittings? Well, hardly! Let the world read how a mere German scouting cruiser walked calmly up to "The Queen of the Seven Seas," struck her brutally with his iron gantlet, and said: "Come with me"? Far better a honeycombed derelict, with passengers and crew and cargo and treasure intact, floating deep below the waves on which they now so bravely rode, than to suffer such ignominy! Far better to slave another twenty years under the Union Jack than to rest in luxury under the Prussian eagle!

"Hold on as you never held before!" they cried again—and forthwith bent to their respective tasks with a grim determination to carry that bit of red bunting to safety, or to permit some one or something else to bear the burden of responsibility. The port-side rivets gripped the plates of the old *Babylonia* with a tenacity which brooked no breaking; the shaft-bearings coddled their giant charges as the latter whirled the wheels of deliverance; the steam-gauges recorded each ounce of pressure, on or off; the pump-valves sucked in the flood that poured through a shell-hole in the after compartment, and spat it back into the sea again; and the wireless dynamos, with fevered energy, generated the power which projected a continuous, piteous Herzian cry through the air currents:

"Bahia! Bahia! *Babylonia* attacked!" followed by the approximate location of the liner.

Gods, what a race—and a chase! On came the *Babylonia*, her steel lungs bursting with the fearful pressure necessary to whirl her propellers until the indicator on the bridge marked the un-

heard-of figure, "25.5." On came the *Von der Schlecht*, all four funnels belching black smoke to the sky, while ever and anon a puff of white from her side, followed by a low rumble, bespoke activity in her forward battery. Occasionally, after one of these discharges, the *Babylonia* would shiver, or jerk wildly to port or starboard in agonized quavers—but she would not falter! "The Queen of the Seven Seas," like her sister queens of other days, knew how to suffer her wounds.

And the three hundred first-cabin passengers—including the hundred Personages—what of them? Packed uncereemoniously into the dining-saloon and locked in, like Professor Aronnax and his companions on the mythical *Nautilus*, it must be admitted that they raged, and fretted, and fainted a bit, until Captain Davey Welton appeared and told them the exact status of affairs. He expected shrieks, execrations, and possibly violence—he received cheers, laudations, and immediate, unanimous submission. After all, who can say what three hundred first-cabin passengers—particularly when one hundred of them are Personages—will do in time of stress?

On one ship, I remember, where the danger was comparatively slight, the passengers behaved like fiends let loose from Bedlam—charged the life-boats, threw missiles at the officers, leaped overboard into calm water, cursed, tore their hair, and cringed abjectly before a fate which never overtook them! On another, with certain death standing before them, and with a scant ten minutes in which to look their last upon man's world and his waters, another group of passengers stood, side by side, along a steamer's rail, calm as chloroformed mice, and sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," until the water choked back their notes and their souls sped out to await the rest of humanity in the Gardens of Glory. Truly, one reputed Shavism is immortal: "You never can tell!"

When a six-inch shell carried away the stack and trundled its way through the wireless-room and the starboard side of the wheel-house, it took poor old Dotty Woodcroft with it—but the *Babylonia* pounded onward; and the wireless (after hesitating long enough for the plucky

"op" to pick himself out of the corner and frantically readjust some minor parts of his apparatus) continued to beat the air with its wild appeal:

"Bahia! Bahia! *Babylonia* attacked!"

Now, the *King Henry VIII*, first-class battle-cruiser and already hero of some

and was hoping she might come that way; for the *Henry's* eight shining rifles—four forward and four aft—were capable of tossing explosive shells quite a distance beyond the attainable mark of the rifles on board the *Von der Schlecht*. Hence, when the wireless cry from the *Babylonia* sputtered into the receiving



The bruised and battered *Babylonia*.

half-dozen naval engagements, was not precisely at Bahia that day, but she was near enough to catch one of the first appeals sent from the *Babylonia*, and forthwith she departed, without answering, for the scene of the aquatic hare-and-hound tournament. The *King Henry VIII*, in fact, was awaiting news of the *Von der Schlecht*, having been advised of the latter's departure for American waters,

headgear of the "op" on board the *Henry* there was much rejoicing, also much sudden coaling of boilers, changing of speed, revising of course, and clearing of gun-decks.

The commander of the *King Henry VIII* gave no intimation of his whereabouts, however, until the bruised and battered form of the *Babylonia* appeared on the sky-line, closely followed by the

grim outlines of the now triumphant *Von der Schlecht*. Then and there—being broadside on at the time—the *King Henry VIII* spoke so gruffly and so reprovingly to the *Von der Schlecht*—through the medium of those self-same shining rifles, turreted fore and aft—that the Teuton bethought herself, suddenly, of pressing business in the opposite direction, and abandoned the quest of the *Babylonia's* gold as hurriedly and as gracefully as was possible under the circumstances. Considering that she was by this time somewhat generally aflame, and more or less uncomfortably fast filling with water, it is agreed by navigating authorities that she made an extremely clever job of her "getaway" and of her eventual return to home waters. Yet to have stayed meant only to invite further argument, in which 13-inch rifles carried much greater conviction than those of 11-inch calibre, even though Krupp had fashioned the latter's breeches. Hence Captain Ludwigstein gently, yet swiftly, "looped the loop," as it were, and led his charge away from there; meanwhile cursing, in that dynamic, resonant way that navy commanders have, the luck that would jerk five million dollars out from under a fellow's nose just as the fellow was about to gobble it up and carry it home to add to the famous "Rheingold"!

While the *King Henry VIII* was gently, yet swiftly, steaming after the *Von der Schlecht*—lest the latter should change her mind—the *Babylonia* reeled on toward Bahia and All Saints' Bay, which haven she made some seventeen hours later by clever navigating, with a thirty-degree list to port. Despite the fact that she dropped anchor shortly after one o'clock in the morning, Captain Davey Welton whistled for lighters, and still more lighters, until he had his three hundred first-cabin passengers (including his hundred Personages), and his five millions in gold, and the greater part of his twelve thousand tons of general cargo safe on the solid ground near Bahia. Having seen to which the case-hardened skipper, with a sigh for the soul of Dotty Woodcroft, laid himself down in his bunk with this final admonition to his cabin-boy:

"Two hours, Oscar! Camp outside the door and wake me when they're up! Pass the word along for each man-jack to tie up his belongings and pile 'em by the boats—we'll head for the beach when I've finished my nap!"

"Yes, sir!" The boy closed the door.

"And—oh, Oscar!"

The door opened again.

"Yes, sir?"

"We gave 'em a run—eh, Oscar?"

"Yes, sir—that we did, sir!"

"A hell of a run—eh, Oscar?"

"Yes, sir—you're right, sir!"

"Hmmm!" said Captain Davey Welton, and promptly fell asleep.

So they beached the old *Babylonia*, at two o'clock that afternoon, on the smooth white reaches of sand just north of Bahia, with the aid of two Brazilian salvage tugs, and without a hitch or jar. She stands there to-day, upright and straight, in about twelve feet of water at low tide—still "Queen of the Seven Seas," and famous the world over for the race she ran and the prize she won, or kept the *Von der Schlecht* from winning, which amounts to the same thing.

I talked recently with the inspector who has just gone over her, preparatory to patching up her wounds and towing her back to dry dock.

"Would you believe it?" queried this official, in a tone clearly implying that I would not, even though he swore to it, "the old girl made that last run of hers on *pure nerve*. Her equipment was simply shockin'! First off, there was two plates on the port side—where she was gouged once, I believe—the rivets of which were so twisted that nothin' but sheer *strength of character* held 'em together! Then there was rudder-chain links that fell apart if we looked at 'em; shaft-bearings all ground to powder; steam-gauges that registered 410 if you took a deep breath; and pump-valves—well, I'd hate to have valves like that on my pumps! Rotten? Say, man, it wasn't only *human* pluck and courage that cheated the *Boche* and brought the *Babylonia* into port that trip—b-u-l-l-i-e-v-e m-e!"

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

"A Brotherhood
of Venerable
Trees"

HOW the soft maples are glowing in a red mist along the moist, low places, and the alder, birch, and willow catkins are swinging and sending their pollen afloat with every breeze! We watch the advance of spring among the wild flowers—in New England we used to hunt the shy arbutus under the snow of March—see the tiny, fuzzy-stemmed hepaticas and their many friends, follow the waking of old garden familiars, but easily overlook the flowers that the trees hang out to decorate their bare twigs. Those of the maples and the elms soon give place to the winged seed aeroplanes that float off to start new colonies. None of the trees bears more interesting flowers than the sturdy family of oaks. They hang out their blossoms from the end of the twigs like a fringe of old lace.

The flowers of the tulip, which blooms rather late, standing up at the tips of the branches are like miniatures of those that Henry van Dyke celebrated in his charming verses, "When Tulips Bloom in Union Square"—those that make a rim of gay color in one of the most sordid of city squares. Among the early tree flowers those of the dogwood shine among the bare branches like newly fallen snow, and the horse-chestnuts look like belated Christmas trees with all the candles lighted.

Following the flowers come the leaves with a surprising suddenness, and one of the marvels of the year is the way the youngsters are hidden away in the buds. Open carefully a bud of the tulip-tree or horse-chestnut, unfold the tiny leaves, and notice how wonderfully they are packed away. Try the same experiment with the ailanthus or shag-bark hickory. How beautifully they are colored as they first break out of winter quarters—delicate tones of green varied with red and pink! Nature is rich and wonderful in design and her palette is limited by no formulas.

The spring woods are a tracery of delicate, misty tones, in the sunshine almost a uniform gray, tender as the color of the early dawn. Corot was the painter who taught us to understand better and appre-

ciate the ineffable loveliness and mystery of the trees in spring. He painted them early in the morning, in the light of the fading day. The shadowy, dancing figures in many of his pictures are a part of their poetry—they belong there, the spirits, the mood of the spring. They are but tangible expressions of the thoughts that the season brings to us all; they are music and dancing and gladness.

The botanist knows that the young leaves and the flowers have kept warm and still in the bud since the old leaves of the last year dropped to earth—but most of us care little for scientific family histories; the eternal mystery of the renewal, the beauty that never grows old is ours, even with the passing of the years, the consciousness of the approach of old age. There is a dignified reserve in the bare trees of winter, but in the springtime they become our intimates, voicing in the music of their leaves, in the beauty of their quiet colors, the harmonies of our own hearts. And how their lives parallel our own! If you know some favorite woods you will miss old friends with the years, see some great giant shorn of limbs by the storms of last winter. What a relief to the dweller in the city canyons to get out among the trees in the spring! Then they wave friendly, beckoning arms of welcome. Dwellers in the suburbs and the country may live the round year in the friendly companionship of trees, know them by their leaves, know them standing bravely silhouetted against gray winter skies by the form and structure of their bare branches. Is it not well worth while to add to our friends, as the years go on, "A Brotherhood of Venerable Trees"?

IT would be of statistical interest to ascertain how many men and women of sixty to-day owe both their chief knowledge of grammar and their chief knowledge of Milton to having been Parsing
"Paradise" forced in infancy to parse "Paradise Lost" from the first word to the last. Friend after friend has confessed to me a shamefaced detestation for the blind poet, due to the fact that it was with accidence

rather than with Providence for their guide
they in youth

"with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."

The early Victorians got their theology from Milton, the later ones got their syntax; it remains for the pupils of the present to go to him for poetry. Nowadays we endeavor to teach students a knowledge of Satan rather than of syntax, and look back with post-Victorian scorn on an educational system that would reduce the glory of an epic to the ignominy of dissection into the parts of speech. In our contempt we fail to observe that teachers to-day have done likewise, in kind if not in degree, for, if we no longer devote whole poems to perdition, we cull for the base uses of text-book example the daintiest flowers of quotation in verse or rhythmic prose. We pluck a nosegay from Tennyson to illustrate an adjective, or wrench from Ruskin some visioned period as model of a metaphor, and we hold the poor pinched blossom to the pupil, and verily believe that in analyzing pistil and stamen into grammatical terms, he will still smell and see the beauty of the flower. We forget that it is exactly as philistine of us so to desecrate a single rose as it was for our predecessors to reduce Milton's whole gardenful to syntactical botany.

The attempt at the same time to follow the gleam and to pursue a preposition is only an illustration of the passion of contemporary education to kill two birds with one stone. This effort after two targets is bad for the aim, and is bad for the birds, if the object be to bag one of them. Results show that youngsters of to-day are as weak in grammar as their grandparents, who plodded through "Paradise" without a suspicion of its poetry, are sturdy. Grammar and poetry never did go hand in hand, and never will, and the practise of illustrating sentence-structure by exquisite quotation is both unscientific and unæsthetic, and, further, it is profoundly unethical, being a base ingratitude to the poets who have showered us with beauty. Fortunately for their feelings, poets cited in school-books are always dead, but that does not excuse a grammarian's perfidy in citing them. It is not probable that fear of future syntax ever choked any poet's singing, although Horace expressed a premonition of the text-book only too well founded. The point for the present-day

pedagogue is not whether or not the poets know when they are shredded into sentence-structure, but how they would feel if they did know. Somewhere George Eliot says, "Tell the most impassioned orator that his neck-tie is awry, and he will be checked in mid-flood of eloquence," and in like manner, one might say, tell the most impassioned poet that he will one day be a text-book, and he will be arrested in the full fling of tossing off a "Hamlet."

"Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,"

but grammar has even more basely clipped Keats's—"him even"—when it ruthlessly demands the construction of "soft" in the following:

"Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests."

Base and brutish, we think, to mark off "blissful Paradise" by grammar's impertinent line and rule, but how about our own barbarity when from Shelley we unweave into woof and texture of participles some such rainbow as

"This is the mystic shell:
See the pale azure fading into silver,
Lining it with a soft yet glowing light:
Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there?"

May the day come when not only Satan and his angels, but every poet that ever wove his singing words, may be protected from the degradation of parsing. On the other hand, might not parsing be the very punishment to impose on the passages in which Homer nods? While one cannot bear the degradation of Lucifer's being made to answer for the syntax of his sonorous wrath, who would care if "Raphael, the affable archangel," were called upon to cast lucidity grammatical as well as astronomical on such a passage as

"What if seventh to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem
Insensibly these different motions wove?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,
Or save the sun his labor, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed
Invisible else, above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night."

In fact, parsing is a proper penalty for any one who has committed the social impertinence of being an archangel.

There are plenty of passages in plenty of poets that lend themselves admirably to grammatical dissection without our profaning the brightest and best. For instance, "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" might serve as a grounding in grammar as well as in charity for very little folk, while schoolmasters still left immortal the "Ode on Immortality." But if all poets are guilty of arid stretches only fit for digging, it is none the less ungodly to go grubbing for grammar in the glorious gardens the singers have left for our inheritance.

If the sordid uses of syntax are hard on the poet, they are also hard on the pedagogue as he plods with the pupil through a text-book impudently composed of star-stuff. It is torture to a teacher to "pluck from Browning some pomegranate"—for instance:

"What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine,"

in order to inspect the substantive clause! Prod forth the clause and at the same time preserve the picture of the stark mountainside, and the sound of skirling wind, if you can! Sometimes the fugitive quotation ripped from its context has a teasing familiarity to which one cannot give a local habitation or a name, while other cited passages have an association so immediate and so holy that to handle them at all for syntactical purposes is sacrilege. It is surely doom heavy enough to have to teach grammar without being forced to teach it in a way that flagellates the instructor's memory and appreciation.

Perhaps Satan never did devil's work more completely than when he let the school-children of the past generation loose to study syntax in the Garden of Eden; but if so, it was Satan himself who suffered most; the young grammarians intent on making pebble-piles of the parts of speech failed to see Satan in all his looming grandeur or Eve in all her loveliness—never suspected it was Paradise they were treading. To-day the pupil is introduced to Lucifer under better auspices, and Milton is a poet and not a proper noun, and yet the spirit in which our predecessors parsed "Paradise" still haunts our schoolrooms. We have indifferently reformed all that, but so long as we teach grammar through poetic quotation we have not reformed it altogether. After all, it is

not poet or pedagogue who suffers most by the present process, but the pupil. By our mixing his drinks he fails to distinguish the true flavor of either grammar or poetry. No school-child will ever unconsciously imbibe a love of noble lines by gulping them down as syntax. The Victorian method was sounder, whereby the grandsires may have missed Milton but learned to pin any adjective, however rhapsodic its surroundings. Grammar is prose and intended for every-day work, and poetry is poetry and intended for every-day joy, and we had better find some method of teaching both that will not blur the distinction. Undoubtedly, we must find some way of stiffening with a sense of structure the knock-kneed sentences our youngsters write; but this will be better accomplished by citations from the newspapers and the periodicals than from the shrines. Let these remain sacred. Let our pupils not only discover their grammar from simple, every-day prose, but at the same time learn what good English is being written to-day right under their noses. Contemporary achievement is always the best incentive to contemporary effort. Our school boys and girls have no ambition to become Miltons, inglorious or otherwise, but they do desire to be able to write straightforward English. Any good teacher or any good text-book could find enough examples on an average editorial page to equip any pupil with an unerring precision in regard to the parts of speech, and with an impetus to employ them as correctly as does his next-door neighbor, the newspaper upon the table. But to grammar its place and to poetry its place in the classroom as in life. Undoubtedly our present classrooms show that they consider the place of poetry a greater one than that of grammar, so that boys and girls to-day acquire, when reading Milton, as enthusiastic a respect for Satan as had his creator; but schoolmasters of the past might point with excusable pride to classes incomparably firmer on their feet in the paths of syntax, and possessing together with this security all the accompanying sanity, the orderliness of mind, the working common sense of the much-maligned Victorian era. After all, it is merely a matter of educational preference as to which is more useful through life, an acquaintance with syntax or an affection for Satan.

· THE FIELD OF ART ·



Early Tuscan frame of carved and painted wood with the motto in gold on a blue ground.

Virgin and Child. Ignoto Toscano, in the Uffizi.

ITALIAN PICTURE-FRAMES

IT is a significant sign of the unimportance accorded to picture-frames that, in attempting any research on the subject, one can only discover an occasional notice of some individual frame among a mass of detail comprised under the generic title of "Frames," which ranges from chimney-pieces, door furniture, and girandoles down to the designs employed in book illustration, called by the French "cartouches."

Only in Italy was the art of picture-framing a fine art, and the examples worth studying belong almost entirely to that country.

Picture-frames are of comparatively modern origin, for during the long period of the Middle Ages such portable pictures as existed were enclosed in wooden cases with doors and had, consequently, no frames, while mirrors were not yet in existence. It was not till life became more settled and houses were considered in relation to peace as well as war, that the custom began to prevail of placing pictures on walls. They start, therefore, in the fifteenth century and are at the height of their perfection in the sixteenth.

From the earliest times Italian artists knew that for a painting to be rightly appreciated it was necessary to enclose it in some kind of surround; they knew, too, that it could never be a matter of caprice what that particular surround should be, but that it must be chosen scientifically and with due regard to the effect of the painting on the spectator and of the whole as a work of art.

It is only necessary to study the fine examples that are still in existence from the best period of this art, which appears to have been exclusively Italian, to realize that neither chance nor fashion entered into it. On the contrary, it was the outcome of an instinctive æsthetic sentiment of feeling for the beautiful in conjunction with an almost scientific appreciation of what would enhance the intelligent understanding of the picture. Whether we look at them in their richness or their simplicity we shall note that the structure of the frame was first carefully studied and adapted to its purpose of suitably enclosing the picture, and that its subsequent enrichment, whether by modelling, gilding, painting, or

a combination of the three, was likewise equally subservient to the master principle of establishing a perfect harmony between the frame and the painting. So, too, it is only necessary to study the art in its decadence to become aware of the injurious effect produced by irregular or exaggerated

were largely architectural in character, and being likewise enriched with the motives characteristic of architecture, were thus admirably attuned to the interiors of cathedrals and churches. Pilasters of various kinds, round and pointed arches, recesses, architrave, frieze, and cornice—all these may

be found in the composition of the earliest picture-frames or altar-pieces, as they really were.

With the last years of the fifteenth century came the rapid development of the Renaissance and all that it brought to every branch of art, of vigor of conception, fertility of imagination, and wealth of exquisite detail. That epoch set its seal upon frames as well as upon the higher branches of art, and we observe the consequent enrichment of the more severely architectural types with the lightness and profusion of floral ornament, more especially in those executed in Venice.



Circular carved frame round Michael Angelo's Holy Family, in the Tribuna of the Uffizi. The design is a complicated arabesque of birds and foliage with five heads in bold relief.

mouldings or by an overexuberant or unsuitable complication of ornament. By an undue prominence in either structure or decoration, the spectator is distracted and his vision disturbed to the entire detriment of the picture.

The evolution, the climax, and the decadence of the art of framing pictures is comprised in less than a hundred years. It began in the last half of the fifteenth century, attaining its zenith in the first quarter of the sixteenth, and from that time onward became more and more perverted by foreign influence.

In the fourteenth century and up to the middle of the fifteenth, or even later, pictures were painted exclusively for altars, either in churches, the chapels of communities, or the houses of the rich. Hence they

The frames of this period, when the art was at its height, seem to fall into three distinct types—the architectural or “tabernacle” frames as they were generally described in Italy, the carved frames for circular pictures, of which the Uffizi Gallery at Florence possesses two splendid and well-known examples on paintings by Botticelli, and the square frames carved with severely simple but beautiful mouldings, two perfect examples of which are in the Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin. For a considerable time Italian frames retained their national characteristics, and though they lost the fine adjustment of proportion and ornamentation that had distinguished the earlier examples, they yet kept a certain distinction and the charm of a graceful and decorative purpose. They gradually,

however, lost their native character, and coming under French influence became more and more debased until all sobriety of treatment disappeared. There was then no longer any recognition that the art of picture-framing is strictly bound up with that of painting; the frames turned out in imitation of the styles of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI might as well have been made for mirrors as for pictures, and long before the days of the Empire we find that picture-framing as a really fine art had ceased to exist.

When one thinks of the number of early Italian paintings that are still left to us, it may be a source of surprise that so few are in their original setting. The National Gallery, London, has hardly any of importance, the Louvre but a few; the Berlin Gallery is better off, but even in Florence, Siena, Venice, and throughout Italy, where naturally most "old masters" are to be found, the number is extraordinarily disproportionate to that of the pictures of the time.

Early Italian pictures are still occasionally to be seen, especially in galleries abroad, surrounded by a simple fillet. This, which is only a part of the frame properly so-called, is very often the only part that is left of the original, which was removed either from one or other of the above causes, or possibly from the desire that the picture should take up as little room as possible on the walls of the academies and public galleries that were being founded at the time. Signor M. Guggenheim, in a work on "Le

Cornici Italiane," published some years ago, shows that there are many documents which prove how fully the old painters interested themselves in the frames that were both to serve as well as to preserve their pictures. If they did not always design them, they frequently planned them with the crafts-



Tabernacle frame of carved wood with decoration of gold over blue. The base has a pieta in the centre and shields in colors at each corner.

Annunciation by Botticelli, in the Uffizi.

man or suggested a decoration that would help to harmonize with the painting. He mentions as an example a superb frame on a picture of Marescalco in the Museo Civico at Vicenza, for which the artist himself made a design in light and shade, and also Bartolommeo Vivarini, as another painter, who is known to have initiated the frames for his own pictures. It was a time when few artists worked only in one branch of art; painters knew how to be architects and sculptors, and the subsidiary arts of carving and modelling were frequently practised by the men who handled brush as well as chisel. This, no doubt, greatly helped the painter in a control of the frame which was to be the crown and harmonious decoration

of his work, and in the making of which so many arts were not infrequently combined. On certain of the canvases of the early painters, Jacobello del Fiore, Vivarini,

tent to follow a fashion that is often in open contradiction with real artistic judgment and feeling. The frame that is suitable to a portrait of old age cannot be suitable to a landscape, and what is wanted for a subject of serious treatment is surely inappropriate to one of light and graceful imagination. On the other hand, the austere subject does not necessarily require framing in a severe and rigorous fashion, nor does the picture of contemporary manners demand a setting that is novel or bizarre. What were the exact principles that proved so unerring a guide to the craftsmen of the cinque cento in frame-making, as in everything else, can only be discovered by a pa-



Tabernacle frame of wood carved and painted.
Virgin and Child. Ignoto Toscano, Uffizi Gallery.

Crivelli, and others, one can see in the relief of the architectural detail, the gems and gold in the crowns, the sacred books and the like, how they delighted in modeling, as if in protest against the arbitrary exclusion from their particular sphere of the sister art of sculpture. So, too, in the frames we seem to catch a hint of the same feeling; for on the basis of a structure sometimes severely architectural we often find the conceptions of a sculptor carried out with admirable delicacy of workmanship.

As to the framing of modern pictures, there has been considerable improvement of late, and there have been seen a certain number of highly creditable attempts to solve the problem of obtaining unity of frame and picture in a harmonious whole, but for the most part artists remain strangely indifferent to the matter and seem con-



Siennese frame of the tabernacle type in wood carved and painted, with the arms of the Piccolomini family.

tient study of the individual craft by the modern worker in that particular line. One rule, however, seems to have been of almost universal obligation, that, as ornamentation, the frame should be treated more richly in proportion as the picture it contained was simple and subdued.

S. T. PRIDEAUX.



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THE "OREGON" PUTTING ON HER WAR PAINT AT BAHIA, BRAZIL.

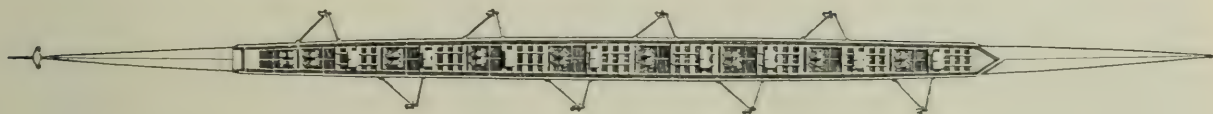
The *Oregon*, Captain Charles F. Clark, one of the "Eastern Squadron," representing, at that time, a new type of heavier armed battleship, left San Francisco, March 10, 1898. At Rio Janeiro they heard of the declaration of war with Spain, and at Bahia they put on war color. On May 26 they arrived at Key West in fighting condition after a record run of 14,700 miles.

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ROWING AT AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

BY LAWRENCE PERRY

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY H. HOWLAND

INTERCOLLEGIATE rowing antedates all sports in which our American universities engage. Students of Yale and Harvard first met in competition on Center Harbor, Lake Winnipiseogee, nearly sixty-four years ago—on August 3, 1852, to be precise. In the sixties and seventies aquatics reigned without a rival. In neither popularity nor scope were baseball, football, nor any other sport to be compared with it. Rowing is still the most important major sport in seats of learning where adequate facilities exist, important not alone in its tradition and present prestige, but in the part it is playing in the general campaign of eliminating from the undergraduate body the fashion of taking athletics by proxy.

Originally a sport in which the few came to row and the many to cheer, rowing to-day calls to the inept and to the mediocre as well as to the man qualified to sit in a university shell. As a muscle-builder, no sport equals the game of sweep and shell, and it holds poetry and pleasure, as well as physical benefit, for its devotees. At Harvard, Cornell, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Syracuse, An-

napolis, Columbia, Wisconsin, Leland Stanford, California, and Washington, definite advances in aquatics have been marked each year, and at all the interests of the non-varsity oarsmen have been observed in varying degree as the support of generous alumni has permitted.

Following the lead of such schools as Saint Paul's, Groton, Exeter, and Middlesex, preparatory institutions throughout the country have done much to interest their students in rowing for its own sake, with the result that each year seats of higher learning receive large groups of boys who care for the sport not so much for the opportunities it may offer them to beat some one else as for the physical improvement and mental pleasure they derive therefrom.

With swift, mechanical ease a group of stalwart, sun-browned young men launched their eight-oared shell from the float and stepped gingerly into their places. The coxswain took his position, strapping his diminutive megaphone over his mouth, while the oarsmen, leaning forward, laced their feet into the shoes attached to the stretchers. On the float, watching them, stood the coach, his high-

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powered launch coughing and throbbing a few feet out in the river.

The silence was deep, broken only by the lazy slap of the wavelets against log and pile. On the faces of the men were expressions denoting that the afternoon was not to be one of play, but of serious

that boat, evidences of jovial good-fellowship and the sheer joy of living. This was a scrub crew of undergraduates out for a spell of exercise in the glorious, golden May afternoon.

An hour or so later, as their shell passed under a bridge on its way to the boat-



Shipping the oars.

The sweeps are lighter in the hands of the oarsmen than they will be when the crew returns from its four-mile row against time.

business—a season of strenuous endeavor to be made none the easier by the grilling of the lynx-eyed coach. They were the “first varsity,” the men who in a week or so, provided they were able to hold their places in the boat, would be sent away to New London to prepare for the supreme test.

As their craft shot away up the stream, another shell-load of sweep-swingers from a boat-house across the narrow river pulled out upon the course. There was no uniformity in their garb; some wore shirts of various color designs; others were bare to the waist. There was laughter in

house, the little coxswain straightened to rigidity.

“Now, fellows,” he cried, “come on—a slashing thirty-eight to the float.”

Instantly arose a chorus of indignant expostulation:

“Oh, I say there, Whitey, have a heart.” “A bit energetic, after all your hard work, old top!” “Look here, you hit up the stroke and we’ll throw you off the float!”

As may be conjectured, the shell continued at a leisurely pace.

When the varsity boat boomed up to its float the men ceased their labor



Drawn by H. Howland.

"Carefully now, men."

The varsity eight carrying their shell to the float.

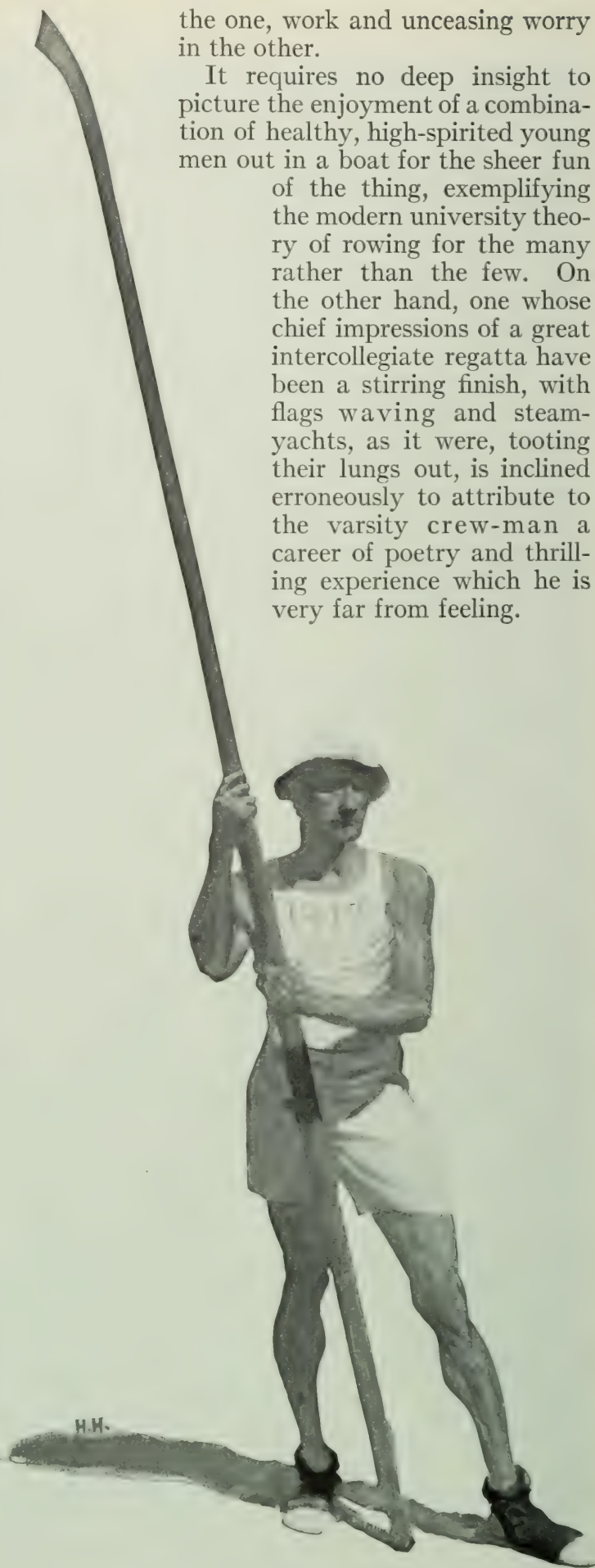
abruptly at a sharp "weigh all" from the coxswain. They leaned heavily upon their oars as though tired—they were tired—and their eyes turned toward the coach, who was standing in the bow of the swiftly advancing launch. His head was shaking, his face was sternly set.

"Not so good to-day," he said, signalling the launch-man to cease headway. "I wish you could carry one day's form over to the next. You are not together—understand? *Not* together. Stroke, you are finishing in the air; don't try to finish with your hands in the seat. No. 7, you—for Heaven's sake, No. 7, how often must I tell you about your delay at the catch? You can't catch up, you know; it simply can't be done. You must start with the rest. No. 6, you did well to-day; you're getting over that slashy habit. Keep it up. No. 5, what's the matter? Don't crumple so at the finish; pull it through, man. No. 3, you've got to stop feathering under water. You're studying in a scientific course; you ought to know you are stopping the boat. Pretty good to-day, No. 2—only look out about the angle of your blade in the water. Bow, all right for you. Cox, can't you steer? Some day soon, if you don't look out, we'll let you try your circling tendency in the second varsity. . . . All right. That'll do for to-day."

So here we have the two antitheses of university rowing—eight undergraduates out for the sheer sport and pleasure; another eight grinding away day after day in the process of transformation into a machine smoothly perfect in all its interlocking parts, delicate, if powerful, sensitive in its every component element, and yet indomitable and enduring. Fun and mental relaxation in

the one, work and unceasing worry in the other.

It requires no deep insight to picture the enjoyment of a combination of healthy, high-spirited young men out in a boat for the sheer fun of the thing, exemplifying the modern university theory of rowing for the many rather than the few. On the other hand, one whose chief impressions of a great intercollegiate regatta have been a stirring finish, with flags waving and steam-yachts, as it were, tooting their lungs out, is inclined erroneously to attribute to the varsity crew-man a career of poetry and thrilling experience which he is very far from feeling.



The man who "makes the beat"—the varsity stroke oar.

Indeed, the graduate oarsman who can recall any phase of his rowing days without a reminiscent twinge down his back and along his legs, without the hardening of grim little lines about his

from the free, careless, pipe-smoking existence commonly ascribed to the alternately placid and embullient undergraduate.

It may be questioned whether that



The coxswain.

mouth, may be regarded as an exceptional man.

To the intramural boatman a rowing season may be, and usually is, a period of unalloyed delight, and, graduating, he bears away with him into life glowing memories of laughing waters, rushes nodding in the sunlight, good-fellowship, and abounding health and vitality. Compared to him the varsity man has been a galley slave, a being apart

good old song, "Jolly Boating Weather," ever came from the pen of a varsity oar, who, in an American university at least, is too busy wielding a sweep to even think of inditing aquatic rhapsodies. He comes to college from his summer vacation late in September and is immediately confronted by the curt summons to report for crew work.

The first week in October sees him hurrying from classroom to boat-house,



Dragon by H. Howland.

The initiation. Throwing a new coxswain off the float.

where half a dozen shell-loads of candidates for the honor of representing the university in the varsity shell in the fall regattas—which in these modern days are beginning to come into vogue—are strenuously engaged in an effort to catch the

spring races are decided under the most distressing elemental conditions, the Yale-Pennsylvania contest of 1915 being rowed on the Schuylkill in a howling blizzard, wherein the Pennsylvanians lost their way and wandered blindly, giving one good



The oar-rack.

eye and engage the fancy of the coach. Whether there is to be an autumn race or not makes no difference in the amount of work done; until the snow-flurries of November there is unceasing labor at the sweeps.

December brings a respite which endures until after the Christmas holidays, when the candidate is set to work on the rowing-machines in the gymnasium or in stationary shells in boat-house tanks. The ice has not disappeared from river and lake when craft are put overboard and the work of preparation for the April regattas begins amid snow and hail and grinding floe. Occasionally these early

oarsman an illness which removed him from the crew.

These contests settled, the crews are pointed for still more important regattas in May, with the great rowing classics at Poughkeepsie and New London coming toward the end of June. To recapitulate, only in one month of the college term, December, is the varsity or freshman rowing candidate free from work either on the machines or at the sweeps. While his fellows are loitering about the gridiron watching practise, or looking over the track and baseball candidates, or hugging their steam radiators, or doing merely nothing at all but being comfortable and

good-natured, he is grinding away to the end that on some brave, golden afternoon the most remarked feature of the shell of his university in the eyes of the coxswain of the rival boat shall be a slender, gleaming rudder.

Of course, if victory comes, all the preliminary concentration of mental and physical faculties is well worth while—twenty minutes of glory in return for seven months of travail; even in defeat we may all recognize the disciplinary effect of the long ordeal on habit, character, and temperament. Not long ago a man who had been a crew captain at Yale, a famous oarsman, was talking about this to the writer. He said:

“As I look back on my career at Yale, the four years of intercollegiate rowing stand out as the greatest thing that Yale did for me. Nothing in the curriculum, I feel, so fitted me for the hard give-and-

take game of life that followed graduation, so qualified me for the struggle out in the world. When things have messed themselves up into the sort of tangle that makes for discouragement, when affairs have pressed and burdens have seemed almost too heavy to be borne—at such times the thought has come: ‘You’ve got to keep at that stroke of yours until you get it right; for there *is* a right way which you haven’t hit,’ or ‘Now we are abreast of the Navy Yard; two more hard miles to go. Stick it out; keep fighting; *never quit*.’ What I learned at the sweeps is what made me.”

There will be very general assent to the assertion that this man, who served three years in the shell of his university, earned fully every benefit, moral or physical, that he derived from his career as an oarsman. As to the physical benefit he spoke with no degree of certainty, and, in truth, this



The March oarsman.

point is open to debate—at least so far as the four-mile racing is concerned. Suffice to say that Annapolis and Princeton authorities refuse to permit their crews to row over courses of more than two miles in length, while Wisconsin has abandoned intercollegiate racing altogether.

But whether the distance be two or

undergraduates to indulge vicariously in athletics; and in ever-increasing degree opportunity and incentive are being offered the student to sit in a boat and swing an oar either in competition or for the sheer pleasure involved.

Intramural regattas are now an established feature at most of the great row-



A brush between the varsity and junior varsity in the early spring.

three or four miles, there is a vast amount of work entailed for the man who swings a varsity oar, and while he has his reward not only as above outlined, but in the way of prestige and undergraduate adulation, while the university through his efforts obtains a wide and not unsatisfactory publicity, the significant feature about rowing, as in other university sports, is the extraordinary increase in the intramural idea.

Not so many years ago a graduate of Cambridge visited an American seat of learning in the rowing season and watched with interest the work of the varsity and second crew at practise. At length he turned to his companion and said: "How many crews of all sorts do you boat here?"

"Oh, three or four," was the proud reply. "Last year we had five."

"Indeed," the Cantabrigian said; "when I was at the university we had more than a hundred."

Since that time our seats of learning have formed more or less decided convictions as to the wisdom of permitting their

ing universities, and inducements are offered in the way of boat-house privileges and equipment for competitive aquatics. These features of college rowing are, of course, subordinated in the public mind to the intercollegiate regattas which occur from time to time in the course of the rowing season. In truth, it is quite likely that the general public is not at all aware of the success which is attending the efforts of those university authorities who, looking beyond the horizon of interuniversity contests, have seen in the enlistment of large numbers of undergraduates in work on the water the real sanction of the sport.

We hear now that one of the chief functions of intercollegiate athletics—rowing as well as other sports—lies in their stimulus upon intracollege activity. And there is unquestionably a sound basis of truth in this. New London and Poughkeepsie, with their cheering thousands, the rumbling observation-trains, the general public interest; Lake Carnegie, with its idyllic pastoral environment made vivid by the enthusiasm and color of a re-

gatta—all this stimulates the non-athletic mind to brave thoughts, inclines to emulation of the heroes of sweep and stretcher in whatever degree possible.

And yet, that prestige as a great rowing college is not altogether essential to interest in aquatics on the part of an undergraduate body is intimated in the recent experience of the University of Wisconsin, which has abandoned intercollegiate rowing because of the belief that the four-mile race is harmful to her oarsmen.

Since 1914, when Wisconsin withdrew from the Poughkeepsie regatta and from all contests against crews of other institutions, interest in rowing among the students has increased steadily. Instruction in watermanship is offered as one of the activities in which a freshman or sophomore can satisfy the university requirements in physical education. In 1913-14 there were 87 students registered in both the first and second semesters for this activity. The last time Wisconsin competed at Poughkeepsie was in the summer of 1914. In the year 1914-15, 99 men were registered the first semester and 139 the second semester. Last fall the first semester of 1915-16 found rowing with a registration of 148.

Systematic effort has been made for several years to promote intramural rowing, and each spring a regatta between crews representing the four classes and one between crews representing the various colleges have been held. Last spring this plan was extended by creating a light and heavy weight class, with the result that about twenty-two crews were organized, all of whom received training on the machines in the spring and in the boats as soon as the weather permitted. Elimination trials were held with finals in both classes. This year has seen a much greater development in this direction because of increased facilities. Last summer two eight-oared barges were added to the rowing equipment. Four war-canoes were also secured for the use of students who did not care to go in for formal rowing. These have proved tremendously attractive, being utilized for regular class work, and also for tournaments of various sorts, by young women of the university as well as by the men.

Boat-house facilities were radically in-

creased last winter and many additional landing-stations were built. Now, so popular has sport on the water become that the university has added a high-speed launch to its equipment and has organized a life-saving service in order that safety may be insured to the great number of students who each afternoon are out on Lake Mendota at one time. Doctor George W. Ehler, until recently director of the development of physical education, believes that aquatic sport as established at this university will eventually run tennis and baseball a close race for primary popularity.

At Harvard, famous as a factor in intercollegiate rowing, a great many of the students go to the water merely as a matter of pleasure, some using canoes, but the larger number in open working-boats and single sculls. In addition, left-over shells are used a great deal by discarded men who are not at the time candidates for any particular crew. In addition to this, the development of the crews tends to bring out a lot of men who are by no possibility up to university caliber. For instance, last fall about ninety freshmen reported as candidates for the first-year crew. It was, of course, obvious at the outset that a large proportion of these men had no chance of getting into either university or freshmen combinations, but they were developed for the double purpose of doing them good and keeping the competition for both university and freshmen teams as sharp as possible.

It has been found that the students are quick to take advantage of every facility for rowing which is given to them. Harvard still lacks, however, sufficient boats of the type of compromise or working boats, half-way between the pleasure boat and the racing-shell, and these the athletic association is trying to get with the idea of encouraging the increased development of a large number of scrub crews who will row a race purely for the fun of it. At present there are at Cambridge two large boat-houses, the Weld and the Newell, from which about two hundred men can be handled in crews in the afternoon hours.

Harvard, casting thought from the days when rowing was confined entirely to university and freshmen crew candidates to



The first day outdoors.

Oarsmen will testify that the romance is all in the picture.

the present with its system of dormitory, group, and class crews aggregating nearly two hundred men, in addition to the large varsity and freshmen squads, is inclined to justifiable complacency.

Besides her regular intercollegiate con-

tests and her class regattas for the famous Beacon Cup, Harvard gives an invitation regatta in which events are held for octopeds, wherries, single and double sculls, centipeds, freshman fours, and junior eights. The influence of affairs of this

sort in bringing non-varsity men to the oars may be imagined; in fact, one of the crews which competed in the junior-eight race at this regatta last year was made up of graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and Syracuse who were studying in the Harvard Law School.

At Princeton rowing, in point of actual participation, stands as the most popular sport; nearly two hundred students rowed on Lake Carnegie in craft of various sorts during the season of 1915. Last fall a visitor to the lake could see twelve and thirteen crews on the water at one time; in fact, the number of men who wish to row exceeds the accommodations, and this spring it has been necessary to keep men who could not be boated waiting until two or more crews finish their work on the water. The present equipment of four eight-oared gigs, eight eight-oared shells, three pair-oared gigs and two four-oared gigs is entirely inadequate to meet the demands of the students, while the Princeton rowing authorities realize fully the need of single and pair-oared shells.

The proximity of beautiful Lake Carnegie to the university, the fact that the water is never too rough for rowing, combined with adequate boat-house facilities, make Princeton an ideal place for the further development of rowing among the students, while such remarkable growth as already has been seen is due to the clever and considerate management of Doctor J. Duncan Spaeth, the rowing coach, whose policy of never cutting a man off the squad, but of finding some sort of a combination into which he fits, while at the same time holding out hope of advancement, has been of enormous influence in the spread of the idea of aquatics for all.

There was intramural rowing at Yale long before intercollegiate contests were ever thought of. Aquatic tradition at New Haven goes back into the 1840's, when the first Yale shell, the *Pioneer*, used to show her "stern to everything on the harbor"; later, the students used to row in "dugouts" and "gigs," and a story survives of how one day a sophomore crew defeated a junior six by the simple expedient of surreptitiously attaching to the rudder-frame a rope which held at the other end a huge stone.

The annual spring regatta, rowed either

on Lake Whitney or New Haven harbor, is devoted especially to the class crews. Last year, for example, the first freshman crew raced against an eight of the Rockrimmon Boat Club; the first junior eight raced the first sophomore eight; the second freshman crew rowed against the Springfield High School combination; the senior-class eight competed with a sophomore eight, and there were single and double scull events and an exhibition race between the first and second varsity crews attired in the beaver hats and long-tailed coats of the forty-niners. Interest in these events was enhanced because of the fact that the winning class crew was to receive the honor of racing against the winning eight of the Harvard interclass regatta.

In this way Yale furnishes incentive for what Doctor Hadley terms "the incomplete oarsman," who, after all, is the bed-rock foundation of the sport, since he rows, not as the varsity man rows, but merely for the love of the exercise and through devotion to sport as sport.

Cornell is a veritable home of rowing. Her varsity, junior varsity, and freshman crews have placed that university in the very forefront of intercollegiate rowing; but that is merely the outward gilding of aquatics at Ithaca, where the sport among the students attains a scope and a scientific standard that is equalled nowhere else. Yearly visits to Cayuga Lake have convinced the writer that almost every one at Cornell rows or at least knows all about the theory of oarsmanship.

Each school of the university—arts, engineering, science, architecture, agriculture, and the like—has its first and second eights, and there are class and club and fraternity crews and scrub combinations who row in everything from pair-oared gigs to eight-oared barges. There is enthusiasm along the banks of Cayuga when a university race is being decided, but to see and hear real enthusiasm it is necessary to wait until the varsity crews have paddled to their quarters and the regatta of the various schools of Cornell University has started. It is then that the waters of the lake, purpling in the afterglow, seem to rock with vocal uproar, and it is then that real money changes hands. There has even been a theory that the ardor with which these intramural events

are followed has affected the university spirit, which, of course, is not true.

Syracuse University has begun to awaken to the advantages offered by Lake Onondaga for rowing by students, and at

stimulus as a result of the achievement of the Stanford crew in finishing second to Cornell at Poughkeepsie last year. Before this year a general lack of interest in aquatics had characterized the attitude of



The man of the all-seeing eye—the coach.

Columbia efforts are now making to develop the intramural idea upon a plane commensurate with the prestige of that university as a factor in the Poughkeepsie regattas. Pennsylvania is handicapped by the poorest sort of boat-house facilities.

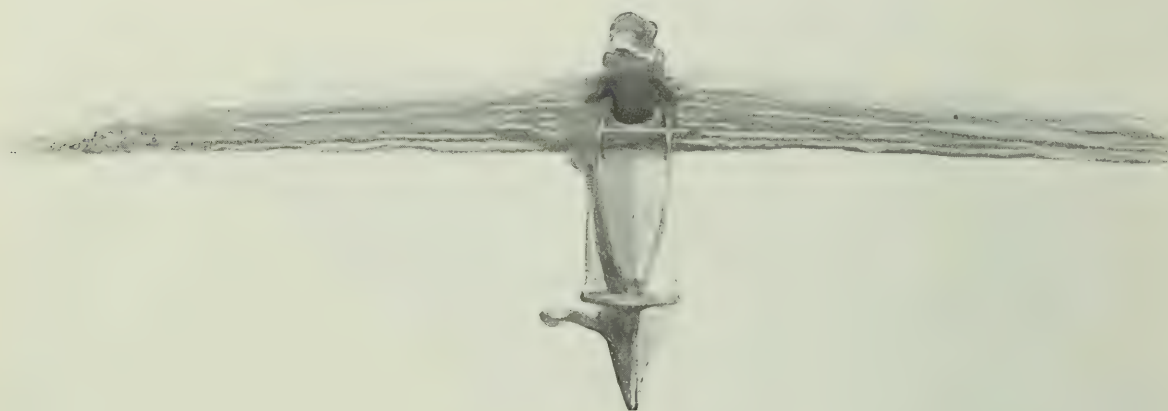
Rowing at California has received a

the student body, due chiefly to the fact that the sport was not conducted in the neighborhood of the college. Thus, since the organization of intercollegiate regattas among Washington, Stanford, and California in 1906, Berkeley crews until the present year had worked without

proper equipment and without the support of the student body. This year a change has been noted: not only the erection of a new boat-house, the purchase of rowing-machines and other essentials, but in the outpouring of some two hundred students as candidates for the various crews. Rowing is done on the Oakland Estuary, a branch of San Francisco Bay, and in the new enthusiasm oarsman and student alike are enlisted in the effort to change an order which has not seen a victorious California crew, varsity or freshman, since 1908. Ben Wallis, Yale '10, is coaching the rowing-men, and finds his

the barge and the two pair-oared gigs which constitute the rowing equipment, but is not adapted for work in eight-oared shells.

As this lake does not fill up until mid-winter, and sometimes not at all, there is no opportunity for fall rowing at Stanford. In January the lake is useful, however, and the following month the freshman and varsity candidates, some seventy men in all, go out to the boat-house on Redwood Slough, San Francisco Bay, which contains four shells. One of them is ten years old, the other eight, the other four, and the new shell, purchased last



Smooth water.

problem to be that of changing the short, choppy stroke to which the Californians have been accustomed to the longer stroke of the East. Candidates who have failed to make regular crews have been boated, and next year an increasing number of "incomplete oarsmen" will swing sweeps for the fun of the thing.

Rowing enlists the enthusiasm of students other than members of regular crews at the University of Washington, Seattle, where facilities for rowing on Lake Washington are ideal. At Leland Stanford University conditions are not good and the oarsmen are handicapped by lack of adequate equipment. None the less, the superb ardor of the Stanford oarsmen will tell eventually in the way of intramural sport as it has already told in the domain of intercollegiate endeavor. There is at Stanford, or rather Palo Alto, the seat of the university, an artificial lake which is about a quarter of a mile square. It is sufficiently large for

year, was left at Poughkeepsie when the crew departed from the Hudson. The boat-house rests a mile out on the edge of the slough; it shakes in the wind; there are no shower-baths and no stoves to shed warmth after work in the freezing winds from off the Sierras. When the tide is low the slough is completely dry, and the oarsmen thus lose two or three days' work every fortnight. While the stream is three miles long, there is only one half-mile stretch that is straightaway—on all sides nothing but mud flats and marsh-grass. It requires an hour to get from the university to the boat-house—two miles by street-car, six by train, and a mile walk.

The difficulties under which the Stanford oarsmen work are set forth in detail because Easterners who saw their remarkable fight at Poughkeepsie last year, when they finished second to Cornell, were amazed at the courage and stamina of this crew of young giants, who, with a stroke that violated all of the scientific



The end of a great day.

principles of rowing as understood in the East, with no uniformity, yet hammered their way doggedly up the Hudson, and in the end, through sheer strength and grit, made Cornell's finished oarsmen row their

hearts out to win. They trained themselves and rubbed themselves. And they were a set of fine, big Western rawhides, averaging one hundred and eighty-one pounds to the man, the shortest oarsman

being six feet tall and the tallest six feet four and a half inches. The rowing spirit of a comparatively small body of men at Stanford, a spirit that survives in the face of conditions that would discourage smaller men, is the spirit that has enabled Stanford freshman crews to win eleven straight races against the freshmen of California and Washington, which enabled their varsity to come to Poughkeepsie and overturn almost every theory of rowing that science has devised, the spirit that will make of intramural rowing an element of university life to be respected.

Where Stanford and other Western universities suffer is in the fact that the secondary schools furnish few if any boys who are familiar with the sweeps. One hundred per cent of Stanford's freshmen, for example, never saw a racing-shell before entering college. The present varsity captain, Orme, was raised on an Arizona cattle-ranch. In this respect Eastern rowing has a decided advantage, the universities being fed constantly by recruits from Saint Paul's, Concord; Exeter, Groton, Middlesex, Rindge Technical, Pomfret, Choate, Cascadilla, Stone, Volkmann, Boston Latin, Central High, Philadelphia, and other preparatory and high schools throughout the East.

Saint Paul's and Exeter started rowing in the seventies. At the Concord institution two clubs, the Shattuck and Halcyon, were formed, and they have served to develop a keen intramural rivalry in the sport. Saint Paul's oarsmen do not compete with outside schools, but they have the best club system in the country, and each season sees some twenty-odd eights boated. This institution, together with Exeter, Middlesex, Cascadilla, and Groton, annually furnishes excellent material for crews of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Cornell.

While graduates of all these schools bring to college a distinctive stroke, they are required by the university coaches to dismiss it as soon as they report for crew work; for, unlike English universities, there is no standard American university stroke. Cornell and Columbia row in accordance with methods as applied in the one case by Charles E. Courtney and in the other by James C. Rice. Yale, under her English coach, Mr. Guy Nickalls, rows with the long body swing of the English and with the same emphatic anchoring of the blades. Harvard in recent years had been rowing the typical sculler's stroke, very slight body swing, a gentle catch, with pressure applied in full after the blade had passed the outrigger. This season, under direction of Robert F. Herrick, the graduate coach, the crimson oarsmen have changed to the long body swing and vicious catch of the English—not to say the Yalensians—with, however, modifications adapted to American conditions.

Princeton, which rows only over sprinting distances, has been taught to row a stroke adapted to comparatively short courses. And so with Annapolis. Pennsylvania has abandoned her Anglo-American methods, taught by Vivian Nickalls, and is rowing now under supervision of Mr. Joseph Wright, for many years coach of the famous Argonaut crew of Canada. All in all, it will be gathered that, whatever progress we are making in rowing, our tendency is not toward uniformity of style.

This, however, is a fact not to be deprecated; for, as Guy Nickalls and Courtney and Rice have frequently demonstrated, the successful style, after all, is not so much a matter of hard-and-fast adherence to set formula as of keen appraisal of the material in the boat—the stroke adapted to the material, not the material to the stroke.



BONNIE MAY


BY LOUIS DODGE

A strolling player comes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD BIRCH

XII

A QUESTION OF RECONSTRUCTION

N keeping with the Baron manner no mention of Mr. Addis's name was made openly in the mansion the next morning. The normal atmosphere was changed only by a more pronounced reticence, which doubtless hid varying degrees of sullenness or resentment. But there was no lack of politeness. On the contrary, there was an excess of it.

Only Bonnie May violated the well-established tradition of the household.

Early in the morning she encountered Flora, and made occasion to engage her in a brief conversation. Flora was planning to go out with the McKelvey girls after breakfast, and she held in her hands the green-and-silver tailored skirt when Bonnie May came upon her. She was regarding it with the care and heartache of a young woman in love with pretty things who has very few of them, and she did not seem quite responsive when the child began a somewhat extraordinary commentary.

She scarcely heeded Bonnie May's introductory words; but she *did* begin to pay attention when she heard this:

"Of course, I know I've got nothing to do with the giving out of parts, but if I had he'd strike me just right for the rôle of the husband."

Miss Baron flushed. She knew just whom the child meant, but she felt that she must pretend to some measure of doubt.

"What in the world are you talking about?" she asked. Her faint smile robbed her words of sharpness.

"I think he's just the kind that would look well to the people in the gallery, and

to the people down in the parquet, too. Mr. Addis."

Flora sat down in an aimless fashion, holding the green-and-silver skirt across her knees.

"Do you think," she asked meditatively, "that he would look well—anywhere?"

"Do you mean, do I think he would look—ridic'lous anywhere?"

Miss Baron leaned back and looked with a sort of mournful joyousness at the ceiling. "You do say such amazing things!" she declared. "To use your word, you don't think he could look ridiculous anywhere?"

"Never in the world!" was the emphatic response.

"But you realize he isn't at all like—well, like the leading men in plays, you know."

"You mean what they call *matinée idols*?"

"Well, he's entirely different from them, isn't he?"

"But you wouldn't want him to be like them, would you?"

Miss Baron shook her head slowly. "No, I wouldn't. . . ."

"I'll tell you how he strikes me," said Bonnie May. "If he came on the stage, the audience would think it was the business manager, come to make an announcement. You know the business manager is the man who has the money—sometimes; who pays the hotel bills and finds out about train time, and sees that your baggage is there ahead of you when you get to the end of a trip. He's the real man with the show. These fellas that look like fashion-plates are all right as far as they go. But you know once in a while the walking gets bad; and then the wise guys are the ones that stand in with the business manager."

She went away, nodding with emphasis, and left Miss Baron to complete her toilet.

Baron spent most of the day in one of the newspaper offices where he was occasionally engaged to write "feature"

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "Bonnie May" appears on page 7 of the Advertising pages.

stories. He returned to the mansion to encounter his mother in a purposeful and rather disagreeable mood. She had outlined a programme of Reconstruction, she said; and Baron, listening a bit absent-mindedly and resentfully, was informed that his part in the new order of things was to snub Mr. Addis on all possible occasions, and to aid in transforming Bonnie May from a sort of fairy queen to a normal, sensible little girl.

Baron smiled somewhat wanly at all this.

"Reconstruction," he said musingly, as he lingered to hear his mother's final words. "Reconstruction!" He turned away with a distinctly mischievous light in his eyes.

He climbed two flights of stairs before he came upon the object of his next search. Bonnie May was in the attic.

She was all eagerness when she saw him. "Do you know what happened to-day?" she began.

Baron stopped abruptly. "Happened?" he echoed, unworded speculations again flooding his mind.

"Oh, nothing wrong. It's just—Mrs. Baron gave me my first music lesson."

"Music lesson!" he echoed; and then: "Was that all?"

"Isn't it enough?" She came close to him and whispered: "I'm to be 'cultivated.'"

He frowned. "I don't like the word. Who said so?"

"I wouldn't mind about a word. Honestly, it wasn't so bad. I've often thought I'd like to be able to hit a few high spots on the piano. Sometimes a little thing like that means ever so much to you. Imagine yourself having the lead in a play with a lot of love-making in it. You have a line like this—to the leading man: 'You'll be like all the rest. You'll forget me among all those gay scenes.' Don't you see how much it helps if you can say it sitting on a piano-stool, and winding up by turning to the keyboard and trifling with it softly? You don't need to play well. It wouldn't do to play really well. Just a little, you know. Absent-mindedly, with your head down. That's what I want to be able to do."

Baron had pulled a chair close to the window. "And so you took a music les-

son?" he asked. He was recalling the serenely inefficient manner in which his mother played certain familiar hymns. It did not occur to her that she would attempt to teach Bonnie May anything but this class of music.

"At first she thought hymns would do," continued the child, as if she had read his thought, "but when I explained to her that I wouldn't care to play them, she said we could take up something else."

Baron regarded her steadily. "Bonnie May!" he remonstrated. "You didn't have another disagreement, did you?"

"It was more like an argument—and I must say she behaved beautifully."

"And did you behave 'beautifully,' too?"

She had drawn her chair close to the window and was looking out, so that he saw, chiefly, a small shoulder and a profile which was quite eloquent of independence and courage. "Yes, I think I did. Of course, it was harder for me than for her. You see, I had to be It, as the saying is. Yes, that's how to express it. She had framed the game up, and I had to be It."

"What—what really happened?"

"She began in that innocent way of hers. She thought a little knowledge of music would be good for me. I said 'Yes' to that. 'Yes,' she went on, 'it would be quite proper for me to learn to play some of the simpler hymns.' When she said 'hymns' . . ."

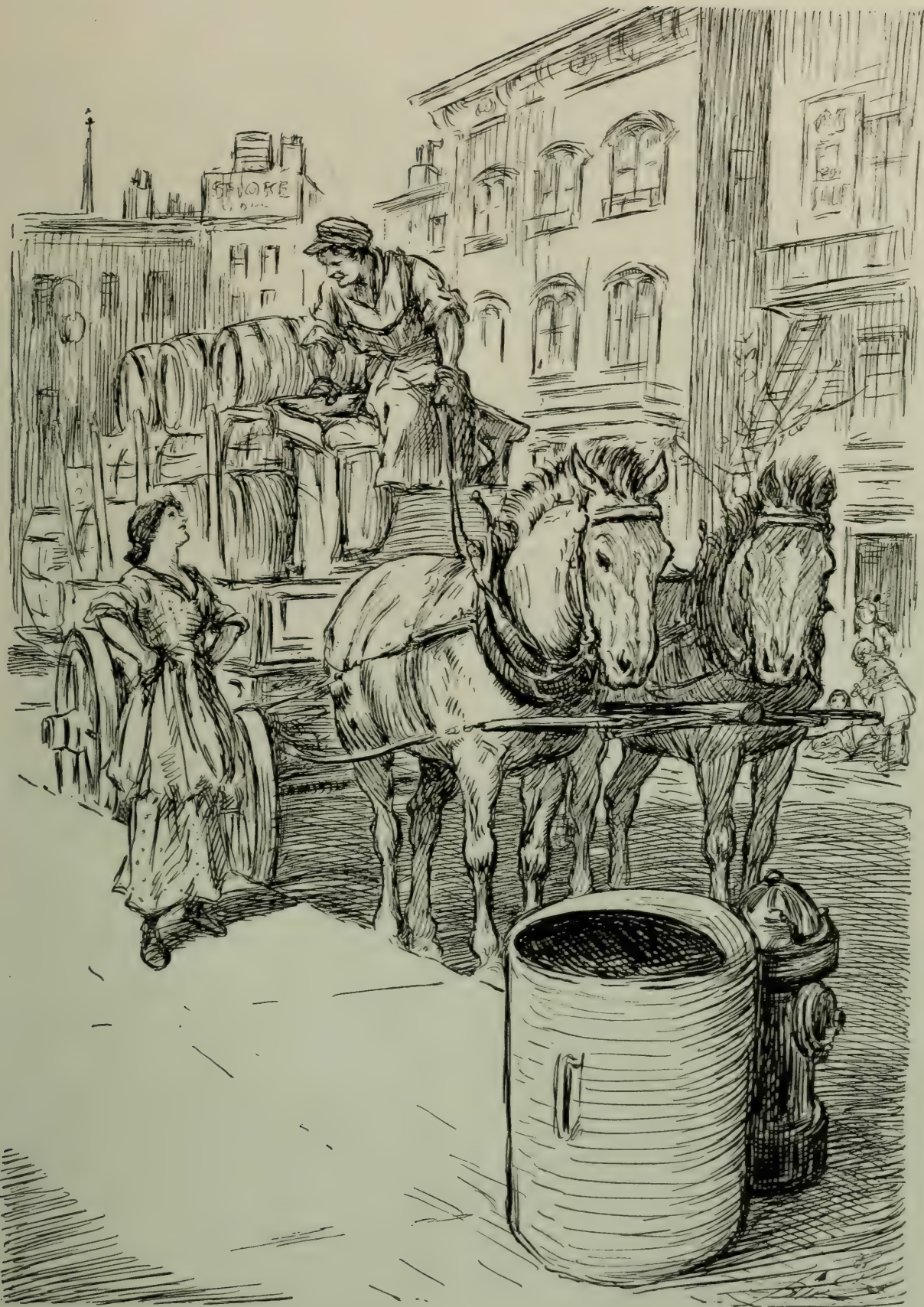
She sat quite askew and laughed; and when Baron made no response at all she became uneasy. "You know you've got to protect yourself," she insisted defiantly.

"Very well; and then what?"

"I told her it was so good of her to be willing to teach me, but that—well, I told her hymns wouldn't do."

"Why wouldn't they do? They're music."

"It's like I told her. Hymns are all well enough for persons who don't understand very well—like raised letters for the blind. When Mrs. Shepard lets me set the table, how would it sound if I kept saying: 'I'm helping Mrs. Shepard! I'm helping Mrs. Shepard!' She might be too polite to say anything, but she'd be thinking: 'The gabby little thing, why



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"They look as if they were quite happy—and didn't care to be anything else."—Page 668.

don't she just do it and let it go at that?' On the other hand, if I just did the best I could without making out that I was the whole show, she'd be apt to say: 'Bless her heart, she's really helping.' I think singing hymns is about the same thing. It's as if you kept on saying: 'I'm praising God! I'm praising God!' It would be—oh, bad taste. But if you sang 'Annie Laurie,' or something like that, you can imagine they'd bend their ears up in the skies—if they can hear that far—and say: 'Isn't that nice!' That's what I said to Mrs. Baron. Some spiel, wasn't it?"

Baron was glad that she turned to him for only the briefest scrutiny.

"And—what did mother say?" he wanted to know.

"She stared at me. And I stared at her, too—only mine was different. Mine was what you call a baby stare. Innocent, you know." She turned to him again, and something in his eyes checked her. "Oh, I know how that sounded to you," she said with quick remonstrance. "*You* never put things like that into words. But you know very well everybody *does* have special ways of looking when they want to. As if they didn't understand, or as if they were surprised—or weren't. You have to do things like that. That's all I meant."

"I—think I understand," said Baron.

They remained silent for a time, and through Baron's mind a single phrase kept running: "Like raised letters for the blind." Wasn't cynicism, wherever it existed, merely a protest by people of refined taste against the inartistic forms which goodness often assumed? And hadn't he and his family always paid far too little heed to the meaning of the golden legends of life, and too much to the desire to have them in "raised letters"?

He was aroused by the voice of his companion; by her voice and by the eagerness with which she gazed at a little drama which was being enacted down in the street. An enormous, red-faced beer-driver had stopped his dray at the curb to chat with a ruddy-cheeked, buxom girl with glossy-black hair, who was laughing up into his face. The two powerful brewery horses stood patiently at rest, their

eyes harboring the placid expression of the weary draft-horse that comes immediately when a stop is made.

"Aren't they happy!" commented Bonnie May, speaking as if from the indulgent summit of great age.

"I don't know," Baron argued. "I shouldn't think it very probable."

"But can't you see that they are?"

"Because they are laughing?"

"That—and their eyes. The way they are looking at each other is just as if they were patting each other on the cheeks—now, isn't it? I think they are both just beautiful. They look as if they were quite happy—and didn't care to be anything else."

"Nonsense! Who ever heard of a beer-driver being beautiful? And such an enormous creature; and the kind of work he does; and—and such clothes!"

Her brows contracted. "Aren't you prejudiced against him just because—well, maybe, because of the kind of work he does?"

"I think maybe I am. I should think anybody might be."

"I see. You were thinking something ugly about him—so of course he wouldn't look nice to you. You see, I wasn't. I think maybe he does that kind of work because he was never taught to do anything else. If your work isn't lovely, I think you deserve all the more credit if you can be glad while you're doing it."

"But, don't you see—people choose their work—they choose to be what they are."

"Not at all. I didn't. Did you?"

"And just see how—how *loud* he is! And notice the color of his face and hands."

"Yes," she said. She continued to look critically, and her eyes were filled with joy when the driver suddenly leaned back and laughed until the sound reached them above the score of other noises. "That's because he laughs so much, and is out in the sun and the weather most of the time. I think he's lovely—yes, I do. For my part, I'd like to get up on the seat and ride with him. I'll bet he would take good care of you. And you can see that nice girl would, too."

"With a beer-driver!" exclaimed Baron, really amazed.

She regarded him serenely. "Oh, a beer-driver," she said. "I wouldn't think about that part of it at all. I would have to know something about him that really counted, if it came down to an argument. You're only thinking of his make-up. And, my goodness! I've seen many a Simon Legree go into his dressing-room and change his clothes—and come out the nicest sort of a fellow. I've got a hunch that if there is—" She paused, shame-faced, and then continued: "If there is somebody up in the skies keeping tab—somebody managing the big stage—the whole world, I mean—he knows just what we are, or ought to be, if the make-up wasn't there to make us seem ugly and mean and hateful."

"But look here!—That isn't a make-up that fellow down there has on; it's himself!"

"Not at all! What's the difference whether it is the wardrobe mistress that hands you what you have to wear, or—or just accident? I mean the way you happen to get started, and whatever it is you have to do? You know what I mean."

"I know what you mean, well enough. But what *I* mean is, why should you suppose that chap down there didn't get just what he studied for—what he fitted himself for?"

"Because they give you a part, and say, 'This is your part,' and that's all there is to it."

"Oh, on the stage—possibly. But what can you see in that fellow down there that makes you think there's anything to him—that he'd be trustworthy, for example?"

She leaned forward, wholly alert. "It's easy," she declared. "See how he sits, with his feet square on the dashboard, and with his head held up high that way. That means he knows what he's about."

Baron felt himself getting red in the face. He remembered his habit of sitting with his legs tangled up when he was at his ease. Quite cautiously he got himself into a more purposeful attitude. "Anything else?" he asked.

The beer-driver was now driving away. "Yes. Look at the way he is holding those reins—nice and straight and firm.

The horses know he's there, all right. They trust him. They *know* him. Look at him now! It's just as if he were saying to them: 'Take it easy, old fellows, we're all here together.'"

Baron leaned forward and watched the disappearing dray. Yes, there was a certain method in the man's way of holding the reins, and in his whole bearing, which suggested just what the child had put into words.

He leaned back and clasped his hands behind his head and smiled.

"What is it?" asked Bonnie May anxiously.

"I'm afraid I couldn't explain to you. I was just thinking about—about certain forms of Reconstruction."

XIII

"A KIND OF DUEL"

THERE followed, for a number of days, a series of importunate demands upon Baron from Thornburg. The manager wanted Bonnie May. His wife wanted her. She needed her.

And to these demands Baron turned a deaf ear. He refused to heed them, until——

It was borne in upon him at length that there was a very serious question as to the child's best interests to be considered.

She was an actress, born and bred; and some day she would surely hear the call of the theatre. Not in the near future, certainly. Baron couldn't bear to associate children and the stage. But in a few years . . .

After all, circumstances demanded that he call on Thornburg, and he did so.

Thornburg squared about sharply, with the air of a man who means to do something handsome. "I'm still ready to take her, if you decide that you'd like to give her up. Of course I don't know how soon I might change my mind. In case Mrs. Thornburg loses interest, I'd be through with the case, naturally." This was in response to a preliminary statement by Baron, who had laid down the general proposition that he did not wish to stand in Bonnie May's light.

He turned to his desk again and ex-

amined a letter which came uppermost, frowning and pursing his lips as if he were giving it deep consideration.

Baron did not wholly succeed in repressing a smile. "All wrong," he said amiably. "The Greeks must have borne gifts to you before now, Thornburg. No, I'm not tired of her. I'm not likely to be, either. Why, she's like a tonic. Sense? You wouldn't believe it. She's forever surprising you by taking some familiar old idea and making you really see it for the first time. She can stay at our house until the roof falls in, if she only will—though, of course, I don't hope she'd be willing to. But don't think there's any question of our getting tired of her. She's not that kind. I might add, neither are we."

Much to his amazement Thornburg sprang to his feet excitedly.

"I don't know what you're getting at!" he exclaimed. "If you've got anything to say, why not say it and be done with it?"

Baron arose, too. He thought he was justified in feeling offended. "I think," he said quietly, "I haven't got anything to say, after all." He managed to keep his voice and eyes under control. These proclaimed no unfriendliness. But his lips had become somewhat rigid.

"But you did have," retorted Thornburg. He sat down again and produced a handkerchief with which he wiped his face and neck nervously. "Come, don't pay any attention to my bad manners. You know I've got a thousand things to worry me."

"Yes, I know. I'm really trying to help—or I had the thought of helping. You—you make it a bit difficult."

"There was something about the little girl," said Thornburg.

"Yes. I've begun to feel a kind of moral responsibility. At first I thought only of my own point of view. My family's, I mean. Our interests and pleasures. But you see there's also something to be said from the standpoint of our—our guest. I wouldn't want to have my way altogether and then find out after a while that it had been the wrong way. I never realized before how much the people of the stage are born and not made. That's the gist of the matter. There will come a time when nothing in the world

is going to keep Bonnie May off the stage. That's my conviction now."

"They say children *do* inherit—" interposed Thornburg.

"The question of her future stumps me a bit. It's not as if she were any other little girl I ever heard of. It's like this: I'd like to have a skylark in a cage, if it would sing for me. But I'd never be able to forget that its right place was in the sky. You see what I mean. I don't want to be wholly responsible for keeping Bonnie May—out of the sky."

"Well?"

"My ideas aren't exactly definite. But I want her to be free. I want her to have a part in working things out the way she wants them."

"That's good sense. Turn her over to me, then."

"That's not the point at all. I think up to a certain point it may be good for her to experience the—the gentle tyrannies which are part of her life with us. On the other hand, if she becomes identified with you (I don't know just what other word to use), and you get to be fond of her, why, then, in a material sense . . . Oh, I don't like the tone of that at all. But you'll get the idea, and take it for granted that what I'm trying to get at is that I don't want to stand in Bonnie May's light."

Baron tried to join the manager in the latter's impatient laugh. "You'll have to excuse my denseness," said Thornburg. "I get your meaning as easy as I can see into a pocket. The way it sounds to me is that you're sure you want to keep her and that you're just as sure that you don't want to keep her."

"That's nearly it," admitted Baron, flushing slightly. "Suppose, say, that I want to keep her a part of the time and that I'd like you to keep her the other part. Suppose I offer to share her with you: to encourage her to visit Mrs. Thornburg a day at a time—days at a time—a week at a time. Suppose we take her on a kind of partnership basis. No unfair influence; no special inducements. Suppose I make it plain to her that you and Mrs. Thornburg are her real friends, and that you are glad to have her come as often as she likes and stay as long as she likes."



Drawn by Reginald Birch.

"I don't know what you're getting at!" he exclaimed. "If you've got anything to say, why not say it and be done with it?"—Page 670.

Thornburg's eyes were beginning to brighten.

"Would you," added Baron, "do the same thing by us? I mean, would you encourage her to come to us when she felt like it, and see that she had the chance to go as freely as she came?"

Thornburg's flushed face was all good nature now. The little barrier which he had kept between his visitor and himself fell away completely.

"A kind of duel between us," he elaborated, "to see which of us has the best attraction to offer?"

"Well—yes, you might put it that way," agreed Baron.

"And so—" Thornburg flushed anxiously.

"And so, I'll tell her that she has been invited to visit Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg and make herself quite at home."

XIV

MRS. BARON TAKES UP THE GAUNTLET

LITTLE by little Bonnie May had become habituated to the home atmosphere. This, of course, was due largely to the fact that the other members of the family had become habituated to having her about. They no longer felt constrained to utter pleasant nothings or to hold their tongues because of her presence. When they forgot her strange ways she ceased to be strange. She obediently and even intelligently attended when Mrs. Baron gave her her lesson on the piano.

"Though I think," she confided to Baron on one occasion, "I could get hold of the high places without going through all the funny business she seems to regard so highly."

Baron spoke in defense of the "funny business," and presently she agreed with him.

The guest's wardrobe had been made gloriously complete, and in this relationship another pleasant development was to be noted. Bonnie May had been painfully accustomed to the use of trunks. Now she made the acquaintance of bureau-drawers, and her delight was unbounded. She spent hours in arranging her things. She won Flora's genuine applause by her skill and taste in this matter.

Flora bought her a hat. She looked at it in a nearly detached manner for an instant. "Oh, a hat," she commented. She might have been repeating a word spoken by a travel-lecturer describing some interesting place which did not seem to concern her. It appeared that she never had owned a hat.

She put it on before the glass. "Oh!" she cried. She thrust impulsive arms about Flora's neck and hugged her.

Flora enjoyed that experience so much that she bought another hat which she described as "unmade." Ribbons of gay colors, and white lace, and little silk flowers of various hues came with it, and the child was given these materials to experiment with as she pleased. Flora gave advice and was ready with assistance.

Again the result was interesting. Bonnie May experienced a joy which was rapt, almost tremulous, in quality. A desert-bred bird coming upon an oasis might have regarded its surroundings with the same incredulous rapture. Baron's room became hers permanently, and here she developed a keen delight in "housekeeping." Here also she received Mrs. Baron and Flora as guests and amazed them by her performance of the part of hostess.

"I call it nonsense," declared Mrs. Baron to Flora after the two had paid a formal call. But her face was flushed with happiness and her voice was unwontedly soft.

"Not nonsense," responded Flora; "it's just happiness."

She spent whole afternoons with Mrs. Shepard in the kitchen and dining-room. She learned how to bake little cakes. It became her duty—by her own request—to set the table; and upon this task she expended the most earnest thought.

Baron commented upon this on one occasion. "Ah, you're not an artist, after all. You're a Gretchen," he said.

"But everything about the table is so pretty and nice," she responded. "It's as elegant as a table in a play and ever so much more sensible. You know something always happens when you sit down to a table on the stage. A servant comes in and says, 'Beg pardon, mum, but there's a gentleman—he says he's your

uncle from Green Bay'—and then everybody gets up in a hurry, because the uncle is supposed to believe his niece has a lot of children he's been helping to support when she hasn't got any at all. Or something like that."

In brief, there were a hundred accumulating evidences to prove that Bonnie May in the Baron household was the right individual in the right place.

The flight of time, the inevitable march of events, brought to Baron a realization of the fact that there was a promise he must keep. And so one day, during an hour in the attic, he spoke to Bonnie May.

She didn't seem to pay any attention at all to his preliminary words. It slowly dawned upon her that what Baron was saying concerned her in a special way.

"... people you will be interested in, I am sure," Baron was saying. "Thornburg, the name is." He glanced at her; but the name made no impression. "Mrs. Thornburg is not very strong, and a cheerful visit ought to be just the thing to help her. Mr. Thornburg is a theatrical man. Why, it was his theatre I met you in. They have a beautiful home."

"Oh, that makes me think," was all the reply he received. "What became of the man who had a play?"

"Eh—a play?"

"You remember—when I first came. He had the first act and read it to you in the library, and I had to go to bed."

"Oh—Baggott. He's probably forgotten all about it by this time. Or writing another that he'll never finish."

She shook her head unconvinced. "He was so enthusiastic," she objected.

So for the time being there was an end to the discussion of her visit to the Thornburgs.

Another week passed, and then Baron had an extraordinarily busy day. In the forenoon came a letter from one of the dramatic editors for whom Baron had done special work occasionally.

"They are launching some sort of a dramatic stock enterprise out at Fairyland to-night," the letter ran, "and I'm hoping you can do it for me. Thornburg is managing it. I don't hope it will be as much as a dramatic proposition,

but you might be able to get some readable impressions. Please let me know."

Baron went up into the attic to look at the morning paper. He wanted to know what they were doing out at Fairyland and who was doing it. And, while he noted one impressive name after another, he was arrested by an altogether amazing sound down in his mother's sitting-room. Mrs. Baron had been giving Bonnie May her music lesson, and now, the lesson done, she was singing for her pupil.

The thin old voice faltered on some of the notes, but the words came clear enough:

"... She is all the world to me,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie..."

Baron smiled and shook his head. What was it, he mused, about a plan of Reconstruction?

Then he went down-stairs to telephone his acceptance to the man on the *Times*.

When Baron entered the dining-room at dinner-time that evening Flora looked at him with mild surprise.

"All dressed up and nowhere to go," she remarked.

"But there is somewhere to go. I'm going to write up the Fairyland opening. Would you like to go with me?"

"No, thank you."

It was clearly understood that Flora and her kind did not go to the Fairylands—and their kind.

But Bonnie May failed to grasp the situation.

"What's Fairyland?" she inquired.

"A large enclosure occupied entirely by mad people and with a theatre in one corner."

She ignored the reference to mad people. "Oh!—a theatre. What are they playing?"

"A piece called 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,'" said Baron.

She sat up, swiftly erect, and clasped her hands. "How fine!" was her comment. "Do you think you could take me?"

"I should say not!" Baron responded without thinking. His unthinking refusal was a result of the habitual Baron attitude. But as he regarded her thought-

fully, and noted the puzzled inquiry in her glance, he couldn't understand why he had been so emphatic, so confident of being right. "It's not a play a little girl would care for," he added, now on the defensive.

She smiled indulgently. "The idea! I mean, *anybody* would be interested in it."

"What's it about?" challenged Baron.

"A lady who died because they were unkind to her—even the people who loved her. It's about a lot of snobs and a—a human being." She spoke with feeling. She sensed the fact that again she was being required to stand alone.

Mrs. Baron frowned. "How in the world did you find out anything about a play like that?"

"Miss Barry did it in Denver one time—when she was with a stock company. I can't understand why you speak as if there was something wrong about it. I think it's great. You can cry like anything when you see it—because it seems as if what happens couldn't have been helped. It isn't one of those things that's been screwed around to make everybody feel as if they'd been eating caramels. You remember it!"

Baron, Sr., engaged in carving the roast, twinkled somewhat darkly.

"You might get her to shape your criticism for you, Victor," he suggested.

"I don't know if the editor would stand for 'screwed around,'" said Baron, "but, upon my soul, I think she's right."

"Well, don't you think you could take me, then?" asked Bonnie May.

"It really isn't possible. You see, I must hurry down to the office right after the performance—to write it, you know."

The child leaned toward Mrs. Baron, a very real shadow trembling on her face. "Couldn't you go, so you could bring me home?" she asked. Her voice was nearly inaudible, through fear of disappointment. "I haven't been for such a long time. You can't think how dearly I'd like to go."

Mrs. Baron was provoked by the child's intense earnestness. "Oh—impossible!" she said. She noted the look of despair in Bonnie May's eyes. "There wouldn't be enough tickets, anyway," she added weakly.

Baron leaned back in his chair as if he had lost his appetite. What was the matter with them all, anyway, that they were afraid to get down into the crowd once in a while? Plenty of really nice people went to all manner of places—in search of novelty, for diversion, in order to get into touch with mankind. He had spoken of mad persons out at Fairyland. That was merely a silly cynicism. They weren't any madder than other people. Surely they were saner, since they were willing to enjoy the best that life afforded.

"I've got plenty of seats, mother," he said. He returned to his dinner, smiling somewhat maliciously.

"Victor!" exclaimed Mrs. Baron. She flushed angrily. "You know very well I won't go to such a place."

Bonnie May tried very hard to eat her dinner then and to say no more. But presently she said faintly, "Please excuse me," and ran, weeping in true childish abandon, from the room.

An ensuing silence was broken by the sound of the telephone-bell, and Mrs. Baron was glad to respond as a means of putting the finishing touches to an uncomfortable episode. But the telephone seemed only to create other difficulties. The group at the table were quite at a loss to know what could have brought such an extraordinary sharpness into Mrs. Baron's voice. She was soon grasping the receiver angrily, and they heard her saying, with uncomfortable intervals between her words and phrases: "Tonight? Bonnie May? Mr. Baron? Why should he do anything of the kind? No, I don't understand at all. No. . . ." She turned around in quick displeasure. "Victor," she appealed, "will you see what they want?"

And Baron hurried to the phone and took up the broken conversation.

"Oh, Mrs. Thornburg!" he began. Then, after a pause: "Yes, that was the understanding. There wasn't any definite time set—" A pause. "Yes, I know he is. I'm going out there, too." Another pause, and then: "Well, I suppose it might be managed. I'll ask *her*. I promised—we both agreed—that she should do as she pleased—"

He turned back to the table with a brave attempt at briskness. But the in-

quiring glances bent upon him were disconcerting.

Mrs. Baron went and unceremoniously hung up the receiver. She had, it seemed, understood quite accurately what the person at the other end of the phone had been saying.

"It is an invitation for Bonnie May," said Baron, trying to shake off the feeling that he was a guilty wretch. "Mrs. Thornburg particularly wishes her to come over this evening, because she's to be alone."

"Well!" was Mrs. Baron's comment. "Why should she go over there, I'd like to know?"

Baron hesitated. "The fact is, I entered into a sort of compact with Thornburg——"

"Yes, I gathered something of the kind," said Mrs. Baron angrily. "I suppose I have nothing to say, one way or another."

"It was when you were still of the belief that Bonnie May couldn't be—quite comfortable with us; and Thornburg . . . I don't think I was wholly unjustified in what I promised. You remember, you said that as soon as she could be got ready—" He was floundering painfully now, with the eyes of everybody in the room turned upon him accusingly. "Mrs. Thornburg says she has a room ready, specially fitted up for her, and she only asks that she may spend the night——"

Mrs. Baron had a vision of that room that had been "specially fitted up" for the child, who was now grieving because she had been refused a greatly coveted privilege. No doubt the Thornburg woman had spent whole weeks and no end of money in fitting up that room. And she thought with a sinking heart of the gloom of the mansion and its threadbare aspects.

"Victor Baron," she cried angrily, "I wish you would tell me just what agreement you made with that theatre man. I want to know where I stand."

And Victor explained—or, rather, he failed to explain very clearly. The idea of "a sort of duel" not only failed to delight his auditors as it had delighted Thornburg, but they looked as if they considered it a type of criminal and unseemly folly.

"You see," persisted Baron, "the Thornburgs are rich people. They may go so far as to adopt Bonnie May, if the thing works out satisfactorily. I know how that sounds, but we've got to think of—of *her* interests as well as our own whims."

"Whims!" This, witheringly, from Mrs. Baron.

"I think it was mostly whims at first, anyway."

"You're speaking for yourself—not for me."

"And the Thornburgs are not bad people. I don't see why they shouldn't make her quite happy. I'm not at all sure we could do as much if we undertook to keep her here constantly."

"That," said Mrs. Baron, "is your mean way of reminding me of what happened just a little while ago!"

"Oh, no, mother! But she's such a joyous little thing! I think she'll like us all the better for seeing other people once in a while."

Mrs. Baron gazed at her son silently, her face darkening. He realized that her mind was filled with scorn, with resistance, with misgivings. "And I suppose," she said, "that everything in their house is the newest and brightest and costliest!" She enumerated these qualities as if she were pointing out so many of the cardinal sins.

Baron pretended not to understand. "They live nicely," he said. "But as far as Bonnie May is concerned, I don't think you need fear that the things the Thornburgs have will give them any advantage over us."

"Well, I don't want her to go," declared Mrs. Baron.

Baron was standing in indecision when, happily, there was an interruption. The front door closed rather noisily, as it did when Mrs. Shepard was not in a very good humor, and there was the sound of Baggott's voice in the hall.

Baron groaned. He went out into the hall and confronted the playwright apologetically.

"It's all right," remarked that young man. "Come on up to the library. I needn't keep you too long. But it's simply necessary—" He was leading the way up-stairs as if he were in his own house.

"Look here, Baggott," remonstrated Baron, "I've got to go out to-night, in half an hour—in fifteen minutes. You'll have to come back some other night."

"Where you going?"

Baron groaned at the man's rudeness.

"I've got to review a play out at——"

"Fine! I'll go with you!"

Baron sank into a chair. There really wasn't any reason why Baggott shouldn't go with him. "But I'm going on the street-car," he explained. "We couldn't read a play——"

"It's not ready to be read, most of it. I've only got a couple of acts and the scenario. But there are certain things . . ." He pulled his chair closer to Baron's and began an eager discussion of his play.

Time passed, and Flora appeared in the doorway. Her eyes were inscrutable. "Mother wishes to see you before you go out," she said.

"Will she come up here?" pleaded

Baron. He wanted to hide behind Baggott and escape a further scolding.

"I'll ask her," replied Flora.

Baggott, leaning forward and speaking with great intensity, continued on the subject which obsessed him.

The time flew, and Baron found himself nervously jerking out his watch. Then there was a faint rustle of dresses out in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Baron appeared in the doorway. She was dressed with all the exquisite, subtle attention to detail which never failed to make Baron proud of her. He took in the quiet, old-fashioned jewelry, sparingly displayed; the softened dignity of dress; the fine severity of her beautiful hair. Surely she was every inch a gentlewoman of whom any son might be proud.

She held Bonnie May, smiling serenely, by the hand.

"I just wanted you to know," she said, standing impressively erect and speaking with quiet resolution, "that we are ready to go to the play."

(To be continued.)

A SONG

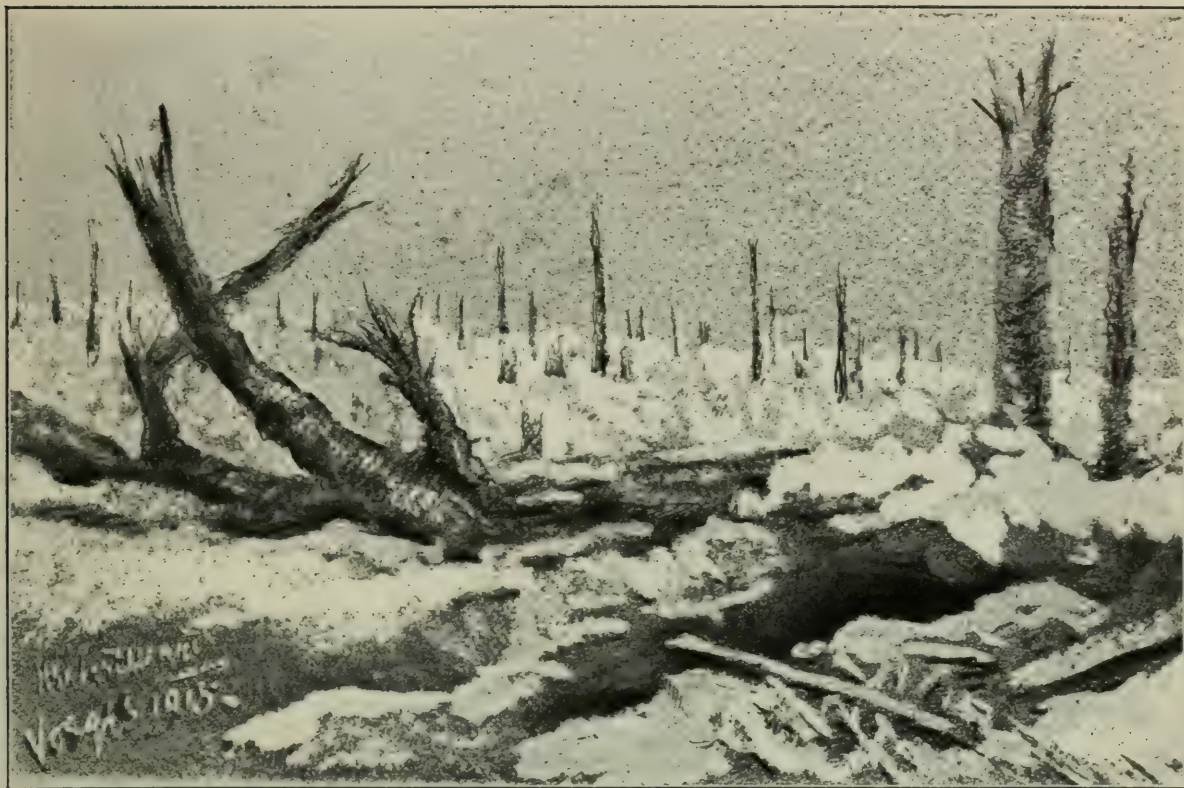
By Charles Alexander Richmond

I

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale.
And the poppies grow in the golden wheat,
For the men whose eyes are heavy with sleep
Where the ground is red as the English rose
And lips as the lilies of France are pale
And the ebbing pulses beat fainter and fainter
And fail.

II

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale.
And the poppies lie in the level corn,
For the men who sleep and never return.
But wherever they lie, an English rose
So red and a lily of France so pale
Will grow, for a love that never and never
Can fail.



The Lingekopf.

The forest razed by shell fire. A trench in the foreground.

WAR-TIME SKETCHES IN FRANCE

BY HERBERT WARD

Author of "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



A brancardier—stretcher-bearer.

Chasseurs Alpins.

circumstances—whilst they serve to recall a host of vivid scenes and incidents, are

MY personal memories and impressions of the war on the French eastern frontier last year are principally remarkable for the sense of dramatic contrast which they have left in my mind. The few rapid notes and sketches which I made on the spot—often enough under difficult

chiefly valuable to me by reason of their quality of strong contrast. I was witness to an ever-changing human drama which strained the senses and moved the heart in sympathy with the dark horrors of suffering and death, whilst it uplifted the spirit in admiration for deeds of courage and acts of noble devotion.

Then there is so often a grim contrast in the nature of the surroundings. I have listened to the singing of birds and the tinkling of church-bells, to the accompaniment of the low rumbling of heavy artillery fire. I have watched cows quietly grazing in the sunshine whilst the horizon was hidden by rolling masses of black smoke and the earth trembled as by an earthquake. After a long, dark night's work among wounded and dying men, under a continuous rain of shell fire, I have passed the early morning hours in



In the French trenches near Col de Bonhomme.

the ruins of former peaceful villages, now reduced to ashes, with here and there a creeping plant spreading its tender branches, as though seeking to embrace the poor remaining fragments of a former happy home.

I cannot imagine a greater privilege than to have personally experienced the conditions of life at the front in this great

tragedy, unless it be the privilege of understanding and realizing, of seeing and feeling, something of that actual human element which dominates it all.

An early morning sketch in one of those French trenches which sear the hillsides of the Vosges reminds me that I have seen rough men, hardened by exposure and awaiting death, watching with apprecia-



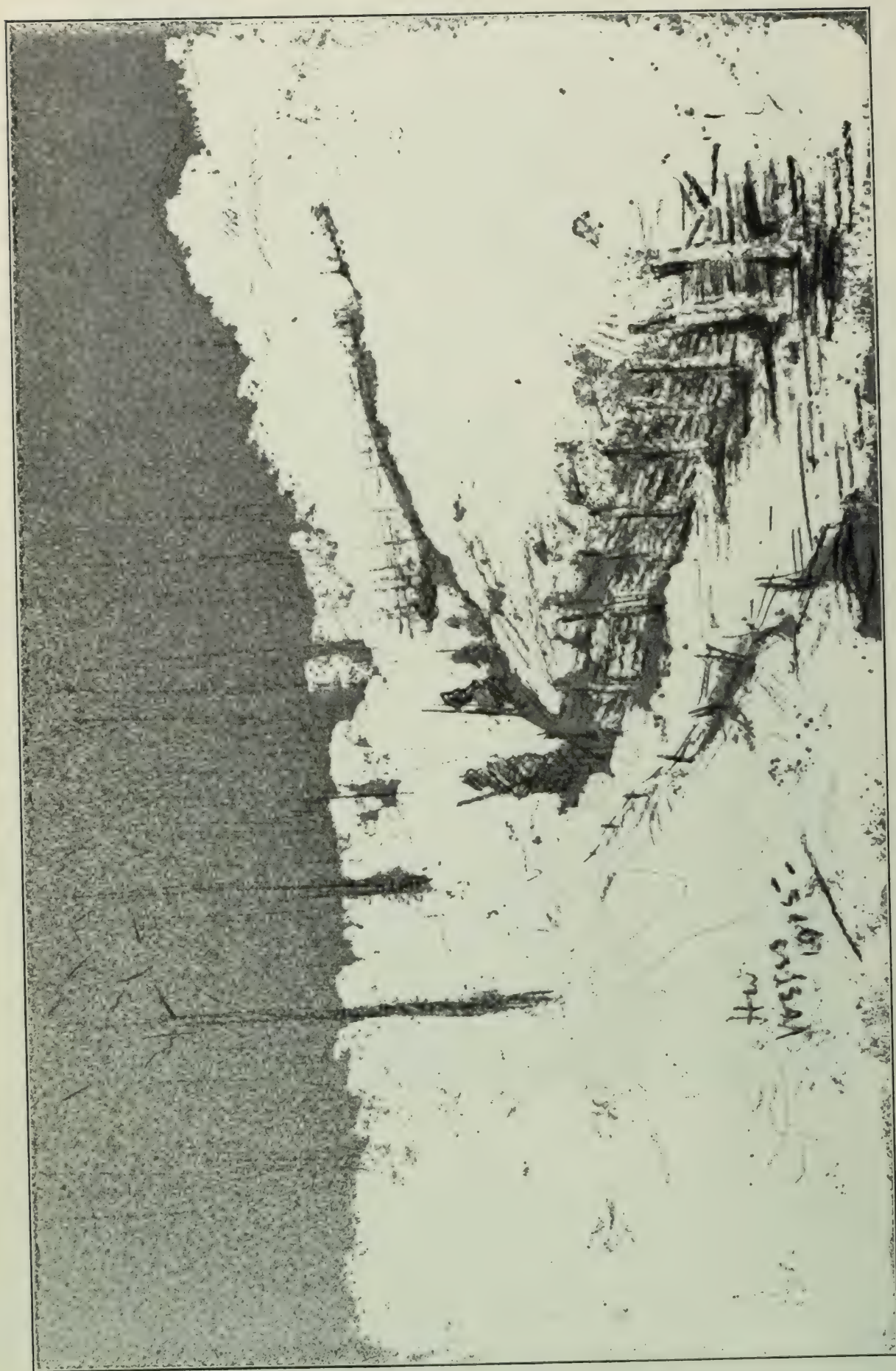
A "Cagna"—a dugout shelter.

tive eyes the coming of the dawn. At the same time I have had occasion to read some of the letters of these splendid, simple French soldiers, written under shell and rifle fire, wherein they actually described the beauty of the sunrise to their womenfolk at home.

There is a deal of pathos connected with the little drawing I made of a sol-

diers' cemetery among the pine-trees, near the front. In a temporary shelter lay a young French soldier, mortally wounded. True to the traditions of his race, he did not complain of being in pain. His face was flushed, and, although his voice was weak, he spoke quickly and with a strange enthusiasm.

"We have made such a pretty cemetery



At the rear of the French trenches near the summit of a Vosges pass.

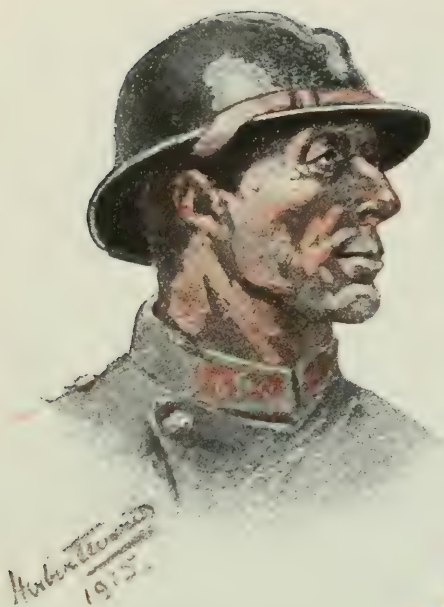


Watching . . . the coming of the dawn.—Page 678.

in the forest," he said to me. "It is modest, of course, but so nicely arranged. When this war is over, I will go back at once to see it, because I want to be sure that the names on the graves are well preserved." That same night he died, and was buried in his own cemetery among the comrades he had loved.

Again, on another occasion, I remember

stepping aside from a mountain path to give place to a company of soldiers who were returning to the front trenches. Close behind where I stood were the freshly made graves of several men who had recently fallen. A sound of pain—half gasp, half groan—startled me. It had escaped the lips of a man who had turned his head in my direction and had



Chasseurs Alpins.
A soldier.



Chasseurs Alpins.
An artillery soldier.



A French reservist



Fantassin.



A French infantry soldier.



A French soldier's grave.

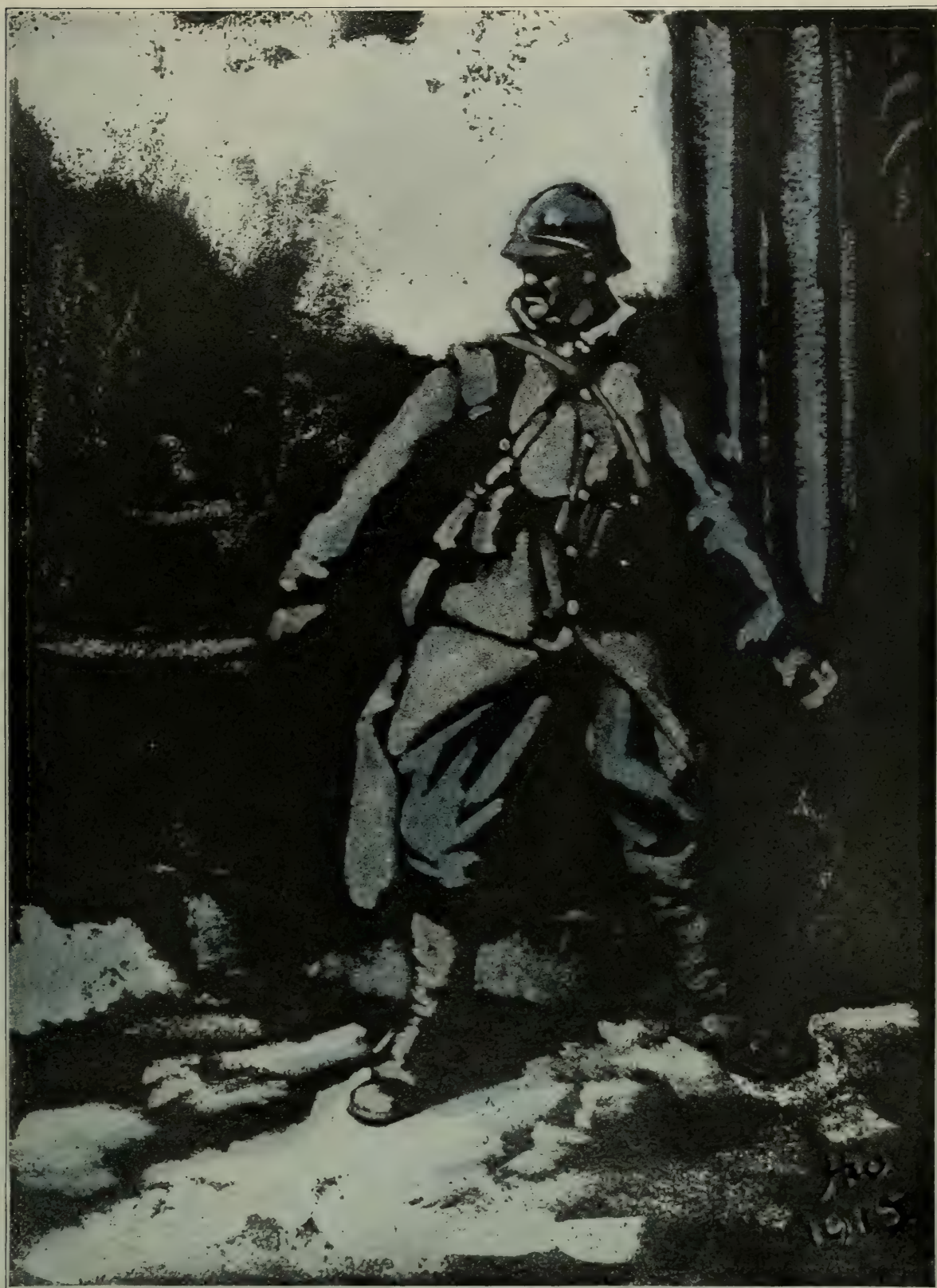
Rough wooden crosses . . . crowned by the dead soldier's kepi.—Page 690.



Winter in the Vosges.

read, on one of the newly constructed crosses, the name and fate of his brother. Without breaking his step, he plodded steadily forward with his company and was soon lost to view.

Continuing upon the subject of strange contrasts which impress one so vividly, I am reminded of my frequent visits to an improvised hospital in a small Alsatian town. Imagine the local theatre, trans-



Amidst bursting shells.

formed from a playhouse, with its tawdry accessories, into an improvised hospital for the reception of the wounded who were being continually brought in from the front some two miles distant, to re-

ceive first treatment before being removed to the regular hospitals.

The scene was particularly effective at night when the stage was lit by an oil-lamp attached to a portion of the scenery,



My soldier model remained immovable.—Page 690.



An exploding bomb in a French town.

which represented a baronial banqueting-hall. I can see it all—the white blouse of the surgeon, who was lit at his work by the light of a candle, held by a grisly, mud-stained brancardier; the naked, inanimate form on the operating-table; the heterogeneous collection of rifles and knapsacks, surgical appliances and blood-stained stretchers, propped up against gaudy columns. I can still recall the smell of sodden clothing, and the pungent odor of iodoform and anæsthetics. I can still hear the vain gasp for breath of men who had been under the influence of the detestable asphyxiating gases used by the enemy; the struggle to inhale air into lungs which had lost their elasticity; the involuntary groans of men with shattered, mangled bodies; the occasional piercing, startled shriek from those who in their disturbed slumber—the slumber that comes as a result of utter fatigue and overstrained nerves—are haunted by dreams of vague horror; the clattering of heavy boots on bare boards; the sharp click of surgical instruments: all this to the accompaniment of the heavy booming of guns, which shake the earth and cause the windows to rattle.

The men are lying on their stretchers on the floor of the theatre, from which the seats have been removed, awaiting their turn to be placed on the operating-table, most of them gazing as though fascinated at the grim scene being enacted on the stage. How futile are the cheap shams commonly used to produce dramatic illusion! What stage of any theatre in the world ever presented a scene to compare with this, the tragic reality of life!

Among the numerous dugouts which dot the trenches on the side of the mountains there are certain splinter-proof refuges which are reserved for men who have been too badly injured to be moved. In other words, they are doomed men, with but a short time to live.

Together with the Docteur Divisionnaire, who was making his tour of inspection, I entered such a shelter. There were twelve or fifteen men lying in two rows. At the end of the aisle between them was a red-hot stove to keep the place at a high temperature, so that the men who had been wounded in the lungs should have lighter air to breathe. With some, it was a question of hours; with others, it was a question of two or three



A soldiers' cemetery in the Vosges forest.

days at the utmost before they should find relief in death.

As I turned to go, a man lying near the entrance beckoned me with his finger. I went to the side of his litter and patted him gently on the shoulder. He was pallid and weak, unable to speak, or, in fact, to move, but I read his message in his eyes. The unusual sight of a British uniform had attracted his attention, and had awakened his desire to express his

sympathy and his sense of comradeship toward my countrymen. He conveyed his dying greetings to me by a glance which penetrated my soul. The emotions which buoyed up my spirit on other occasions—the sense of their patriotism, of their splendid heroism, of the nobility of the cause for which they were fighting—failed me. I never remember being so much affected by the glance of a human being.



Those fatal summits.

One of our ambulances on a mountain road exposed to shell fire.

The principal route of our ambulances followed a long line of communication over the high summits of the Vosges. Those fatal summits, which were so frequently captured and lost, and which were marked by the tombs of thousands of brave men, have been the scene of fierce fighting almost since the beginning of the war. The mountainsides are seared and scarred by hundreds of miles of

zigzag gashes in the earth which serve as trenches. Throughout this region there are countless thousands of men concealed, for the most part underground, living like rabbits, venturing forth at intervals—dark objects, begrimed with mud, contrasting strangely with the pristine whiteness of the snow—then popping back into their warrens out of the way of bursting shells.

One day, whilst sketching a soldier, a



In the French trenches—Tête des Faux, 15 yards from the enemy.

shell fell about fifty yards off, killing three men and wounding several others. A fragment from the exploding shell cut my paper. My soldier model remained immovable. It was merely a sense of

shame on my part that made me continue my work.

Rough wooden crosses are a sad feature in the scenery. They are often crowned by the dead soldier's sodden and dis-



Dark objects . . . contrasting strangely with the pristine whiteness of the snow.—Page 689.

colored kepi, or by his water-bottle, and occasionally by the remnant of his shot-riddled tunic.

His name is written in lead-pencil, and often a few words are added, exhorting

the passer-by to stay a moment and ask a blessing to the memory of the loyal soldier lying buried there, who died helping to save his country from invasion. The writing is often difficult to read, having

been hastily written in pencil upon the rough surface of a wooden plank.

Lying scattered on these roughly made graves, one can often distinguish the withered remains of a handful of wild flowers, plucked and placed there by a comrade as a last tribute. There is the

cross, that living emblem of all that is noble and brave; the dainty wild flowers, typifying human sympathy and brotherhood: a worthy epitaph, indeed, signifying everything that is beautiful in life. What could be more fitting to crown the grave of a fallen French soldier?



Letters.

DAUNTLESS

By Stephen Berrien Stanton

TORN by a twofold will,
Freighted with life-laid cares,
Compassed about by ill,
My soul to hope yet dares.

Dares to retain in right
And truth and beauty its trust,
Ay, in defeat's despite "
Dares because, God, it must!

Life ne'er assents to death,
Night never quenched the sky,
Doubt's but a phase of faith—
More than my failures, I!

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

By Nicholas Murray Butler

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WHEN, in 1807, the philosopher Hegel published his "Phänomenologie des Geistes"—a work which seems to me one of the most noteworthy in all the literature of philosophy—he referred to it as a "voyage of discovery." He gave the work this inviting name because in it he undertook to trace the history of consciousness in its growth from the first stages of culture up to those theoretical and practical convictions which underlie modern civilization and constitute its basis and foundation. I am using the term in an analogous but far less ambitious sense. What I have in mind is to state as simply and as directly as I can, and as correctly as may be possible after the passage of thirty years, the impressions and reflections of a young American, who, like so many others of his day, took ship a generation ago to seek instruction and inspiration at the universities of a foreign land.

So rapidly have our American universities progressed during the past generation that it is only with some effort that we can think ourselves back and reconstruct the academic life, organization, and methods of thirty years ago. At that time a visiting European would have been able to discover no universities whatever in the United States. He would have found Mr. Eliot in the midst of his severe task at Cambridge, reorganizing Harvard College and its attendant professional schools, giving new ideas to their governing boards, leading in the reconstruction of their programmes of study, and exerting a wide influence on the thought and policies of academic teachers in all parts of the United States. He would have found Doctor McCosh growing old at Princeton, but full of zeal and abounding in vision, and so stirring the imagination and appealing to the ambition of a group of young students that he created by his own efforts an exceptionally tal-

ented company of productive scholars, though few in number. He would have found a small Columbia College in the City of New York, with President Barnard calling aloud for the means with which to make progress and to seize the opportunity that he saw so clearly, while here and there a younger scholar was planning plans and dreaming dreams of what might some day be brought about on that ancient foundation. He would have seen vigorous intellectual life at Philadelphia, at New Haven, at Ithaca, at Ann Arbor, at Madison, at Berkeley, and at Charlottesville, but at no one of them would he have found a university. On reaching Baltimore he would have opened his eyes a little wider. For here, still young and still taking on form, was the promise of a real university. Here had been brought together by the genius of President Gilman a company of really advanced scholars and a small group of really inspiring and productive university teachers. Everything was being subordinated to the university ideals of inquiry, of productive scholarship, and of publication. The beginnings were yet small but they were highly promising.

The fact that these were the conditions then existing in the United States was one of the reasons why the more ambitious and energetic of those American college graduates of that day who looked forward to scholarship as a career, hastened across the Atlantic as soon as means could be found, to Oxford and to Paris, to Berlin and to Vienna, to Leipzig and to Göttingen. To come under the influence of a European university, particularly of a German university, was then the height of academic ambition.

For half a century the German universities had been drawing to their libraries, lecture-rooms, and laboratories an increasing number of American youth. These had been received with great hospitality, and they had repaid the welcome tendered to them by assiduous study and

by grateful recollection and appreciation of one, two, or three years of scholarly companionship, intellectual stimulus, and careful discipline. As the young American of the scholarly type reached the close of his college course, or perhaps after he had passed a year or two in so-called graduate studies at his alma mater, he possessed himself of a *Universitäts-Kalender*, and began to inform himself regarding the leading German scholars, the lectures that were to be given during the following semester, and conditions and cost of life in a German university town. Every scrap that had been printed on any of these subjects was read with avidity, and questions, definite and precise, were asked right and left of those older scholars who had already been enrolled at a German university. The processes and ceremonies attendant upon reporting to the local police, upon matriculating at the university, upon securing the signature of the proper professors to the student's *Anmeldungs-Buch* were inquired into, and suggestions as to procuring suitable lodgings were eagerly sought. It must be confessed that when all these questions, necessary and unnecessary, were answered the undertaking still seemed to be a venturesome journey into a strange and quite unknown land. The little German and French that were then taught in college would not bear the weight of the necessities of daily conversation and must be quickly supplemented by practical instruction in both languages. Financial arrangements had to be made, and the cost carefully counted. Finally, the plunge was taken and the shores of America faded from sight for the first time.

One can never be young but once, and one can never make the first trip to Europe a second time. There is something quite unique in the anticipation with which one first approaches the Old World in the endeavor to make its acquaintance. From history and from literature in both prose and verse, as well as from anecdote and books of travel, the whole scene is intellectually familiar, or at least it seems to be so. Contact with it, however, dispels this illusion and reveals for the first time real Europe, whose heart is beating underneath the surface with the blood-

flow of centuries in a way that cannot be recorded and described on the printed page. Then, as now, too many Americans went abroad without ever getting to Europe at all. They got to hotels where only Americans went; they got to banking-houses where only American newspapers were on file; they got to summer resorts where Americans predominated; but too rarely did they get beneath the surface of Europe to come in contact with the rich, fine, cultivated life of the people. The student bent upon getting the best that a European university had to give was more fortunate. He was literally forced beneath the surface of Europe, and was compelled to enter into the familiar and institutional life of England, of Germany, or of France, just as an Englishman, a German, or a Frenchman would do. In Germany, to be sure, he was apt to want to live on a little higher plane than the usual German student. He wished for somewhat better food and was satisfied with somewhat less beer. He liked a better-warmed room during the cold days and nights of a north European winter and he could not subsist without some measure of that ventilation which the European regards as one of the most mischievous manifestations of the Evil One.

Nevertheless, the American student, particularly in Germany, was able in those days to come very close to the life of the people, to enter into their joys and their anxieties, to read their newspapers and their books, to go to their concerts and their theatres, and to hear their reflections upon the world at large, and particularly upon that new world from which the student himself had come. At that time there was more migration from Germany to America than is now the case, and there were somewhat more and stronger immediate personal ties between households in the Fatherland and households on this side of the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the lack of understanding of America was complete. The fact that some persons had been lynched in New York during the draft riots of 1863 had developed into a conviction that lynching was a favorite New York pastime, and that delicate women were exposed to the disagreeable sight of victims of the lynch-ers hanging from an occasional lamp-post.

Any public disorder or dereliction, or any unusual or discreditable occurrence which the newspapers had made much of, was magnified into a habit or an institution. There were no American institutions of higher learning; there was no American literature; American art was not existent, and American science was a negligible quantity.

All this was a great shock for the young voyager, who had set out with a quite different impression of his own country's importance and achievements. He found now that it was regarded, good-naturedly enough, as an overgrown and irresponsible child, rich no doubt, and likely to grow richer, but not able to make any contribution to the higher life of the world. Argument on any one of these points was of little avail. The minds of men and women, even those of more than usual intelligence and wide reading, were closed. The result was frequently vexation of spirit and loss of temper, but the discipline was useful. This sort of reception was well suited to reduce the bumptiousness of the young American, and to make him understand for perhaps the first time how old and how large the world was and how set were its ways of thinking and of appreciating the newer peoples.

The winter of 1884-5 was a particularly interesting time to be in Berlin owing to the Socialist agitation then in active progress. The city was in what was technically termed a minor state of siege. This was a rather toplofty term to describe a situation in which police regulations as to domicile, public meetings, processions and the like were particularly stringent. At that time Berlin was much less than half its present size. The population was probably 1,200,000, and as there were some 20,000 soldiers stationed in and about Berlin, one who had never seen a military officer in his life, except in a parade of the militia on Decoration Day, met these gayly uniformed gentlemen at every turn, in the streets, in the cafés, and in all places of public resort, with no little surprise. This experience of itself induced reflection. What were all these officers and soldiers doing? Why were they withdrawn from productive industry? Why were they so

quickly deferred to by the civilian population? Such questions as these the young American asked, and he received replies that revealed to him, again for the first time, a different view of the state and of government to any that he had come in contact with at home.

New and interesting experiences awaited him at every turn. Emperor William I, *der alte Kaiser*, as he was affectionately called by the populace, was to be seen every morning in the window of his working-room at the palace, at the corner of what was then called the Opern Platz. It was the custom of his Majesty to return by a gracious gesture every greeting from one who might pass his window, and to rise in his place and formally salute whenever a body of troops, however small, passed by. The Crown Prince, who was, after nearly a decade, to come to the throne for a few short weeks as Emperor Friedrich III, was the very ideal of manly dignity and beauty, and seemed to incarnate in his own person the attributes and traditions of royalty. His eldest son, now and for more than a quarter of a century past the German Emperor, was an officer of the garrison. He was frequently seen driving or riding about the city, and came into familiar converse with a considerable group of young men, among whom occasionally an American student was included. The daily sight of royalty and of the imperial trappings and ceremonies gave to the institution a reality that it had never before had in the American's mind. To him Emperors and Kings had always seemed far-away personalities, recorded in history and worthy of a place beside the demigods and heroes of the ancient mythology. Now he was to find that these royal personages were very real, terribly human, quite visible to the naked eye, and ready to enjoy and to enter into all the pleasures and satisfactions of life.

Naturally the university itself was the first place to be sought out after the great Friedrich Strasse Bahnhof had been left behind and lodgings chosen and occupied. So this was the great University of Berlin! On either side of the court sat in marble state the two Humboldts, Alexander and Wilhelm. The low, well-proportioned building, built of brick and covered with

stucco, had a curious attraction. In and out of its doors and across this court had walked for seventy-five years some of the great men of the world. What would one not have given to see Hegel cross the garden behind the university building, making his way toward the Platz which now bears his name and which contains his effigy; or to see Schleiermacher turn his steps toward home at the end of one of his great lectures on religious feeling to the students of theology. Imagination could even see the magnetic personality of Fichte himself moving about in these halls and streets. Trendelenburg, Harms, and Droysen had recently died, but von Ranke was still there as a link with the past, although he was nearly ninety years of age, and opposite his name in the announcement for the semester were printed the significant words *liest nicht*. It was a great occasion for the young American when he first put his foot inside that academic building. Every hallway and every lecture-room seemed to echo with the footsteps and with the voices of great scholars who had shaken or moulded the world of thought. The bulletin-boards were covered with curiously written notices of one sort or another. Every notice was eagerly spelled out in order to gain some information of student customs and of academic life. Then the offices of dean and of questor were hunted up, in order that when the time came for the formal ceremony of matriculation one might know where to go.

The next step was to buckle down to a better mastery of the German language. Hours each day were devoted to poring over German grammars and reading-books; to conversation in lodgings, on the streets, and in the Thiergarten with companions who were chosen for the purpose; in reading the daily newspapers and in attending the theatre. Of all these devices perhaps the two most useful were the daily conversations on the streets and in the Thiergarten with chosen companions and the nightly visit to the theatre, where precise enunciation and correct pronunciation seemed to make German so easy to understand.

A letter from Professor Chandler to Hofmann, the great Berlin chemist, was

the occasion of some concern, for it proved that Hofmann was at the moment rector magnificus of the University of Berlin, and how to approach so exalted a personage required both preparation and advice. The preparation took the form of a solemn suit of black and a silk hat. Advice took the form of pointing out the hour of the day when the eminent personage should be sought at his own home. This proved to be a simple little house on Dorotheen Strasse, not far from the university building; but the formal preparations seemed to have been made in vain, when the rector magnificus opened the door himself and took his frightened and awed visitor by the hand for a most friendly and kindly conversation. This visit broke the ice. If the rector magnificus was so easy to approach, then the professors, both ordinary and extraordinary, to say nothing of the Privat-Dozenten, must be a very simple matter indeed. So in most cases it proved.

As the particular subject of study in this case was to be philosophy and educational theory, the steps of the newcomer were naturally directed first to the apartment of Eduard Zeller. This apartment would be as easy to find to-day as it was thirty years ago. Professor Zeller and his charming wife, the daughter of Ferdinand Christian Baur, the founder of the so-called Tübingen School of Theology, lived at 4 Magdeburger Strasse, III Treppen, and thither the young inquirer climbed. Zeller's personality is not likely ever to be forgotten. He was then seventy years of age, slight and spare of build and frame, with a massive forehead and the keenest of keen black eyes. While at work in his study he usually wore a long dressing-gown fastened at the waist by a cord, and he stood at a high desk like a bookkeeper, with his notes and books of reference spread about him in orderly fashion. Here was the greatest living authority on Greek philosophy, and the man whose patient industry had brought to a conclusion the "*Philosophie der Griechen*," an almost final authority in its field. Never was great scholar kinder to the youngest and most callow of apprentices, and never were more pains taken to give a youth an insight into the life and thought of the Greeks and their meaning

for all time. Moreover, Professor Zeller saw to it that his pupil had opportunity on Sunday evenings to meet, under his roof, some of the most charming and cultivated men and women who then adorned and represented the intellectual life of Berlin. After all these years one can see now the quick-moving figure of du Bois-Reymond, the physiologist, whose pamphlet, entitled "Die sieben Welträthsel," was then being widely discussed and attacked; or the graceful gentleness of Goldschmidt, who had no superior as a master of commercial law, and whose conversation moved easily over both legal and practical topics. On these Sunday evenings, too, there occasionally came Gneist, who was particularly interesting as the chief authority on English public law; Vahlen, whose spoken Latin in his seminar on Lucretius was as delightful as it was novel to hear; and Ernst Curtius, who can still be seen in the eye of memory sitting at the base of a statue in the Neues Museum, placidly describing to a group of students, note-book in hand, the characteristics and significance of the works of ancient art by which they were surrounded. Those were noteworthy evenings, and on looking back it would seem as if they were perhaps of more and more lasting educational value than the laboriously attended lectures that extended over so many months.

One's first experience in a German university lecture-room is interesting in the extreme. At that time there was nothing like it in America. In order to be officially permitted to attend a course of lectures it was necessary to seek out the given professor in his private consultation-room and to secure his signature in the *Anmeldungs-Buch*. On request he would assign a specific seat in the lecture-hall, particularly if the student were a foreigner and anxious to be placed where he could hear clearly. In one particular *Anmeldungs-Buch* it is still possible to spell out the signatures of Zeller, for his course on the general history of philosophy; of Paulsen, for his courses on the introduction to philosophy and on educational theory, as well as for his seminar on Kant's "Kritik der reinen Vernunft"; of Dilthey, for his course on logic and theory of knowledge; of Rehmke, now professor

in Greifswald, for his practical exercises on Kant's "Prolegomena"; and of Doctor Lasson—who is still living and nearly eighty-five years of age—for his course on fundamental philosophical problems.

The great scholars differed widely in their method of presenting their several subjects. On Zeller's own recommendation very few notes were taken of his lectures. The young American having possessed himself of a copy of the professor's "Grundriss der Geschichte der Griechischen Philosophie," followed closely his exposition, book open in hand, and wrote out his impressions of what had been said on returning to his lodgings. Dilthey, on the other hand, was very insistent that precise notes should be taken. To this end he divided his daily lecture into two parts. It was his custom to speak for about twenty-five minutes in a general way in exposition of the subject under immediate consideration, and then for twenty minutes to dictate, with painstaking accuracy and reiteration, precisely what he wished the student to put down. It would have been so easy for Professor Dilthey to print this material in a pamphlet that his practise was always resented as more or less of a reflection on the art of printing.

Few lecturers were more persuasive, illuminating, and delightful than Friedrich Paulsen. This extraordinary man was then just coming into his fame and reputation. While his classrooms were crowded and his influence very great indeed, he was still but a *professor extraordinarius*. The reason popularly assigned for this in the university was that Paulsen was somewhat too progressive and radical in his views to command the full approval of his ruling powers at the Cultus Ministerium. He was thirty-nine years of age, and his swarthy complexion, flashing eye, and eloquent voice made an impression that no lapse of time will ever weaken or destroy. In his lectures on educational theory he opened up what was to the young American a wholly new and unknown field of inquiry. The notion that the great activity and human interest called education might be subjected to scientific examination and analysis and might be shown to rest upon definite philosophical principles, was

nothing short of a revelation. In America education had always seemed to be—well, just education! In Paulsen's crowded lecture-room, on the other hand, it was a most fascinating subject of study. In his seminar on Kant, Paulsen came in very close touch with the fundamentals of his subject and with the select company of students who were admitted to his companionship, there to receive the severest and most searching criticism both of the methods and of the results of their work. Twenty years afterward, when Paulsen had come fully to his own and when his influence not only in Germany but outside of it was literally enormous, and when the years had turned his coal-black hair into a most becoming iron-gray, he, seated either in his study or in the garden of his home at Steglitz, used to laugh over the experiences of long ago and to recall with that American student, who remained to the end his close and intimate friend and correspondent, much that had happened in the interval both in Europe and across the Atlantic. Paulsen was much touched by the appreciation accorded him in America, and when Professor Frank Thilly, then of the University of Missouri, translated his more important books into English he was as much pleased as a young girl on going to her first ball.

There are other impressions and memories, too, no less vivid and no less inspiring. There were the evening popular lectures of du Bois-Reymond, who reflected the curiously divergent influences of Johannes Müller and of Neander, in which he expounded and interpreted in masterly fashion the developing progress of modern science and the significance of its controlling principles and its most far-reaching results. There were also the early lectures in what soon proved to be a far too technical course to follow, by von Helmholtz on *die Wellentheorie*, in which he connected together by a single formula, and brought under the dominance of a single law, wave-motion of every sort, whether manifested in the realm of matter, in that of mind, or in that of social organization. Then there were the Monday evening popular discourses by von Treitschke, who was at the very height of his influence and power. To listen to

these discourses was, for the first few moments, distinctly disagreeable, since von Treitschke's deafness left him without any power to control his voice. In consequence it was frequently almost painful to listen to his utterance. It was not long, however, before one forgot the utterance in the vividness and vigor of what the man was saying. That at the end of a generation his social and political philosophy was to shake the whole world with the evidences of its power was little dreamed of in those days. True, von Treitschke's attacks on England, and on America as well, seemed even then to be very bitter and very frequent. But they proceeded so plainly from a complete misconception of the Anglo-Saxon character and temperament that they did not seem likely to be practically influential. Treitschke's favorite complaint against both Englishmen and Americans was that they were hypocrites and nations of mere shopkeepers making pretense to the possession of cultivation. More than once he said, with the most astonishing emphasis, that England and Englishmen were lost to all idealism and that they possessed no national vigor. Interesting as this was, it was not long before the basis on which it rested made itself plain. Treitschke could not understand how any nation or people could prefer common sense to logical perfection, and so, when the Anglo-Saxons, deterred by common sense, failed to carry out to their logical conclusions certain professed principles of conduct, he accused them of hypocrisy.

Then there was Pfeleiderer, who represented what was left of Hegelian influence in the faculty of theology. There was Kirchhoff the Hellenist and Kirchhoff the physicist. Brunner, who is still living, was teaching German legal history, and Dernburg was painfully expounding the Pandects to students of law. Bernhard Weiss, now in retirement and almost ninety years of age, had classes of considerable size in the theology of the New Testament and the life of Christ, while Dillmann lectured on Old Testament theology. Waldeyer, the great anatomist, whose name still heads the list of the medical faculty, was leading the world in his particular branch of knowledge,

as was Virchow in his, although he found time to engage in politics and to stand as a candidate for the Reichstag. Robert Koch was a member of the medical faculty, but his greatest fame was yet to come. Mommsen was nearly seventy years of age and quite the most picturesque figure in the whole university group. His spare, keen face, with long, white hair and sharp black eyes and bent shoulders, were so familiar to the people of Berlin that as he passed through the streets hats were lifted as to royalty, for every Berliner understood that in Mommsen Berlin and Germany had one of their chiefest treasures. That young American well remembers having heard Mommsen say, at one of Zeller's Sunday evening gatherings, that the reason why he had never continued his "History of Rome" through the imperial period was that he had never been able to make up his mind as to what it was that brought about the collapse of the Roman Empire and the downfall of Roman civilization.

The list of those whose lectures might then be heard, and whom this young American did hear at least once, usually out of sheer curiosity, is too long to be recounted. There were those of Weierstrass, in mathematics; of Schmoller and Wagner, in economics, both still living and Wagner still lecturing; of Weber, in Sanskrit and Indian lore; of Kiepert the geographer; of Förster, whose charm of personality gave him much greater influence than would naturally attach to a professor of a subject so little followed as astronomy; of Delbrück, who was already teaching history; and of Diels, who though only a *professor extraordinarius* in those days, was already marked out for the unusual distinction that he gained later on. In ethics there was the exceptionally interesting personality of von Gizycki, who was but thirty-four years of age and destined to a life all too short.

The freedom which made it possible to hear and to meet all these men was gained by following the advice of Professor Archibald Alexander. He had enjoined fulfilling all the conditions for the degree of doctor of philosophy and taking that degree before leaving America. This left the young American with no technical and time-consuming require-

ments to meet in Berlin, but set him free to get all that he could, and as he could, from the great scholars there assembled.

Of the men who are now the chief representatives of the University of Berlin, many were at that time still winning their spurs elsewhere. Harnack, who has so long been the chief ornament of the theological faculty, was then but thirty-three years of age and a professor at Giessen. The great Hellenist, von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, son-in-law of Mommsen, was less than forty years of age and a professor at Göttingen. Emil Fischer, the chemist, was but little more than thirty and had a chair at Erlangen. Benno Erdmann was about the same age and a member of the faculty of philosophy at Breslau. Eduard Meyer was at the same university, while Delitzsch was at Leipzig. Schiemann had at that time no university connection.

Important as the German universities, particularly Berlin, are to-day, it is probable that they occupied a higher relative rank from 1830 to about 1890 than they have since enjoyed. Truly, there were academic giants in Berlin thirty years ago, and each one of them had his share in making over and in building up the intellectual fabric of that young American student. Zeller and Paulsen were naturally by far the most influential, for association with them was constant and intimate, and the subjects of which they were masters were the young student's chosen field of study. But each great scholar whose lecture-room was entered, if it were only for a single visit, left an ineffaceable impression of what scholarship meant, of what a university was, and of what a long road higher education in America had to travel before it could hope to reach a plane of equal elevation. From Zeller was learned the true meaning of the Greek spirit and the real significance of the embryology of Western thought as contained in the noble records of the Greek philosophers. It was Zeller who made real beyond peradventure the truth afterward expressed so compactly by Sir Henry Maine, that everything that lives and moves in the Western world, save only the blind forces of nature, is Greek in its origin. When it came time to leave Berlin the old teacher gave to his

young American pupil a copy of the latest edition of his "Grundriss," in which he inscribed as a farewell message of friendship and of counsel the well-known saying of Solon, *Γηράσκω δ' αἰτέι πολλὰ διδασκόμενος*. What Solon said of himself was equally true of Zeller, and must always remain true of those whom Zeller influenced. All alike grow old constantly learning many new things.

From Paulsen was learned the lesson that Kant came to teach, namely, that without a critical examination of the process of knowing it is quite useless to attempt to discuss knowledge. Paulsen's exposition of Kant's critical method and his discipline in its applications made it impossible ever again to fall a victim to any of the varied forms of sheer assumption in which uncritical and dogmatical philosophy presents itself. From Paulsen there was learned, too, the lesson that the process of education rests primarily on the training of the will, the building of character, and that it should give to conduct a social aim or purpose. If ever two great teachers produced a lasting influence on the mind and thought of a pupil, Zeller and Paulsen produced that influence on the mind and the thought of their young American student.

In Berlin every hour of the day and of the evening was an educational influence. Not only lecture-rooms, but personal visits, the theatre, concerts, the opera, the many delightful opportunities for social intercourse, all combined to give an atmosphere and to provide a stimulus. This was really education. This was really contact with great personalities and with sources and standards of power—intellectual, moral, æsthetic. Where else in the world could the narrow means of a student have admitted him for a mark to hear rendered one of the great operas—German, Italian, or French—or on any Wednesday evening for half a mark to the Bilse Konzert-Halle, on Leipziger Strasse, to listen to a complete symphony by Beethoven, by Mozart, by Brahms, or by Raff, superbly rendered by one of the best orchestras in the world? Where else could one have had opportunity for a mere trifle to hear Shakespeare superbly acted or to see the classic German drama put upon the stage with every

possible aid to its complete understanding and appreciation?

Opportunities to study the political life of the new and rapidly developing German Empire were not lacking. There were vigorous debates in the Reichstag just then, and a kindly word from a university professor gained for the young American opportunity to hear, under the best auspices, a stirring debate between Bismarck and Liebknecht, the forceful leader of the Social Democrats. A fascinating figure in the Reichstag was Doctor Windthorst, known familiarly as *die kleine Excellenz*, who was exerting enormous influence as parliamentary leader of the Centre, or Catholic, party. His fellow Hanoverian, Benningsen, [was the spokesman of the National Liberals. In addition to this striking group of parliamentary leaders, there was the spare and grim form of Moltke himself, who occasionally had a very brief word to say on matters of military organization and policy.

Surely this was a real voyage of discovery, and the discoverer often staggered under the load that he was called upon to carry. Indeed, it has taken the better part of a subsequent generation to enable him to digest and to assimilate it all.

After Berlin came Paris, and the American student who has missed that sequence has lost one of the greatest opportunities of the intellectual life.

In 1885 the Third Republic was still regarded as frankly experimental, and every type of republicanism and of radicalism was contending for the mastery in its public life. Royalists of one type or another were as plentiful as strawberries, and it was not at all unusual to hear a discussion after dinner as to which of the various claimants of the overturned throne of France was the most likely to gain possession of it. Sainte-Beuve, Baudelaire, and Flaubert had, indeed, been dead for some years, but they were still the oracles of the more cultivated youth of France, and it was their names that came oftenest to the lips of the student of literature or of the ambitious aspirant for literary fame. Edmond Scherer was writing in the columns of *Le Temps*, and

Jules Simon, well on in years but vigorous, was doing the same in *Le Matin*. Daudet, who gained almost everything that he wanted except election to the Academy, was to be met not infrequently, as was Zola, who, although not so famous as he became later, was writing at a great rate. Brunetière was then only sub-editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and his principal work remained to be done; but, nevertheless, he was decidedly a person of weight and intellectual circumstance. At the Sorbonne, Gréard was ruling with benignant capacity and assiduity. The first climb up the slow slope of what remained of Mont St. Geneviève called up in imagination the days of Abelard and William of Champeaux and the great philosophical discussions which then divided the intellectual world of Europe.

Then there were the scholars whom it was a joy and a privilege to meet. There was Gaston Boissier, who made Horace and Cicero, Vergil and Tacitus seem like old friends, and who brought before the mind's eye with the utmost vividness the life of Pompeii and of Rome and the happenings in Roman Africa. There was Gaston Paris, the mediævalist, without an equal. There was Fustel de Coulanges, whose "Cité Antique" had already exercised its strange fascination on this particular American. There was Henri Poincaré, who, though often suffering in body, had one of the most penetrating of modern minds. Naturally a central object of interest and almost of pilgrimage was Louis Pasteur. Renouvier one might know from his books, but the man himself lived too much withdrawn from other men to make possible a meeting in the flesh. Paul Janet, who, while neither original nor constructive, was one of the most agreeable and lucid of philosophical lecturers, was at his best.

Almost every stone in Paris seemed to cry out with the voice of a great man. Here both history and literature seemed to have been made. Over yonder was the tower from out whose bells rang the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Not far away was the place where stood the Bastille, symbol and token of an old and dead order. Beyond, at the edge of what was now the Place de la

Concorde, stood the guillotine, under whose knife were beheaded good and bad alike. One wandered about the bewitching streets of the Quartier Latin as in a trance, expecting to meet at every turn a figure walking out of the pages of Balzac or of Dumas or of Eugène Sue. It was not easy in tracing out the lines of the Paris of history, of the Paris of the Revolution, and of the Paris of that day to keep back the manifest evidences of emotion and excitement that sought to find expression. For the first time the Latin spirit came to have definite meaning and reality. It was so different from the Anglo-Saxon spirit as revealed in America and so different from the Teutonic spirit as revealed in Berlin. Somehow it seemed subtler and more refined, more delicate and more highly civilized than either. As the young student moved about in the social and intellectual life of Paris and breathed the spirit of the place, he began to feel himself in companionship with the Greeks of modern times, the one truly civilized people in the world. It became so much more easy than it ever had been to understand the impatience of the French with other and less favored peoples than themselves. They knew and had passed through so much that others had still to learn and to come to know. Of all Europe, France alone had passed through the baptism of a revolution. Quasi-revolutions and attempts at revolution had marked the history of other lands, but France, and France alone, had passed out from under the old rule, tried as if by fire, and had preserved in the fulness of the modern spirit, and with the richness of an age-long cultivation, the true and high standards of judgment in things of the mind. Evidence of this multiplied day by day as the young American made his daily pilgrimage all the way from modest lodgings in the Rue de la Roëtie to the Sorbonne. Sometimes his steps would follow one course and sometimes another, but always and everywhere the evidences of cultivation and of civilization abounded. Paris revealed itself as the only place in the world where conversation is a fine art and where the publication of a new book by a writer of note is hailed as an event of social importance.

And so it went. On every side and at every hour the young student found impressions, ideas, judgments, opinions, experiences pouring in upon him with a richness that was truly overwhelming. He began to see that Paris was the one place to which to go to file down and to polish a student's mind that had been forged and hewn out in the rough in Germany. The two civilizations, the two national and racial spirits, the two universities seemed in no sense antagonistic but rather to be highly and wonderfully complementary. This again was real education. Men of light and leading, men who knew what standards were and who insisted on applying them, were close companions, instructors, and guides. What young student from across the Atlantic would not find his mind enriched and inspired by experience such as that?

The French political life was even more interesting than that of Germany, for it seemed to be in closer touch with the realities of politics. Gambetta had been dead for three years, but his spirit and his influence were very much alive. Jules Ferry fell from power on a dismal March day in 1885 with a roar that shook even the quiet precincts of the Sorbonne. Of radical and of socialist oratory there was an abundance to hear, and the semicomical, semitragic figure of General Boulanger was still troubling the political waters.

The American student who has never been to the University of Paris has missed something which no German university could ever give him. But he should come to Paris after having studied at Berlin, or Leipzig, or Munich. The reason is that the highly artistic and very subtle method of the French savant is a perfect complement to the patient and plodding meticulousness of the German *Gelehrter*. The artistry of the French was manifested in their exposition of every subject. Whether one was listening to Renan on the history of the Semitic peoples, or to Taine on the philosophy of art, or to Caro on Goethe, he could not fail to see the national and racial characteristics manifesting themselves in splendid and compelling fashion. To end an intellectual voyage of discovery at the University of Paris is to put a frame on a picture that would be imperfect without it. The drill, the discipline, and the training in patient thoroughness one got in those days in Germany as he could not get it in America, in England, or in France. But a point of view, a sense of proportion, the meaning of the intellectual life and standards of taste in judgment and appreciation were taught at the Sorbonne and in Paris as nowhere else in the world.

The discovery of England is another story and a long one.

ROSE MONGERS

By Eloise Robinson

WE are selling you joy for a penny to-day,
 Rosy-tipped joy in the square,
 Honey-sweet joy and a penny to pay,
 Pauper or millionaire.

It's joy we are selling for only a penny,
 As much as your heart can enfold;
 Though your dollars be few or your dollars be many,
 What better than joy for your gold?

The joy that you dreamed had gone long ago,
 Or only in fairyland grows,
 We're selling to-day for a penny or so,
 Wrapped up in the bud of a rose!

HIS CODE OF HONOR

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHNSON



THIS father was governor of a northern Chinese province remote from the sea, a rugged land of red hills and dusty plains extending to the Great Wall. Nobody knew how many million people were under his sway. They were a swarthy, big-framed stock, unlike the docile yellow coolies of the south, and their temper was turbulent. The empire in revolution, the overthrow of a dynasty, the establishment of a republic, and the amazing inrush of modern ideas had made no such commotion here as elsewhere. The spirit of the old China was still dominant. The governor ruled with wisdom, nor spared the iron hand of severity to maintain the semblance of law and order. What was more rare, he possessed integrity.

The apple of his eye was his only son, young Sung Wu Chen, and it was for a momentous interview that he had summoned him to the audience-room after a crowd of lesser officials had departed with elaborate ceremonial and the rustle of silken robes. The governor was a spare man, a little bent over. Obeying the edict, he had cut off his queue, and the hair that showed beneath the mandarin's cap was turning white. His thin face was wrinkled and tired, a face singularly intelligent and stamped with the caste of his aristocratic breeding and ancestry.

The son showed the same fine strain, not moulded from the common clay. Of smaller stature than his father, his manner had a kindred dignity and ease. It was significant that he wore European clothing, a serge suit smartly cut, while the governor was august in the flowing garments of his rank, whose pattern had been unchanged for centuries, a fan hanging from his jewelled girdle. The lad, Sung Wu Chen, bowed with courtly respect, and the father leaned forward in the chair of carved teak-wood to clasp his hand. They talked together in the dia-

lect of their language that is peculiar to the scholar and the gentleman.

"I have given much thought to your affairs," said the governor, his expression a shade wistful. He aptly quoted from the *Shing Yu*, or Sacred Commands, for he was profoundly learned in the classics: "Pay just regard to paternal and filial duties, in order to give due importance to the relations of life."

Sung Wu Chen smiled, and, not to be outdone, replied with a maxim of Confucius: "'Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water.'"

"It is well said," gravely spoke the governor, "but the old knowledge is passing and the world is turned upside down. What the Western mind calls the awakening of China is a process painful, disturbed, darkly uncertain. We are trying to run before we have learned to walk, my son. I myself am unable to acquire this new civilization with clear understanding. The brittle stalk of dry millet breaks before a rush of wind, but the young willow-shoot bends and readily adapts itself."

The speaker filled the tiny bowl of his long-stemmed pipe with a pinch of tobacco and thoughtfully inhaled. His emotions were poignant but he concealed them behind a philosophic calmness of aspect. His son was stirred to enthusiasm. It kindled his sensitive features and his gestures were ardent as he replied, speaking rapidly:

"And I am the willow-shoot, most honorable sir? There are many of us, and it is important that we should be trained aright. Four thousand years of Chinese culture and tradition and precedent have been tossed to the rubbish heap. Only the foundations remain. I desire to learn how to build according to the methods and the sagacity of the West."

"Then you should not learn at second-hand," declared the elder man. "It is best for you to go from among your own people. The ways of the foreigner are al-

ready familiar to you. Ah, it is not long since we called them barbarians. The American tutor employed for your benefit has taught you many things. You speak and write the uncouth language with an ease that astonishes me. This tutor gained his wisdom in a great university of his own land, the name of which is Yale. At Changsha, as you know, other graduates of this seat of learning have established a college called Yale in China."

"A friend of mine is a student at Changsha," eagerly explained Sung Wu Chen. "It is wonderfully excellent, but at best a rivulet from the fountain and source in America. It is there, indeed, that I would go, with your most gracious approbation, to what my tutor calls 'the mother of men, old Yale.'"

"It is so decreed," said the governor, stifling a sigh. "I have arrived at this conclusion. Your departure will be arranged at the proper time."

The season of the year was summer, torrid by day and dry with desert winds. Doors and latticed windows were opened, and from the room in which they sat the spacious courtyard was visible. It was populous and noisy with house servants, *yamen* runners or messengers, interpreters, and ragged petitioners airing grievances, while a few infantrymen in khaki, of the new army, lounged on guard duty. In the street beyond, as seen through the gilded gateway, eddied a torrent of humanity, of carts and camels and donkeys, all jostling, intermixed in stifling dust. Mongol and Manchu and Chinese, they fought and sweated for bare existence in an overcrowded land. The reek of them and their filthy streets was blown into the courtyard. The son of the governor gazed out through the gateway and his elation was sobered. He beheld a problem almost beyond solving, a task to stagger the imagination. Earnestly he spoke, after long thought:

"What can be done with this China of ours? Do those yonder know or care? Machinery, railroads, steamboats? They will bring starvation to millions who now toil with their backs and legs and hands. It is for me to try to grasp the economics, the history, the government of this Western civilization which we must adapt to

our own peculiar needs or perish as a nation. With profound gratitude, oh, my worshipful parent, I go to Yale in America to make myself worthy of you and my revered ancestors."

They bowed low to each other, and the governor went to confer with his secretaries. His son fled from the audience-chamber, shedding his dignity as he ran, and burst into another building of the compound. A clean-built young man in white linen sat with his feet cocked up on a desk, and he was reading a New York paper two months old. He raised his eyes from the sporting page, regarded Sung Wu Chen with quizzical interest, and drawled in English:

"Something doing? I have an intuition that my job is about to slip from under me."

His pupil slapped him on the back and replied in the same tongue:

"Bully for us, Mr. Gray. He will send me to Yale. It is all your influence. I am under ten thousand obligations. But I think you may keep a job if you wish as a foreign adviser to my father. He esteems you very much, indeed."

"I wasn't thinking of myself," said Harvey Gray, who had been persuaded to quit the consular service for this more lucrative connection. "Outward bound for old New Haven, are you, Sung? Great luck. Just tell them that you saw me. Drop out to the field when the grads come back to coach the eleven and say you know an old pal of theirs. I have enjoyed these two years with you. I hoped all the time the governor could come to see it my way. And so he has surrendered."

"You bet, Mr. Gray. Can I enter the sophomore class, do you think? And am I too small to play football?"

"Without hurling posies at myself, Sung, you can break into the second year. That mind of yours runs on ball-bearings. As for football, I'm afraid you lack the heft, although you are there with the punch."

Sung Wu Chen looked disappointed, but he resolved to be as fine a pattern of a Yale man as Mr. Gray, nevertheless. They spent the rest of the day together, and the exiled American fought down the hungry homesickness that would not be

denied. News travels fast in a swarming Chinese household, and that evening there came to Sung Wu Chen a burly, battered retainer with a scar on his chin. On the breast of his blue blouse was stitched a device to indicate that he belonged to the retinue of the governor, and he wore it with swaggering pride. His early history was clouded, but it was rumored that he had been a bandit condemned to execution. In gratitude for pardon, he had attached himself to Sung Wu Chen when the boy was a little shaver, and had served as a body-guard, an attendant, a servant of matchless fidelity. When his young master walked in the city this Li Hwan followed unobserved. At night he lay on a straw mat not far from his master's door. A truculent ruffian, his brawls with the police were notorious, and Sung Wu Chen had found him more or less of a nuisance. On this night he was subdued and downcast as he said hoarsely, in one of the Shansi dialects:

"I have beaten the chief cook and kicked two stable-boys for the lies they told me. Of course it is not true that you go to the cursed land of the Yankee foreign devils, there to live for many years."

"It is the truth, Li Hwan, and you must behave yourself hereafter, for I shall not be present to save you from jail. I go to become a great scholar."

"Too many books afflict one with sickness of the brain," grunted the other. "Very well. I will get my things together and send my wives to the home of my mother for safe-keeping. When do we sail across the huge oceans in the smoke-boat?"

"I cannot take you with me," firmly answered his lord. "It is out of the question. Even if I would, there is a law in America that forbids such as you to set foot in the land. Only scholars and officials bearing papers from the Chinese Government at Peking are admitted."

"I shall go," was the stout response. "Money shuts the eyes of the law. I have three hundred taels. If more is needed I will sell my youngest wife. She is beautiful and will fetch a good price."

"Nonsense, Li," scolded Sung with a frown. "No more of this. My illustrious father will provide for you in my absence. I shall return in three years. Be careful,

meanwhile, that the sharp sword of the executioner does not separate your worthless head from your shoulders."

Li Hwan doggedly shook his head, grumbling to himself. It was inconceivable that the son of the governor should venture into an unknown world alone without his guardian shadow. Before morning the retainer was drunk on *sam shui* and had flung a venerable watchman into the canal. Promptly thereafter he vanished from the governor's compound and was seen no more before the departure of Sung Wu Chen. The latter ordered a search, but it was futile, and in the excitement of preparation there was little time to remember the troublesome, devoted Li Hwan. It was assumed that some vengeful coolie whom he had maltreated took occasion quietly to slip a knife into him.

A journey half around the world and Sung Wu Chen became a sophomore at Yale. Inwardly bewildered, he displayed a perfect poise and seemed older, more mature than the others of his class. Well dressed, with an abundant allowance, his manners were those of the gentleman born, and it was soon discovered that his intellect was extraordinarily keen. It was worth noting that he was recognized for what he was by those of his own kind, the leaders of the campus, who were likewise sure of their own position. The men who affected a dislike or contempt for him as a "Chink" were of a coarser grain and less nicely schooled in refinement.

Jerry Altemus, the polished, easy-going young cynic, admired Sung Wu Chen at first acquaintance, which soon grew into a congenial friendship. Here was a real philosopher, declared Jerry, who knew Confucius from soup to nuts and appreciated the art of conversation. Sung confided his ambition to be a Yale athlete, at which Jerry commented with a weary shrug:

"That Harvey Gray person who tutored you was an evil influence. This college runs so largely to muscle that it is both refreshing and valuable to have a brilliant scholar in our midst. Forget this delusion."

"But I intend to be a first-class Yale man," amiably persisted Sung.

"Then go and try for the 'varsity crew," scoffed Jerry. "They are shy a Number Four to tip the scales at a hundred and ninety."

"Is it not as great an honor to steer the boat, to be coxswain, in the race against Harvard?"

"Surely, but young Watterson has held the tiller ropes for two years," replied Jerry with scorn, "and he is rated as some coxswain."

"Perhaps I can make myself a better one. It is said in the Analects that 'worthy endeavor is not to be despised, even though one's failure may cause laughter throughout the village.'"

"Go to it, oh, package of assorted maxims," grinned Jerry. "Now tell me something interesting. Finish that yarn of the rebel army that your dad chased into the mountains and slew to a man. How the deuce *you* can find anything exciting in college athletics——"

"I shall report at the gymnasium tomorrow as a candidate for coxswain," was the irritating response of Sung Wu Chen. "Yes, Jerry, I shall proceed to go to it."

During the autumn term a dozen crews were practising on the harbor, and the 'varsity squad was in the formative stage. One of the coaches was kind enough to put Sung into the stern of a class shell which was training for a series of scratch races. It was soon demonstrated that here was an apt student of rowing. He picked up the theory of it as readily as he attacked mathematics, and his eye was quick to detect faults in the serried blades and the swinging bodies ranged in front of him. What counted even more in his favor was a fact which Jerry Altemus had overlooked. The young Chinese was accustomed to command, to speak with the voice of authority, to bend other men to his will. He was the son of his father, who ruled as an autocrat over millions of human souls. It was impossible that the lad should not have brought with him something of this atmosphere. He never swore or blustered as did the other coxswains, but when he gave an order he expected it to be obeyed, and it was.

The men in his boat respected his ability and were too manly to resent him be-

cause his eyes slanted and his skin was of a different hue from theirs. In the 'varsity shell, however, as tentatively selected from the veterans of previous years, there was a sentiment less friendly. It was stirred up by Watterson, the coxswain, a waspish little chap, who foresaw that his place might be endangered. Jealousy of Sung Wu Chen became bitter dislike, which was shared by the Number Six, a hulking, over-muscled giant named Dollibare. His temper was sulky, and the more the coaches hammered at him to mend his clumsy ways the less he liked rowing. He was tremendously powerful, however, and worth working over.

Watterson and Dollibare roomed together, for which reason they discussed their grievances more than was good for them. The coxswain spoke of Sung Wu Chen with contempt, and declared that things were rotten at Yale when a cocky little Chinaman was recognized as an equal and permitted to steer an eight. Dollibare, a big bully at heart, was for throwing the offender off the boat-house landing-stage and otherwise hazing him. They did nothing but talk, however, and cold weather and a frozen river soon put an end to rowing activities until the spring season.

Sung Wu Chen turned his attention to other forms of campus rivalry and won a place on the university debating team, besides climbing to the head of his class in the rating for scholarship honors. This was a source of tremendous pride and satisfaction to the lonely, austere governor of a remote Chinese province. He doubled the salary of Harvey Gray, his foreign adviser, as a reward for his share in his son's success, and, in phrases stately and ornate, conveyed the news to the Chinese minister in Washington, who was a kinsman of his. The minister invited Sung Wu Chen to spend a week-end with him and gave a dinner in his honor. At Sung's suggestion, Jerry Altemus and Bob Sedgwick, the 'varsity guard, were among the guests, and they met diplomatic notables of such high distinction that it made them quite dizzy.

"And the little rooster puts on no airs whatever," said Jerry to Bob as they discussed the affair. "He has a sound philosophy of life. Nothing like it. Stick

around him and you may acquire the rudiments of a genuine education."

"You said something then," was the careless reply. "And, what cuts more ice, I will bet you a box of cigars that he crowds Watterson out of the 'varsity shell and steers in the next Harvard race."

"I am ashamed of you again," severely returned Mr. Altemus. "Do you ever think of anything but athletics? Your development ceases at the neck. And you are base enough to bet on a sure thing."

Sedgwick was a shrewd prophet. During the winter the head coach of the crew met Sung in a social way and discovered that he took rowing seriously as a science, studying to master it as a problem in applied mechanics. This was a novelty, for coxswains were apt to be flighty young rascals. When the oarsmen were once more upon the water, in the blustering days of March, Sung was promoted to the third 'varsity shell. The spray froze on his cheek, but his black eyes danced with happiness and he envied not the pomp and power of his illustrious sire.

One afternoon, when the crews had been kept out late and twilight was falling, as he trotted up to the campus, muffled in sweaters, Sung descried a group of undergraduates in front of his dormitory entrance. There seemed to be some centre of attraction, and presently he perceived a singular figure seated upon the stone steps. It was clad in Chinese garments, the long blue coat, the baggy crimson breeches, the white cloth shoes, and the round black cap. These looked bizarre on the Yale campus, and Sung surmised that the man might be a messenger from the Chinese legation. As he drew near, however, and made his way through the curious group, his amazement was beyond words. In the failing light identification was difficult, but he thought he knew this man, and yet he refused to credit his eyesight. The singular apparition had sat crouching, with his hands tucked in his flowing sleeves, stolidly patient, but now he leaped to his feet and emitted a torrent of guttural sounds as harsh as the grinding of a coffee-mill.

Sung Wu Chen doubted no longer. The rude accents of the Shansi dialect smote his ears with welcome familiarity. His

own voice broke with excitement as he hurled one question after another. The bystanders cheered, having no idea of what it was all about but delighted with the original performance. The chattering stranger was prostrating himself at the feet of Sung Wu Chen, almost fawning upon him like a dog that had found a long-lost master. He was a burly man of middle age, and during his two-hour vigil upon the stone steps the idling spectators had been wary of chaffing him, for his aspect was truculent and challenging.

Presently Sung Wu Chen uttered a peremptory command and the other meekly followed him into the hall and up the staircase. Once in his rooms, Sung locked the door against curious intrusion, and his retainer, Li Hwan, stood like one awaiting punishment. His master motioned him to a chair, but he tucked up his garments and seated himself upon the floor. The episode was absolutely incredible. It could have been no more so if this battered ruffian had come sailing down from the moon.

Evidently the heaven-born offspring of the glorified ruler of Shansi intended not to summon an American executioner at once, for his deified countenance was not black with wrath, wherefore the weary pilgrim from Cathay picked up heart, permitted a grin to bisect his unlovely features, and plucked a box of cigarettes from his sleeve. Sung Wu Chen renewed his wondering interrogations, and he was answered in a rambling sing-song delivered in a matter-of-fact manner, as though nothing extraordinary had been done.

"It was necessary," said Li Hwan. "Who was there to serve and protect you in this devil-begotten land of barbarians? I walked from Shansi to the sea. A thousand miles? A million? I know not. It was a long way, a journey of months. At Tientsin there was a smoke-boat. It carried me to Shanghai. There I found another smoke-boat, huge, monstrous, and filled with the population of many villages. After that the world was nothing but water, most uneasy water, and dreadful sickness took hold of me by the stomach and tormented my liver, and I died more deaths than could be counted. After that was a fire-wagon on a road of steel, crossing swiftly over mountains and

great plains like those of Shansi, and cities whose buildings touched the sky."

"But all this explains nothing," broke in Sung Wu Chen. "The rattle of pebbles in an earthen pot! You couldn't speak English. You could never find New Haven alone. And, in the first place, the laws of this government forbade you to come. How did you trick the inspectors, the police, the magistrates? It is unheard of."

"I am here," was the irrefutable argument. "Perhaps at some time, when I was a bad man, there were favors done a certain high official in Peking. He may have had an enemy whose presence vexed him. Who can tell? In gratitude certain writings, sealed and properly prepared, may have been granted me."

"Proclaiming you as a scholar entitled to travel and study in this country?" demanded Sung. "You are a gifted liar. You paid gold to other Chinese to smuggle you in, as you once smuggled salt across our own province. If you have not the documents to show, this government will find you and send you back, with heavy penalty."

The unterrified Li Hwan tapped his blouse but refused to show what was hidden therein. There was, indeed, a crackle of paper, and Sung felt inclined to believe that the wily rogue had some sort of credentials. He refused to incriminate himself further, explaining, however, that the unsuspecting Harvey Gray had written down for him the address of New Haven and Yale College. This Li Hwan had employed a compradore's clerk at Tientsin to copy upon a piece of stout parchment which he had sewn to the lining of his blouse.

"And this was read by the men of the fire-wagons," commented Sung, "and they forwarded you from one place to another as bales are carried across the desert on camels. Have you any money left?"

"Only the value of a few strings of cash, even though I sold my youngest wife for a very fine price. I want nothing but a mat to sleep on and rice and dried fish to eat."

His master gazed at him in comical perplexity. There was to be no getting rid of him. As a pretended scholar sojourning in the United States, he vastly

appealed to Sung's sense of humor. This masquerade was out of the question at Yale. He would explain the situation to the dean and ask permission to retain Li Hwan as a personal servant who should take care of his rooms, finding him lodgings among the Chinese laundrymen of New Haven.

The dean made an exception to the rules concerning valets and the like, but this by no means solved the problem. Li Hwan scornfully refused to consort with the pallid coolies from Canton, who spoke not his dialect and were despicable in the sight of a strong man from the north. He wriggled through a basement window of the dormitory and slept there a week until evicted by the janitor. At his wits' end, Sung leased a tiny bit of ground near the boat-house and erected a portable cottage of two rooms in which Li Hwan consented to live alone. He fished from the bridge when at leisure and watched the crews with absorbed interest. Never did Sung walk between the campus and the boat-house but Li Hwan flitted a block or two behind in his felt-soled shoes, vigilant, devoted, and ready to lay down his life.

When the eights began to round into form and there were almost daily races of a mile or so for practise, this exotic follower could be seen scampering along the shore, his skirts flying, or perched at the end of a wharf. And when the crew of which Sung Wu Chen was coxswain swung into the lead, or nipped another eight in a driving spurt at the finish, there came over the water a shrill and prolonged "Hi-yi-yi-yi-yi."

In May Sung was given a trial in the 'varsity boat and the wrathful Watterson glowered from the landing-stage. The Chinese rival had been getting on his nerves. His temper was erratic and his steering faulty. He damned the men incessantly and they were tired of him, excepting Dollibare at Number Six. He was pulling in better form and seemed sure of the position, but the coaches doubted his courage in a tight pinch.

At the training-table, where there should have existed a comradeship close-knit and genial, these two were a jarring element. Dollibare swore he would never sit at the same table with Sung Wu Chen.

The sulky Number Six submitted, how-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

One quavering yell, and his windpipe was constricted by two corded brown hands whose grip was death.
—Page 710.

ever, when the coach concluded to drop Watterson from the squad and to replace him with the abler Chinese. The latter was icily courteous, and Dollibare was conscious of an inward reluctance to force the issue. His enmity found no allies among the crew, and he contented himself with nasty little flings, studied insults clumsily masked. In the eyes of Sung he was a boor of peasant stock who knew no better. American democracy was a fine ideal, but he discerned the caste marks of birth and breeding as unmistakably as among his own people.

This oarsmanship was more or less inscrutable to that devoted slave Li Hwan. He accepted it because his master chose to amuse himself in this peculiar fashion, but he could not comprehend why these young men did not hire coolies to perform the labor in their stead. He was loitering at the boat-house, scowling over this mystery, when Jerry Altemus and a chum came down to watch the crew go out. They attempted amiable conversation with him, and taught him the Yale cheer, and, to return the kindness, he fished a set of Chinese jack-stones from his raiment and found them apt pupils. Jerry could never overlook a chance to bet, and Li Hwan was a born gambler. The pastime became animated, therefore, with a clink of nickels and dimes.

Dollibare sprawled in the sun, stripped to the waist, the muscles knotted on his sunburned back and shoulders. Sung Wu Chen came down the runway to the landing-stage, moving at a trot, for the coach had called him to take two substitutes out in the pair-oared working-boat. With a laugh Dollibare flung out a hairy leg and neatly tripped the coxswain, who fell headlong and slid across the planking, his hands filled with splinters.

He was on his feet like a cat, saying not a word but wheeling to rush at the sneering Number Six, who overtopped him by a foot. Dollibare lazily reached out, not troubling himself to rise, caught Sung by one arm, pulled him down, and slapped his face. Before the others could intervene Li Hwan had dropped the jack-stones, hurdled clean over Jerry Altemus, and his crimson breeches seemed to be striding the air as he alighted squarely on top of young Mr. Dollibare. The latter turned

white, uttered one quavering yell, and then his windpipe was constricted by two corded brown hands whose grip was death.

They were pried apart before his neck was broken. Sung bade his defender begone and violently cuffed his ears. Li Hwan grinned and vanished without a sound. Dollibare was unable to row for three days and the marks on his neck were as blue as India ink. His demeanor was chastened and he started suddenly at unaccustomed noises. He ignored Sung, who was at pains to wish him a pleasant good morning. It was the verdict of the campus, as voiced by Jerry Altemus, that Li Hwan should have been allowed to finish the job. Dollibare was not a popular man.

The crew went to New London early in June, and Sung sported the white flannels of a 'varsity oar with the embroidered blue letters on the pocket of the coat. The imperial decorations bestowed upon his father could not compare with this insignia. Li Hwan was in a tent behind the freshman quarters, and he bought him a flat-bottomed skiff and a pair of field-glasses, armed with which he followed after the crew and scanned the daily work with oracular gravity and abysmal ignorance.

Two days before the race with Harvard the coach took Sung over the four-mile course in a launch for final instruction in the marks, the current, the tide, and the channel. There was more eel-grass on the western side than usual, and it was important, if Yale should chance to draw this course, that the first two miles should be steered with cunning care, for the race was to be rowed down-stream.

"A cross wind will tend to set you over," cautioned the coach, "and if you once go wide of the flag and into the shoal water the drag of the grass will hold the boat back as sure as guns. At a mile and a half you swing out into the channel and then it is clear sailing. But, for heaven's sake, watch your boat and your marks over this stretch! It may mean winning or losing the race."

The coxswain nodded. He was the calmer of the two. He had been stealing out at daylight, in Li Hwan's skiff, to drift along the edge of the eel-grass at every stage of tide. Harvard and Yale appeared to be so evenly matched that neither could afford to sacrifice a single



F. C. Yohn

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Acknowledge it as truth, or I shall not stop the hand of Li Hwan."—Page 716.

foot of distance in the contest. Even Sung felt the strain and suspense, and on the last night at the Gales Ferry quarters he went to find Li Hwan. He wished to get away from the restless, absent-minded oarsmen, the forced gayety, the heavy silences. There was homely comfort in chatting with Li Hwan of their own adventures amid the red hills of Shansi, of hunting the leopard, and of cruises in high-pooped junks on turbid yellow rivers where the rocks snatched the bottom out before you could wink.

"What is your opinion of the Yale crew?" suddenly demanded Sung with a twinkle. "How many taels have you bet that we win the great combat with oars?"

"Fools and lunatics are these deluded young men, excepting your enlightened self," emphatically answered Li Hwan. "It is proper that you sit in the narrow boat and give them the commands. They are your servants. A bet? Yes, I have wagered my last tael with the cook of Harvard, who is a black man from Africa. It was in my mind to offer him money to put poison in the food of those boat-row madmen, but fear of your disfavor restrained me."

"I would have tossed you in the river to drown," Sung told him. "You believe Yale is strong and ready?"

"There is one man of these eight servants of yours who is not to my liking," the other gravely imparted. "I have known this pattern of man in our own Shansi. There was one in my youth, a village bully of huge size and strength and threatening words. The headmen and elders feared him. He had many followers of his own clan. They robbed strangers and looted shopkeepers of their wares. Alone I caught this terrible fellow and beat him until he wept for mercy like a woman. His heart was soft and rotten within his breast, like a melon too long in the sun."

"You speak of the one called Dollibare?" said Sung. "I feel contempt for him, but in the race he will pull with tremendous effort."

Li Hwan grunted dubiously and changed the subject. It was presumptuous of him to air his judgment in matters of which he knew nothing. Presently the captain of the crew shouted a summons and the coxswain went to join his

comrades for a walk before bedtime. The place was early astir next morning, and all eyes sought the river whose surface lay unruffled beneath a cloudless sky. There was every promise of perfect conditions for the race. The oarsmen, who had dreaded postponement more than anything else, became cheerful, their nerves taut and ready now that the crisis was at hand. At length the whistle of the referee's launch sounded the fateful call, and the Yale shell moved at a leisurely pace toward the starting-point.

A small breeze began to ripple the water, at first in catpaws, then with a steady draft, and it blew athwart the course. Sung Wu Chen was anxious as he felt it increase, but he appeared unperturbed as he deftly manoeuvred the shell into position on the eel-grass side of the course. The Harvard crew came tardily and there was a trying delay at the stake-boats. Along the wooded shore hard by trailed the observation-train, a riot of tumult and color, and the lower stretch of river was a wonderful panorama of pleasure craft.

The racking suspense of these final moments, the presence of this great multitude of spectators, seemed to affect the Number Six of the Yale boat in a singular manner. Beneath the tan his complexion had a grayish cast and his lips were bloodless. The coxswain had to speak to him several times before he paid heed. He resembled a victim of stage-fright. Only Sung Wu Chen, who sat facing him, was aware that Dollibare was in a state of funk. He appeared to master it, however, when the referee told the crews to get ready. An instant later the two shells shot away to a faultless start, and the eight men of Yale were rowing as one, with no apparent flaw at Number Six.

At the half-mile flag Harvard had dropped a length behind and was unmistakably the slower, less powerful crew. To those who could speak as experts it looked like a procession led by Yale. Sung Wu Chen, swaying in the stern, tensely clutching the tiller-ropes, yelled for a spurt, and his rudder drew farther ahead of Harvard's prow. A little beyond, however, and from the tail of his eye the coxswain perceived that his own crew was very slowly dropping back. Unable to credit it for a moment, he shouted again, and

the Yale stroke-oar swung up quicker and harder, while the others followed the cadenced beat that he set for them.

This effort was futile, for the rival eight crept nearer and was closing the gap. Sung Wu Chen gazed ahead at the next flag which marked his course and discerned that he was a trifle too far to the westward. Mindful of the cross wind, he had been making allowance for a possible drift, but the shell seemed to be sagging off toward the shore in spite of his efforts to hold it straight. He ceased to think of Harvard and was concerned only with keeping his boat safely clear of the shoaler water and the dangerous eel-grass. Once he glanced over his shoulder and the figures in the bow of the coaching launch that churned in the wake of the race were wildly waving their arms at him.

The slender nose of the shell persisted in veering away from the flag, and the straining rudder could not hold it straight. The wind was not heavy enough to account for this. The coxswain scanned his men for signs of weakening. The wet blades rose and flashed and fell in unison, and the bare, brown shoulders moved like a machine to the long heave of the catch. A second glance at Number Six and Sung realized that Dollibare was little better than a passenger. He went through the motions of the stroke with automatic precision, as his big body had been drilled to perform them, but he was like one in a trance, with mind benumbed and nervous energy deadened. This the sagacious coxswain read in his face. Thus had cowardly fear written itself upon the countenances of men led forth to die, as the son of the governor had beheld them in far-distant Shansi. Of a truth, the heart of this Dollibare had turned to water. Frantically the coxswain exhorted him, raked and blistered him with insults, hoping to goad him into action, to shame him into a very fury of endeavor, but the craven Number Six could not respond.

Three men on the starboard side of the shell were really rowing against four on the port. Add to this disparity the pressure of the breeze and it was impossible for the rudder to keep the course true. Yale was edging away from the channel, steadily drawing closer to the margin of the eel-grass, and Harvard as steadily

pulled up abreast and began to lead. Soon Sung Wu Chen could feel the drag beneath the keel, as though invisible hands had grasped the boat to hold it back. The blades of the oars splashed and failed to get the solid grip of deeper water. The crew appeared to flounder. There was angry, gasping outcry from stroke to bow, begging the coxswain for God's sake to get out of the grass and give them a chance.

There was a full half-mile of this nightmare, and then the hapless shell shot clear and veered into the wide reach where the full tide swept toward the sea and scoured the channel clean. For Yale it was no longer a boat-race but a tragedy. Six lengths behind at the navy-yard, it seemed useless to endure the weary grind of two miles more. Ten thousand disgusted partisans, afloat and ashore, blamed it all to the Chinese coxswain who had thrown the race away. He himself knew better and also knew that he was to be the scapegoat.

Seven men, bitterly desperate and profoundly courageous, in the splendid folly of youth believing that theirs is an affair of life and death, are never beaten this side of the finish line. They set out to make a stern chase of it, not two miles of hard rowing, but one continuous spurt, every stroke pulled as though it were the last one. It was a feat such as makes college sport nobly worth while.

Their ardor was so like a flame that it even scorched the soul of Dollibare and he came out of his panic-born stupor. He was no longer the mere semblance of an oarsman. The blade buckled to the lift of his mighty back and his hairy legs drove the finish home like twin pistons. The coxswain steered as straight as an arrow and the balanced stride of the shell resembled the harmony of music. They could not win, the odds against them were too great, but in two heart-breaking miles they regained five of the lost boat-lengths, and their quivering shell was lapping the Harvard stern as they drove past the final flag. It was a defeat and yet an intrinsic victory.

This the multitude could not comprehend. They honored the men who had so nearly won, but, nevertheless, it was Harvard's race, and the crimson banners

flaunted while the blue flags drooped. A blundering coxswain had brought disaster to an eight which could not have been beaten otherwise. This was the verdict of the crowd. There was a rush to the shore when the exhausted Yale oarsmen clambered from their shell into the launch, and louder than the cheers for their pluck was the angry denunciation of Sung Wu Chen. The fact that he was of an alien race intensified the feeling.

While the launch steamed up-river to the quarters he sat apart from his comrades, immobile as an image of old ivory. They had no word of blame. He had done his best, they said, and the wind had tricked him. The coxswain was aware, however, that in their opinion he alone was responsible. Every man of seven of them had been too intent upon his own tremendous task to read the soul of Dollibare and find him culpable. It was forbidden to Sung Wu Chen to reveal the truth and shift the guilt. Even should he stoop so low as to be a tale-bearer, Dollibare would deny the charge and there was no manner of proof. The coxswain made haste to leave the quarters nor tarried to say farewell. Li Hwan waited with the skiff and rowed him across the river to find a train.

They went straightway to New Haven, avoiding friends, shunning the crowd. Li Hwan asked no questions and made no comments. He had beheld the race and its aftermath, and clearly comprehended the significance of this misfortune. In the sight of a vast number of barbarians his ineffably illustrious lord *had lost face*. It was the supreme catastrophe that could have befallen. His base-born slave dared offer no sympathy. It was his duty to await commands. The demeanor of Li Hwan was no more swaggering. He appeared crushed and dazed. Sung Wu Chen busied himself in his rooms, dragging a trunk from the closet, while his servant dumbly waited in the hall.

The door opened and Sung beckoned. Li Hwan stood with bowed head, his hands in his sleeves, his beady eyes furtively watching every change of expression on his master's face. It was needless to discuss or even mention the significance of what had occurred. At a word Li Hwan began to pack clothing while Sung emptied the desk and threw most of

the contents into the fireplace. The books and furnishings he left untouched, removing only such property as was peculiarly personal. What he was about to do should be performed elsewhere than in this college dormitory where dwelt his best friends. In this hour modernity was a veneer and he belonged with the China of his fathers. It was not meet that he should risk vexing the *fung-shui*, the spirits of wind and water, and so disturb the fortunes of this building.

Late in the evening he was ready to quit his campus lodgings. Li Hwan went with him to the pretentious hotel beyond Chapel Street, where he asked the clerk for a suite, as befitting his rank, for he was no longer a Yale sophomore but the only son of the governor of Shansi. Before writing certain necessary letters he vouchsafed an explanation to the servant, whose stalwart body was trembling.

"His Excellency, the Chinese minister, will come from Washington to arrange all matters in the proper manner. You will wait for him, Li, and he will send you to our home in safety and comfort. To my father, the *Tsungtuh* and dispenser of shining wisdom in the city of Taiyuen Fu, you will bear my message which I shall write to-night and wrap in silk."

Timidly Li Hwan ventured to inquire, his posture reverential: "There is no other way? I am a man without brains and unable to understand this boat-rowing, but is it not the truth that this misfortune was no fault of thine?"

"It was no fault of mine," agreed Sung Wu Chen, willing to confide this much in one who was of his own people. "There was a wind, but not enough to account for—for what happened to-day on the river in the presence of a vast assemblage."

A long silence, and then Li Hwan shifted uneasily but kept his thoughts to himself. Notwithstanding Sung's gesture of dismissal, he lingered as though awaiting some word of farewell. At length he burst out with startling vehemence:

"The thing must have been done by one man. His ancestors were village dogs and he is unfit for the company of scavengers. Did I not revile him when we spoke together in the evening of yesterday?"

"Number Six?" murmured the coxswain with a shrug. "The mighty Dollibare? It is foolish to revile. They who

respect themselves will be honored, says the Chinese proverb which you learned at school. You will find me here in the morning, Li Hwan. I have matters to attend to. Go at once."

The retainer prostrated himself, his forehead touching the floor in the kowtow due one of exalted station. It was rather a tribute than a ceremonial. Then he stole from the room and softly closed the door. Sung Wu Chen sighed and began to compose the letter to his father, using a brush to draw the characters with beautiful art, the phrases polished with deliberate care. He quoted the praiseworthy example of Admiral Ting, who had taken his own life sooner than endure the disgrace of defeat in the harbor of Wei-hai-Wei. In the sight of the great university of Yale and of its scholars and friends throughout the land, he, Sung Wu Chen, had committed an unpardonable offense and dragged its banner in the dust of humiliation. It was no other sage than Mencius who had written: "Although I love life, there is that which I love more than life."

When this filial task was finished the son of the governor poured out his heart in English to Harvey Gray, his old comrade and tutor, telling him the facts in detail and begging his forgiveness, with the injunction to try to make the father comprehend how and why the race was lost. Having despatched the remaining business, the coxswain meditated, his gaze drawn to the small automatic pistol on the table before him. In such a situation as this many eminent Chinese had swallowed gold as the traditional manner of honorable suicide, among them the Emperor Ts'ung-cheng. It was regrettable, reflected Sung, that he knew not how to prepare this draft.

The hour was past midnight. There was nothing more to be done. His affairs were in order. A knocking at the door, and he turned angrily in his chair but made no response. A tattoo of impatient knuckles and he still kept silent. A fist banged the panels. A moment later the door flew from its hinges with a splintering crash and Li Hwan tumbled into the room. Bounding to his feet, he wheeled and dragged in after him a tall, heavily built young man in the white flannels of the 'varsity crew. His face, pallid be-

neath the tan, was bruised and scratched, his coat torn. He breathed with difficulty, as though exhausted, and his manner was stupefied like one deprived of volition.

From his chair Sung Wu Chen gazed at the hapless Dollibare and perceived that he was in the grip of that same panic fright which had paralyzed his will in the first two miles of the race. He was trying to speak in a faltering voice, but Li Hwan declaimed in accents ferocious:

"Let him be dumb until I have said my say. He came willingly after I had caught and mastered him. Through this huge hotel he marched at my heels, knowing that death was in my two hands."

It was the unregenerate Li Hwan that thundered this, the man of brawls and forays, who may have once worn the red sash of a Boxer and screamed destruction to all foreigners in the streets of Taiyuen Fu. Sung spoke sharply and he subsided, permitting Dollibare to stammer:

"This d-damned murderer was laying for me. He must have followed me across the campus. I was turning on the lights in my room when he jumped on my back. What's it all about?"

"One guess should be enough," replied Sung Wu Chen, his intonations precise. "My servant is not as great a fool as he looks. He tamed you, eh, Dollibare? You did not call out for the police? You came as if you were tied on a string?"

"He would have stuck a knife into me if I hadn't. I had no choice."

Li Hwan glared so frightfully that the poltroon dodged and raised his arm. It had been the amiable purpose of the captor to extort a confession by means of a knotted cord about the temples or something of the sort, but Sung Wu Chen was wiser and he saw that nothing more was needed to achieve the end desired. Physical cowardice had utterly broken Dollibare, who believed that the barbarous Li Hwan would not hesitate to slay him where he stood.

"You will not deny that you failed to pull your share in the race?" smoothly queried Sung. "You know this was why I could not steer the boat away from the eel-grass?"

The culprit tried miserably to exculpate himself, explaining in a rush of words:

"I didn't realize it at the time, old man, but I'm afraid I didn't get much

power on my oar. It was an extraordinary feeling. I meant to talk it over with you, but you slipped away from the quarters in a hurry, and—well, it may have had something to do with your getting in trouble on the first half of the course. But what about this infernal heathen of yours—the way he treated me?—you are responsible for him.”

“I swear to you, Dollibare, that I never expected to see him again,” was the earnest affirmation. “Yes, he would not hesitate to kill you, because, in his heathen code, you forfeited your right to live. Let us not leave this matter half-way. You did not pull even a pound because your soul had turned yellow and sick with fear. Acknowledge it as truth or, by God, I shall not stop the hand of Li Hwan.”

Dollibare nodded assent against his will. He felt amazed at his own helplessness. The actors were so absorbed that they failed to observe the approach of two young men who halted at the doorway and stared at the tableau. It held them curiously intent for a moment. Then the shrewd, self-possessed Jerry Altemus observed with a smile:

“Pardon us, Sung, if we seem to intrude. Sedgwick and I have been raking the campus to find you. We blew in on a late train from New London, and it occurred to us that you needed cheering up a whole lot.”

“Sure thing. Never say die, old top,” chimed in the other visitor. “Just by luck we drifted into this joint, and the clerk said you had chartered rooms. What’s the answer? It’s never too late to eat. Come along, and we’ll make you forget it over a few mugs of ale.”

Bob Sedgwick looked questioningly at Dollibare, who seemed oblivious of their presence. Young Mr. Altemus studied the bruised cheek and let his glance rove to the bellicose figure of Li Hwan. The latter sidled past the table and slid the pistol into his sleeve with the skill of a juggler.

“Can I help you in any way?” drawled Jerry. “I’m afraid we broke into something.”

“Dollibare can tell you what it is,” said Sung Wu Chen. “He has just confessed that he lost the race for us.”

“The deuce he has!” cried Bob Sedgwick. “Then that lets you out. Wow, but that sounds good to me.”

“It does not let me out,” gently protested the coxswain. “How can it save my face? The newspapers will publish it all over America that I am guilty.”

Jerry Altemus doffed his languid demeanor and was all fire and action in an instant. He, too, was the son of a great man, who ruled a railroad system instead of a province, and he also was a chip of the old block.

“Write it out, quick, and make Dollibare sign his name to it,” he volleyed at Sung. “Brief and to the point. I’ll be getting the New York office of the Associated Press on the ’phone. They will know who I am. My dad owns a newspaper or two on the side and controls an A. P. franchise. This will save time. Hustle down to the local office, Bob, and tell ’em you can verify it if they shoot a query back from New York. We’ll get it into the city editions all over the country. It’s sensational stuff.”

“And can it be sent by cable to China?” wistfully demanded the coxswain, who was rather stunned by this happy climax.

“You bet. I’ll see to that,” returned the impetuous Jerry as he flew across the room to the telephone. Bob Sedgwick, about to dash for an elevator, paused to say:

“You took this pretty seriously, Sung. By Jove, I believe you had made up your mind to leave college!”

“Yes. I had said good-bye to Yale,” was the calm reply. “Now I have decided to stay. Thank you, my best of friends.”

The luckless Dollibare, compelled like a puppet to do the bidding of others, was heard to remark:

“This means that *I* leave college. Publish this in the papers and I am queered absolutely.”

“There are other colleges, where they have no eight-oared crews,” blandly suggested Jerry Altemus.

Li Hwan begged for enlightenment, receiving which his rugged features were illumined with wonderful, affectionate gladness, and he grunted as he moved toward the door:

“A business for madmen is this boat-rowing, but no matter. It is well that I came from Shansi to protect my heaven-born master, for his honor is saved and he has not lost face. *Lah, lah, lah—lah, lah, lah. YALE.*”

BY-WAYS IN HAWAII

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



WE were always weaving a shuttle's path back and forth from Honolulu to other islands, ports, and places. Indeed, it was outside Honolulu that our most exotic adventures came to us. There can be no coherence in the tale of them, for our most careful plans were sometimes frustrated, and the best things often came to us by mere brute luck. Moreover, it is a traveller's platitude that you never can tell beforehand, or take another person's word: it is not always the star in Baedeker that guides you to the hallowed spot. So it was, as ever, in Hawaii. Follows the disconnected tale.

I had had, privately, a prejudice against Kilauea; why, I do not know. There is a great choice in the works of God; and I was not at all sure that I should rejoice in the volcano. It is a nasty sail from Honolulu to Hilo on Hawaii; besides, there were a vast number of tourists profiting by the *Matsonia's* trip to go. It is the conventional thing to take, for this purpose, three days out of a week's stay. But all arrangements had been delightfully and inexorably made for us; and we had scarcely been two days in Honolulu before we packed our suit-cases for Hawaii.

It is better to go to Hilo than to come away from it—in every sense. The worst part of the trip, then, comes when you are safe in your berth; during the first hours you are usually under the lee of some island. It is better, too, to travel in an ocean-going steamer than in an Inter-Island boat, for the bigger steamer makes lighter work of the choppy inter-island channels. I may candidly say that the run from Honolulu to Hilo on the *Matsonia* was the only poetic experience I have ever had at sea: a full moon, a quiet ocean, and the shifting panorama of the six islands (for Kauai and Niihau lie off in the other direction, to the north-

west) as you thread your way among them. Scarcely have you dropped Koko Head in the sunset before you lift the low-lying barrenness of westward Molokai, brown-glimmering under the moon. One light midway of the island shows you Kaunakakai; and a scant ten miles across from there the tragic promontory points a frail wedge into the foaming Pacific. Later we visited windward Molokai, and trod the grassy "streets" of Kalaupapa, all in the celestial light of an August morning; but at that time we did not know whether we should ever be nearer to the scene of Damien's martyrdom than we were in the July moonlight, slipping past Kaunakakai. It seemed a very miracle to be only a dozen miles away, as the crow flies, from that lone settlement of shuddering connotation. There was dancing on the deck, under the bright lamps; and no one besides ourselves, I dare say, was thinking of Kalaupapa. Neither *kamaaina* (old-timer) nor *malihini* (newcomer) is supposed to think of it; it is excessively bad form, in Hawaii, to think of it. Lanai soon appeared to starboard, virtually lightless; and then for a long time we were under the lee of Maui, the bright lights of Lahaina having beckoned us in vain. Little Molokini one could almost have swung oneself into from the deck-rail. It is the mere tip of a crater, lifting its hollowed summit above the waves, looking more like a tiny atoll than anything volcanic. We passed between it and Kahoolawe—an island about sixty-nine square miles in extent, humanly inhabited at the present time by one old Jap, who seems to be the only person capable of enduring that solitude without going mad. Just why Kahoolawe has to have a caretaker I do not know, but apparently it does; and that is Kahoolawe's distinction. Finally, even East Maui dropped to stern; we were in the Hawaii channel, and it was past midnight. The dancing had stopped; the *ukuleles*

were dumb; those people who had insisted on seeing the Southern Cross had got it pointed out to them, in spite of the fact that it was not there; and every one—we last of all—went to bed. Early in the morning we were off Hilo, beside the rusting bulk of an interned German tramp, and a sophisticated motor-launch was taking people off in relays.

Every one was hotfoot for the volcano, and there were hardly motor-cars enough to go round. We waited a little in Hilo for ours to return from the Volcano House—thirty-six miles away. Meanwhile, in another car, with a Japanese chauffeur, we sought out some of the natural wonders of the immediate vicinity. It was a wild and fruitless morning; unreal and scarce in retrospect to be believed in. I feel sure that we have seen Rainbow Falls and the Boiling Pots; for I know intimately now, for all time, the stifling heat of the path through the sugar-cane. There is nothing hotter in the world than that sweating shade, with the cane clipping you on either side; a *calidarium* with always a possible scorpion or centipede under foot. A narrow trail through high cane seems to lie straight along the Equator. You are glad to emerge again into the coolness of the noonday sun.

Apparently we could not let well enough alone; for we went on, by an abominably muddy road, to a down-at-heel sugar village. Our Jap was confident, of course—so confident that he turned the big car in a slough at the end of a frowsy lane, and ran the hind wheels down a lush bank above a stream. Only some six miles out of Hilo, we were at the world's end. Twenty feet above us a Filipino flume-tender waved a condescending hand, signalling that he could not leave his flume. Women and children peeped out of knot-hole windows in their very dirty barracks; but neither their shock heads nor their shyness could help us. Moreover, among Americans, Filipinos, and one ardent Jap, there was very little Hawaiian to be collected, and Hawaiian would have been the only chance of a common tongue. A great deal of gesturing and shouting on the part of the Olympian flume-tender brought out some straggling male Filipinos. They changed their rags for worse rags—any

eye could see that it was going to be a dirty job—fetched stones from the stream and wooden joists from heaven knows where, and set to work.† The flume-tender bossed from his height until he could bear it no more; then descended, leaving the cane to pile up, if it liked, at the curve of the flume. But nothing availed. The wheels would whir, then sink back. Suddenly a cheer went up for a new arrival—a Chinaman appeared in the frowsy lane driving a Ford. Another language was added to the confusion; but our chauffeur proudly produced a rope, and the Chinaman, being—he, too—a motorist, understood. We waited confidently for the Ford to pull the car out of the mud. But we had not reckoned with Japanese optimism. The Ford did its best, but the chauffeur's rope was rotten and broke in the middle. More Filipinos arrived; a few children ventured out of the slummy barracks to stare; the flume-tender clean forgot his flume; Oriental eloquence thickened the air; and at last, by some superhuman heaving of brown breasts and shoulders, the trick was done. Our car was once more safe in the lane. The Chinaman, in his Ford, disappeared somewhere, gracious, imperturbable, and superior to the end; making us feel as if we had somehow undergone a diplomatic defeat at the hands of Yüan Shih-K'ai. Our Japanese chauffeur seemed our ineffectual brother-in-blood. Money was distributed; there was long cheering; and the flume-tender reappeared on his perch as if he had never condescended to leave it.

We had the unplanned-for luck to stay four days in and about Hilo; and Hilo was to me the supreme experience on Hawaii. After all our wanderings my heart is still there. I think I know the reason, though our beloved *kamaainas* could not understand it. Hilo, it should be admitted, has nearly the highest rainfall in the world, and that is enough to damn it in the eyes of those who live where they appear to control the weather, so admirably adapted to life it is. They also consider Hilo hot; but of course these tropic folk know nothing about heat. They are used to perfection in the way of climate, and they are ignorant of the rigors of the temperate zone. It rained in

Hilo while we were there, but not excessively—just enough to give us an excuse, now and then, for sitting on our porch and watching the ladies of Hilo fend off the rain with paper umbrellas. Either from the mountains or the sea there is nearly always a breeze; except for one night

“east of Suez.” Various tropic seas, like the Caribbean, do not belong to it. You can see that that is not really a hemisphere; and that it has no more ethnographic than geographic coherence. Soerabaya, Singapore, Raratonga, Dakar, Tunis, Antananarivo, Hong-Kong, and



Map showing travel routes among the Hawaiian Islands.

(in their hottest season) we slept under blankets.

My own reason for loving Hilo was something deeper than this, however. It seemed to be a distinguished port of that imaginary hemisphere which has come to outweigh the other in charm. Imaginary, because it corresponds to nothing on the charts; indeed is not, strictly speaking, a hemisphere at all. It includes all of Africa except Egypt, all of the South Seas, and most of Asia east of Bombay. The Indian Ocean and the South Pacific wash its shores. It excludes Europe, the two Americas, and everything north of the fortieth parallel. It is not even wholly

Sydney are all important places therein. Many people have sung of it, but Conrad is its laureate. I recognized immediately that I loved Hilo because Hilo was unquestionably of it. So, too, are other places in the Islands; but the hotel at Hilo gives the last authentic touch. If “Marlow” is ever fortunate enough to stay there, he will linger until, gazing at the big caoutchouc in the garden, he has told us some five hundred pages of vivid history. Ever and anon I looked for the dim light of his cigar.

Hilo is a quiet town: there are no trolley-cars as yet, and the dampness of the climate makes you see and hear every-

thing through a gorgeous mist of tropical vegetation. Here are the most enormous poincianas and monkey-pods, the thickest forests of breadfruit and bananas, and here the palms shoulder highest into the sky. In the court-house grounds at Hilo the royal and coco-palms stand side by side like wedded creatures, male and female of a stately genus; the royal palm topping perceptibly—in some neck-craning, vertical distance—his spouse. Hilo is girt about by sounds of flowing water; and even when the sun is brightest, the clouds are impenetrable round the fourteen-thousand-foot summit of Mauna Kea. You can stand, in mid-Hilo, on one of the bridges over the Wailuku River and watch the native children dive, feet first, into the pool, their long hair standing horizontally off their heads. We stopped to watch, one brilliant morning, and they, perceiving us, came farther down the gorge to dive where the *haoles*—the white folk—could see them better. They were inaccessible to us, unless we had walked a half-mile round to the top of the gorge; we could not so much as throw a coin to them. They moved out of the background into the middle distance for sheer amiability and tact. One boy sat at the top of the fall and coasted down the serpentine rock-flume with the impetuous torrent—feet out, at his ease, letting the sinuous rush of water bear him up on its solid wave. Over and over he did it, with the regularity and grace of a natural phenomenon; each time reappearing out of the deep pool into which he had been flung, to clamber up the wall of the gorge—*e da capo*. Why he was not cut to pieces on the rocks only the Kanaka and his water-gods know.

How we lost ourselves happily in tiny Hilo, emerging ever upon the ocean; how we watched the fishermen send their great nets, in one masterly throw, to settle in a huge, perfect circle on the water; how we nearly, in a briny little shop, bought a yellow fisherman's coat, simply because I would rather buy something I do not want from a Chinaman than something I do from any one else; how we learned to know the fringy, palm-silhouette of Cocoanut Island authentically from any angle—these memories must not be dwelt on, diary-fashion. Much as we

should have liked to dwell in Hilo forever, fed with strange fruits, sung to sleep by strange trees, and ministered to by Japanese boys whose smiles implied that we were *samurai*, we could not do it. We were always, in those few days, leaving it for some *hinterland* and coming back to our cottage-porch for perfect refreshment. Always there was the sense of being at the heart of a Conrad novel; only, as in Conrad, those nameless, white-clad gentlemen-adventurers, and those beautiful, inarticulate natives were living in a drama to which the mere traveller had no clue. In the next street, with its madly mixed population, anything might be happening; a few miles back of us, in the tropical forest, the great tree-ferns might be making a living sanctuary for the indiscreet. Incredible that there should not be there, under our hands, the stuff of *Victory* or *Falk*! But we were the faithful Rechabites: we could not stay.

Of the volcano of Kilauea who shall speak? Approach it as cynically as you like, you will be startled from your indifference. It will be strange if you do not feel, looking down into that pit, many comfortable veils stripped off your swathed mind. A naked human emotion is a great and terrible thing to encounter; sometimes a thing to turn one's face from. But this is even more appalling. You may clutch, first-off, at the easy metaphor of hell. Kilauea is not like hell—it is worse. Worse, because there is no moral significance in it, to knit our souls to such a spectacle. Dante's eighth circle, with its *barattieri* sunk in boiling pitch, was part of a mighty plan; a physical result of moral facts; comprehensible, its very hideousness dependent on the historic three-score-years-and-ten of mortal life. You can avoid hell by being good; and even if you descend into it, you will have human company. But this has nothing to do with vice or virtue; it makes naught of moral values. You squat on that rim and stare seven hundred feet down into Halemaumau—the inner pit of Kilauea—and history is superseded. The sulphur stench blows up now and then like a great wave and drives you gasping from the brink. You wander about the lava-bed for a little (you could wander on that



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Kalihiwai, Kauai.

same lava-bed for miles, if you chose) and then return. The simple fact of Halemaumau is a pit, some twenty acres in extent, that seethes and boils incessantly. Every few moments an acre of solid lava rises up out of the caldron, is sucked back into the scarlet waves, and molten again before your eyes. In another corner of the pit a fiery fountain bursts like a great geyser. The worst of it is that you can *hear* it: the pot seethes and boils and groans in your very ears, for all the seven hundred feet between you and it. And if you cared to make a misstep, you could bound, from little ledge to little ledge, straight into the mutter and flame of it. I leave you to imagine the spectacle of Kilauea when the sudden tropic night has fallen on the vast crater of which Halemaumau is only the deepest pocket. The vague geologic visions of the layman do not lag behind. *This* goes on, one reflects, beneath us, to the very core of the planet; and the end of it is mere dying like the moon. Yes, geology *is* worse than theology. . . . "Are you going to write us a little story about the volcano?" a cheerful reporter telephoned to ask, after we had returned to Honolulu; and when I refused, the only reward of my decency was a headline: "Mrs. Gerould Refuses to Boom Volcano." It still shocks me a little to think of booming Kilauea; but I will indorse anything the Promotion Committee cares to say about it.

We wanted, not strangely, to see Hawaiian life in some remote and untouched corner, and the *kamaainas* sent us to Kalapana. A chauffeur was chosen for us (an Island-born Norwegian) who could speak Hawaiian, and we were recommended to him as *malihinis*. It is a longish run through the forest of *ohia* and *koa* and wild banana and tree-fern. We took luncheon with us, but supplemented it with fresh mangoes from the *pake* store in Pahoa. Just outside Pahoa we passed by the lumber-mill, skirting great heaps of *ohia* ties for the Santa Fé railroad. Then we broke definitely with civilization. In mid-forest we stopped to eat; leaving room at the side of the road for the scant Sunday traffic to pass us. Odd traffic indeed; for what tourist goes to

Kaimu or Kalapana? Hawaiians (with a Portuguese strain?) on donkeys, wearing sombreros and looking for all the world like kindly Mexicans (if there be any kindly Mexicans!)—sitting, guitar on hip, and smiling broadly as the little cavalcade piled up in the narrow defile, which was all our huge car left of the right of way; a Chinaman, weighed down by his broad panniers, pattering for miles along the road—we kept picking him up and passing him all the way from Pahoa, until finally he disappeared down an unnamed path into the very jungle; women and children in white *holokus*, astride of their unpedigreed mounts, bound for some surfeit of *poi* and fish with relatives at the back of beyond: all this fading gradually into utter loneliness as we approached the sea. Patches of dry taro would suddenly spring into view, making your eyes search swiftly for the grass house that could scarce be found among the foliage. There was, besides, the wonder that the tropic jungle always arouses, that it should be so lush and yet so barren of aspect. Nature is no landscape gardener, and in that unchanging clime it is always both spring and autumn. The tree-fern, thirty feet high, is encumbered with decaying brown stalks; the ghosts of *ohia* trees rise among their living kin, stripped to the bone by the *ie-ie* vine, which embraces and then kills. Bamboo clumps that are like little ban-yans crowd out their neighbors and dance upon the tangle underfoot. Vegetable life is as cheap here as human life in the slums. The idle jungle takes a long time to bury its dead; nature is a beautiful slattern, and earth very careless of the pieties.

We had left good roads behind us at Pahoa, and we nearly tore the car to pieces getting into Kaimu. A line of native houses fronts the sea; between the road and the surf are thick groves of coco-palms, rooted deep in the sands of the beach. Little black pigs play tag around your legs, and the infants of Kaimu run out, not to chide the pigs but to stare. There is no purer color in the world than this: the green palms fringing the brilliant blue ocean; the big Pacific surf breaking white and clamorous on coal-black volcanic sands. You scarcely need

a red *holoku* in the middle distance, or the sea-washed gray of the outrigger canoes on the shore. And, a mile beyond, Kalapana—desolate beyond emptiness, little

sionately imitated the exotic North and then died. In 1825 Kaimu and Kalapana were populous towns with potent chiefs. Both are tiny remnants now; but



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Cane flume on Hawaii.

gray houses set round a treeless open common, with a little shut church in one corner. What reminiscence of New England village greens is there, we wondered. Life has ebbed long since from Kalapana, and it seems to have kept, of tradition, only that bequeathed bleakness; as if nearly a hundred years ago it had pas-

Kaimu has at least kept its tropical heritage. Kalapana has been blown upon by strong winds, and washed clean of color; it has a Puritan cast, and that Sunday afternoon felt like a Puritan Sabbath. No one crossed the common, or peered out of the little houses.

Yet as soon as we had passed beyond

the village centre and come to the *pake* store, we knew we were in Hawaii and not in Massachusetts Bay Colony. An automobile stood before the *pake* store, and it was filled with Hawaiians: grave elders sitting in the tonneau, children packed on the steps and the engine, and some one solemnly holding the wheel. We were bound for a Cave of Refuge half a mile off, and when we returned from our disheartening scramble over rocky ridges—I cannot “boom” the Cave of Refuge at Kalapana: it is not worth the scramble—the automobile was still there and still full—only of a different crowd. These passengers were equally motionless and equally solemn, and in a flash the explanation became clear to us. Some vague dots off on the sands were the owners of the automobile, and they had left the car for safe keeping with the *pake* storekeeper.

All Kalapana was busy wiping from its 'scutcheon the blot of never having motored. Each villager was having his chance to sit in or on the wondrous vehicle. Kalapana was sophisticating itself, and in so orderly a fashion that we suspected the *pake* storekeeper of renting out the priceless opportunity. Perhaps the one who took the wheel had to pay more. But even if the Kalapanans did to this extent belie their bleak New England common, I do not believe they shelter a *kahuna*. I should be far surer of finding him in a grass house at Kaimu.

Lahaina, on Maui, should have a chapter to itself, for the life of the little old

town has been a drama. Lahaina is an aged gossip sitting by the sea, careless of her looks, her lost youth, and her dead romance. Some tropic towns grow old like the women of the tropics, completely and passively. Lahaina is no better pre-

served than any Hawaiian crone. The vast banyan under which a whole village could feast has been decently propped; the “missionary house,” long deserted, has been “done up” and put to some public use or other; the Lahainaluna School, two miles away up the mountain, carries on a useful life. All this is done by the *haoles* as part of the white man's burden. But Lahaina herself puts forth no effort.

The town straggles vaguely along the beach-front, quite without a plan. There are a few dirty back cross-lanes, but most of Lahaina is the one long band of houses. Blue



From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Silver-sword in bloom.

sampans crowd the shore, and an Oriental throng of children bathes and fights and plays in the water among the sampans. The dock is the business centre and lounging-place of the town. Across from it is the Pioneer Hotel, a bare, verandahed structure, seldom, I fancy, anything like filled. Tourists do not often get to Maui; when they do, they go straight on to Wailuku, a charming, well-kempt little town, thence to explore the enchanting Iao Valley or to climb Haleakala. No one, I might almost say, stops in Lahaina except on business—of which the neighboring sugar plantations create a certain amount. So it is not odd that in the Pioneer Hotel

meals should be served at unsophisticated hours, and that the public rooms should consist chiefly of a bar. It is not uncomfortable to sit on the upper verandah outside one's room and watch the sampans, and the water breaking over the reef. But it is impossible to think of Lahaina as a place to stay in, even as headquarters for the wanderer. Except for business, there is nothing to keep any one there. Lahaina has so renounced its past that it is hard even to reconstruct in imagination the days when it was the capital of the kingdom, when eighty or ninety whalers would be rocking in the roadstead, so close that you could step from deck to deck—when, thanks to the same whalers, Lahaina was such a sink of vice that even the lazy Hawaiian monarch had to bestir himself in the interests of morality. Earlier still, before 1849, rich Americans on the Pacific coast used to send their children to Lahaina to be educated; but Lahainaluna has long since been turned into a school for Hawaiians only. The hotel proprietor has

time to operate two or three "movie" theatres, running off Japanese films for the plantation laborers. No, Lahaina has got beyond the point of mentioning her past; she is not garrulous; she does not protest against the yellow man; she sits in the sun and takes what the day brings. The vast banyans, the few old buildings set in deep antique verdure, give a dignity to her resignation—if indeed there is not an initial dignity in refusing to prattle forever about grander days.

And we in our turn must have perplexed Lahaina, if Lahaina were given—which I fancy she is not—to psychologic curiosity. We arrived asking for food at untoward hours, and departed after decent folk had gone to bed. We invaded *pake* stores of a Sunday morning, demanding articles of virtue that Maui had never heard of. Lahaina manifested no impatience—and no alacrity. Sandwiches might be fetched, after a reasonable delay; but the fact that the *Mauna Kea* regularly lands her passengers at 9 P. M. will never induce a Lahaina hostelry



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

Onomea, native village on Hawaii.

to serve a meal at that hour. I might explain in my best pidgin-English to a Chinese tailoress what I wanted—her only reply was “I no make.” And she could have made it—sewing-machine at hand and shelves full of stuffs beside

kala is the largest extinct crater in the world. If I had had my doubts about Kilauea, I had them still more about Haleakala, especially as Haleakala meant a stiff seven miles on mule-back. Something sinister hung over Maui from the



The beach at Kaimu.

The big Pacific surf breaking white and clamorous on coal-black volcanic sands.—Page 722.

her—in twenty minutes at the outside. Lahaina had no standards that included us. “Most people go straight on to Wailuku,” we had been told; and they do. There are plenty of rooms in the hotel, and judging from the unpopulous table d’hôte most of them must always be empty. Yet once, at least, when we had several hours to wait for a steamer, I had great difficulty in finding an empty bedroom to rest in. I made many journeys to and fro before, finally, a Jap boy with no English grudgingly opened a door for me. Even then a large cockroach stalked me jealously up and down the stairs, and when at last I took possession and shook down the mosquito-bar, the same cockroach (I had kept her well in sight for ten minutes—I could not mistake her) established herself disapprovingly on the floor by the washstand to chaperone me while I napped.

We were destined to climb Haleakala—of which, you might say, East Maui consists. Everything in Hawaii has some superlative to distinguish it; and Halea-

first—something, that is, personally sinister for me; whether the vast shadow of Haleakala or the more distant and more psychic prospect of Kalaupapa—for we were to visit Molokai before returning to Honolulu. Perhaps the shadow was deepened by the knowledge that our remaining days in the Eight Islands were very few. My feet lagged on Maui; I never wanted to do the next thing. I did not always want to leave Lahaina; I never wanted to leave Wailuku; it is impossible for any one to wish to leave the Iao Valley. Besides, my heart was in Hilo; and we were not to see Hilo again.

If East Maui means only Haleakala and its slopes, West Maui means only a more diversified mountain group. The two halves of Maui, once separate islands, are now joined by a narrow strip of green earth not much above sea-level. Going from Lahaina to Wailuku you skirt the West Maui mountains, the road winding along a hacked-out ledge hung high above

the sea. Haleakala, opposite you, steadily refuses—like Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea—to look its height. It is usually tremendous luck for a mountain to rise straight from the sea-level—witness Rainier and (I suppose) Fujiyama. They

precipice with a waterfall; and no human being has ever climbed that cliff or knows what lies just beyond. They are narrow, and dark with a perpetual green twilight; and wandering perfumes invisibly gird them in. The Iao Valley is about the



Hauula Hotel, Oahu.

An excellent little inn . . . backed by a wilderness of fruit-trees.—Page 730.

seem to tower like Everest. But these Hawaiian mountains are so vast, so broad-based, so gradually inclined, that they produce less effect of height than of mere bigness. East Maui is one mountain; Hawaii, you might say, is two mountains. Life blooms and clings on the vast maternal slopes.

Wailuku stands to windward between the West Maui range and the ocean; and Wailuku is drenched in green and heavenly cool. The Trade blows eternally through your rooms, a bland and tempered blast. At your very door is the entrance to the Iao Valley, which unites in a desperate and tantalizing perfection all the essential beauties of all the valleys you have seen or dreamed. The fantastic peaks rise ever ahead of you as you wind up the road beside the stream. As always in Hawaii, half the magic lies in the gorges that open on either side—so near, it seems, that you could stretch your hand into them, yet inaccessible for all that. They run back from the trail to a

size of the Yosemite, and if the photographers have done any justice to the Yosemite, the Iao Valley is by far the more beautiful. It works back into a tangle of peaks, and the trail stops suddenly at a bridge over the torrent. Thence you can only stare. Eventually you turn, having paid one of those bitter farewells of the traveller.

If it was hard to speak of Kilauea, it is far harder to speak of Haleakala; for Haleakala left me cold. The exquisite hospitality which guarded and guided us throughout that adventure I would separate entirely from Haleakala itself. Yet I feel treasonable in so doing, for it was a great lover of Haleakala who took us up—he was going himself, for the sixty-first time—and he and his household are a happy memory. May I, with that apology, be rude to the crater itself? Not, I think, without explaining that I am a tenderfoot; that the seven-mile trail from the last ranch to the rim is not a trail at

all, but a mere indicated route over a boulder-strewn, ravine-cut slope; that I made the trip on the wisest and wickedest mule in the world, whose wickedness was by no means crude, but rather of a subtle

world, its huge cinder-cones lifting toward you out of a half-mile depth. They look like titanic bake-ovens rusted out of use. The chief romantic interest of the crater is that Kamehameha the First once chose



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

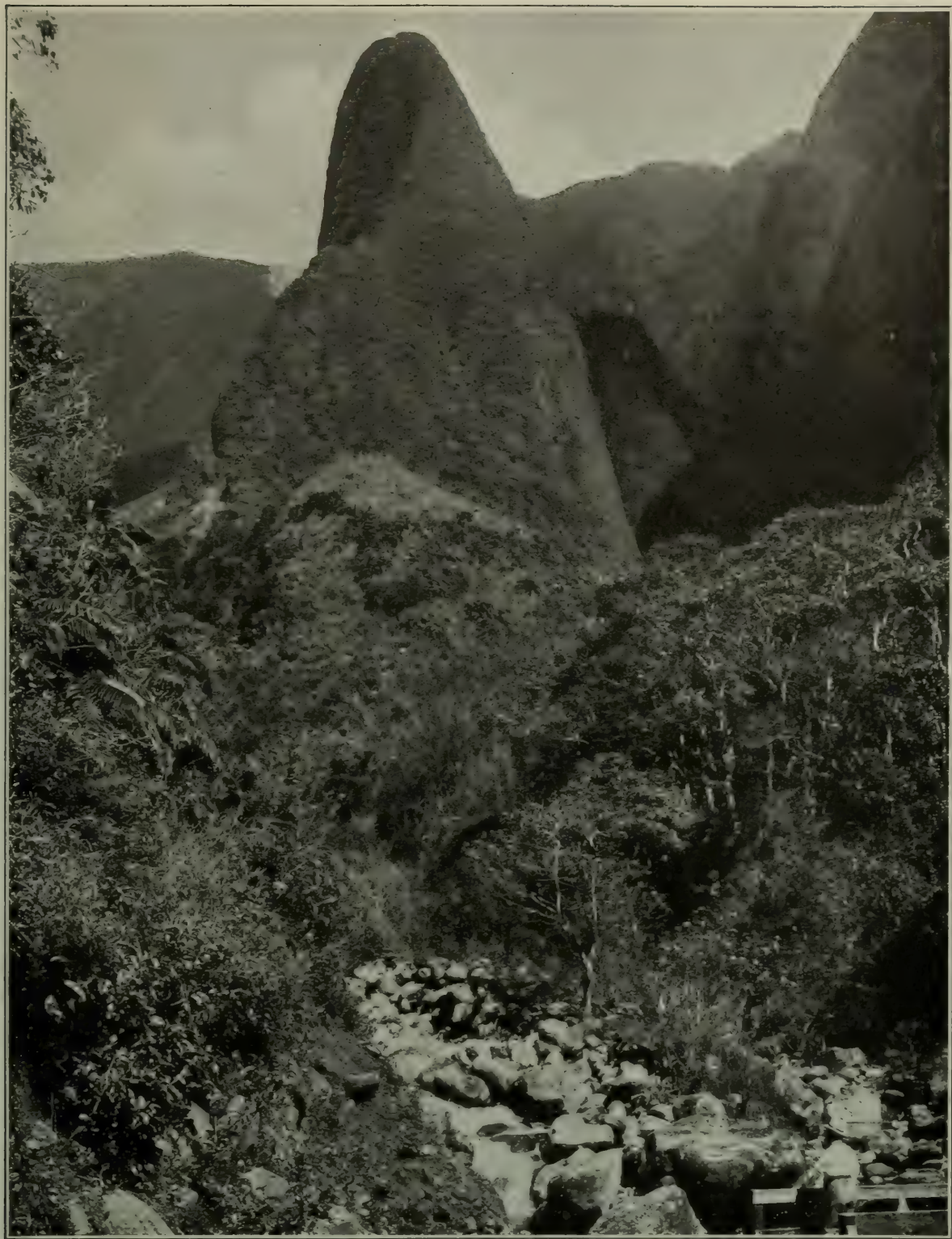
The narrow-gauge railway between Kahuku and Hauula.

You puff through the sugar-cane, past the prosperous Mormon village of Laie . . . to Hauula.—Page 730.

and heartless Renaissance type. She was a Catherine de Médécis of a mule, and her sardonic pity for me was one of the bitterest things I have ever had to bear. The concrete rest-house is perched on the rim of the extinct crater, ten thousand feet in air—so close to the rim that at one corner you can barely squeeze round the little building. In the rest-house, rolled in your blankets, you await the dawn. It comes, breaking charily over a sea of cloud. Perhaps you see Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea—perhaps even Oahu—in the distance; but chiefly you see cloud, with bergs and drift and ice-pack, like a polar sea. If a polar bear could be discerned, you might well feel like a discoverer. Below you is the largest extinct crater in the

to lead his army through that world of ash and lava, up to the rim, there to surprise and conquer the king of Maui. Certainly on the rim of Haleakala even a king might have expected to be safe. The place enhances the legend of Kamehameha: he must have had a canny eye for settings who chose Haleakala, and the Iao Valley, and the edge of the Honolulu Pali for battle-fields. Were it not for the Arctic imitations of the cloud-sea, one might epically dream. But the mule awaits you, and the Polynesian Napoleon is dead. My companions, it is fair to say, did not share a single one of my impressions or sensations. Haleakala “got across” for them.

So, apparently, it does for the Japa-



From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Iao Needle in Iao Valley—near Wailuku.

nese; for the guest-book in the rest-house is filled chiefly with Japanese names and Japanese attempts to celebrate the crater in English verse. Like little Kahoolawe, Haleakala has a Japanese caretaker—an old man who lives in a little shack down the slope and supports life, evidently, on the æsthetic passion. His friends come

up to visit him now and then, and I was put to shame that very morning by a Jap who lingered lengthily on the rim, staring down at the cinder-cones. My own impatience compared ill enough with his æsthetic trance. Another disarming fact: that so often the last thing to perish in the Japanese should be his delight in a

natural wonder; that he should, at the end of life, be content with utter isolation, feeding only on sky and sea. The caretaker here must roam the crater itself—a stiff adventure for gnarled old bones—for he brought me a clump of silver-sword to hang on my saddle-bow; and silver-sword grows, on all the planet, only within the crater of Haleakala, and in some other still remoter place of which I forget even the name. Yes, I drank deep of humility on Haleakala. Who shall say if there was not in it, too, a kind of claustrophobia, odd though that may sound? For it is not only within four walls that one can have the sense of being enclosed. Caught on that knife-ridge between the crater and the trail, with nothing to do save sit and stare, I felt hemmed in. On three sides of us the cloud-pack cut off the world below. It was quite possible to conceive of that spot as the bourne from which no traveller returns. But I have apologized long enough for my own unworthiness. I would not discourage any one from Haleakala.

Back, back to Olinda and Paia and Kahului and Puunene and Wailuku, and once again to Lahaina; then Molokai, of which I shall tell hereafter. . . .

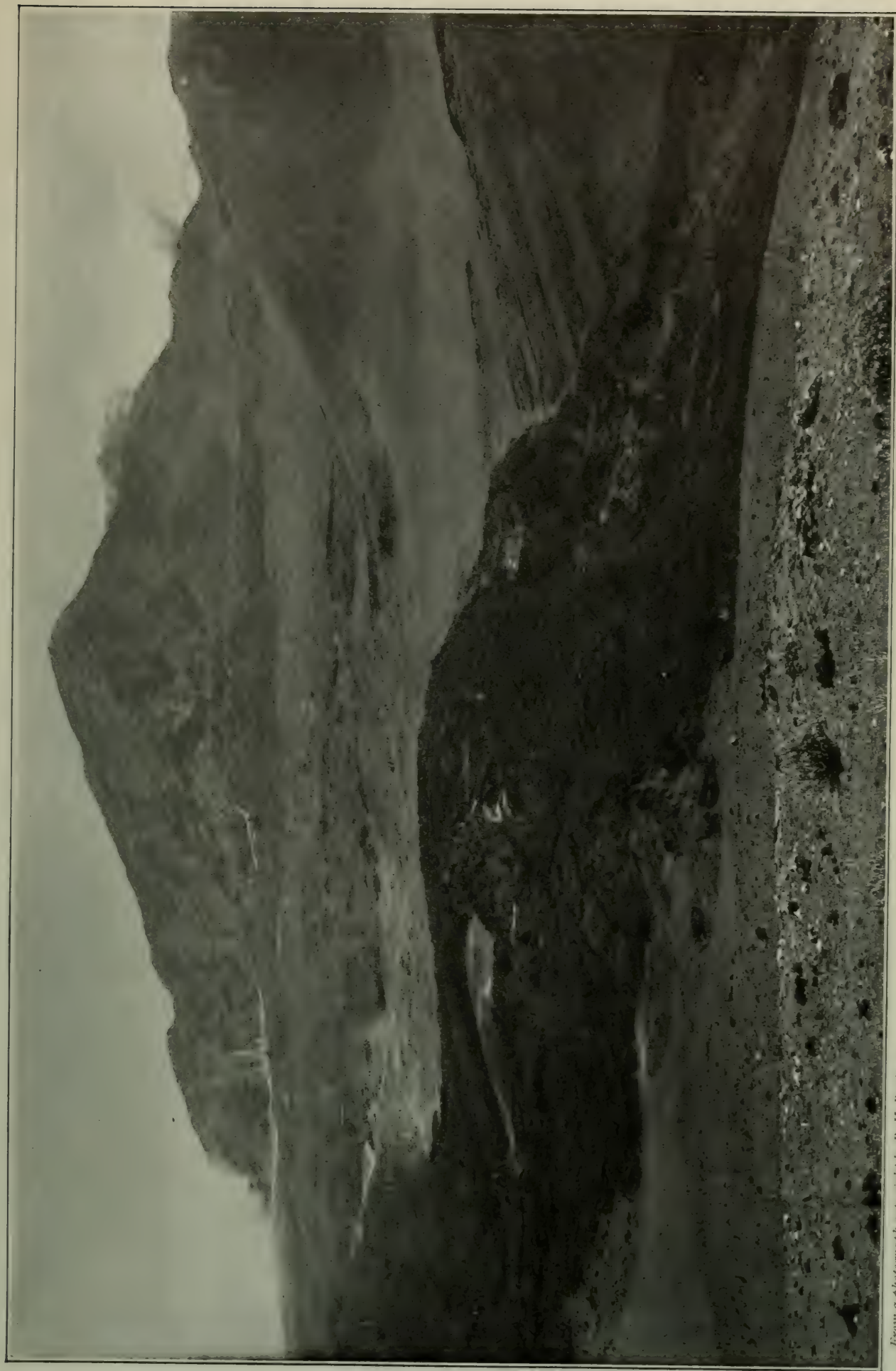
One of our wildest adventures came to us on Oahu itself. The *kamaainas* had sent us to Hauula, a village on the windward side of the island. We took a train from Honolulu to Kahuku—past Pearl Harbor and Waianae and Haleiwa and Marconi, where the great wireless apparatus rises starkly out of a barren plain by the sea, looking like an illustration for some novel of the future. In three hours you reach Kahuku, and there the real train stops. You get into another—one car and an engine on a narrow-gauge track, like a rather bad mechanical toy. Then you puff through the sugar-cane, past the prosperous Mormon village of Laie (the Mormon faith is very strong among the Kanakas) to Hauula. An excellent little inn, buried in verdure—a few cottages round a green compound, backed by a wilderness of fruit-trees—receives you there.

I did not take the difficult walk to the Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa; but G. went,

leaving (like a good folk-lorist) his offerings to Pele all along the dark trail. The little votive cairns of Hawaiian visitors lined the ledges, and there would have been indecency in refusing to follow suit. Yet I have G.'s word for it that there was more than folk-lore in his ritual correctness. It is G. and not I who should write of Kaliuwaa, for he and not I trod the sombre gorge—the authentic chasm, so he avers, of Kubla Khan. The photograph of Kaliuwaa speaks for itself. The falls are some fifty feet high, and the cliff behind them is unscalable. No white man, and no unmythical native, has ever been in the valley beyond, between the falls and the mountain ridges behind. Small wonder that the falls are sacred, or that a green mist of legend hangs over the hidden gorge that leads to them.

Hauula soaked us deep in the Polynesian solution. We sat by night on the sands, listening to Hawaiian music. The faint guitar notes and the one rich voice mingled with the beat of the surf at our feet—"O a like no a like," "Hawaii ponei," "The Maui Girl," "Aloha oe," rising just above the sound of the high tide on the shore. The night was moonless, but the breakers showed white through the dusk; the whole world was narrowed to song and sea—the surf like no other surf, the song like no other song. We have heard the cruel travesties of Hawaiian music that some phonographs give, and wondered why an instrument that can reproduce Caruso should so insult the Hawaiian voice and the Hawaiian strings. Wherever and whoever the Hawaiian, we found, the voice seizes you. They can all sing, and with a poignancy past the poignancy of any Italian *aria*. You are infinitely sorry for the Kanaka when he sings; you feel sorry for yourself that you must part company with him. What is it? A greater liquidity in the strings than other fingers can achieve? A minor strain that no other vocal scale has discovered? Something, at all events, that there may be technical words to explain, but that there is, evidently, no technical skill anywhere to imitate.

On our second day in Hauula we discovered signs of strange activity: busy goings and comings in the little hamlet; rhythmic pounding of *poi*; little ovens



From a photograph copyright by R. K. Bonine.

Haleakala, looking across Koolau Gap from one of the small inside craters.

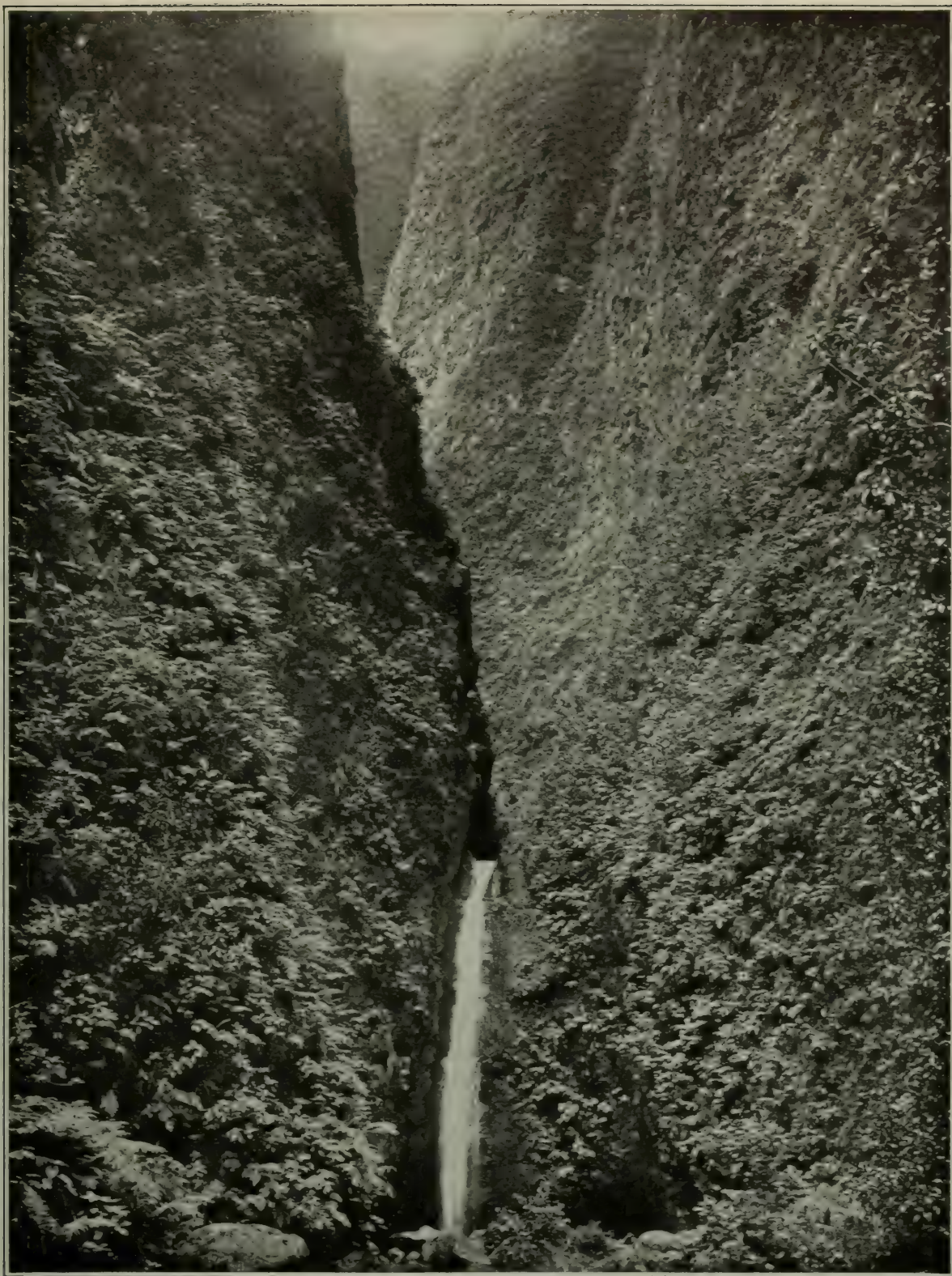
smoking in cottage compounds; *leis* of flowers and *maile* being woven in every garden. The focal centre of activity was the *pake* store. I am afraid that we stayed a long time with our noses pressed against the fence of the Chinese store-keeper. We were in the same case with a very old woman who lay full-length outside her grass house down the road, peering out at the passers-by: we were not invited. Benches had been pulled out of the court-house and set up in the compound; tables had been fashioned and were covered with food and drink; a low swaying roof of woven palm-leaves sheltered the feasters from the sun; behind, the size of the stone ovens showed that animals at least as large as pigs were being roasted underground. We did not exactly want to dip our hands into the *poi*-bowls, or pull at a tentacle of raw squid; but we felt excruciatingly "out of it," all the same—quite like the old lady in the grass house down the road. Bathing in the ocean was delightful; in its way our own early supper at the hotel was equally so. Still, it was very hard. . . .

For every longing *malihini* there is a benevolent *kamaaina*. Suddenly, after dusk, on the hotel-porch, we found ourselves being invited—positively invited—by two *kamaainas*, to go to the *luau*. By virtue of being *kamaainas*, with a little Hawaiian to spare, and of having fished and canoed for a month or so past with these particular villagers, they were free of the *luau*—which was an exclusively native festival, given by the *pake* store-keeper and his Hawaiian wife for their year-old son. The *kamaainas* offered to take us. They exacted from us only the solemn promise not to be shocked at anything we might see. It would never do to go nose in air to a native feast which had already been going on since 11 A. M., and was expected to last for twenty-four hours. Hawaiians are sensitive; it was a real country *luau*, none of your got-up Honolulu affairs; besides, it could not be concealed that every one would probably be quite drunk before morning. We promised; we fairly danced through the dark lanes to the *pake* store. The other *kamaainas* in the little inn professed no desire to attend; *they* had lived in the Islands for twenty years, and, thank heaven, *they* had never been to a *luau*.

Their noses were already in air at the very thought. There is a difference in *kamaainas*. Our costumes were critically inspected; but after a little disheveling of ourselves we were pronounced not grand to the point of suspicion.

One has to smile a great deal in Hawaii if one leaves the tourist-track. On Molo-kai, later, we smiled unbrokenly at the lepers; we smiled almost continuously at the *luau*. With only some six words of Hawaiian, there was nothing else to do. The less an object or an event is in one's own tradition, the safer it is to smile at it. And, oh, the perils of stalking through the Polynesian scene with no knowledge of Polynesian etiquette! But we had luck at the *luau*—after a little the Kanakas forgot about us.

The smell assailed us first as we stepped from the road into the low-roofed compound. Only the fragrant *maile*-wreaths twined in among the palm-leaves mitigated it a little. The great torches—branches of the *kukui* tree stuck into the ground and set alight—added their fumes to the stench of roasted pig and puppy, raw fish, *poi*, and the liberal sweat of dancing and feasting humanity. We paid our scot—a gift to the pink-clad baby, who looked nearly *luau*-ed to death—and were made free of everything that was going. Our names, or at least some collocation of letters that spelled nothing, but went down *pro formâ*, were inscribed by the white-haired Kanaka uncle in a very dirty little book. We sank down on a bench and pretended, for a time, to take no notice. We smiled impartially at the *poi*-bowls, the torches, and the ground. Presently we must have been voted harmless, for the momentary lull caused by our entrance burst again into sound. People ate and drank as they liked, and danced in between. Sometimes they went to sleep for a few moments, then rose up refreshed. Such English as there was among the guests was spent in assuring us that there was no drink going except pink lemonade. Certainly neither "swipes" nor square-face was offered to us; and we affected a passionate belief in their absence. In point of fact, I preserve, myself, a perpetual innocence as to drunkenness: I always think that a man is eccentric, or insane, or ill, but never that he is drunk. That, somehow, does



From a photograph by R. W. Perkins.

The Sacred Falls of Kaliuwaa.

not occur to me until all other hypotheses have been exhausted. I credited even the abandoned *hula*-ing of a very agile young woman in a blue *holoku* to Polynesian manners and customs pure and simple. True, I wondered why these young Hawaiian giants should sway so gently,

as though they were always on the verge of dancing; and some of them seemed to shake hands with us too many times over. But it took Chinese honesty to enlighten me. On the bench behind us sat half a dozen mothers with babies in their arms. I heard suddenly an authentic maternal

cluck of disgust, and felt our own bench rock. Peering back, we saw that a Chinaman in a blue smock had fallen on the ground between the benches. Some Kanaka singing-boys thrust their *ukuleles* into G.'s arms, lifted the man, seated him limply on the very end of the bench, and propped him there as best they could. Every one proceeded, with the greatest art, to be scandalized. But in five minutes a boy with a great garland of white flowers round his dark hair was offering me pink lemonade, and again we got eager assurances in pidgin-English that there was nothing else to drink. The Chinaman (who was utterly void of hypocrisy) had not yet come to; and he was quite beside the point. He remained beside the point, although he had periodically to be lifted from the ground and carried further into the dark environs of the feast. He could no more sit up than his blue smock could have sat up by itself. We imitated the tact of our hosts—there were nearly a hundred of them by that time in the little low-roofed compound: there *was* no Chinaman, and in any case he was only very, very tired.

There is a certain furiousness in that scene as I recall it—vividly, for all the intervening weeks. We were there a little past midway of the feast, and we had caught, probably, the wildest moment. It is fixed, to the last detail, in the memory: the compound, shut in by its palm roof from the night, inflamed by its guttering, barbaric torches, its heavy reek cut by the pungent perfume of tropic flowers; the gorging and singing, and the spontaneous, savage dancing; every voice, every body stirred and moving to the time of the never-ceasing *hula* songs. A few hours later, one had no reason to doubt, the banana-clumps by the roadside, the great *kamani* trees by the shore, would shelter exhausted couples who were sleeping off the *luau*. The *kamaainas* who would not go were very explicit about the drunken Kanakas we might trip over in the dark. We left, however, before the feast had come to a sordid decline, though, frankly, all the more amiable elements of orgy were there. I am told that on such an occasion one is fortunate not to understand Hawaiian, because if one understood the words of the *hula* songs, one would have to get up and go

away. Perhaps, though (contrary to our own tradition of the risqué), no words could be so explicit as the actual gestures of the dancers. At the Panama-Pacific, a little earlier, we had drifted into a "show" in the Zone and found there an exhibition of muscle-dancing. That particular "show" was closed, later in the summer, by the Panama-Pacific authorities. But the young Hawaiian girl, though she may *hula* in a *holoku*, or even in a "middy" blouse and skirt, goes far beyond any Little Egypt of them all; and the fact that she rises from her bench, dances (if you call it dancing) in front of some youth until he comes out to join her, then dances in like fashion *with* him, removes her utterly from the unreality of whatsoever goes on behind footlights. This was purely spontaneous; they are not doing it for pay, not even, I believe, for applause; they are as frank as mating leopards—though I cannot see in muscle-dancing (if that be the proper euphemism for these Polynesian agilities) any of the leopard's grace. You shrink back on your bench not to impede them; but you are not shocked. At least, we scarcely dared to be. The *hula*-ing Kanaka simply does not come into the realm of morals: he is a jungle-creature marked for death; civilization has never really touched him; he is amiable because he was born so, not because he has ever taken the Golden Rule to heart. He will have to be several reincarnations on, before he is ripe for the moral law or for anything that we understand by religion. It seemed physically impossible that such a feast should not end in pure orgy under the stars. There was nothing suggestive in the exhibition: it was completely explicit; and, by some curious inversion of psychology, was not disgusting as the merely suggestive would have been. It was gay, shot with laughter and the friendly rivalry of singing-boys, timed to the cumulative provocation of the *hula* music that went dizzily on forever—and every now and then they would break off and rush, like greedy children, for a *poi*-bowl. They were literally animal; not animal as we use the word, with a squinting reference to something better which is called human. They laughed until the tears came; they were very kind to the babies; to us they were positively courtly; they

doubtless said unprintable things, but there was not an eye you could not meet. As usual, one tried to make one's manners as good as theirs; even if one hoped that one's customs were a little better.

The final comment was offered by G. after we returned to the hotel. I could not refrain from congratulating him on the gracious figure he had made—his arms full of *ukuleles*, his fingers rolling a cigarette for an exhausted singing-boy, he flirting, meanwhile, in his best pidgin-English, with very beautiful brown ladies in snow-white *holokus*. "Oh, I sized it up early," was his nonchalant reply. "What you needed at the *luau* was just the manners that you need at a Sunday-school picnic in the country." I asked a little tartly—for I was clutching my exotic evening hard, and did not want it snatched away—whether he had ever been at a Sunday-school picnic where the deacons were carried out drunk, where the deacons' wives danced the *hula*, and the deacons' babies ate raw squid. He was imperturbable: *mutatis mutandis*, he insisted, the social atmosphere was the same. But then, as the *kamaainas* were always telling him, G. has the makings of a good Kanaka: he liked *poi* (which tastes to me like sour oatmeal) from the start, and it is a matter of keen regret to

him that never once in the Eight Islands did he eat *poi*-fed puppy. "They say it's delicious," he still murmurs, a little wistfully. I do not know that he cares to suck out the true inwardness of a squid from its flimsy, toad-like skin; but he still holds to the Sunday-school-picnic theory of the *luau*. I offer it not only for its own quaintness, but because it brings out, better than all my words, the element of *naïveté* in the Kanaka festival.

A disconnected tale has no perfectly appointed ending. Yet I have no choice but to end. I should have liked to tell of Puunene plantation, of the immaculate little brown creatures who pack our pineapples on windward Oahu, of Onomea on Hawaii, and of Kahului on Maui, and a score of other things. Most of all, I should like to spend myself on the Hawaiians themselves; for they are lovable beyond most peoples, and I fear I have done them scant justice. The Hawaiian is the important thing, if only because he is passing. Time has pulled down his temples; history has destroyed his sovereignties; museums alone preserve his art. Before so very long he will be gone; or will linger only as a thrill of incomparably sad music in the memory of a few old people whose children are inheriting the commonwealths of the future.

[Mrs. Gerould's third article, "Kalaupapa: The Leper Settlement on Molokai," will appear in the July number.]

AFTERWARDS

By Fred. C. Smale

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

"And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"
—*The Rubaiyat*.



THE Bystanders were a select circle of individuals who met weekly throughout the winter months, at each other's houses in turn, and discussed everything under the sun, from Rose Culture and Representative Government to Proto-plasm and Pinhole Photography.

Their number was limited, for obvious reasons. There was no definite method of

initiation. Usually a man was brought by one of the members, and allowed to join in the proceedings. If he found the atmosphere congenial, and he, on his part, proved himself worthy, he was encouraged to come again, and in due course, almost insensibly, found himself an accepted and recognized member of the circle.

It was rather a mixed crew. It included a civil engineer, a curate of the Established Church, a solicitor, a Liberal

party agent, a school-teacher, a retired Nonconformist builder, an agnostic bank manager, and two pressmen. These latter attended in their private capacities, though one of them, a local editor named Saundry, acted as secretary.

Windy polemics were not encouraged. On the other hand, it was not at all necessary to be highly intellectual. For instance, Totterdale, of the Inland Revenue, invariably confined his remarks to thanking the introducer of the subject for his interesting and instructive address, and then faded away into an apologetic murmur, leaving the way clear for the next speaker. He, however, was an exception. As a general rule, the Bystanders had plenty to say for themselves, and took care to say it with vigor and ability.

On a certain Saturday evening in January the circle met at the house of Mr. Anthony Curnow to discuss the works of Tolstoy. On the following day Curnow, never a physically strong man, was taken ill with pneumonia, and by Tuesday evening he was dead. The funeral took place on the Friday. It was rather soon, but Curnow, who was a bachelor, had run a boarding-house, in conjunction with a sister, and boarders do not find drawn blinds and an atmosphere of death particularly congenial.

The Bystanders attended in full muster, for the late Mr. Anthony Curnow had been one of the original members when the society was first formed, and, moreover, as a man of wide information and genial spirit, had been extremely popular.

On leaving the cemetery, Saundry, the secretary, hastily convened an informal meeting at the office of his paper, which happened to be conveniently situated, and read to the Bystanders a letter which had reached him that morning. It was from the man they had just laid to his rest, written in a rather uncertain hand, and dated on the previous Monday. It ran as follows:

"DEAR SAUNDRY:

"I am very ill, and it is extremely probable that I shall be much worse. I am hit in my weakest spot, and it may be that what we call the worst will happen. You may recall my observing, during our little talk on Saturday, that the longer I lived

the more strongly I felt convinced that the body was nothing and the spirit everything. Well, I propose an experiment. If I shall have passed away before next Saturday, I ask the circle to hold their meeting precisely as usual. I believe it is arranged to take place at Parkinson's, and that Verney reads a paper on '*Town versus Country Life*.' *I will try to be present*. Do not think that illness has made me light-headed. I know perfectly well what I am writing, and have given the matter considerable thought. It does seem to me that here may be an opportunity to test some of our vague theories. I may be able to give some manifestation of my presence—who knows! On the other hand, I may be imagining a vain thing. Greer, I know, will hold that view. Whatever the result, it should make the meeting not the less interesting. Please convey my affectionate regards to all. Whether you should acquaint the members with the contents of this note beforehand I leave to your own discretion. I am arranging that it shall reach you only in the event of my death. It has cost me no small effort to write so far, and I must now close.

"Yours faithfully, and affectionately, to whatever end may be.

"ANTHONY CURNOW."

When Saundry had finished reading there was a dead silence for some moments. Then the Reverend Edward Verney cleared his throat.

"A curious and certainly interesting communication," was his rather hesitating comment. "And, may I add, such a one as might have been expected from poor Curnow."

Greer, the agnostic, smiled grimly.

"It appears that he anticipated my opinion," he observed. "Well, he was not mistaken there, at any rate!"

Pantire, the engineer, looked up quickly.

"You have already made up your mind as to the impossibility of the thing?"

"Of course," returned the other curtly. "Need you ask!"

It was evident that only the special circumstances restrained the bank manager from a more emphatic expression of his views.

"I think that is rather a pity, if you don't mind my saying so," put in Raydon, the politician. "If only as a tribute to our late comrade's memory, we should each try to preserve an open mind with regard to his suggestion. After all, he is not asking us to take anything for granted."

Greer, square-jawed and combative, looked around at the attentive faces.

"Do you mean that you are really going to hold a sort of *séance*—going in for table-turning and—and spirit-rapping!" he exclaimed with an air of scornful surprise.

"No, no," said Saundry soothingly. "Nothing of that sort, I take it. I presume that we shall make no difference in our usual procedure. The letter expressly asks that we should meet 'as usual' and that the place and subject for discussion shall be as already arranged."

"I certainly should not care to take part in anything such as Mr. Greer describes," said the curate gravely.

"I considered it best to let you all know at once," said the secretary, "so that all may turn up if possible. It is understood, then, that we meet at Mr. Parkinson's to-morrow evening, to hear Mr. Verney's paper, and that everything will be as usual, as far as we are concerned."

"You may take it from me that poor Curnow will not interfere," remarked the bank manager gruffly.

"You will be there yourself?" said Pantire, looking at the speaker.

"I! Oh, yes," returned Greer, "if only to keep some of you from letting your fancies run away with you. It is surprising what tricks people's imaginations will play them at times. I shall not be in the least surprised if one or the other of you sees or hears something extraordinary before the evening is over. I must be off now. 'Morning, all!" And with a curt nod he left them.

Pantire shrugged his shoulders.

"Greer is a sturdy sceptic," he remarked. "It will take a lot to make him change his opinion. By the way, I hope that he will not mention the matter to any outsider. We ought to have that point understood."

"I shall be seeing him within the next hour," observed Raydon, "and will cau-

tion him, though I don't suppose he will let his tongue wag. He isn't that sort."

The informal meeting broke up without further discussion. There were, however, conflicting opinions on the strange subject which had brought the members together. Two or three were slightly dubious as to the desirability of taking the late Curnow at his word and were inclined to look upon the whole thing as savoring of charlatanism and irreverency. Bowes, the Nonconformist, was rather emphatic in holding this view, and for once found himself backed, though mildly, by Verney, the curate. The majority, however, regarded it as a legitimate philosophical experiment, and as Parkinson, at whose house the meeting was to take place, looked upon the matter in this light, there was nothing more to be said. It was notable that no member expressed his intention of staying away on the following evening. Possibly even those who objected experienced a livelier curiosity than they were willing to admit.

The following day was a tempestuous one, with heavy rain. About six o'clock, however, the sky partially cleared and a pale moon shone intermittently between swiftly sailing clouds. Parkinson lived in a large house on the outskirts of the town, and by eight o'clock all the members, without exception, had put in their appearance.

Mrs. Parkinson was a lady of artistic taste, and as Parkinson was a solicitor of considerable practice, and the family was limited to a much-spoiled fox-terrier, there was plenty of money to spend in the adornment of their home. The room in which the Bystanders met was one which Parkinson reserved for his special use. He called it his study, and favored clients, whom he sometimes saw at his private residence, were invariably impressed by the rows of book-shelves which lined the whole of one side of the room. The walls and ceiling were of imitation oak. There were heavy red curtains over the door, and the large bay window was similarly draped. It was the only room in the house without electric light, which Parkinson, for some reason or other, detested, and a huge, crimson-shaded lamp illumined the table, leaving the rest of the apartment in comparative gloom. Altogether, it

would have been difficult to select a more appropriate setting for the experiment, if such it could be called, that was about to take place.

The mutual greetings, usually of the heartiest, were somewhat subdued, and a rather strained atmosphere prevailed. Greer, normally the most austere of individuals, tried to strike a brighter note, but his bluff attempt at geniality only jarred, and he quickly subsided. Parkinson strove, as became the host, to set his guests at ease with brisk commonplaces.

"A deuce of a day!" he remarked, "but the moon has cleared it off, and I think we are in for a bit of frost. It has grown much colder within the last hour."

And he stirred the fire, which threw grotesque, dancing shadows on the walls and ceiling. Then Saundry spoke of some police-court case in which Parkinson had been concerned that morning, and there was a freshet of general talk which died away within a few minutes.

No one had mentioned the dead man's name as yet, but that he was in all their minds no one doubted. One of the standing customs of the Bystanders was that the host of the evening should, beforehand, prepare eleven little squares of paper upon which were inscribed numbers. These were drawn at random, and thus each man had his turn in the discussion allotted to him. Parkinson had inadvertently prepared the usual number. The initiator of the discussion, of course, did not draw. Thus, at the end, one square was left. It bore the number "9." Parkinson looked at it with an embarrassed frown.

"Stupid of me!" he murmured, then placed it on the table, either by accident or design, in front of an empty chair, the one he had evidently intended for himself. Then, amid a curious stillness, he went back, fetched another, drew it to the table, and sat down, leaving the first one vacant.

"Now, I think, we are all settled," said he. "Saundry, the cigars are at your elbow there. Pass them around, if you don't mind."

Greer stared resentfully at the empty chair, and seemed about to speak, then he grunted and sank back a little sullenly.

It was at this moment that the episode

of the dog occurred. Up to then Parkinson's terrier had been dozing contentedly in front of the fire, his black muzzle between his paws and his tail carefully curled out of the way of wandering feet. Now he suddenly rose, and stood, ears alert and every hair on his body stiffened. Without warning he cast his nose upward and gave vent to a half-smothered howl. Then he ran to the door and emitted a series of short, sharp barks.

"Gip, Gip! Come here and lie down!" said his master sharply. But Gip refused to obey, and, when taken by the collar and dragged back, he growled resentfully.

"Oh, well, go on, if you're determined to make a nuisance of yourself," said Parkinson, and the terrier was banished into the outer darkness.

"He'll find his way to the kitchen," remarked Parkinson. "Never knew him to behave like this before," he added apologetically. "Sorry, Mr. Verney. We're quite ready now."

It was open for a member either to read a paper or informally introduce his subject. The curate was a man of considerable parts, and under ordinary circumstances he would have been listened to with pleasurable attention. To-night, however, he held forth to a somewhat preoccupied audience. The behavior of the dog had not gone unremarked, although no one, save Parkinson himself, had openly alluded to it. Each member cast furtive glances at the empty chair from time to time, and the fascination of that vacant seat, winking and glistening in the firelight, touched even the reader himself, for every now and again his mild eye wandered to the spot.

The Reverend Edward Verney finished his paper, and the sudden silence startled them like a pistol-shot. Every member roused himself as though conscious of his recent inattention, and there was a little burst of applause into which their uneasy consciences infused, perhaps, rather more vigor than was usual. The reader of the paper smiled amiably, and lit his pipe with the air of a man whose task is done and now means to enjoy the pleasure he has earned.

"Number One," said Parkinson quietly, and stirred the fire once more.

Saundry happened to be Number One, and he rather saved the situation. Professional instinct had led him to make a few notes, and he was able, at least, to prove that he had heard something of the paper. Thus those that followed were given a lead, and the discussion—the By-standers objected to the term “debate”—went on until Totterdale, who was Number Eight, collapsed in his customary murmur.

“Number Nine,” said Parkinson absently, for he was Number Ten and the others had used up most of his points.

There was a silence.

“Excuse me,” said Verney, “but I think—” And he looked significantly at the white square which lay on the table by the empty chair.

Parkinson eyed the speaker blankly for a moment, then he remembered.

“Ah, yes, of course!” he exclaimed hastily. There is no Number Nine. Number Ten, then. I happen to be——”

His words were cut short by curious behavior on the part of Incledon. Incledon was a reporter on the paper of which Saundry was editor. He was the youngest member of the circle, being only about twenty-four. Thin, eager-eyed, and of an imaginative temperament, the peculiar circumstances had affected him, perhaps, more than any of the others, and his nerves had been a-tingle ever since he had entered the room. He had already spoken, but tamely for him, and his mind had been, all too obviously, elsewhere. Now, against the firmly established rule, he spoke again, rapidly, in a high-pitched monotone, without pause or hesitation. He was not checked or interrupted. It would have been Parkinson’s place to do so, for the host of the evening invariably acted as chairman. But, after the first moment of surprise, there was no thought of stopping Incledon.

He had been speaking for nearly a minute before it dawned upon one and all that the hurried staccato utterance, the somewhat ornate phrasing, and the whole trend of the speech were not Incledon’s at all—but Curnow’s!

Saundry hastily commenced taking a short-hand note, and there was a vague murmur of resentment. The young fool was aping the dead man—mimicking his

very voice! Pantire, the engineer, flushed a dull red and half-rose from his chair.

“I really must protest—” he began huskily, but Parkinson, whose face was as colorless as the other’s was crimson, waved him back.

“For God’s sake, hush!” he whispered.

He was sitting directly facing Incledon, and could see what none of the others could, the tense, rigid expression on the thin face, the knuckles gleaming white as the hands grasped the chair-arms, and the staring eyes, blank of all expression.

There was no further attempt at interruption. Greer did, indeed, venture to scrawl a word on a piece of paper and hand it to Parkinson, who read it and tossed it into the fire without comment. The word was “Cataleptic.”

Curnow had been, among other things, a clever and cultured amateur musician, and the address which Incledon recited in his eerie monotone dealt with the melodies of country environment as opposed to the discordances of the city. It bristled with technicalities quite foreign, as far as they knew, to Incledon’s knowledge. Once, at the end of a semihumorous passage quite in Curnow’s vein, the speaker interpolated a little dry chuckle so precisely as Curnow himself had been wont to do that the listeners shuddered. There was even the graceful, half-serious miniature peroration, again entirely characteristic of the dead man, then silence, as though some mechanism had run down.

Saundry looked up. His forehead was glistening with perspiration.

“Look out there! He’s falling!” he cried.

The spell was broken. Parkinson lunged forward and caught Incledon in his arms as he swayed dangerously toward the fire. All the rigidity had gone out of him now, and he lay limp and inert. They laid him upon a sofa, and Parkinson fetched brandy. Presently the eyes opened and stared surprisedly at the anxious faces.

“I—I— What’s wrong! Where am I?” drowsily murmured the young reporter.

“You’re all right now,” said Parkinson soothingly. “Take another sip of this.”

“I must have fainted—first time—

ever," said Incledon incoherently—"better presently—aw'fly sorry."

They got him into a chair then, and he seemed to recover rapidly.

He was excessively self-reproachful at having, as he said, "made such a fool of himself."

"Can't understand it," he persisted. "A sort of cold chill came over me, and after that I don't remember a thing."

"What's a diatonic semitone?" said Pantire suddenly, fixing his keen eyes on Incledon, who stared at him in astonishment.

"Eh!" said he wonderingly.

"What note does a nightingale trill on?"

Incledon gave a faint smile.

"Funny ass!" said he. "How the deuce should I know! I'm no musician. What are you asking me things like that for?"

Pantire grunted and turned away. Fully one-third of Incledon's recent utterance had dealt with the songs of birds, from a musical standpoint.

Parkinson looked around inquiringly.

"Better tell him, hadn't we?" said he.

"One moment!" growled Greer's deep bass. Then he addressed the mystified Incledon.

"You say you don't remember anything. What is the last thing you do recall—before you fainted, I mean?"

"Well," replied the young man slowly, "I remember looking at the chair there, the empty one—and, by Jove, yes, there was one queer thing! I remember wondering whether it would not get scorched by the fire, and I put my hand on the arm. It was as cold as ice. I was about to draw Parkinson's attention to it when the chill I spoke of gripped me. It seemed to wrap around me, in a way, and after that I don't know a thing."

"You do not remember saying anything?" said Greer, gazing fixedly at the other.

"Lord, no!" exclaimed Incledon. "Why, did I call out, or anything?"

"Tell him," put in Pantire a little impatiently. "You are only worrying him."

And Incledon was told of his recent performance. His surprise was almost ludicrous. Then Greer interposed again.

"It is not so extraordinary as some of

you might think," said he. "Incledon, like all the rest of us, has heard Curnow speak many a time and is familiar with his mannerisms and methods of expression. As is, I suspect, the case with us all, his mind was full of Curnow to-night. Incledon's temperament being, if he will excuse my saying so, of a somewhat hysterical type, the strain sent him a little off the handle, so to speak. He went into a kind of trance, and all the odds and ends relating to Curnow which were stored up in his brain found subconscious expression. Self-hypnotism, or, to use a commoner expression, talking in his sleep—that is all it amounts to."

And the speaker looked around with a superior air, in which there was a touch of defiance.

"I do not agree with you at all," said Pantire quietly. "Even admitting a subconscious memory of certain phrases and characteristics, that would not account for the perfectly rational manner in which they were applied. For instance, Curnow never, to my knowledge, nor, I think, to that of any of us, spoke on the musical notation of bird songs, and I do not think it will be asserted that Incledon himself, either consciously or otherwise, possesses any knowledge of the subject."

"The human brain works, as well as remembers, subconsciously," said Greer obstinately. "You have heard of men working out problems in their sleep, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Pantire. "I have done it myself, but they were engineering problems, and my brain simply resumed work before my body. I never composed an oratorio in my sleep any more than you ever worked out the design of a bridge under similar conditions."

Greer looked around at the attentive faces.

"I suppose some of you believe that it was actually Curnow speaking—through Incledon?" he said bluntly.

The Reverend Edward Verney coughed uneasily, but no one spoke for a moment. Incledon stared at the vacant chair with troubled eyes.

"It seems incredible and—and—uncanny," said Parkinson, "but I must say, as far as I am concerned, that your theory, Greer, ingenious as it is, hardly ex-



Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

There was no further attempt at interruption.—Page 739.

plains everything. However, I think that it would not be half a bad idea to get in the tea and coffee. Personally, I am quite ready for it, and I rather expect the rest of you are, too!"

It was out of no disrespect to the Reverend Edward Verney that he was not asked to reply to the rather desultory criticism to which his paper had been subjected. Nor did the amiable cleric think of mentioning the point. He was no more in the mood for speaking than the others were for listening.

The tea and coffee formed part of an established ritual. One or two of the original Bystanders had been earnest temperance reformers, and, out of deference to them, intoxicants had been tabooed, but it was each host's duty to provide light refreshment at the end of the discussion. What was more, he had to serve it in person. No mere wife or maid servant was allowed to come beyond the door of the room. Thus was possible ostentatiousness on the part of the more well-to-do checked, and Incledon, in his modest lodgings, was on equal terms with the owner of a villa and a staff of servants.

The genial steam of the hot beverages and the pleasant clatter of china thawed the atmosphere, and tongues became loosened.

"A most interesting evening, however much our opinions may differ as to the explanation of our young friend's curious feat," observed the curate, beaming benignly through his *pince-nez*—"most interesting!"

"Incledon, you ought to set up as a professional medium," said Raydon lightly. "Money in it, you know!"

But Greer would have none of that vein of persiflage.

"Scientific explanation obvious," he mumbled, his mouth full of cake.

"That is easy to say but not so easy to prove," asserted Incledon, who was rapidly recovering himself under the influence of tea and buttered scones. "I am inclined to agree with Pantire. 'There are more things in heaven and——'"

"Consider yourself fined!" interrupted Raydon. "That and 'the thin end of the wedge' are barred, as you know full well."

"Well, anyhow, I think Greer's theory

is all fozzle!" retorted Incledon defiantly. The epithet "hysterical" rather rankled.

Greer had cleared his mouth of cake and started forward, with hardened jaw, when Parkinson hastily stepped into the threatened breach.

"I think we should take the opportunity of drinking to poor Curnow's memory," said he. "Now, gentlemen!"

They all rose and, silently, followed their host's suggestion.

Parkinson alone remained standing, with wide-open eyes.

"Listen!" he exclaimed in an awed whisper.

Amid the silence they heard the faint notes of a piano, as though a player was running lightly over the treble keys, just a ripple of minor melody, brief, tuneful, and sad. It ceased almost with the same.

Parkinson's face had paled slightly.

"It is in the next room," he said, still in a husky whisper, "and my wife is away! There is no one else in the house who plays! Yet you all heard!"

An icy chill ran up each man's spine. Greer, his eyes shining, rose determinedly.

"Parkinson, I am going into the next room, with your permission. The chances are that it is rats or mice, or something of the sort."

Without awaiting a reply, he strode from the room, and the heavy curtains dropped behind him.

Parkinson, after a moment's hesitation, made as though to follow. He was naturally somewhat annoyed at Greer's thus taking matters into his own hands.

"There is no light there," said he. "He'll fall over——"

His words were cut short by a muffled cry from the adjoining room. It was unrecognizable as Greer's voice, yet no one doubted but that it was he. It sounded like the choking gasp of a man suddenly plunged into ice-cold water.

"Come, all of you!" cried Parkinson.

The blinds of the drawing-room were up and a clear moon shone in. It revealed Greer half-crouching, half-kneeling by the threshold. He was gripping the back of a couch with one hand, and the other arm was raised as though to ward off something. He was trembling violently and his words came in short gasps.

"I—I—take away—my God!" he whispered incoherently.

Parkinson reached out an arm and switched on the electric light. The room was empty save for Greer and the white-faced group by the door. The piano, toward which all eyes turned, was open, and on the stand was the score of some musical comedy. The window was closed and keyed. All else was as usual.

They lifted Greer and got him back into the other room. There they sat him in a chair. His face was ghastly and his eyes were still full of terror. He refused brandy and solely by exercise of will-power recovered something of his self-possession.

"I am a fool!" he said weakly. "Nerves—nerves! I—I think I had better go home. I am shaken—shaken. Parkinson, you will excuse——"

He rose to his feet somewhat unsteadily. No one asked him what it was that he had seen.

The curate stepped forward.

"I think some one should go with him," said he. "I pass his house. If you don't mind, I shall be very pleased——"

"Yes, yes," said Parkinson. "By all means. I can telephone for a taxi."

"No," interposed Greer. "I would prefer to walk. I am quite well—only shaken—that's it, shaken."

He spoke in a hurried, nervous monotone, as though afraid of the sound of his own voice, and he was evidently anxious to be gone. They helped him to don his overcoat, for he was still trembling, and they had even to put on his hat for him.

"I wish you would let me 'phone for a cab," said Parkinson anxiously, but his suggestion met with an obstinate refusal, and the two men left the house together.

Parkinson came back, after he had seen them off, to find the remainder of his guests on their feet, with the exception of Saundry, who sat at the table writing.

"I believe you said Mrs. Parkinson was away," said Pantire. "That means you will be alone in the house when we go—alone, barring the servants."

Parkinson poured himself out a small quantity of the stimulant which Greer had declined and drank it off.

"I'm not afraid," said he, "if that is what you mean. Besides," he added with a grave smile, "look!"

The terrier had come into the room and had curled himself contentedly in his former position.

"Yes," said Pantire thoughtfully. "I dare say you are right."

Parkinson turned abruptly to Saundry.

"What is your opinion, Saundry? Is Greer right, and have our senses been playing tricks with us, or—or is it something else—the real thing? You old newspaper hands do not readily take things for granted, we know, and I, for one, would like to hear your view."

The secretary looked up, then he turned around the book in which he had been writing so that all might read.

"That is my opinion," said he quietly.

The book was the one containing a record of the doings of the circle. There were neatly ruled columns for the subjects discussed, the date, place of meeting, and so on. At the foot of each page was a space for the names of those present. Saundry had just finished entering the latter for that evening, and the last name he had written was "Anthony Curnow."

Pantire nodded.

"Yes," said he, "I do not think there is one amongst us who will dispute that entry."

"Greer!" put in Incledon.

"Greer, least of all," said Pantire grimly. "Though, if I know the man, he will never tell us what he saw."

Half an hour later Parkinson stood alone beside the vacant chair. The dog still slumbered tranquilly in front of the dying fire.

"Gip, old chap," said Parkinson softly, "there is nobody here but you and me now, is there?"

The terrier raised one ear and blinked lazily at the sound of his master's voice, then resettled himself to sleep.

Parkinson nodded contentedly.

"That's all right," said he. "You'll not be disturbed again."

He turned out the lamp and left the room.

A tiny flame leaped up from the embers, to vanish instantaneously, and the wind sighed without, but the dog slept on.



General Foch.

General de Castelnau.

TWO COLLABORATORS OF GENERAL JOFFRE

GENERAL DE CASTELNAU AND GENERAL FOCH

BY CAPTAIN X

I. GENERAL DE CASTELNAU

IN the early days of September, 1914, and simultaneously with the battle of the Marne, the Germans made a formidable attempt to get the better of our army in Lorraine. They were determined, at no matter what price, to seize Nancy. The Kaiser came in person to Dieuze. Near by, on the frontier, a glittering regiment of white cuirassiers stood in readiness; he intended to place himself at their head and make Nancy the scene of one of those preannounced spectacular entries which, throughout this war, the God of battles has consistently denied him.

With Nancy as a centre, and taking a radius of twenty to twenty-five kilometres, an arc traced from the banks of the Moselle, near Pont-à-Mousson, to those of the Meurthe, near Dombasle, would correspond approximately with the heights of the Grand-Couronné. This is the name

given to an almost unbroken line of considerable hills which form a huge half-circle round Nancy from the Meurthe to the Moselle. These heights command striking glimpses of distant landscape. On a clear day the cathedral of Metz is clearly visible: so also is the Côte de Delme, which the Germans have strongly fortified and made into one of the important points of their lines of defense. At the foot of the hills meanders the Seille, a little tributary of the Moselle. This stream forms the frontier.

The Germans, impatient for a decision, threw themselves recklessly against the Grand-Couronné. Their attacks upon the hill of Ste.-Geneviève on the north and upon the Grand-Mont d'Amance at the centre were particularly violent. Entire battalions of men were sacrificed without a thought. Indeed, at that moment of the war this was the customary German method. Secure in the belief that the war would be a matter of weeks or, at most, of months, they felt no need to economize

the lives of their soldiers. But, in spite of these unsparing efforts, the Grand-Couronné stood firm. The great Mont d'Amanance alone received more than twenty thousand shells without material injury. The French troops holding the foot of the slopes had to defend the valley through which the main road to Nancy runs. The fate of the capital of Lorraine was in their hands. These troops were proof against every attack. They fought to the extreme limit of human endurance. The Germans, exhausted and disheartened, were forced to let go their hold and beat a retreat. Nancy was saved. On the night before their departure the enemy attempted a cruel, cowardly, and typically Teutonic revenge upon the city they had failed to seize. Some forty shells were dropped on Nancy from one of their long-distance batteries; but only the suburbs of the town were reached.

The splendid resistance offered by the army of Lorraine contributed directly to the victory of the Marne, and enabled us to reap the full fruit of our success. Had the army of Lorraine been shaken, had Nancy fallen, the very pivot of all our forces might have been imperilled.

In fact, the more one considers the battle of the Marne, the more clearly it shows itself as a gigantic unity, a perfectly contrived whole, where all the elements were dovetailed into each other, without the smallest gap between, where each of the great actors called upon the stage fulfilled to the exact letter the part he had to play.

The commander of the army of Lorraine, and the soul of this magnificent resistance, was General de Castelnau, one of the close collaborators of General Joffre. Hardly was the contest over and calm restored to this portion of the line when General de Castelnau was suddenly sent to a new and hotly contested section of the battle-front. After the retreat of the Marne the first effort of the Germans was a turning movement against our left wing. Violent engagements took place in the neighborhood of Péronne and Amiens: each of the opposing armies tended to shift their forces from east to west. Here, as elsewhere, the German attacks came to the same result. They were entirely repulsed.

General de Castelnau, who had led a single army to the most brilliant success, and under conditions of the utmost difficulty, was promoted by General Joffre to the command of a group of armies. In this capacity he exercised the high control of our great offensive in Champagne in September, 1915. Here, once more, he added a new achievement to his former successes. Not long afterward, when General Joffre was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies of France, on the Balkan front as well as the French, General de Castelnau was made the chief of his General Staff. He thus finds himself the *généralissime's* right-hand man, sharing in every moment of his work.

General de Castelnau was born at St.-Affrique in the Aveyron. Somewhat short in stature, but well proportioned, thick-set, and solidly built, with a bronzed complexion, quick gestures, and a frank, alert expression, he is a vigorous offshoot of a race which unites southern vivacity with the sturdiness of a mountain stock: a race of hot blood and cold brain. The rough soil of the table-lands of Languedoc and Gascony has, in fact, produced a notable line of warriors. Typical of them is Montluc, a man with whom General de Castelnau presents more than one point of likeness. Montluc, too, was hard: hard on others, but harder still on himself, ardent in the cause of his service, possessed of an unfailing imagination, a fluent and vivid gift of language, distinguished for his prowess in the field, and no less for his power to recount the story of that prowess to the delight of his contemporaries and of posterity. The "Commentaries" of Montluc are certainly among the books to which, in the course of this war, many Frenchmen, and many who are not French, must most willingly have returned. It is good to repeat the proud and splendid words with which those "Commentaries" open: "As there are certain lands wherein some fruits do copiously abound, that elsewhere rarely flourish, so also, in infinite number, does our Gascony customarily bear great and valiant captains as a fruit proper and natural to itself." Languedoc's fruitfulness in military leaders was far from exhausting itself in Montluc. In the wars of the empire alone, Murat, Bessières,

Marbot—all men of Gascon birth—stand in the very foreground of the picture.

General de Castelnau's family had long been settled in the Rouergue, at the foot of the Causses. His father, a lawyer of great ability, well-known and greatly esteemed in those parts, was for many years the mayor of St.-Affrique. He had three sons: the eldest entered the Polytechnic School and is now a brilliant engineer; the second followed his father's profession and became deputy for the Aveyron; the third, who chose the profession of arms, is Édouard de Castelnau, our general. He was born in 1851 and is now sixty-four years of age.

We have here a perfect type of old French bourgeois family. In it, to the full, are seen the finest and strongest qualities of our race: its sense of duty, its love of industry, its spirit of sacrifice. General de Castelnau is the father of ten children. Since the beginning of the war three have been killed—two in the earliest months of the fighting, the third at the time of the French offensive of last September. In spite of these heavy losses he has pursued his great task without allowing himself a single moment's distraction from the great cause intrusted to him. Families like these—and they are more numerous than foreigners usually suppose—form the backbone of our nation: it is they who have done most to save France.

The foreigner, however intelligent and discerning, has seldom any opportunity of becoming acquainted with people of this type. It is not only the idle and unobservant tourist who comes to spend a few weeks in Paris, treating it as the best watering-place in the world, and seeking, rigorously and exclusively, for just those distractions and those impressions which a watering-place can give, to whom families of this kind are unknown. Even those who come frequently to France, or establish themselves there, have the utmost difficulty in obtaining a deeper insight into French life than Paris society gives. Paris society is in no sense typical of France; and in a great crisis, such as war, it is another France that is suddenly disclosed—the true France, unknown and unsuspected. It is no wonder that many who have never known this France are amazed at the sudden revelation.

Édouard de Castelnau began his education in the Jesuit college of his native town. At the age of eighteen he passed into the military school of St.-Cyr, where French cavalry and infantry officers receive their training. This was in 1869. A year later the Franco-German War broke out. The young men of St.-Cyr, whether of senior or junior standing, were immediately given commissions as second lieutenants and distributed among the regiments. Second Lieutenant de Castelnau served through the whole of this disastrous campaign. It was a terrible first experience of life, which could not but leave its impress on the minds of the young men who underwent it.

In spite of all the deficiencies in our military preparations, our troops came, no less than three or four times, within an inch—nay, within a hair's breadth—of routing the German armies. Then, as always, the moral and military qualities of the race were wonderful. It was the higher command which was inadequate. Under different leaders this or that disastrous defeat would, without a doubt, have been changed into a brilliant victory, and Prussia would ultimately have been beaten. Unhappily our leaders were what they were, and Germany came out of the war a victorious and immensely aggrandized power.

Young de Castelnau, in the course of this campaign, was promoted, first to the rank of lieutenant, and then to that of captain. For him, as for all who served with him, there was only one task: to set about reorganizing the military power which had been shattered in this disaster and to give France an army.

On this patriotic labor, this national reconstruction, all Castelnau's efforts were henceforth concentrated. His military life had begun with an unsuccessful war with Germany; it is crowned by another German war from which we have every assurance of coming out victorious. The interval between these two wars—a period of forty-four years of hard study and hard thinking—was devoted by him, and by our other chiefs, to one single problem—that of fitting our army for a conflict which each one of them, in spite of all the illusions of pacifists and politicians, knew in his heart to be inevitable. Forty-four years concentrated upon a sin-

gle purpose gives a wonderfully harmonious unity—*tenor vitæ*, the Romans called it—to a human life. And a great and deeply satisfying reward for their efforts and their labors has come to the men who, like Joffre and Castelnau, have had but one thought all their lives—to prepare the army of France for victory.

Castelnau mounted the successive grades of a military career and at each stage received the recognition due to him. He passed into the *École de Guerre*, was promoted to a divisional staff, to the staff of an army corps, and thence to the Great General Staff, from time to time, at each of these stages, putting in his periods of command with the troops.

It was in 1906 that he became general, and from that moment his rise was very rapid. When, in 1913, General Joffre was designated as commander-in-chief of the armies in the field in case of war, he lost no time in calling General de Castelnau to his side as chief of staff. The confidence which General Joffre reposes in him is unbounded. The two great chiefs have for long been accustomed to work together and with one accord, and in continuous collaboration they studied one by one all the difficult problems of a future war. This collaboration, begun and continued in times of peace, was to become closer still upon the field of battle, where it has come to fruition. After eighteen months of war we find General de Castelnau acting as second to the *généralissime*, living and working beside him, and placing his whole intelligence and his whole activity at the service of his great chief.

II. GENERAL FOCH

At the end of August, 1914, our great retreat was in progress. It was the eve of the battle of the Marne. The tenth division was retreating from the northeast of Charleville, on the Belgian frontier, in the direction of Rethel and Reims, covering the left wing of the fourth army. This retreat, however, did not prevent it from dealing some heavy thrusts at the enemy. On August 28, near Signy l'Abbaye, it overthrew an entire corps of Saxons forming part of Von Husen's army, and, in spite of a heavy inferiority in numbers,

won an incontestable victory in the field. Nevertheless, in obedience to general orders, it became necessary in the middle of the night to turn and continue the retreat. But our soldiers retained a very clear consciousness of having just beaten the Germans; and, in spite of this backward movement, their tone and confidence were unimpaired.

Some days later at Bertoncourt, near Rethel, they once more got the better of the German invader. Two battalions of colonial infantry stormed this village at the point of the bayonet. The Saxons who occupied it had descended to the unspeakable foul play of hiding behind a screen of civilians, to shield themselves from the rifle-fire of our troops. This fact is attested in official documents by a hundred depositions each more crushing than the last.

On the 30th August—it was a morning of dog-day heat—a general was walking to and fro in front of the Hôtel de Ville in the market-place of Attigny on the Aisne, a small town a little above Rethel. His manner was abrupt and jerky; his air was anxious, his expression grave. From time to time a staff-officer would arrive bringing him information and presenting him with reports. He would snatch each paper that was brought to him, cast a rapid eye over it, and resume his walk. A number of German prisoners were marched past, marshalled by our soldiers with fixed bayonets. They were a wretched band, bare-headed, dishevelled, panting, covered with dust and sweat. The general hardly turned his eyes in their direction. The road and the market-place were packed with an agitated throng. Batteries, munition sections, endless convoys, succeeded one another without a pause. The neighboring guns grew louder and louder, as if the battle were drawing nearer. A regiment passed. One of the men noticed the general and nudged his companion: "Look at the boss," he said. "I shouldn't care to tackle him to-day."

"The boss" (*le patron*) was General Foch. He had just assumed command of a new army, expressly created for his control.

The placing of Foch's army in the centre of our line, and of Manoury's army near Paris, were two master-strokes of

General Joffre, admirably carried out by his subordinates—two strokes in which our whole victory on the Marne was already implied. The German menace in Belgium was becoming every moment graver and more pronounced; our left army and the British force were giving way. A new and rapid distribution of our forces was imperative. Some of our army corps were therefore passed from east to west. In the Paris sector an army under the command of General Manoury was created behind the intrenched camp, ready at a given moment to hurl itself on von Kluck and threaten to envelope his troops. Similarly, in the centre, between our fourth and fifth armies, a new army was formed and intrusted to General Foch, who, in Lorraine, had brilliantly distinguished himself in command of one of our finest corps—the 20th, of Nancy.

Events were not slow in proving the wisdom and insight of the measures taken by General Joffre in the full agitation of retreat. A few days later the retreat was at an end and the battle of the Marne had begun.

The Germans recognized the deadly threat upon their left, where von Kluck, sharply attacked by Manoury, was compelled to expose himself to two fronts at a time. They attempted to get out of the danger by a vigorous offensive directed on our centre. The Prussian Guard, and other of their crack corps, made a violent attack in the neighborhood of Fère Champenoise and the marshes of St.-Gond. It was at this point that General Foch was situated. So spirited was the onslaught of the Germans that they succeeded in shaking part of Foch's troops. His entire right was driven back to the south of Fère Champenoise. His army no longer lined up horizontally with our general front; it had become a vertical line, an elbow. Happily, the divisions on his left held firm. At Mondement, at the southern extremity of the marshes of St.-Gond, they clung to their positions and offered a dogged and heroic resistance.

But, though the right of this army gave way, the general in command of it, Foch, did not give way an instant. Energy, tenacity, resistance are his conspicuous qualities. Victory is above all things a question of will; and it was by sheer force of will that victory was destined to be

wrested from the enemy's hands. The general communicated his confidence to all around him. The word of command was to hold on; to hold on whatever happened and at whatever price. And this was not enough. He achieved far more: he attacked. He accomplished a *tour de force*, almost a miracle: with an army three-fourths defeated he passed to the offensive.

A general who had been placed under Foch's command came to report that his men were tired out: his troops were at the end of their tether. The rebuff was sharp: "Tired out!" replied the general. "So are the Germans. You are to attack."

Yet there was a moment, during the last two days of the great battle, when General Foch's position was highly critical. One of his army corps and a reserve division were beaten back beyond Fère Champenoise. On his left, which up to now had held firm, the Germans after a terrible attack succeeded in occupying the Château de Mondement. At nightfall, on the evening of the 8th, the great plain, seen from the height of the cliff of Broyes, presented a prodigious spectacle—a veritable vision of the Apocalypse. Cloud upon cloud of gleaming red and bronze rolled over it; the last rays of the sun lit up the storms of dust raised by the guns and by the great host of horse and foot; the bursting shells flashed incessantly; and over the whole scene rose the flames of mighty conflagrations. The Germans had only to reach a little beyond Mondement to become immediate masters of the entire cliff, from the summit of which their heavy artillery could blast our forces in the plain unhindered and turn our retreat into a rout. General Foch demanded a final effort of heroism from his sorely tried army, and the army answered to his call. The Château of Mondement, which the Germans had just seized, was retaken by our troops after three successive attacks. The last of these, more violent than the rest, was made at nightfall with the help of two guns daringly moved up to within four hundred yards in order to shell the defenders of the place. At the most critical moment of the conflict General Foch improvised and executed an amazingly skilful manœuvre to which our final victory was due. The Germans had driven themselves into our army like a wedge; their

front took the form of an elbow. General Foch was inspired to turn to our own advantage a position which appeared wholly favorable to the enemy. He slipped one of his divisions abruptly from left to right, in such a way as to throw it suddenly upon the German flank. The movement took the enemy by surprise. On a smaller scale it was the same skilful manoeuvre as that by which General Joffre threw Manoury's army on the flank of Von Kluck. In each case the result was admirable. The two manoeuvres were the deciding cause of the German retreat and won us the victory of the Marne.

Every frontal attack which the Germans had attempted had completely failed. They were gravely menaced on their flank, their troops were totally exhausted, their munitions at an end. This was the situation which faced the German General Staff. They recognized that to go on was to run the risk of a complete disaster. The Kaiser in person signed with his own hand the memorable order to retreat. France and its capital were saved.

To this brilliant end General Foch had largely contributed. General Joffre recognized the fact a few days later, in the congratulations which his *ordre du jour* offered to his brilliant collaborator.

Three weeks passed. The Germans, having failed to take Paris or destroy the French army, now tried to outflank us on their right. They pushed their forces farther and farther toward Amiens and Arras. But their stroke was parried; and they found us ready with an answer. Our army corps were moved from right to left and from east to west. These two strategic movements, or "oquades," on the French and German sides developed parallel to one another. The Germans were as incapable here as they had been elsewhere of making the least advance or gain. The two armies extended their fronts more and more to the north. They climbed toward Lille and the Yser. This is the phase which has been called "the race for the sea." And when at length the North Sea was reached at Nieuport the two adversaries must needs come to a halt.

Just before this the Germans, through their crushing superiority in heavy artillery, were enabled to seize Antwerp. The little Belgian army made a fortunate escape toward Ghent and Furnes. They

were enabled to do this by the heroic resistance of the French naval brigade under the command of Admiral Ronarc'h, which, step by step, contested the enemy's advance. The English army began to move northward toward Ypres from the positions on the banks of the Aisne which it had occupied since the battle of the Marne. The Germans thereupon decided to make a terrific effort to overturn the English army, the Belgian army, and the French troops which lay between them. This was the signal for the battle of the Yser.

The violence of that battle and the fury of the German assaults can never be described. The Kaiser, after failing to take Paris, must have his revenge, and the revenge must be dazzling. He decided that at any cost Calais must be his. Now was the moment when all Germany abandoned itself to a hatred for England that amounted to frenzy. Lissauer had just composed, in hatred of England, that amazing and monstrous song, destined surely to remain in human history as a typical example of the degree of aberration and criminal folly to which a self-infatuated people can attain.

Those who ruled the counsels of Germany were convinced that if Calais could be reached their strength in submarines would enable them to establish a close blockade against England, isolate her, and hold her at their mercy. The Kaiser, wishing to inflame the fury of his troops and to obtain from them a superhuman effort of courage and energy, came in person to take part in the attack which he believed would prove decisive. He established himself at Roulers; he passed his troops in review and exalted their enthusiasm. The Germans, who desired to break through at whatever cost, attacked in great masses, as though with the stroke of a club. On one day they threw no less than seven divisions, one upon the other, against the French and English lines. The English, left to themselves, must have bent before this terrific onslaught. It was absolutely necessary to support them. Some of our best army corps were abruptly taken from certain parts of our front, sent in rapid succession by rail, and thrown upon the Yser. It was a human dike raised to stay the German inundation.

These strategic movements, far superior in scale to anything imagined before the present war, were carried out with great rapidity and perfect order. Yet one need only cast an eye on the map to realize that this concentration of forces upon the Yser involved far greater difficulties on our side than on the enemy's. The front from the North Sea to the Vosges makes almost a right angle, running north and south to Compiègne, and afterward east and west. The Germans are within the angle; we outside it. It follows that they are more readily able than ourselves to send rapid reinforcements to one or other of their wings.

In the first days of October General Foch, who directed his army in the centre of the general line, had been transferred to our left wing and given a far more important command. All our armies of the north were placed at his orders. He had, moreover, the delicate task of achieving a complete unity and co-ordination of effort with the English and Belgian armies. He was, in short, the commander-in-chief of all the troops which resisted the German onslaught on the Yser: a heavy task which was once again to yield him a brilliant success.

The battle opened. The Germans called up continual reserves and forced the pace of their attack. But General Foch's confidence remained unbroken: it communicated itself to all who came near him. As each battalion arrived it was thrown into the furnace. Not a day, not an hour, could be lost. Every gap had to be filled, and reinforcements flung incessantly to strengthen our tottering line.

The whole flat region between the Yser and the sea is typical of the Low Countries: water, water encroaching and submerging, is everywhere. Scratch the soil and water appears. It is a fat and fertile country, saturated and oozing with humidity, blankly monotonous to look upon. Before the war a dense population crowded this rich land of Flanders. How much more crowded was it then, when through every village and hamlet the stream of Belgian refugees had overflowed in thousands! And where should room be found for all these army corps of French soldiers arriving one after the other, ceaselessly? It was lucky that these men and their officers were the easi-

est and most good-natured in the world. And after all, the human race is capable of infinite compression.

Our troops did not limit themselves to the defensive. From time to time they passed to the counter-attack with great spirit. They attempted to seize the Château of Dixmude to gain space for the bridge-head which we hold at that point. It was a dark and gloomy winter's day, such as is frequent in that region, with a thick mist and a depressing sooty sky. Quite near us this foggy atmosphere was cleft by the forked fire of bursting shells, for here at the bridge of Dixmude the Germans were scarcely a thousand yards away.

From Nieuport to Thann, from the North Sea to the Vosges, many cities have been destroyed in the course of this war. But Dixmude endured the heaviest bombardment that a town can suffer. There is not a house unstruck, not a road that has not been pitted by shells. And what pits they are! One of them measured eight yards in diameter, and three and a half yards in depth. A carriage and horses, a whole section of infantry, could be hidden in it. Indescribably melancholy, in the dismal winter twilight, are the roads and squares of the little town where the tempest of war has raged. It is an empty city, overtaken by death.

When one thinks of the battle of the Yser, the violence of the attacks which the Germans renewed week after week, their unceasing efforts, their reckless sacrifice of human life, one wonders how any resistance was possible. Our battalions were hardly out of the train before they were thrown into the thick of the fighting; the country was unknown to them; their trenches, hastily contrived, were far from perfect; night and day they struggled in the mud. Yet, in spite of all, they held firm. At every point the German thrust was checked.

The same qualities of endurance and tenacity, the same heroism which won for us the battle of the Marne, secured for General Foch and the excellent troops he commanded this successful issue on the Yser. General Foch's attitude during these hard days must have recalled to many some words which he spoke at the École de Guerre with all the emphasis of a vigorous faith. He quoted a phrase of

Joseph de Maistre: "A lost battle is a battle one believes oneself to have lost; in a material sense no battle can be lost." And he added: "A battle, then, can only be lost morally. But, if so, it is also morally that a battle is won." One might add to this aphorism another: A battle won is a battle in which you refuse to acknowledge defeat.

The conduct of General Foch on the Yser and in the region of Fère Champeoise corresponded exactly with his professions in the École de Guerre. For Foch, before putting the art of war into practise on the field of battle, had already taught it in his lectures and published works. His is the deeply interesting case of a famous professor of strategy called by the turn of events to give his theories and his teaching a living application. It is worth while to examine how this came about. How, and in what circumstances, were the theories fitted to the facts?

General Foch was born in 1851, the son of a civil servant at Tarbes. He is thus an exact contemporary of General de Castelnau and General Joffre. As soon as he entered college his teacher in mathematics declared: "His genius is for geometry; he has the makings of a polytechnician." And, in fact, General Foch, making good this prediction, entered the École Polytechnique, from which, in due course, he graduated as an artilleryman. While holding the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he was appointed professor in strategy and general tactics at the École de Guerre. Ten years later, after holding commands in various arms, he was made director of this same school.

He has condensed the drift of his teaching into two now celebrated books, "The Principles of War" and "The Conduct of War." Here may be found his whole theory of war illustrated with a prodigal abundance of facts and instances. He starts with the principle that it is an absolute mistake, in war, to take nothing but the material factors into account. Over and above the "earthly" element of military art remains what Napoleon called the "divine" element. Hence war is not an exact science, but a terrific and passionate drama where man with his moral and physical faculties is cast for the principal part.

Instruction in war is, however, neces-

sary, because for most men the realities of the battle-field are not favorable to inspiration. Most often they have a paralyzing effect. Under fire it is all one can do to carry out what one has learned, to act up to the knowledge which a long and difficult training has built up. The smallest success in military action presupposes long preparation in thought and study. Genius is not universal, and in its absence a general can rise to the height of his task only by method and by science. The function of the long military education is to give officers the right *reflex actions* on the field of battle. But these are only to be acquired by sustained and constant effort.

"Modern war," says General Foch, "is a national war." The end it sets itself is not the conquest or maintenance of a province but the defense or propagation of principles: spiritual ends and philosophical ideas. It brings into play the feelings and passions of every soldier. When Bonaparte in his famous proclamation to the army of Italy based his appeal on those passions he inaugurated a new era in war.

On the subject of the intellectual discipline of commanders General Foch has written several pages which rank among the best that the ideal of military duty has ever inspired. "In war, except for the commander-in-chief, every officer is a subordinate. Every one of them, in seeking to command must seek to obey. But obedience is a difficult art. Many circumstances—to say nothing of the enemy—interfere with the execution of the order received. To conquer these circumstances demands a mental discipline that is intelligent and alert. A commander, then, should first and foremost be a man of character, but he should also be capable of the comprehension and resource necessary for obedience. . . . Discipline involves a mental activity—an activity of reflection: it is not a matter of immobility, like the silence of the ranks. Discipline, in a commander, does not mean merely the execution of orders within convenient, just, rational, or even possible limits. It means a frank entry into the thoughts and intentions of whoever is in supreme command, and the adoption of every possible means to satisfy them. Discipline does not mean a silent acquiescence that limits itself to whatever can be

undertaken without compromising oneself; it is not the art of avoiding responsibilities. It is the art of acting in the spirit of a given order, and calls us, to that end, to find in our intelligence a means of executing the order, and in our character the energy to take the necessary risks."

General Foch illustrates these definitions by the case of General de Failly, who on the 4th and 6th of August, 1870, was either unable or unwilling to carry out his orders to go first to Bitche and then to Reichshoffen, with the result that he failed to take part in the battle where the army of Alsace was overwhelmed, and where his presence would assuredly have changed the issue. And General Foch continues: "At a time like ours, which believes itself able to neglect ideal elements, which pretends to live realistically, rationally, positively, and to avoid abstractions, when everything is reduced to terms of science and to a more or less ingeniously contrived empiricism, we are left with but one resource against error and disaster. That resource—and it is both sure and fertile in results—lies in abandoning ourselves to the service of two abstractions of a moral order, duty and discipline. And this service, if it is to lead to success, must be backed up by science and good sense." Such are the governing ideas of General Foch.

In daily life the general is a man of few words. He speaks with mathematical conciseness, and his conversation is always full of vigor. Cold, calm, and self-possessed, he is conspicuous for just the qualities which the English most prize. Add to these his close knowledge of the English army, along with his keen sense of the national temperament and character, and we shall easily comprehend the influence he exerts over every Englishman who comes in contact with him. To this influence is due in large measure the perfect understanding and cohesion which has existed between the French and English armies from the very beginning of the war. It was, indeed, far from being the simplest of tasks to insure this cohesion. Great delicacy and tact were obviously called for. General Foch, by the force of character which every Englishman recognizes in him, achieved it without the smallest difficulty.

Superficially, at any rate, the trench warfare in which the two armies have now been so long rooted is very different from the kind of war that General Foch has written of and taught. It was open to the Germans, after the battle of the Marne, to continue the free-moving warfare from which alone rapid and decisive results can be obtained. They preferred to dig themselves in. This course, it is true, has enabled them thus far to hold firm. But by this course, it is no less true, they are renouncing the possibility of beating us, of putting us once for all out of action. Trench warfare for them was not, and can never be, more than a *pis-aller*. The enemy well know that this state of siege, by its very nature, and in proportion to its length, must necessarily work out to their disadvantage, since Germany, cut off as it is from all use of the sea, plays the part of the besieged, while France and England are the besiegers. Consequently, the mere fact that the Germans have chosen or accepted this kind of war upon the western front is in itself an admission of impotence and defeat.

Moreover, whether we fight in trenches or in the open, it is still by the moral qualities of the belligerents that victory will finally be decided. From this point of view we have no cause for uneasiness, for the moral superiority is ours. And here the confidence of General Foch in the ultimate issue is unequalled. To him, as to General de Castelnau, the war has brought heavy private sorrows. His son and his son-in-law were killed in the earliest months. He has said nothing of his own grief, but has given an example to all by redoubling his efforts and his perseverance.

In this war battles, which used to be a matter of hours or of days, are now prolonged to months and years. Many on-lookers are so struck by the paradox of this slow development that they are tempted to disbelieve in any final decision or rupture of the equilibrium. But we, who live among the actors in the drama, have, on the contrary, a mathematical certainty that the rupture will come and that it will come in our favor, and that on an enfeebled Germany the Allies by a common effort will one day deliver their united stroke.

A PAGAN'S PRAYER

By Juliet Whiton

So much to know, so little time to learn,
Before the woven thread of life be cut;
So many thoughts of ages gone, to read,
So many visions of the years to come—
And all the great wide world to wander in——

O gods of heaven, and Clotho, Atropos,
Grant me a while to linger on this earth;
To seek the golden treasures of the past,
To dream of unknown wonders yet to be,
To feel the sweet approach of coming day,
To see the purple shadows on the hills,
And hear the nightingale begin her song—
And then, one day, to leave the summer shores,
And sail across the western sunset sea
To find the land of unfulfilled desires,
Where all I read, has been, and all I dreamed of, is;
Where from the mighty altars of the gods
The pleasant incense curls in wavering smoke,
And all the glories of an older world
Are melted into everlasting peace.

THE GOLD-HUNTERS

By Charles J. Lisle

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



My wife and I live out in an Idaho mining-camp. It is a very real wilderness that surrounds her; forty miles to the nearest woman neighbor, shut in for at least four months of every year from every opportunity to go or come.

To be sure, it isn't exactly pioneering in the terms of a century ago. We have our piano, our library, our babies, and many of the other comforts of "home." Electric lights from the little waterfall a few rods away; electric appliances for every available household duty; a huge open fireplace and huge fir logs to glow in its molten heart; climbing and even hot-house roses and other flowers and a delightful little garden; money enough to buy all the creature comforts of life that can be transported so far.

No man can fully read a woman's heart; and I, sympathetic and appreciative as I try to be, can never know how much of a deprivation it is for my wife to be away from the companionship of her sex. It would indeed be a strange "career" for any college woman to choose, to go so far outside of her former walks of life to be the companion of a struggling miner in the crudest part of the crude West! Maybe I have done her a very great wrong in so ordering my life that the spectre of duty can even seem to call her to this sacrifice.

And yet I am sure that she has at least some returns. None can dream deeper, sweeter dreams than a woman; none can so appreciate the wilderness in its silent or solitary grandeur. If to be successful is to get the best thoughts and deeds out of life, to express oneself the truest, one

might find that even here—as my wife surely does!

To listen to the murmur of the pines that never quite drone off to sleep; to hear the constant roar of the distant river and the noisy, boyish clatter of the brook as it tumbles off the cliff near by; to climb the gaunt, old granite hills, peopled only by the wilderness folk wearing feathers or fur; from the heights to see the maze of mountain, river, forest, and snowy crags stretched out like a mighty scroll; to follow the progress of the miners, who, ant-like, are burrowing deep into the mountain core for buried treasure; to visualize one's dream of the army of gold-hunting men, the procession of hopes and fears that have passed through this once-famous boom camp, and on to—Who knows where? This is but a part of the drama of the wilderness, the stage-settings that would grip the soul of many a woman; they are the settings for the prospector's life and aspirations.

What a glorious gold-hunter a good woman would be, in spirit if not in body, with this spiritual inspiration! For it is the spirit that goes gold-hunting in the great hills! Only the conventions of society, and her physical limitations, could have kept armies of women from the prospector's life, with its sordid present but its deathless prophetic gleam of a brighter beyond!

However, in her particular case to merely see all these spiritual allurements; to have the respect and platonic love of all the men who ever come our way—grizzled old miners with the hearts of children—to have an adoring audience and body-guard of red-shirted cavaliers, who translate her every word or thought into desire to serve her as truly as did the knights of King Arthur's time—these may bring, to my wife, even in the wilderness that calls for action, a deep content that Providence has given her womanhood and a niche to fill with her own helpful and appreciative spirit. This is her prospector's gold, but in the home instead of in the mines!

I am not really a miner—only the prosaic business manager for a struggling mine corporation that believes unfalteringly in its destiny. The real mine super-

intendent is a bearded giant of a man—steel-blue of eye, mighty of thew and courage, a veritable John Ridd of a later day. He has come close to the allotted threescore-and-ten span of ordinary life; but one might doubt if his life is even half spent—that frame, that upstanding look and unquenchable, kindling eye! He has prospected for almost fifty years. I do not know whether he ever loved a woman; if he did, it would be with the power of a storm at sea, with the unquestioning faith of the little child. He adores my wife—and his mind is as clean and pure as that of a child.

But I do know that he loves—not a woman, but his art! The art of the gold-hunter! The deathless passion of the one who knows what he desires and in his consuming desire is full content. My wife, I doubt not, is but the impersonal materialization of his dream of gold; a dream that could hardly take other form than a lovely, spiritual woman. He is the embodiment of the most wonderful story our romantic West has ever known—The Gold-Hunter and His Phantom Bride of Gold.

The poet who wrote that

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast”

must have known and marvelled in his awe at the old Grand Army gold-hunter I found in one Idaho mine. For an eternity of hope is only a few minutes' breathing spell for him and his kind!

For almost thirty years he has served as watchman for the old King of the Hills mine at Sawtooth City, almost on the roof of the continent. He watches—and watches—and watches forever! He is monarch of the wilderness of tunnels and shafts and upraises, with their decaying timbers and their fabled rich ledges of ore. Regularly comes a check for his services; from gray-haired women who for thirty years have believed, ever still with the hot heart of youth, in the value of the ore deposits. The hope of the mother in her darling son whose present waywardness is but the darkness just before the dawn of his greatness is of the same eternal character as the steadfastness of the ancient guardian and his daintier backers.

And so, while the outside world babbles of European wars, of radiograms, of wire-

less telephony, of a score of incredible new scientific marvels—this blue-coated old man who offered his life to back his belief that the dream of freedom was real, and his dainty women employers and friends who believe with the faith of all good women in the ultimate triumph of their hopes and dreams—they know that the paltry thirty years they have waited is but a speck on the space of time, that their dreams will be and remain true, and their eternal hope shall be justified. The gold-hunter's sublime faith!

When you go to the bank and get, if you can or will, a handful of shining gold pieces, you should say a prayer for the souls of the sinful dead, and for the unfortunates, alive or dead; and a pæan of joy for those whom it may have made glad. For in a handful of gold coins, the deathless metal that never loses its identity through fire and revolution and decay, you will find gold that tells of every human passion in its loveliest, strongest, vilest form.

There is no record of the gold produced from the early bonanza mine camps of the West. No one could more than conjecture the amount. But Alder Gulch in Montana; Last Chance Gulch, where the city of Helena now stands; and some of the smaller but even richer bars on the upper Missouri probably produced half a billion dollars in gold in the '60's and early '70's.

Florence Basin in Idaho, a territory approximately twenty miles square, produced hardly less than one hundred and fifty million dollars in gold from its discovery in 1861 to 1880. The Elk City Basin produced at least one-half as much. And the Boise Basin country, with the now almost forgotten "cities" of Placerville, Idaho City, Oroville, and others, could be proven to have sent out close to four hundred million dollars in gold, if the Wells-Fargo Express Company records in the old company vaults in San Francisco could be brought into court to be sworn.

And in any handful of gold coins you would almost certainly get gold from every one of these camps! What a tale of vanished cities, of terrible outlawry, of morality that lost its grip on the sunset side of the great continental divide, of

deprivation, of heroism, of sublime faith and love—all these, and more, that gold could tell! Melted over and over, going into bright new coinage after a long, perhaps sordid, perhaps glorious service to mankind, these coins represent every mine, every prospect, every golden "hope that springs eternal"—as eternal as the unperishing metal itself.

The true gold-miner and prospector serves almost as jealous a mistress as the artist who must dedicate his all to his art or lose his love and his artistic life and die. A family can hardly live on the gold-hunter's wage! No family ties could well withstand the thralldom that enchains the devotee. No wife, however devoted, however otherwise helpless and so bound by necessity or convention, can follow the true prospector in his wilderness path.

If the span of thirty years for the gnarled old watchman, or his gentler but not less steadfast waiting employers, is but a brief incident in the game of gold, it is negligible in the life of the active prospector!

It was only a few years ago, when I was visiting in Montana, that I met one of the "real" genus prospector. He lived through the hard winter—God knows how—nursing his rheumatism and his hunger and his almost eighty years of age, and a decrepit old pack-horse, through the forty-below zero and the five-foot drifts of the long, dreary winter. You would say he was an absolute wreck, physical, mental; that he lived on only because he was too dead to forget to breathe. But when the ice began to go out of the streams, and the bare rocks to peer out from the snowy wastes, and the grass to show green under the snow, he expanded like a brown bulb that produces the beautiful lilies of spring.

"Mister, I have been rich half a dozen times, an' I ain't been as keerful as I ort. But I'm goin' to strike it richer this year than ever—I jest know it! Thar's a patch of ground back in the hills that's a wonder—an' I need a leetle grub-stake for to open it up. It'll make us rich—Son, you hear that?—Rich! Ef you want to, here's where you kin take a chance that can't lose. The old man'll win yet!"

And the octogenarian miner, married to his hope of the gold that he believes he

will find, got his grub-stake—as, I doubt not, he has done every year since from some one who marvels at his boyish enthusiasm and recuperation. He never found his elusive Golconda; if he had, he would have sought me to the ends of the earth to divide according to his promise—for these men's word is as sacred as the word of your mother or mine. And I do not believe he is dead; indeed, I doubt whether he ever dies—at least until his dream is fulfilled! Like the Wandering Jew—though gladly, lovingly bound by his hope and not by his dreadful doom—he must go on, eternal in his hope!

I had a friend, a “bunkie,” an officer in the Filipino war. We tramped a thousand miles of tropical jungle together; ate from the same slender commissary; slept together under the same burning Southern Cross; shivered under the same torrential rains; combed the bushes for the same knife-throwing foe. He was a miner, a mystic, with his golden dreams; I, a prosaic person to whom the gods had not given the gift of imagination. I had a sweetheart at home—a loving girl, such an one as have been the mothers and the saviors of our race. I dreamed of love and the home and the beautiful children who should crown our age.

But he—he dreamed of the gold at the rainbow's foot; of the joy of the discovery; of the triumph of victory—and that was, and is, his only love! Not sordid—no; he, and every one of his kind, would give away his last cent and live forever in penury. But—the dream! Gold, like virtue or love, to be wooed from the hidden depths!

When we returned to the States, I took the first train for my sweetheart's home—and he took the first pack-horse for the wilderness to woo his goddess of gold!

I have my family of beautiful girls and stalwart sons; and my sweetheart, less young but more saintly in her womanly maturity—and we are more than content!

And my friend—he, too, is content! He lives in a log cabin, miles from any neighbor; his only companions his dog, his pack-horse, his hammer and drills—and his golden dreams! For no man has in his heart room for both wife and family and his goddess Gold. He will never

marry, though he lives a century. No prospector can be untrue to his hopes and dreams!

There is a fine brand of courage in these old gold-hunters. Usually when a prospector sets out he leaves word somewhere that he expects to return “about” a certain specified time. And then he plunges into the wilderness. There are a thousand things that can happen to a man alone. One old man, seventy-nine years old, set out early last winter to do his annual assessment before the first of the new year. He did not return at the specified time. Winter set in; a howling, blizzardy winter, with six feet of snow. Finally, the friends got a chance to hunt for him, between storms. They found him—with a leg broken for sixteen days; a huge rock had caved in on him, in the tunnel. By superhuman effort he got free and crawled to his cabin—he blasted the rock off himself, at a terrible risk! At the cabin he put splints on the broken leg and settled down to wait for—for either friends or starvation. Luckily the friends found him first! The doctor was not able to better the backwoods bone-setting job; the broken limb mended so that he recovered with scarce a limp—and he goes on prospecting as ever.

The uncanny gathering of vultures to the lethal feast is understandable and commonplace beside the flocking in of miners to a district reputed to contain gold. Not so very long ago, in one of the deserted old mining-camps that had gone down from four thousand miners to four hundred sheep-herders, farmers, and stockmen—and “waiters”—some one was reputed to have found rich ore on the barren hillside overlooking the town. It is not impossible, though highly improbable, that gold ever existed there; the “float” on which the find was based may have been dropped there by a playful coyote, or fallen off from an overladen pack-mule in the early days—or it may all have been a huge practical joke on the part of the alleged finder. Anyhow, it was enough to revive the slumbering ardor of the gold-hunters. From every gulch, from every stock ranch, from every hunter's cabin poured forth a horde of bewhiskered, keen-eyed old prospectors. You would hardly have believed there



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

Yet some of those alfalfa-whiskered miners will never doubt that some day their dream will come true—
right there!—Page 758.

were so many whiskers outside the menagerie or the cartoonist's pictured farm village. They staked out every foot of the steep hillside, and eagerly lapped over on to the valleys and to the adjoining hills for miles and miles. It was another South Sea Bubble, so far as returns go—yet hundreds of these old men believe that this, their latest golden dream, will come true. And they will still believe, though in some other place they might actually realize all their desires and in reason know that this one was false!

The land laws of the United States specifically reserve minerals from title granted for purely agricultural purposes. One who discovers gold or other valuable mineral on his farm land will be on the safe side if he goes at once and files on the mineral, under the mining laws; it may save him many an uneasy hour. Where patent has not yet been issued, the agricultural filing isn't worth a burnt match as against a mining claim. Strangers can come in and make checker-board filings all over one's grain-fields, or meadow, or the posy bed and garden and orchard—and the farmer cannot help it. The crop may be his if he can protect it—but the miner has the mineral! And those grizzled old gold-hunters would have slight compunction in taking a man's home if it seemed to be gold land! They would follow the gleam wherever it might lead.

It happened late in 1914 that at one place along the Snake River some one spread the news of the discovery of gold in a well-settled farming district. Some of the river lands had been worked years before, by hydraulic process, for placer gold; but there was never enough of the precious metal to pay interest on the investment, let alone wages and the original cost. This new discoverer—whether a scientist or a faker is still in debate—professed to have found the source of the hypothetical gold in the rock under the two-hundred-foot flow of igneous lava that covered the plains above the river canyon. He showed a small bottle of glistening sand and an assayer's report on a sample of rock that told of fabulous values.

Did the miners come? They did. In swarms and singly they descended on to those smiling meadows. They filed on every inch of land for miles around.

Overnight they had builded banks and theatres and railroads and factories and joy-houses of every hue from this new realization of their golden dreams.

To be sure, it was a little premature, this hope of fortune. Cold assays showed that the best rock any one else could find carried only twenty cents per ton in gold—a negligible trace, to say the least! You can find almost that much in concrete or brick! No one else found the shining nuggets! The tented city faded away like the mirage in the morning sun. Yet some of those alfalfa-whiskered miners will never doubt that some day their dream will come true—right there!

One interesting little side-light on this last gold stampede is the peach orchard that an enterprising orchardist planted on the ground once worked over for placer gold. Years before, the miners had laboriously dug about fifteen cents' worth of gold out of the farm, after a year's siege with rocker and hydraulic giant, and had left the place as too barren and worthless to fill maps with. The fruit man, with his trained eye on the fertile soil and the temperature chart, filed on the land for a farm; levelled the unsightly placer mounds, brought on some spring water for irrigation, and planted the place to peaches. He has raised as high as seven hundred dollars' worth of peaches an acre a year—more real money than all the gold-miners in the county ever dug out of the soil! There actually is gold in that fertile valley—and in a thousand others like it all through the West where the prospector has his range. But he wouldn't ever recognize it with a "peach" annex!

There are two dear old men of my acquaintance, miners for almost half a century, who finally took a semi-vacation from the pursuit of gold and filed on a little mountain ranch apiece, where they putter around raising enough vegetables and stock to keep them mining the rest of the year. There was not quite enough water for both in the little creek through their farms, so they fought; one day they met out in the scraggly timber, and blazed away at each other with their cannon-like old army rifles, from behind stumps and logs and banks of earth and clumps of bushes, until all their ammuni-

tion was gone. Luckily, their eyesight was failing, so that their weapons and their aim proved less deadly than their desires. Later, they went to law about a calf; but they never law about the serious things of life—like irrigation water or mining claims—they shoot to kill for these! The hard life of the hills makes it a little matter to give or take one's life if necessary to carry out one's desire.

I do not know whether the learned psychologist could tell "why," but the seasoned campaigner can foretell with un-failing accuracy that the next real mining stampede will always occur in the dead of winter, and a long ways off. The Klondike boom, the Thunder Mountain stampede, came in the winter; so did the Goldfield rush, and the Cripple Creek, and the last big one at Jarbidge. The Buffalo Hump boom kept six thousand men tied up at one little Idaho town for more than half of an especially hard winter, waiting to get in to the "mines." There is gold in all these great camps—tons and trainloads of it. But like a rock thrown into a quiet pool, its ripples widening the farther it travels from the source, so the gold rumor travels. No one may realize just how far that ripple has travelled or how big a rock caused it! Thunder Mountain was one hundred and fifty miles from civilization, in a trackless wilderness; and the snow on the mountain passes was ten feet deep; the mercury ran cowering to cover at forty degrees below zero, and food was worth a dollar a pound—ideal conditions for the stampede that followed! Ten thousand men rushed frantically into the instantaneously famous camp. The aggregate heroism and self-denial would have made Sparta and the

Pilgrim Fathers and the Revolutionary patriots seem like quitters before they had even begun!

The number of those who against all reason dream of the golden days that are to be, of the mining prosperity that is in store for them, is almost beyond computation. In one county in Idaho, more than twenty-one thousand mining claims had been filed up to several years ago; several subsequent minor stampedes must have increased that number very largely. A quartz claim is six hundred by one thousand five hundred feet, or less; a placer claim is twenty acres. These filings would have covered every acre of an average Eastern county. Each claim requires one hundred dollars' worth of work a year; on the more promising properties—and to the prospector every claim is a delight, as is every child to the faithful mother—several times that much may be expended. One might guess, not altogether at random, that these claims have cost at least two hundred dollars apiece—the prospect claims—outside of all the really big mines that may have expended millions.

Throughout the whole gold-mining West, enough money has been spent in fruitless prospecting to pay the national debt; enough labor to build the Mississippi waterway and several Panama Canals; enough privation endured to bankrupt a world's sympathy—had they been endured in Poland or Ireland or Belgium; enough human love rusted and unused and lost to have brought about the millennium.

But hope beckons—and they go! No sacrifice is too great for the heart that has faith in the Golden Age!



A GREEN MOUNTAIN GARDEN

By Sarah N. Cleghorn

ILLUSTRATION BY MARION POWERS

WHERE gnarled lilacs hedge* from view
The hemlock mountain's crest,
A tiny marble path leads through
This garden of the West;
This O so briefly blooming bower
Of every quaint and hardy flower.

The lemon-fragrant lily-beds
Are thronging thick with bees;
In vain the flowering currant spreads
Her spices to the breeze;
In vain she waves her honeyed net
By marigold and mignonette.

They seem to curtsy in the dusk,
The currant and the quince,
Commingle scents of clove and musk,
And early cowslip tints
With hazy dim Pompeian red,
Like leaves embalmed of roses dead.

The hollyhocks find where they grow
A mirror at their feet:
The moss-hung cistern far below
Reflects them, stiff and sweet
Hooped olden ladies gazing down
Each on her frilled and fluted gown.

Sweet clover thickets quite enclose
Within a grassy square,
A tiny tree, a golden rose
That feeds on fragrant air,
Compound of pink and bergamot,
Sweet-william and forget-me-not.

Last by this pansy-bordered way
This twilight corner turn,
Kept dim and moist as woods in May
By giant brake and fern;
Tall warders from the sun and breeze,
They keep the garden's novices.

The wind-flower trembling on her leaf,
The bell-wort drooping frail,
White trillium hiding in her sheaf,
And mountain violet pale;—
While these can flower with each young year
The woodland gods are brooding near.



From a drawing by Marion Powers.

Where gnarled lilacs hedge from view
The hemlock mountain's crest,
A tiny marble path leads through
This garden of the West.



John Wolcott Adams

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

By Gerald Chittenden

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

RAYNOR has a way of saying things that drives them in above the barb. I never can decide whether the faculty is the cause or the result of his dynamic magnetism.

"Efficiency," he maintained, "is not merely the only good excuse for living. It's the only satisfactory definition of life."

"I hate the word," I answered.

"I know you do, confound you! You're always talking about the human element."

"Have you found any way to eliminate the human element?" I asked. If Raynor were really as hard as he would like to have people think he is, I should not like him as I do.

"From a purely business proposition—yes." His whole taut body strained in the endeavor to make that nonsense convincing. As usual, he nearly succeeded.

I laughed.

"When you are as old as I am—" I began.

"Oh, damn!" ejaculated Raynor. He snapped himself out of his chair and left me alone with the editorial page of the *Evening Post*. A light-ship is not so lonely as the editorial page of the *Evening Post*.

Most people were surprised when Raynor, a month or so afterward, bought a farm. Not only bought it, but went to live on it. He had talked the matter over with me—or rather announced his intentions, as his habit was. But he was rather more speculative and rather less positive about his decision than was usual with him.

"You see," he said, "I have been in the works long enough to know that I am as efficient as the average. But the works are run with the least possible waste of effort or material—the least possible—and there's no scope for the individual."

"You have risen pretty rapidly," I ventured.

"Yes. I've had luck. But I don't want to spend many years of my life working for some one else. I want money, and that's not the way to get it."

and four years in a fertilizer factory ought to help some."

"It ought. I suppose you know a good deal about the chemistry of soils and that sort of thing. Can do your own analysis, perhaps?"



(John Wolcott Adams)

"Efficiency," he maintained, "is not merely the only good excuse for living. It's the only satisfactory definition of life."—Page 762.

"But why the farm?" I asked.

"Because there's money in farming. Lots of it, if you do it right."

"It's the fashion to say that. But how many rich farmers do you know?"

"Not many. One or two, though. And it isn't as if I was green at the business. I was raised on a farm, you know,

"Yes," said Raynor. "But that's only part of it."

I looked out of the window, at Fifth Avenue, crowded now from house front to house front with the various mob of three in the afternoon. I grow weary of that treadmill view—increasingly weary, and very often deeply depressed by it. They

all hurry so intensely, quite as though they were sure of their goals—as if they had but to reach Thirty-second Street or Sixty-ninth Street to lay their hands on happiness. I am of the crowd myself, and hurry as fast and as blindly as any of them, and think as little as any of them, or as much. I cannot get clear of the crowd; even the club window, where I consider it most, is but an eddy of it. "Bound upon the wheel," as my old friend, the Lama, is so fond of saying, and hurrying on from life to life, or from hell to hell, for aught I know. I am of it, for good or ill, and cannot break free. Perhaps I don't want to badly enough. Sometimes, it seems to me a tide, flooding once a day, and ebbing once, and accomplishing nothing for all the pother of its flow and ebb; sometimes, it seems a treadmill. Tide or treadmill, I am sure that efficiency is neither its governor nor its goal.

"I think you've struck your solution," I said to Raynor. "There's no purpose in all this—" I waved my hand at the window. "No goal, except Thirty-second Street or Sixty-ninth Street. Better a farm, where you stand some chance of seeing yourself without looking in the glass."

Raynor snorted like a horse.

"Rot!" he said. "I'm not going to the country to get 'close to Nature's mighty heart.' Or close to my own, for that matter." He had not meant to add the last remark. He looked over at me quickly, hoping that I had not noticed it. "I'm going to make money out of farming—to prove it can be done by efficient management. These people"—he, in his turn, waved at the window—"these people need a lesson."

He smiled that electric smile of his. He and I think along the same lines when we look at the Avenue, but he wants to reform it, and thinks he can, whereas I, though I may want to, know I can't. When he said it needed a lesson, I thought best to humor him lest he try to give me one. He does, occasionally, even now, though the tenor of his teaching has changed.

"Where is your farm?" I sighed.

"Litchfield." He was eager at once. It was an abandoned farm; they always

are. There were three hundred acres of it, and another three hundred which marched with it, and which he was going to buy when he could afford to do so. He had got it cheap, and the former owners had made no extra charge for the rocks in the pastures.

"It's good land," he affirmed, "or will be when it's properly fertilized. I've analyzed thirty samples of it. And the very fact that it's all run down will give a greater scope for efficiency in bringing it back."

I was almost as tired of "scope" as I was of "efficiency." They seemed to trot together, like a well-matched pair of unpleasant horses.

"What are you going to raise?" I sighed, knowing of old the question that excites the new farmer to madness.

He had that all planned. I forget what it was—he talked in terms of salads and soups for a long while. It seems to me that he said there were millions in onions. I suppose there are, if you can manage to put onions in millions. But eventually there were to be thousands of apple-trees and hundreds of hogs. It seemed that there was a certain benevolent reciprocity between hogs and apples, if you made your orchards hog-tight.

"When I buy the other three hundred acres," he concluded, "I'll turn it into a dairy-farm." He lit a cigarette and looked efficient. "Oh, it can be done, if you go about it scientifically. I own the farm clear of mortgage, and I've got enough money left to start the thing right. Machinery and all that."

"Is it pretty country?" I asked. "I don't know Litchfield."

"I don't know whether it's pretty or not," he answered brazenly.

"I should think you'd have considered that, if you were going to make your home there."

He looked at me in despair.

"Home?" he said. "Home? What I'm after is a good business proposition."

I apologized.

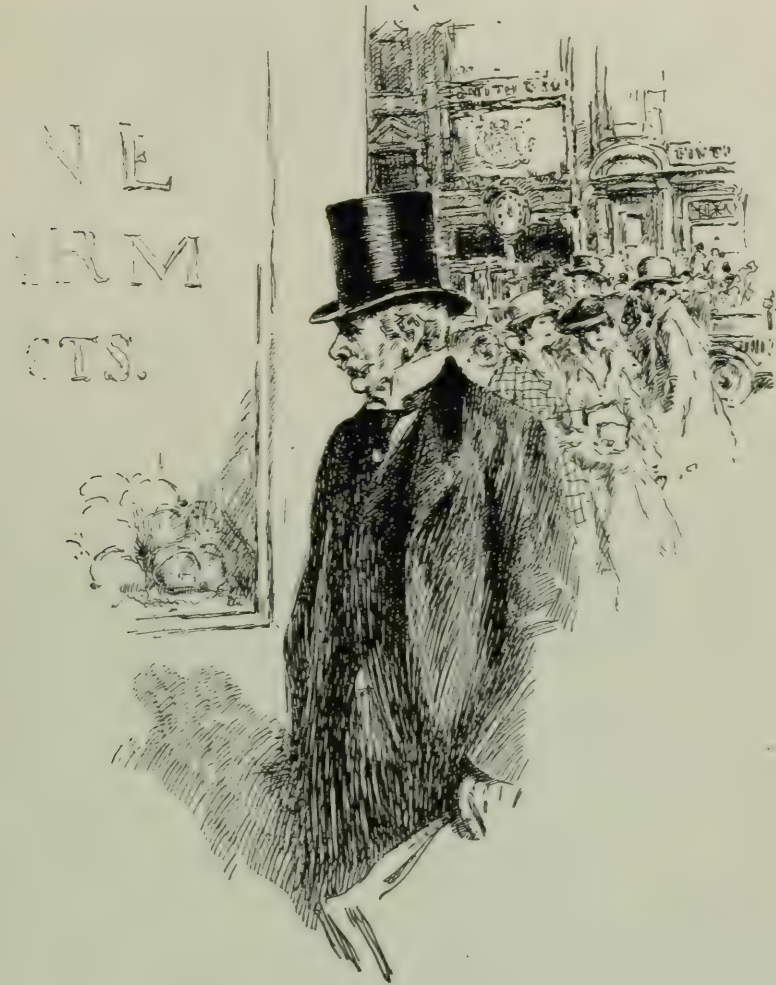
He moved to Litchfield that August, to get things in shape for the spring campaign, he said. After that I saw comparatively little of him, for he did not come to town for the winter; he was not that kind of a farmer. Far from it; he

was thorough enough in all conscience, as he had always been, and enormously pleased with his investment. When I went to spend a week with him the next summer I could see why.

He had a house by that time—one of those buildings you might call a bun-

"Yes," Raynor inadvertently agreed. "It is beautiful. Always, at all seasons." He shook himself out of his inefficient admiration for unproductive things. "Now, in this corner," he went on, "I've planted——"

I forget what it was he had planted;



John W. Cott Adams

A shop opened near the Grand Central with "Sabine Farm Products" painted on its window.—Page 766.

galow, if you happened to like the name. The land fell sharply away from it to the north and to the south, and the hills piled up, one behind the other, till the tints of them fused and were one with the tints of the sky. It was a green summer; there had been no lack of rain, and there was none of that poverty-stricken brown that marks a drought in New England.

"The country is beautiful," I said.

onions, probably. In a little while I went over to the club and played a round or two of golf with a retired and reformed banker. At the nineteenth hole we discussed art, I remember; landscapes in particular. He had a few canvases at his house—New England stuff—would I care to look at them some time? He was as fanatical about them as Raynor was about his vegetables.

Raynor came for me in a powerful

motor, which shone like a new patent-leather shoe.

"Poor business to let your varnish crack," said Raynor as he monkeyed with the self-starter.

There was something the matter with the tail of the machine—a sort of elephantiasis, I thought. Raynor explained it almost at once, however. The motor was a sort of a traction engine when it was working. Apparently, it took off its play shoes when it got down to business; Raynor showed me its working boots hanging up in his model garage.

"To haul produce to the station and freight back," he said. "There's mighty little produce yet, of course, but there's a lot of freight."

I went often to Litchfield after that, for I liked the country and was interested in Raynor as well as in the banker's landscapes. Each year the peach-trees on the northern slope and the apple-trees on the southern—there was some reason for planting them that way, of course—were a foot or so higher, and presently I began to see "Sabine Farm Peaches" on the menus at Delmonico's and the club. That was good advertising, and the peaches cost a quarter apiece, so they must have been good. The apples followed them in time, and sausages followed the apples, and milk and butter followed the sausages. All the products were branded. Raynor was more often in the city; very soon a shop opened near the Grand Central with "Sabine Farm Products" painted on its window. Inside, it looked like an architect's vision of a heavenly bathroom, and all the products were so confoundingly sanitary that you had to break into them with a sterile crowbar. But they were riotously profitable; there was no need to ask Raynor how he was getting on.

"You have certainly hit your calling," I remarked to him once.

"It looks like it," he replied. "But you can make money out of anything, if you run it right. It isn't just farming. It's eff——"

I stopped him in time. "Don't," I said. "I know that word." He grinned. "And you can do all this," I said enviously, "and still live in the country."

"The country's all right," he admitted,

"and the business is all right. It pays about ten per cent. In two years more I'll come and live in the city, and just go to Litchfield once or twice a month to see my manager."

"Can you trust him that far?"

"Yes, indeed. He gets a share of the profits instead of a salary."

"Good scheme, that. Efficiency again, I suppose. But I thought you liked living up at Litchfield."

"I don't hate it. But New York's the place to live, for nine months in the year."

"And the other three?"

"Anywhere. Not at Litchfield especially."

"You have no sentiment about the place, then?"

"Sentiment?" Raynor laughed. "You're incorrigible. Have you any sentiment for your office desk?"

"There's a difference," I objected. "I don't live in my office desk."

"No real difference. Look here. The farm means as much to me, sentimentally, as your desk means to you, and no more. I make my money there—that's all."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed. "You've lived there—how many years is it now?"

"Seven."

"You can't live in a place seven years without loving it or hating it. And you've said you don't hate it."

"Too profitable to hate."

"Would you sell it if you got a good offer?"

"Certainly, if the offer was good enough. If it ever begins to go down-hill, I'll sell on the spot."

I doubted that, though I didn't say so. I recalled the hills that ringed his sleek fields, and the streams that watered them, and the orchards in spring and the maples in autumn; I thought of all the labor that he had spent upon the place and the dream which he had made to come true on it, and wondered how long he could stand the city if he ever came to live there. He was sincere enough in his worship of efficiency, but I felt that there must be a hole in his chilly armor somewhere or other.

There was a hole in his efficiency, at least, or else he had been so successful that the gods grew jealous. Every one remembers the collapse of the L. B. & C.



John Wolcott Adams

"Now, in this corner," he went on, "I've planted—" I forget what it was he had planted; onions, probably.—Page 765.

and the misery that it caused; Raynor had put all his money in it, and when the bottom dropped out of it he had only his farm left. He might have saved something from the wreck, but just at the wrong moment the scale started in his apple orchards, and, to secure money with which to fight it, he had to sell his holdings in L. B. & C. at the very bottom of the market. He might as well have held on to them; the scale spread, and his trees died on his hands.

That excellent man, Job, is more of a type than an individual; his misadventures with Satan are a fairly common experience. Perhaps, at times, Satan does go about upon the earth and walk up and down in it; certain it is that he, or some equally malign and efficient power, gave his undivided attention to the case of Raynor. Hog cholera and the hoof-and-mouth disease followed the scale, and when, after some months of heart-breakingly futile effort, he found time to reckon



John Wolcott Adams

"I don't think I'll sell."—Page 769.

up his losses, he had but a third of all his cattle and hogs left and not a tenth of his trees.

"If you can find a customer for the farm," he said to me, "please hog-tie him and send him to me."

It didn't seem likely that any one would want to buy just then, and I told him so. He looked rather relieved than otherwise. When the wreck was about at its most complete stage, however, a demijohn-shaped client of mine came to me with his mouth watering with land-hunger.

"Not a big place, y'un'stan'," he said, after describing his symptoms at length. "Just a thousand acres or so—a good gepman's place, y'un'stan'."

"A farm?" I suggested.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind a farm. That could be fixed, I guess. Change it into a deer park, like what they have in England, and a peasant preserve—I mean a pheasant preserve."

"Would six hundred acres do?"

"Do for a starter. Where is it?"

I told him, and told him the price. It

was a high price—about three times what the place was worth in its present condition. But knowing that he had a wife, I set it at two hundred thousand dollars, and showed him Raynor's name in the stud-book. I mean, the Social Register. He was pleased, and seemed inclined to go into the matter; I took the next train for Litchfield.

Raynor heard the news in silence.

"What do you suppose he'd do with Comstock?" he asked abstractedly. Comstock was his superintendent.

"God knows," I answered. "Could Comstock be persuaded to wear gaiters, play gamekeeper, and call him 'me lud'?"

"He's that kind, is he?" Raynor smiled. "I'd like to see Comstock in a gamekeeper's velveteen—and I'd like to see the man who tried to make him wear it. What did you say Crœsus looked like?"

"Like Crœsus. He spells it Creaseus. He tumbles home from his belt to the top of his head—one straight line."

"I might sell the farm," said Raynor slowly. "But I'll be hanged if I sell Comstock. He's a cracking good man, and, besides that, he had all the hard luck that was coming to him before he came to me." Raynor clasped his hands about one knee

as he sat on the veranda steps, and narrowed his eyes at the distant hills—his hills. "Comstock likes it here," he added.

"And you?" I couldn't resist the query.

"Does Crœsus like the country?" asked Raynor, paying no attention to my question.

"No, but he thinks he ought to."

"That means a brick Italian villa and a swimming-pool and a billiard-room and a gang of flunkeys. He'd call it a shooting lodge. Or would he call it a farm?"

"Something Farms, probably."

"And he'd buy his milk."

Raynor was silent for a long time, letting his eyes wander over the place which he had made. It was late September; there was a touch of crimson and buff in the trees, and the long light lay on the interval below—gold on emerald. A cow with a full udder lowed at the gate of the lane; a little wind hurried through the orchard. Raynor's collie rose, stretched, looked at Raynor, and went off to see what he could do for the cow. Comstock appeared, paused with a drawled "Evenin'," and followed the collie. And Raynor looked across at me with the expression of a small boy caught in the jam closet.

"I don't think I'll sell," he said.

THE SOUND OF RAIN

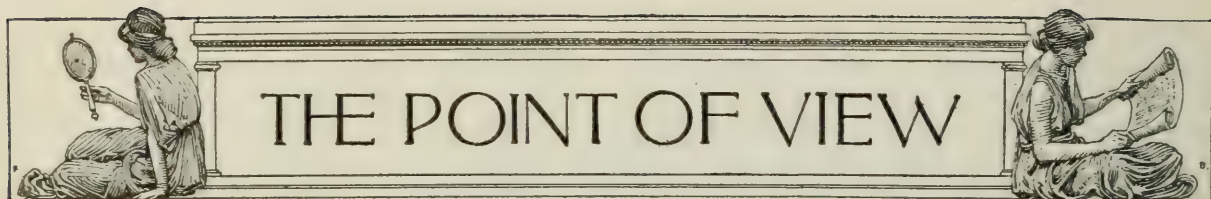
By Madison Cawein

UPON the heath the winds are laid; and starkly
The thistles stand; their gaunt heads stiffly massing,
Unmoving, stone-like, save when some one passing
Stirs with his cloak their stalks that rustle darkly.

And Heaven and Earth are grayly one another's;
Mist-bound in one; the twain no more divided;
As when two friends having, in grief, confided,
Each one forgets his sorrow in the other's.

Now to and fro the thistle's plumes are driven;
And with the rush of rain the hush is riven—
Like a loud answer to a look replying.

One hears the wild rain whirling, and the thistle,
Wind-whipped and torn, thin in the tempest whistle,
And grief unutterable fills the breast with sighing.



THE POINT OF VIEW

Women and the
Herd Instinct

THE author of a recent essay on the herd instinct in mankind said a great many interesting things. Also, probably because they were not necessary to his purpose, he left some interesting things unsaid. For instance, in discussing fidelity to the lesser herd, he omitted to speak of sex loyalty. Nor did he mention the fact that in women the herd instinct is far weaker than in men; the result, naturally, of women's long isolation from all but the smallest subdivision of the herd.

As between men and women, leaving out, of course, the matter of love, men instinctively and quite unconsciously stand by each other. Their attitude is, often enough, amusing, but they don't see anything humorous in it. Even the small boy of a family, who turns to his mother for sympathy and help when it is an affair of cuts and bruises, addresses his serious conversation to the man of the house and is definitely on his side. Women, however, are, as a class, perhaps oftener reproached with a lack of loyalty to each other than with any other fault.

Woman has at times been compared, odiously, to the cat. Our essayist tells us that "the cat has no herd. She has always 'walked alone'"; while the dog's "delightful friendliness and sympathy are of course due to his herd habits." I note, in passing, that he uses the feminine pronoun for the cat and the masculine for the dog. It is his only feminine allusion. It may be, indeed, that the cat and the woman are rather inclined to look at things from the personal point of view. At least, that is often affirmed of the woman. But much harder things are said of them both. Woman and cat are alike accused of treachery. Treachery to whom? The cat does not betray her kittens, nor the woman her own little herd; and even the wider instinct is inimical to alien herds.

Of course some one is going to remind us of the great women's movements of modern times, and also of the way in which women of all times have been swept along by the mob instinct and have joined in mob vio-

lence. Well, as to the mobs, one never said that women had no herd instinct whatever, and we all know that they are emotional. They may join a mob for some reason of personal grievance; the children may lack bread, or even cake. Or they may go along with it from sheer love of excitement, and the hysterical element in them will do the rest. As to the ordered associations of women, such as the suffrage movement, those have nothing to say to herd instinct. They are deliberate and more or less reasoned. The women hang together for a purpose.

On the other hand, a woman, like a man, has an instinctive love of country; but with a difference. Her country means to her permanence, safety, dear associations, all those conditions which conduce to the well-being of a family. In times of national crisis there may well be a conflict between loyalty to her country and love of her family. Merely as an instinct her patriotism is narrower than a man's. All the more, then, when it nobly prevails over those personal affections which have been all in all to her, does it become the finest of emotions. For if her patriotism is thus made conscious and deliberate, what heroism is hers when, unlamenting and high-hearted, she sends her dearest to face the horrors of war!

NOT long since I was called upon to be one of the chaperons at a college dancing-party given in a dormitory by some one hundred or more young women. More than a decade had gone by since as a student I had danced at similar gatherings, and it was with much reminiscent pleasure that I greeted the young people as they came up to meet the patronesses who, in conformity with present social usages, stood in line for introduction to the young women and their young men guests. It seemed to me as they came and went, each with a pleasant word, that they were a little more grown-up than we as college students had been, and that they had more of self-possession and of poise than we—but it is hard to remember.

The Passing of
the Wall-Flower

When the dancing began, the strains of the hidden orchestra, the graceful dancers, and the merry laugh of some girl as she whirled past made me forget the years, my responsible position, and even my young son whom I had left asleep at home. I had thought before going to the party that as a chaperon I would look out for the possible "wall-flower"—as the girl used to be called who was left without a partner for a dance—and that I would endeavor to make the time seem less long and embarrassing for her by my attention. I awoke to my responsibility before many numbers of the programme had been danced, to realize that there were no "wall-flowers" at this party. Occasionally a young woman with her partner would sit out a dance, but none were to be seen alone, looking forlornly yet bravely into space, hoping that from somewhere a rescuer would appear to relieve the awful strain.

To one of the young women who joined us during an interval between dances I spoke of my remarkable discovery—the absence of the "wall-flower." Her puzzled expression told me that she did not understand. When I had explained my meaning she said that such a situation was now impossible. "Our programmes are all made out before the party."

"And how are they made out when, as to-night, you young women entertain?"

"Why, we girls do it ourselves."

Astonishing! Girls to make out dancing-programmes! Never in all my dancing-days had I chosen a partner!

It would seem that organization, which is such an important factor in the life of the world to-day, is creeping even into the dancing-parties of our young people. Valuable as it is in its place, has it not its limitations and abuses? It is thrust upon us in the organized rooting at the college games and in the cheering in student assemblies. No longer is there spontaneity or freedom in applause. Not until the "yell-leader" gives the sign may any enthusiasm be shown, and then it is *en masse*. He who forgets and gives expression to his feeling without being told to do so, is jeered at and put to shame.

I sometimes feel that lack of individuality in thinking is following in the wake of this spirit of organization. The student who is unique, different, original, is often said, in college vernacular, not to be "on the boat." Is it now desirable that all be "on the same boat"?

It was most uncomfortable to be a "wall-flower"—I speak from experience—but after all was it not the uncertainty, the possibility of having a better time than one had anticipated, or the enjoyment as a conquest or as a triumph of the assiduous attention of an unscheduled admirer that made the old-time dancing-party so thrilling an occasion? Are we not giving up some of the pleasant inconveniences of life for the more smooth and orderly conveniences, and are we not thereby the losers? Personally, I enjoy pneumatic checks on my doors, the electric buzzer fastened to the dining-table, and the electric button which does such service in lighting the house, and I would not be without them; but these are external conveniences. When feelings of joy or of sorrow, of enthusiasm or of disapproval, or relations with others, are considered, I am not willing to have life so organized, so machine-made, that it borders on the automatic.

As a matter of fact, perhaps human beings can never be brought even by their own convenient devices to such disaster. Heaven forbid! I saw, to be sure, no patent signs of vanishing joy and zest in the young people at the party. All seemed happy enough, so far as I could tell. Perhaps—at least let us hope so—as a compensation for the modern invention that aroused my misgivings the pleasure of the average dancer to-day is greater than that of the average one of the older time when the ecstasy of the belle of the ball had to be weighed and balanced with the discomfort of her less fortunate sister, "the wall-flower."

I HAVE devoted this pleasant morning to the uncongenial task of inspecting and cleaning out a certain glory-hole known to my household as "the garage storeroom," and dust and ashes is my portion accordingly. "Ashes" is figurative, of course, standing for extreme fatigue and depression, but "dust" is literal.

"Up Garret"—
a Tradition?

Grubby and cobwebby to a degree was that storeroom, and the most discouraging part of the job was that the grime was not the honorable grime of antiquity. Never were things dusty and dingy in a more uninteresting, modern way. And as I finished the unsavory task, and negotiated a bath at the uncanonical hour of 3 P. M., I began to wonder, and have been wondering ever since: "Why is this sort of cleaning-up day so prosaic, when hours spent in a

New England garret make for the romance of the past? Is there no poetry to be found in a modern storeroom? And if not, who, or what, is to blame?"

I really would like to know how much of the "up-garret" sentiment is due to the tradition of spinning-wheels, brass-nailed horsehair trunks, powder-horns, samplers, and all the rest of the sacred junk. In my grandfather's old house in a sleepy Maine village the garret was a delightful place, and the mantle of dusty cobwebs that one acquired there was like an investiture of romance. A strict regard for the verities makes me admit that some of the attic treasures had been carried down to the living-room by an appreciative younger generation, but that is just the point—the garret, even when bereft of spinning-wheel and samplers and hoard of fading daguerreotypes, was a charming spot, in which one tasted all the flavor of a gracious past. Now, why can't I feel that way to-day about my garage storeroom? Perhaps the brilliant California sunshine is to blame—fifth-reader poetry has taught us that musings among "grandma's attic treasures" ought to have for accompaniment the soothing sound of rain upon the roof. By the way, it should be a gambrel roof, and a "Spanish style" garage is flat; so is it the fault of the architecture? Or have I just waked up to the fact that junk, unhallowed by the sacred garret tradition, is just plain junk, dusty, prosaic, and uninspiring?

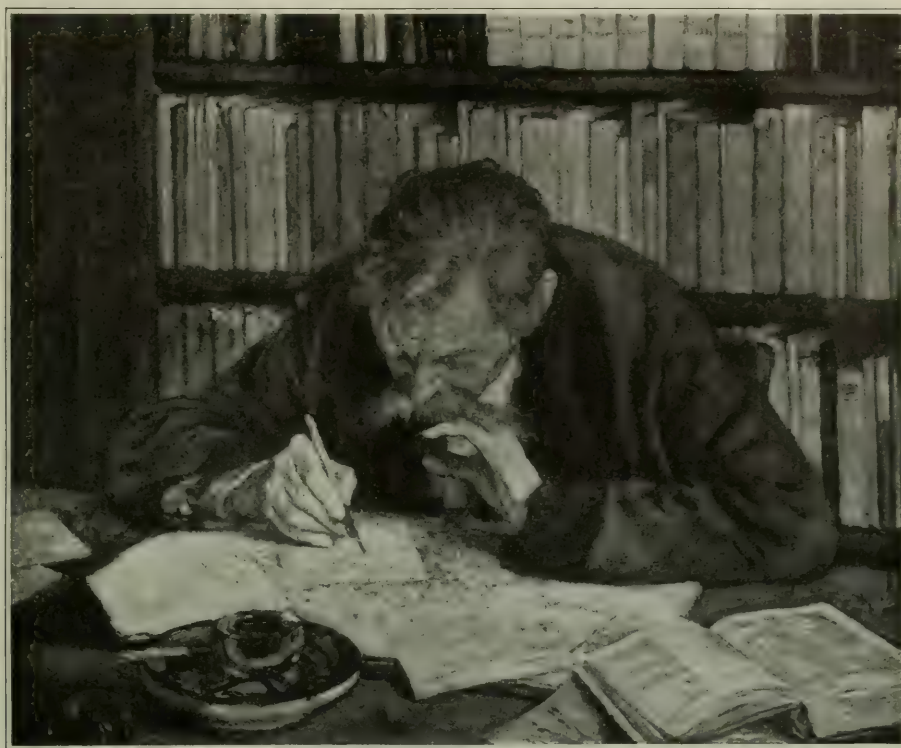
The cleaning-out process that has led up to all these unsettling questions has made for a certain amount of uncluttered floor space in the storeroom. The Salvation Army is a very present help in such periods of *Sturm und Drang*; so is the second-hand man; so is Ramon the gardener, who is obliging enough to have three small children of that convenient age that sees a toy in any piece of wreckage. But, even when all is given and gotten, there still remains that dreadful collection of things that are too good to give away and not good enough to "have around." The modern side of me which approves of the process of elimination is, alas! worsted by the inherited garret instinct—I never can realize that when an article of no value is not in active use its room is better than its company. That ugly bedroom set, discarded last year when I bought the French cane-panelled one,

should have been carried off by the second-hand man, yet there it stays in the storeroom, mute and hideous tribute to my magpie tendencies. A four-poster cradle, gathering cobwebs in grandmother's garret, is a tender bit of sentiment; a "golden-oak" double bed, growing gray with dust in a room over a garage, is merely a grotesque piece of furniture. These humorous golf pictures, dating from the time when somebody subscribed to an outing magazine and acquired them as a premium—how absurd it is to keep them, just as if they were rare old prints, treasure-trove from some dusty corner under sloping attic eaves! And why am I cheating the ash-pile of this photograph album with its portraits of the archaic eighties? How grotesque and absurd they are, these "Paris panels" of aunts and cousins in bustled jerseys, those highly glazed studies of naked infants emerging from shells and wash-basins! How they suffer in comparison with the daguerreotypes that we found in the old Maine garret, now promoted to a place of honor on the drawing-room mantelpiece!

But, just for the sake of argument, let us suppose that by some feat of magic all the despised junk which I gaze on so coldly to-day could suddenly be consigned to a New England garret, and that grandma's attic treasures could find themselves in this California storeroom, as yet unhallowed by any tradition of the past. I wonder if the glamour and the disillusionment would change places too. Would the "golden-oak" bed and bureau seem quaint and temperamental to the sentimentalist gazing at them in the fading light of a November New England afternoon? Would the golfing lithographs be something for the garret explorer to pore over with a smile and a sigh? And the real antiques, transplanted from that little Maine village to this alien California—would their new environment rob them of their erstwhile glamour and charm? I might inspect them (who knows?) with hostility, just because they take up a great deal of space, and gather an appalling amount of California dust. I wonder—I wonder!

And wondering, I prefer to keep my illusions. Let me still think, O patron saint of reveries, that the modern "garage storeroom" is tiresome prose, but that the old New England garret is the poetry of tender and exquisite memories.

THE FIELD OF ART



Émile Verhaeren.
In the Luxembourg, Paris.

THÉO VAN RYSSSELBERGHE

SOMETHING over three decades ago—it was, to be precise, in 1884—there banded together in Brussels a group of men whose influence upon Continental taste shortly became the most potent and fruitful of its generation. The Société des XX, as it was called, owing to the obvious detail that its numbers were limited to twenty, was the first body of men to apply the principles of the new art to specific purpose. Inspired on the one hand by the decorative regeneration initiated by William Morris and Walter Crane in England, and on the other by that refreshing clarity of vision which was the watchword of the French Impressionist school, the Société des XX made its existence felt throughout Europe. It was the first artistic organization to recognize the significance of Rodin, the earliest to extend the hospitality of its galleries to the great plastic exponent of labor, Constantin Meunier, and it was

through its exhibitions that such characteristic painters as Henri de Braekeleer and Xavier Mellery became known to the general public. The original group included, among others, Félicien Rops, Fernand Khnopff, Henri de Groux, James Ensor, Jan Toorop, and the efficient secretary, Octave Maus. Finch, the Anglo-Belgian potter, was also a member, and subsequent recruits numbered the architect and professor of decorative design, Henri van de Velde, George Lemmen, and the sculptor, Minne. Each man was in his way a virile, independent personality, yet together they possessed marked affinity of aim and purpose and their displays were small, highly selective, and notable for their effective installation.

Prominent among the founders of the Société des XX was Théo van Rysselberghe, who, although then but two-and-twenty years of age, had already gained for himself a position in the art circles of the Belgian capital. If the decorative and in-

dustrial activities of the group seemed to find their epitome in Henri van de Velde, and plastic aspiration its embodiment in the appealing figures of Georges Minne, it is impossible not to recognize in Van Rysselberghe the most accomplished Belgian painter of the younger school. He is in-

again reverts with added truth and authority.

Born in Ghent in 1862, the young man first studied at the academy of his native city, and later at the Royal Brussels Academy. His début was made at the Brussels Salon of 1881, on which occasion he was represented by the "Portrait of an Old Woman," a canvas reflecting the modified tonality and sense of social commiseration which were so characteristic of the art of Bastien-Lepage. Van Rysselberghe, however, was not destined to dedicate his talents to that sociological conception of art which had proved the undoing of his predecessors, the titanic Wiertz, and poor, half-famished Charles de Groux. His nature was more finely attuned and his eye more sensitive to various stimuli. By happy chance he was enabled to visit Spain with Constantin Meunier when the latter, still devoting his energies to painting, was sent by the government to copy Kempeneer's "Descent from the Cross" in the Seville cathedral. At Madrid he paid the customary tribute to Velasquez in the form of a version of little Baltasar Carlos on his prancing pony, but what proved of most benefit was a trip to Morocco where he revelled in the sparkling colors and cloudless skies which inspired Fortuny and countless artists before and since.

On his return Van Rysselberghe joined the colony composed of Émile Verhaeren, Wytzman, Schlobach, Dario de Regoyos, etc., then located at Knocke-sur-mer. He bade fair to become a sincere and prosaic realist but was fortunately saved from such a fate through seeing, at an exhibition of the Société des XX in 1885, a stimulating selection of canvases by Renoir, Manet, Degas, and other masters of the French Impressionist school. It was a period when things were moving rapidly in the art world, and



Portrait of a young girl.
In the Mayrish collection.

deed one of the most versatile and attractive of living artists. It is he who combines most convincingly Gallic freshness of tone with a sound and satisfying sense of construction. To those who may be familiar with Van Rysselberghe as a decorative painter only, it should be of interest to know that the earlier years of his career were devoted mainly to portraiture, and it is to the human face and form that he now and



Félix Le Dantec.

Émile Verhaeren.

Félix Fénéon.
Francis Vielé-Griffin.
H. Edm. Cross.

Henri Ghéon.
André Gide.
Maurice Maeterlinck.

The Lecture.

In the Museum at Ghent.

close upon the heels of the Impressionists followed the Neo-Impressionists, who, headed by Seurat and Signac, took Brussels by storm in 1887. Here it was that Van Rysselberghe experienced the chief æsthetic reaction of his career. He had subconsciously felt that the art of the Impressionists was evanescent, was lacking in solidity of structure. He was, moreover, sufficiently young and responsive to grasp the full significance of the Neo-Impressionist programme. The frank division of tones appealed to him as a working formula, and from this time onward he became an ardent exponent of what has been aptly described as Pointillism. It is to the credit of the young Belgian that he was by no means superficial in his adoption of the new method. Even his earliest canvases show more assimilation than imitation. He did not copy the Frenchmen, but set about applying their discoveries to scenes and subjects of his own choosing.

For some years the young Belgian de-

voted himself to portraiture, the climax of his achievement in this field being the large group entitled "La Lecture," now in the Museum of Ghent, the city of his birth. There are numerous individual studies for this work, among which may be noted the striking sketch of the central figure, the poet Verhaeren, which hangs in the Luxembourg. No amount of separate detail can, however, offer an adequate idea of the singular unity, and community, of feeling which distinguish the larger composition. The ardent, combative, half-mystical, and half-socialistic singer of "Les Flamandes," "Les Moines," "Les Blés mouvants," and "Les Campagnes hallucinées" is here seated at the head of a table reading aloud, while grouped about are Maeterlinck, André Gide, Cross, Fénéon, Francis Vielé-Griffin, and other *verslibrists* and admirers of the great Belgian, who is by many considered the foremost living poet. The picture is not only a precious human document, it is a work of unquestioned artistic merit. Al-

though broken in surface, there is no lack of individual characterization or firmness of construction, while the books and papers scattered about the table and flowers upon the mantel are indicated with ease and surety. It would indeed be difficult to mention a canvas wherein the new in art, and the spirit of poetic and personal freedom so dear to the subjects themselves have been more consistently expressed.

Unlike certain of his fellow painters Van Rysselberghe is an insatiate traveller. He constantly seeks inspiration in foreign countries and has sojourned at different intervals in Italy, France, Germany, Russia, and elsewhere. In 1898 he settled in Paris, in the rue Laugier, which has since proved his permanent home. It was toward the Salon des Indépendants that he naturally gravitated, and even before he came to live in the French capital he had exhibited with this body of inspiring radicals who have done so much to liberate painting from the sterility of academic routine.

There could, during this period, be no question concerning the position which the young Belgian was rapidly conquering for himself. The museums of Brussels, Paris, Weimar, Munich, etc., purchased important canvases from his brush, and he succeeded in enlisting the support of numerous distinguished private patrons. Although he had reached the point where so many artists choose the way of mere facile duplication, yet a certain integrity of temper coupled with an always avid æsthetic curiosity saved him from any such fate. He again went to Italy, on this occasion to Naples and Taormina, and a season or so later we find him painting along the French coast and among the Channel Isles. The fruits of these pilgrimages, which were subsequently seen at the Munich Glaspalast, the Berlin Secession, and the always memorable Venice International Expositions further served to establish the Belgian in popular favor.

It was, however, at the Venice Exposition of 1914, that Van Rysselberghe appeared at his best. As usual the Belgians occupied their attractive pavilion designed by Léon Sneyers and decorated by Émile Fabry with incidental sculpture by Georges Minne and Isidore de Rudder. Although for several seasons this original structure has proved one of the features of the bien-

nial displays in the Giardini pubblici, it never held a more characteristic exhibition of Belgian art than during the fateful summer of 1914. Collective representation was on this occasion accorded Léon Frédéric, Eugène Laermans, James Ensor, and Alfred Delaunois, while to this ensemble Van Rysselberghe contributed the brightness and breadth of a score of well-chosen canvases. Portraits and figure compositions alternated with landscapes and flower studies, the whole being replete with personality and the charm of pure, stimulating color.

Seen beside that of his countrymen, the work of Van Rysselberghe takes on fresh significance. He is more cosmopolitan and more advanced in his outlook than any of them. Facile and responsive, though not lacking in serious purpose, he gives Belgian painting a distinction which it would not otherwise enjoy. Frédéric is touching in his simple, peasant poignancy. Laermans takes us back to a world of primitive emotion and sharply bitten character, but Van Rysselberghe frankly belongs to the realm of beauty. His art is not saddened by social pity nor is it full of fervid imaginative force. There is about it something idyllic and almost pagan. It celebrates light, color, and the perennial symmetry of the human figure.

When, at the last exhibition of the National Portrait Society at the Grosvenor Gallery, a group of his canvases was placed on view, the work of the talented Belgian proved something of a revelation to the British public. Although not entirely unknown in England, there had of late been scant opportunity of gauging his progress. It is a pleasure to note that appreciation was sincere and spontaneous. There is, indeed, every reason why this work should appeal to Anglo-Saxons, among which, despite an ever-increasing racial admixture, we may still happily count ourselves. The chromatic brilliancy which the canvases of Van Rysselberghe reflect is a legacy of the French Impressionists. There is something traditionally Flemish, Rubensian if you like, in the solidity of the forms. And there is, above all, in the grasp of character and sense of personality, a human sympathy which appropriately belongs to a compatriot of Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Constantin Meunier, and Charles de Groux.

CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

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